TALES ABOUT BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS

“Where there is no vision, the people perish.”

—Proverbs 29:18

Have you ever heard a story that is difficult to forget? You are mesmerized by the tale from the beginning, and even after it has ended you find yourself thinking about the characters. This has happened to me so many times. I often wonder how the author could be so creative in developing such an intriguing tale. A perfect example of this happened to me when I was only twelve years old. I was attending a summer camp for diabetic kids, and each evening the camp counselors would sing silly camp songs and tell us stories around the camp fire. I have forgotten the songs and the stories, except for one—an Indian legend about beginnings. I want to share it with you, as it relates to the theme of this lesson.

Before mankind lived on the earth there was only the animals and God. They knew no concept of the night or darkness; God was so pleased with their kindness that he had given them the Sun and its light. The animals lived in harmony with each other for such a long time that no one ever suspected that their light would be taken away from them.

Soon the animals began to bicker and fight with each other. Contention and hatred erupted and the light they had enjoyed was taken away. God told them that if they would not live in peace, then he would take the light from them and replace it with constant darkness. This is what happened.

The animals adjusted to this change, but one—a Sparrow—knew that the light was something that was needed. So, the Sparrow went to the Owl and asked him if he would fly up through the darkness and ask God to forgive the animals and return the light. The Owl replied, “Why would I need the light, Sparrow? I can see much better in the dark. Find another to fly to God.” The Sparrow flew to the Falcon who responded in a similar way. “No. Find another, Sparrow.” He then went to the Eagle who seemed occupied with eating his dinner. “I have other things to do, Sparrow. If you want the light so badly, why don’t you fly to God and ask him yourself?”

The Sparrow had asked the significant birds in the forest and each had declined, so he decided to try the flight on his own. He flew higher and higher and as he reached the blackness he poked his tiny beak through, but was unable to force his body through the dark covering that surrounded him. The hole that the Sparrow made was immediately filled with light that fell upon the dark earth. The Sparrow plummeted to the earth. “I must speak with God. I will not stop.” He flew again and again, poking his beak through the black cloak, and each time he was unable to break through the darkness.

The animals had started to notice the Sparrow, but more hundreds of little holes and their rays of light that had been made by the Sparrow trying to get through the emptiness. At this point, he had almost given up, but he made one last attempt with all his strength. That little Sparrow flew harder and faster with more fervor than he had any other time, and when he
reached the black blanket, he tore a hole in it and landed at the feet of God. He had exhausted himself so much that his spirit flew from his body. At this moment God spoke.

“Is there only one among you who is willing to ask for forgiveness? Is there only one among you that is willing to risk so much for light? This Sparrow is deserving of praise and honor. To honor him, I will return half of the light to you, and we will call it day. You must not forget the punishment for your contention; therefore, half of the darkness will stay and we will call it night. The places where the Sparrow tried to break through the darkness will be called stars. And when the Sparrow broke through on his final attempt, that hole will be called the moon. Each of these gifts will remain to honor the Sparrow and to remind you of your sins.”

I am still amazed by this story. What a creative way to explain the stars, the moon, and the difference between day and night. This story is called an origin or nature myth; this type of myth explains how things came to be. Myths are stories about beginnings and endings. They originally had a religious purpose, for they attempted to explain mysteries that people regarded as sacred, such as how the world was created, why people must eventually die, why the world is imperfect, etc. We have a strong concept of science and we tend to explain natural phenomenon through scientific means; however, ancient people had no concept, or a weak one at that, of science, so their nature myths helped them explain things that they could not comprehend.

There are two types of myths. The first, origin or nature myths have already been explained above. The second type of myth is called an aesthetic myth. It has one purpose and that is to entertain.

Most cultures have myths that explain how the universe and mankind were created. Many cultures also have stories about the end of a society, an era, or even of the world itself. Sometimes the end comes in the form of a great flood that cleanses the earth of evil and sets the stage for a new beginning. And many cultures have stories about a long ago “Golden Age” when the world was at peace, happy and prosperous. But this time is lost when evil, sickness, and death come into the world.

Myths, especially nature myths, gave people a sense of their place in the universe. Such myths told people who they were, where they came from, and what their destiny would be. The stories we tell today serve much the same purpose. All stories are outgrowths of myths; they ultimately deal with the retribution and why of human existence.

In this lesson you will be reading several origin and aesthetic myths, both of which pertain to beginnings and endings. The myths are taken from Classical mythology (Greek/Roman), as so much of what we have in our modern culture has originated from the Greek and Roman cultures. You will also have the opportunity to write your own nature myth, where you explain a natural phenomenon. This assignment will be turned in as part of lesson 4. I am sure that you will enjoy the following myths and be amazed at the creativity of those that wrote them. You may be so impressed that the myths might stay with you forever, as the “Sparrow” story has done with me.

What You’ll Learn to Do

1. Memorize the meanings of fifteen vocabulary words and be able to use the words appropriately.
2. Apply literary terms to the literature you read.
3. Identify effective writing in the area of voice.
4. Apply principles of grammar and usage to your writing.
5. Write a nature myth.

Objective 1

Memorize the meanings of fifteen vocabulary words and be able to use the words appropriately.

Expanding Your Vocabulary

The following words appear in the literature in lesson 3 or in chapters 3–5 in A Night to Remember which you will be reading for this lesson. Become familiar with them, because they are words that you will see often in the real world, and they will also help you when you come across them in the readings.

attaché (n.): military officer assigned to an embassy
balk (v.): to hesitate at doing something
chivalrous (adj.): courteous or generous toward women
commotion (n.): disturbance
disarrayed (adj.): thrown into disorder
discrepancy (n.): contradiction
ebullient (adj.): overflowing with excitement
elusive (adj.): unable to be caught
incongruous (adj.): out of place
largess (adj.): generous
linguistics (n.): the study of languages
myriads (adj.): in large number
retribution (n.): punishment
tempestuous (adj.): resembling a severe storm
unperceived (adj.): unnoticed

Let’s Check Your Mastery

Answer the following questions and then check your answers in the Answer Key at the back of this course manual. Do not submit your answers to Independent Study.

Match each vocabulary word with the correct meaning. Try to complete this without looking at the definitions.

____ 1. attaché a. the study of languages
____ 2. balk b. disturbance
____ 3. chivalrous c. unnoticed
____ 4. commotion d. in large number
____ 5. disarrayed e. punishment
____ 6. discrepancy f. military officer assigned to an embassy
____ 7. ebullient g. to hesitate
____ 8. elusive h. generous
____ 9. incongruous i. courteous or generous toward women
____ 10. largess j. thrown into disorder
____ 11. linguistics k. contradiction
____ 12. myriads l. unable to be caught
____ 13. retribution m. overflowing with excitement
____ 14. tempestuous n. out of place
____ 15. unperceived o. resembling a severe storm

Objective 2

Apply literary terms to the literature you read.

Literary Term

One of the main literary tools found in many of the selections for this chapter is the recurring pattern called an archetype.

Archetype: The more myths you read, the more you will notice that certain themes, characters, and images keep recurring. These patterns are called archetypes. They serve as basic models to which specific cultural details are added.

Archetypes are so powerful that they simply change a bit over time and reappear in different forms in other types of literature. For example, the story of the great flood might appear today in the form of a science-fiction novel about the end of the world in which a war, disease, or an alien invasion destroys almost everything, but leaves possibilities for the world’s rebirth.

Origin and aesthetic myths have already been discussed in the introduction to lesson 3. Please make sure that you can identify the difference between the two types of myths.

Myths were created out of a human need to make sense of the universe and explain how the world and its human inhabitants came to be. Gods and goddesses are nearly always associated with origin myths. It is usually a god or goddess who forms the earth and the life on it.

Like human beings, gods and goddesses form family groups. There is always a powerful “father” god and “mother” goddess. There are usually offspring and other relatives. These other gods and goddesses are often associated with various aspects of life, from abstract values such as wisdom, love, and justice, to concrete forces of nature such as the wind, sea, moon, and sun.

The myths included in this lesson are derived from classical mythology, or rather the myths of the ancient Greeks and Romans. It is important for you to have some schema regarding the gods and their domains. Schema is an “English teacher’s” word meaning background knowledge. I have included the Roman names along with the Greek, as some of the myths refer to the gods using their Roman names. A little history lesson here: The Romans adapted many of the Greek deities into their own culture. The only thing they changed was the names of the gods or goddesses. The following chart should be a beneficial reference to acquaint you with the characters in the myths you will be reading.
There are some who say that the original creator of mankind was Prometheus, that he fashioned the first man in the image of the gods using clay and water taken from Panopeus in Phocis. Prometheus was a Titan, one of the race of giants who fought an unsuccessful war against Zeus and the other gods—and it is certainly true that he was a great deal wiser than his brothers.

For he alone knew that the war was doomed to failure. He realized that, huge and immensely strong though the Titans undoubtedly were, they also suffered from a common trait among giants. They just weren’t very bright. A Titan might tear up a mountain instead of going around it, but he would probably find out later on that he was going the wrong way anyhow. A Titan might be able to hurl a rock the size of Gibraltar a hundred miles or more, but he would invariably miss whatever he was aiming for.

On the other hand, of course, the gods were as quick-witted as they were skilled in the art of war. First there was Zeus, the king of Olympus, armed with his devastating thunderbolts. Then there was Poseidon with his trident, Apollo with his golden arrows, the invisible Hades . . . it was an invincible army, and Prometheus could see that his brothers would be lost against it.

Lose was what they did. Most of them were sent to a dark and damp prison in the depths of Tartarus. Perhaps the most famous Titan of all—

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**Pandora’s Box**

retold by Anthony Horowitz

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Greek Name</th>
<th>Roman Name</th>
<th>Symbol (S)</th>
<th>Domain</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Zeus</td>
<td>Jupiter</td>
<td>eagle, lightning bolt</td>
<td>king of the gods; sky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poseidon</td>
<td>Neptune</td>
<td>trident</td>
<td>oceans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hades</td>
<td>Pluto</td>
<td>invisible helmet</td>
<td>underworld</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Demeter</td>
<td>Ceres</td>
<td>rake; wheat</td>
<td>harvest; growth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hera</td>
<td>Juno</td>
<td>golden crown, peacock, cow</td>
<td>queen of the gods</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athena</td>
<td>Minerva</td>
<td>owl, aegis, armor</td>
<td>wisdom, strategic side of war</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Artemis</td>
<td>Diana</td>
<td>bow and arrow</td>
<td>moon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phoebus</td>
<td>Apollo</td>
<td>golden chariot</td>
<td>sun, poetry, math</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aphrodite</td>
<td>Venus</td>
<td>dove, roses</td>
<td>love and beauty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ares</td>
<td>Mars</td>
<td>sword/spear</td>
<td>war</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hermes</td>
<td>Mercury</td>
<td>winged helmet/shoes</td>
<td>messenger to the gods</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hephaestus</td>
<td>Vulcan</td>
<td>hammer/anvil</td>
<td>fire/forget/inventor to the gods</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Atlas—was condemned to hold up the heavens on his shoulders for all time. But Prometheus, who had let everyone know that he was neutral from the very start, got away scot-free. That was when he created man.

Prometheus loved humans in the same way people love their pets. He was immensely proud of everything they did, boasted about them to almost anyone who would listen, and generally fussed over them in every way possible. Instead of feeding them with food, however, he fed them knowledge—scrap of information that he picked up from Athene, the goddess of wisdom and his only real friend in Olympus. One day she would tell him about mathematics, and right away he would rush down to earth to pass it on. The next day it might be art or architecture, the day after that science or engineering. It’s strange to think that our entire civilization could have been handed down to us somewhat in the manner of dog biscuits, but that is how it was.

As the years passed and mankind became more intelligent, Zeus, who had been watching all this from his celestial throne, grew uneasy.

“I am a little worried about these human beings,” he remarked to his wife, Hera, one day over a goblet of wine.

“What about them?” Hera asked.

“Well . . . I just wonder if they’re not getting a bit . . . above themselves. Where will it all lead to? That’s what I want to know. Today the rudiments of geometry, tomorrow it could be genetic surgery.”
Prometheus was willing to do anything to help dled under animal skins for warmth. But gone down, they could only stay indoors, hud-pleasure in their food, and once the sun had deal after all. Without fire they could take no one hand and snatched all the fire from the

It seemed that mankind had gotten the worse deal after all. Without fire they could take no pleasure in their food, and once the sun had gone down, they could only stay indoors, huddled under animal skins for warmth. But Prometheus was willing to do anything to help his creation, and one day, while Zeus was out having one of his many affairs, he stole up to Olympus. For he still had one friend in the home of the gods: Athene. Hearing him knocking on a side door, the goddess of wisdom unbolted it and let him in. Then Prometheus rode up to the sun and, using his bare hands, broke off a blazing firebrand. This he carried back to earth, thrusting it into a giant fennel leaf. And in this way people were once again able to enjoy their meat broiled.

But this time Prometheus had gone too far. When Zeus heard how he had been defied for a second time, his anger knew no bounds.

“Prometheus!” he cried. “You crossed me once and I forgave you because of your loyalty to me in the war of the Titans. But this time there can be no forgiveness. This time you must pay for your crime.”

And so saying, he seized Prometheus and chained him to a pillar on the freezing slopes of the Caucasian mountains. But if this were not punishment enough, worse was to come. Every morning a huge vulture landed on the wretched Titan’s chest, and even as he screamed in rage and horror, tore out his liver and devoured it. And every night, while Prometheus shivered in the subzero temperatures, his liver grew whole again. In this way the horrible torture could be repeated again and again until the end of time.

Zeus punished mankind too. But as man had offended only indirectly, his punishment was of another sort.

First he visited the crippled god Hephaestus, who worked at a great forge in Olympus with twenty bellows pumping twenty-four hours a day. Although ugly and misshapen himself, the blacksmith was unsurpassed at forging fine objects.

“I want you to make me a woman,” the king of the gods commanded. “I want her to be more beautiful than any woman ever seen on the face of the earth. She must be perfect. As perfect as a goddess.”

Hephaestus did as he was told. He had only ever disobeyed Zeus once. That had been just before he became the crippled god. Now he fashioned a woman out of clay, molding her perfect features with his own hands. He commissioned the four winds to breathe life into her and asked all the goddesses to help dress her in their finest clothes and jewels.

The result was Pandora.

When Zeus saw the blacksmith-god’s work he was well pleased and instructed Hermes to carry her into the world at once. There she was married to a certain King Epimetheus, the brother of Prometheus and the only other Titan who had not joined in the war against the gods.
Now Epimetheus had been warned never to trust the gifts of Zeus, but seeing the terrible fate that had befallen his brother, he was too afraid to refuse. Moreover, he had to admit that Pandora was beautiful. You’d have had to be insane to think otherwise. When she walked into the room, men fell silent and all eyes turned on her. Whatever she said, people would agree. When she made jokes, the laughter would continue for several minutes. Whatever she did was greeted with applause. And Epimetheus did feel rather proud to be married to her.

Unfortunately, the things Pandora said were never really worth listening to, for she was not a very intelligent creature. Her jokes were in truth extremely unfunny. She did very little because she was impossibly lazy and if Epimetheus was glad to be her husband, she made him a poor and unfaithful wife. For this was the revenge of Zeus. He had made her as shallow and as coquettish as she was beautiful. And she was to cause more trouble to mankind than any woman before or any woman since.

For Epimetheus owned a large, ebony box which was kept in a special room in his palace, guarded day and night. In this box he had collected and imprisoned all the things that could harm mankind. It was the one room in the palace that Pandora was forbidden to enter and naturally it was the one room that most aroused her curiosity.

“I bet you keep all sorts of super things in that big, black box of yours,” she would say in her syrupy voice. “Why don’t you let your little Pandy look inside?”

“It is not for you, my dear,” Epimetheus would reply. “You should leave well alone.”

“But . . .”

“No, no, my love. No one may open the box.”

“Then you don’t love me,” Pandora would say, crossing her arms and pouting. “And I’m not going to love you any more—not ever!”

They had this conversation many times until the day when Pandora couldn’t resist her curiosity any longer. For despite everything Epimetheus had told her about the box, she still believed that it contained some special treat that he was holding back from her.

“I’ll show him . . . the old bossy-boots,” she muttered to herself.

Waiting until Epimetheus was out, she managed to talk her way past the guards and into the room. She had stolen the key from beside his bed and nobody thought to stop her. Was she not, after all, the king’s wife and the mistress of the house? Her whole body trembling, she knelt down beside the box. It was smaller and older than she had expected. It was also a little surprising (not to say upsetting) that the padlock which fastened it should be in the shape of a human skull. But she was certain it would contain treasure such as would make all her own diamonds and pearls seem like mere pebbles, treasure that would make her the envy of the world. She turned the key and opened the box . . .

. . . and at once all the spites and problems that Epimetheus had for so long kept locked up, exploded into the world. Old age, hard work, sickness . . . they flew out in a great cloud of buzzing, stinging, biting insects. It was as if Pandora had accidentally split the atom. One moment she was standing there with a foolish grin on her face. The next she was screaming in the heart of an intense darkness that had, in seconds, stripped her of her beauty and brought her out in a thousand boils.

At that moment, all the things that make life difficult today, streamed out of Pandora’s box and into the world:

Old age, hard work, sickness, vice, anger, envy, lust, covetousness, spite, sarcasm, cynicism, violence, intolerance, injustice, infidelity, famine, drought, pestilence, war, religious persecution, apartheid, taxation, inflation, pollution, unemployment, fascism, racism, sexism, terrorism, nepotism, cubism, nihilism, totalitarianism, plagiarism, vandalism, tourism, paranoia, schizophrenia, kleptomania, claustrophobia, xenophobia, hypochondria, insomnia, megalomania, narrow-mindedness, thoughtlessness, selfishness, bribery, corruption, censorship, gluttony, pornography, delinquency, vulgarity, bureaucracy, complacency, obesity, acne, diplomatic immunity, traffic congestion, nominating conventions, urban development, modern architecture, fast food, Muzak, dolphinariums, organized crime, advertising, alcoholism, drug addiction, monosodium glutamate, nicotine, nuclear waste, data processing, fanaticism, insanity, smog, elephant’s feet umbrella stands, and much, much more.

At the last moment, Epimetheus managed to slam down the lid, by which time only one thing was left in the box: hope.

Which is just as well. For with all the problems that Pandora had released into the world, where would we be without it?
Let's Check Your Mastery

Answer the following questions and then check your answers in the Answer Key at the back of this course manual. Do not submit your answers to Independent Study.

16. What type of myth is “Pandora’s Box?”
   a. aesthetic
   b. origin

17. What god created Pandora?
   a. Hephaestus
   b. Hermes
   c. Zeus
   d. Apollo

18. What was locked away in the box to discourage mankind?
   a. love
   b. compassion
   c. mercy
   d. pain

19. What was Pandora’s most unfortunate fault?
   a. beauty
   b. curiosity
   c. stupidity
   d. arrogance

20. How does Zeus punish mankind?
   a. He throws lightning bolts at them.
   b. He sends a great flood.
   c. He sends a female.
   d. He takes away the good parts of the meat.

Do you have a favorite season? Each one holds a certain appeal. There are aspects of each season that I enjoy, but spring is my favorite. I enjoy gardening, and it is always exciting to see the bulbs I planted in the fall start to come up in the spring. I enjoy the concept of “rebirth” during this season; I feel that I have a fresh start. My husband, on the other hand, enjoys winter because he likes to ski and snowmobile. We live in Utah, so there are a myriad (one of your vocabulary words) of ski resorts relatively close to our home. My husband goes skiing quite often during the winter.

The following Greek myth, explaining the seasons, is one of the most frequently read and discussed because it has such a genuine appeal. Although we may not believe in the deities mentioned in the story, we can relate to their frustrations and reactions. We rarely think about the seasons in terms of why they happen, even though we understand the scientific explanation behind them. The Greeks were incredibly creative and ingenious people when it came to aspects of the world that they did not understand; this myth is a perfect example of their creativity.

The Seven Pomegranate Seeds
retold by Anthony Horowitz

Demeter was one of the more gentle goddesses who inhabited Mount Olympus. Not for her were the jealous rages of Hera, the whiplike chastity of Artemis, or the burning passions of Aphrodite. Demeter was the goddess of agriculture and of marriage. Her hair was the color of wheat at harvesttime, and her eyes were a pastel blue. She delighted in bright colors, often wearing brilliant ribbons and carrying a golden torch.

Then Demeter assumed her own form and punished Erysichthon in a way that was truly horrible. She condemned him to remain hungry forever, no matter how much he ate. From that moment on, he seldom stopped eating. At dinner that same night, he astonished his parents by eating not only his food but theirs too—as well as that of their seventeen guests. In the weeks that followed, he ate so much that his weeping father was forced to throw him out of the house, no longer able to afford his keep. And yet the more he ate, the thinner and hungrier he got until, in the end, he became a beggar, shuffling pathetically along in rags, still stuffing himself with the filth he found in the streets.

This, then, was the full extent of Demeter’s anger. But most people would agree that Erysichthon got only what he deserved. For the unnecessary destruction of a tree is a terrible crime.

Demeter had a daughter named Core (later on, her name has changed to Persephone) whom she loved more than anything in the world. Unfortunately, another of the gods also loved the girl, although in a very different way. This was Hades, the shadowy lord of the Underworld, the god of death. Hades had spent virtually his whole life underground, and his skin was pale and cold. No light shone in his eyes, eyes that had seldom seen the sun. And yet he had seen an image of Core, magically reflected in an ebony pool, and he had lost his heart to her. So great was his love that he took a rare leave of absence from the Underworld, traveling to Olympus. There he came before Zeus and demanded that he give Core to him as a wife.

The demand somewhat embarrassed the king of the gods. For although he did not want to offend Hades, who was his brother, Zeus could not let him have what he wanted. For Core was his daughter. He had fallen in love with Demeter...
some years before, and Core had been the result. If he were to send the girl to the Underworld, Demeter would never forgive him. Moreover, it would hardly be fair to condemn his own daughter to such a gloomy place—for the kingdom of Hades was such a dull and dismal land. But on the other hand, what was he to say to Hades, who was older than he and . . . ?

“I’ll think about it,” Zeus said.

And promptly he forgot all about it.

When it became clear that he was not going to get a satisfactory answer out of Zeus, Hades decided to take things into his own hands.

“He did not say I could have the girl,” he reasoned to himself. “But neither did he say that I could not. And surely, if something is not forbidden, then it must be allowed. Of course if must! In which case, Core shall become Persephone, and as Persephone she will be my wife.”

And so it was that two days later, Core found herself kidnapped by the grim god of death. She was living in Sicily at the time and was out in the fields with some of her friends, collecting wild flowers for a feast that same evening. Noticing a particularly bright narcissus, she leaned down to pick it. Suddenly the ground trembled. As the blood drained from her face and her friends screamed, dropping their baskets and scattering in all directions, a great chasm appeared in front of her, yawning like a black mouth. Desperately, Core tried to keep her balance. But then a white hand that smelled of damp earth stretched out and grabbed hold of her, pulling her forward. With a hopeless cry, she tumbled forward, disappearing into the chasm. The ground trembled again, then closed up as suddenly as it had opened. Only a jagged line, zigzagging through the flowers, showed what had happened.

When Demeter discovered that Core was missing, her grief was overwhelming. Almost overnight she changed. No longer did she wear ribbons and bright colors. No more was her laughter heard in the fields. Covering herself with a dark veil, she flew around the world on a search that would take nine days and nine nights. Not once did she stop for food or drink or even to rest. Her only thought was for her daughter. She visited Sicily, Colonus, Hermione, Crete, Pisa, Lerna . . . nobody had seen the girl, nor was there any sign that she had been there.

At last she went in desperation to Helios, the god who every day followed the sun, riding across the heavens in a golden chariot drawn by four white horses. Nothing ever escaped the eye of Helios. Soaring in an arc, high above the world, he could see everything. And what he had to tell Demeter chilled her heart.

“You must forget Core,” he said. “Core exists no longer. Look, if you will, for Persephone—destroyer of men—for that is what she had become as wife of the king of death. Yes! Hades has stolen her from you. Never again will you see her. Where she is now, deep in the shadows of the Underworld, she is lost even from the sight of Helios.”

At once Demeter went to Zeus. White with anger and haggard after her nine days of fasting, she was almost unrecognizable, and the king of the gods squirmed in front of her.

“I didn’t say Hades could take her,” he muttered.

“Did you say he couldn’t?”

“Well . . ."

“I want her back, Zeus. You will return her to me!”

“I can’t!” The king of the gods almost wept with frustration.

“You know the rules. If she has eaten so much as a mouthful of the food of the dead, she is stuck in the Underworld forever.”

“She won’t have eaten. She can’t have eaten.”

“And anyway,” Zeus went on, “you know Hades. There is no arguing with him. He has to have his own way . . .”

“Very well,” Demeter cried. “Until my daughter is returned to me, no tree on earth will yield fruit. No plants will grow. The soil will remain barren. The animals will starve. Such is the curse of an unhappy mother. Bring her back, Zeus. Or humankind will perish!”

So began a year of unrelenting famine. The crops withered, and even the grass turned brown and rotted. As Demeter had promised, the animals, unable to find fodder, died by the hundred, their bloated carcasses dotting the arid landscape.

At last the situation became so desperate that Hermes, the messenger-god, was sent to the Underworld to bring Persephone back.

“Never!” Hades exclaimed. “I love her. I will never relinquish her.”

“But does she love you?” Hermes asked.

“She . . . she will learn to. In time.”

“But there is no time,” Hermes said. “Her mother, Demeter, is destroying the world in her grief. If you do not release Persephone, mankind will come to an end.”

“Why should the extinction of mankind be of any concern to the god of death?” Hades asked.

“Because even death depends on life. Nothing can continue without it.”
The king of the Underworld thought long and hard, but then he nodded his head.

“You speak the truth,” he said. “Very well. It seems that I am defeated. My wife, my Persephone . . . she must go.”

And he turned his head, bringing his hand up to cover his eyes.

When Persephone heard that she was to be returned to the world of the living, she was so happy that she laughed and cried at the same time. But one of the gardeners of Hades, a man by the name of Ascalaphus, also heard the news, and at once he crept off and changed into his best clothes. Then he knelt before Hades.

“Oh ghastly and glorious master!” he said, rubbing his hands together in front of his chin. “Dread lord of the Underworld, grotesque king of the dead, sovereign of the . . .”

“Get on with it!” Hades commanded.

“Of course! Of course!” The gardener laughed nervously. “I just thought you’d like to know that your wife, the good and delicious lady Persephone, has tasted the food of the dead.”

“That’s impossible,” Hades said. “She has refused to eat since the day I brought her here. Not so much as a crust of bread has passed her lips.”

“I’m sure. I’m sure. But something less than a crust of bread has, noble king. With my own eyes I saw her eat seven pomegranate seeds. In the garden. I saw her.”

Then the eyes of Hades lit up. “If this is true,” he said, “you shall be rewarded.”

“Rewarded?” Ascalaphus licked his lips. “Well, I didn’t do it for the reward. But if there is a reward. Well . . .”

“Follow her to the surface,” Hades said. “Do what must be done.”

So when Hermes took Persephone with him in his chariot, Ascalaphus rode on the back, unseen by either of them, dreaming of his new career (for he had never liked gardening very much), perhaps as secretary to Hades or perhaps as palace librarian or even—who could say?—as the next prince of Hell. And no sooner had Demeter received her daughter in a joyful embrace than he stepped forward with a crooked smile.

“Persephone has eaten the food of the dead,” he cried. “She must return with me to the Underworld. There’s nothing any of you can do about it. It’s the law.”

“Is this true?” Demeter asked.

Then tears sprang to Persephone’s eyes, and she shrank to her knees.

“Yes, mother,” she whispered. “I ate seven pomegranate seeds. But that was all I ate. Although I was one year in that horrible place, that was the only food that passed my lips. Surely it doesn’t count. Surely . . .”

But by now Demeter was weeping too.

“You have eaten the food of the dead,” she said. “Though mankind will die when they take you from me, there is nothing I can do.”

When the gods heard what had happened, they held a great conference to discuss what should be done. On the one hand, nobody wanted the world to end. But neither could they allow Persephone to remain in the land of the living. At last, a compromise was reached and both Persephone and Demeter were called before the throne of Zeus.

“We’ve come to an agreement,” Zeus explained. “And I hope it satisfies you because it really is the best we can do. Listen. What would you say if we allowed Persephone to stay in the world for six months of the year, provided she spent the other six months with Hades in the Underworld?”

Demeter thought for a moment. “Make it nine months with me and three months with Hades and I will agree,” she said.

“Very well. You’ve got a deal.”

At once the famine ended. Nine months later, Persephone went back to begin her spell in the Underworld, and although she was never truly a loving wife to Hades, she was never unkind to him.

The miserable Ascalaphus never received the reward he had been hoping for. For Persephone punished him for his treachery by pushing him into a small hole and covering him with an ornamental rock garden complete with flowering hibiscus border and fish pond. In this way he was condemned to spend the rest of eternity not only in the garden but under it too.

This myth explains why it is that for three months every year the cold season comes, and it looks as though the world has gone into mourning. Then the trees lose their leaves, nothing will grow, and, like Demeter, we look forward to the spring. For it is only in the spring, when Persephone is released from her dark confinement, that the warmth and the colors will return and we can all—gods and humans—celebrate the return of life.
Let’s Check Your Mastery

Answer the following questions and then check your answers in the Answer Key at the back of this course manual. Do not submit your answers to Independent Study.

21. Zeus tells Hades that he can wed Persephone.
   a. true
   b. false

22. Persephone willingly goes with Hades to the Underworld.
   a. true
   b. false

23. Zeus is Persephone’s father.
   a. true
   b. false

24. Demeter rarely showed her anger.
   a. true
   b. false

25. Persephone must stay in the Underworld because she has promised Hades that she will do so.
   a. true
   b. false

When I was a teenager, there were numerous times when my parents gave me specific counsel, and I chose not to follow their instructions or advice. The consequences were, in many respects, difficult to handle. For example, the summer prior to my senior year, I went on a camping trip with six of my friends. We had a canoe, and my father had given me specific instructions on how to tie down the boat securely to the top of my car. I ended up having a wonderful time with my friends, but in our haste to get home, I did not fasten the canoe down properly. The wind increased significantly and blew the canoe off the top of the car; it hit the car traveling behind us, damaging that vehicle, and hurting two of my friends inside. The damage to our car was also extensive. Our return home was long, as I kept going over and over again what I was going to tell my dad. My decision to not follow my father’s instructions was a regrettable choice.

In the next famous myth, we witness the consequences of a young man’s poor choice to not obey his father. As you read, think about the implications of obedience and disobedience to your parents in your own life.

According to Greek mythology, King Minos ordered the genius Daedalus to design a labyrinth to hold a monster he possessed called the Minotaur. The labyrinth was so well designed that there was no escape; Daedalus was the only one that knew the secret of the labyrinth. The king was pleased with the labyrinth, but he feared Daedalus would reveal its secret, so he prevented him from leaving the island.

The Story of Daedalus and Icarus
from The Metamorphoses of Ovid
translated by Rolfe Humphries

Homesick for homeland, Daedalus hated Crete
And his long exile there, but the sea held him.
“Though Minos blocks escape by land or water,”
Daedalus said, “surely the sky is open,
And that’s the way we’ll go. Minos’ dominion
Does not include the air.” He turned his thinking
Toward unknown arts, changing the laws of nature.
He laid out feathers in order, first the smallest,
A little larger next it, and so continued,
The way that pan-pipes rise in gradual sequence.
He fastened them with twine and wax, at middle,
At bottom, so, and bent them, gently curving,
So that they looked like wings of birds, most surely.
And Icarus, his son, stood by and watched him,
Not knowing he was dealing with his downfall,
Standing on and watched, and raised his shiny face
To let a feather, light as down, fall on it,
Or struck his thumb into the yellow wax,
Fooling around, the way a boy will, always,
Whenever a father tries to get some work done.
Still, it was done at last, and the father hovered,
Poised, in the moving air, and taught his son:
“I warn you, Icarus, fly a middle course:
Don’t go too low, or water will weigh the wings down;
Don’t go too high, or the sun’s fire will burn them.
Keep to the middle way. And one more thing,
No fancy steering by star or constellation,
Follow my lead!” That was the flying lesson,
And now to fit the wings to the boy’s shoulders.
Between the work and warning the father found
His cheeks were wet with tears, and his hands trembled.
He kissed his son (Good-bye, if he had known it),
Rose on his wings, flew on ahead, as fearful
As any bird launching the little nestlings
Out of the high nest into the air. Keep on,
Keep on, he signals, follow me! He guides him
In flight—O fatal art!—and the wings move
And the father looks back to see the son’s wings moving.
Far off, far down, some fisherman is watching
As the rod dips and trembles over the water,
Some shepherd rests his weight upon his crook,
Some ploughman on the handles of the ploughshare
And all look up in absolute amazement,
At those air-borne above. They must be gods!
They were over Samos, Juno’s sacred island,
Delos and Paros toward the left, Lebinthus
Visible to the right, and another island,
Calymne, rich in honey. And the boy
Thought This is wonderful! and left his father
Soared higher, higher, drawn to the vast heaven,
Nearer the sun, and the wax that held the wings
Melted in that fierce heat, and the bare arms
Beat up and down in air, and lacking courage
Took hold of nothing. Father! He cried, and
Father!
Until the blue sea hushed him, the dark water
Men call the Icarian now. And Daedalus,
Father no more, called “Icarus, where are you!
Where are you, Icarus? Tell me where to find
you!”
And saw the wings on the waves, and cursed his
talents,
Buried the body in a tomb, and the land
Was named for Icarus.

Let’s Check Your Mastery

Answer the following questions and then check your answers in the Answer Key at the back of this course manual. Do not submit your answers to Independent Study.

26. What is Daedalus’s plan for leaving Crete?
   a. He plans to leave by boat.
   b. He plans to kill Minos and become king himself.
   c. He plans to escape Crete by air.
   d. He plans to escape the Labyrinth and hide in seclusion.

27. According to Daedalus, what should Icarus avoid?
   a. He should avoid flying close to the mountains.
   b. He should avoid flying too low or too high.
   c. He should avoid flying too close to his father.
   d. He should avoid flying ahead of his father.

28. Who looks up in amazement as Icarus flies?
   a. a fisherman
   b. a shepherd
   c. a farmer
   d. all of the above

29. Daedalus was a very skilled inventor and builder in Greece.
   a. true
   b. false

30. King Minos held Daedalus and Icarus in Crete against their will.
   a. true
   b. false

31. Daedalus made two sets of wings from feathers, thread, and wax.
   a. true
   b. false

32. The day of the escape is Icarus’s first attempt at flying.
   a. true
   b. false

Have you ever met someone that thinks too much of him-or herself? People like this are so arrogant that they fail to recognize anyone besides themselves. People like this are frustrating, because they have a tendency to be shallow and vain, consequently, limiting their opportunities to interact and develop strong friendships with others. I am sure that you know people like this, and don’t you pity them?

As you read the following Greek myth, consider how pitiful the main character is because of his vanity. We recognize that his life could be much different if he could only forget about himself. The character, on the other hand, becomes lost in himself.

**The Story of Echo and Narcissus**
Retold by Edith Hamilton

[Long ago there lived] a beautiful lad, whose name was Narcissus. His beauty was so great, all the girls who saw him longed to be his, but he would have none of them. He would pass the loveliest carelessly by, no matter how much she tried to make him look at her. Heartbroken maidens were nothing to him. Even the sad case of the fairest of the nymphs, Echo, did not move him. She was a favorite of Artemis, the goddess of woods and wild creatures, but she came under the displeasure of a still mightier goddess, Hera herself, who was at her usual occupation of trying to discover what Zeus was about. However, she was immediately diverted from her investigation by Echo’s gay chatter. As she listened amused, the other silently stole away and Hera could come to no conclusion as to where Zeus’s wandering fancy had alighted. With her usual injustice she turned against Echo. That nymph became another unhappy girl whom Hera punished. The goddess condemned her never to use her tongue again except to repeat what was said to her.

“You will always have the last word,” Hera said, “but no power to speak first.”
This was very hard, but hardest of all when Echo, too, with all the other lovelorn maidens, loved Narcissus. She could follow him, but she could not speak to him. How then could she make a youth who never looked at a girl pay attention to her? One day, however, it seemed her change had come. He was calling to his companions, “Is anyone here?” and she called back in rapture, “Here—Here.” She was still hidden by the trees so that he did not see her, and he shouted, “Come!”—just what she longed to say to him. She answered joyfully, “Come!” and stepped forth from the woods with her arms outstretched. But he turned away in angry disgust. “Not so,” he said; “I will die before I give you power over me.” All she could say was, humbly, entreatingly, “I give you power over me,” but he was gone. She hid her blushes and her shame in a lonely cave, and never could be comforted. Still she lives in places like that, and they say she has so wasted away with longing that only her voice now is left to her.

So Narcissus went on his cruel way, a scorner of love. But at last one of those he wounded prayed a prayer and it was answered by the gods: “May he who loves not others love himself.” The great goddess Nemesis, which means righteous anger, undertook to bring this about. As Narcissus bent over a clear pool for a drink and saw there his own reflection, on the moment he fell in love with it. “Now I know,” he cried, “what others have suffered from me, for I burn with love of my own self—and yet how can I reach that loveliness I see mirrored in the water? But I cannot leave it. Only death can set me free.” And so it happened. He pined away, leaning perpetually over the pool, fixed in one long gaze. Echo was near him, but she could do nothing; only when, dying, he called to his image, “Farewell—farewell,” she could repeat the words as a last good-by to him.

They say that when his spirit crossed the river that encircles the world of the dead, it leaned over the boat to catch a final glimpse of itself in the water.

The nymphs he had scorned were kind to him in death and sought his body to give it burial, but they could not find it. Where it had lain there was blooming a new and lovely flower, and they called it by his name, Narcissus.

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Let’s Check Your Mastery

33. Narcissus was known for his intellect.
   a. true
   b. false

34. Aphrodite denied Echo the power of free speech.
   a. true
   b. false

35. The goddess Hera heard and answered the prayer of one of the people that Narcissus had wounded.
   a. true
   b. false

36. A flower grew where the body of Narcissus had lain.
   a. true
   b. false

37. After his death, Narcissus understood how others had suffered for him due to his vanity and pride.
   a. true
   b. false

The other day Brianna, our five-year-old, told me that I reminded her of a parrot. I know that might sound strange, but we had just finished reading a story about a parrot and it was obviously on her mind. “Why do you think Mommy is like a parrot, Brianna?” “Because parrots have colored feathers and you have on a shirt that looks like a rainbow”—hence the higher-level thinking of a five-year-old.

How many times have you been compared to an animal, or you’ve been asked to choose an animal or insect that possesses some of your character traits? I suppose I am like a parrot, because my five-year-old thinks so. Ha!

The next myth pertains to the true character of a young woman and the creature that she becomes because of her arrogance. As you read, think about what she might become from clues that the myth gives you. Doing this is called making inferences, or educated guesses, about what will occur in a story.
The Spinning Contest
retold by Anthony Horowitz

In ancient Greece, it was always considered a wise move to thank the gods for a particular skill or talent that you happened to possess. If you really admired someone, you might go so far as to compare him to the gods. “He sings almost like Apollo,” you might say—and you would be careful not to forget the “almost.” But were you to claim that you did something as well as or even better than the gods . . . well, that could be very dangerous. In fact it could be lethal.

This is the story of just such a person, a girl by the name of Arachne. She was a young woman of Maeonia. Her family was poor, and she had been born in a tiny cottage in the somewhat decrepit village of Hypaepae. Hypaepae was such a wretched place that the only people who visited invariably turned out to have lost their way, and those who lived in it would really have preferred not to. Hypaepae did not have a village green. It had a village moldy brown. Although it seldom rained, the main street was always full of puddles, and the whole place smelled of fish.

Despite this inauspicious beginning, Arachne soon became famous throughout the country on account of her extraordinary skill at weaving. Then people did start coming to the village, just to admire her work—and it wasn’t only the finished product that made it worth the journey. To watch her weave, her fingers dancing over the pattern, was a pleasure in itself. There was an extraordinary elegance in the way she wound yarn. To see her draw a single soft thread out of a great ball of fluff was like watching a magician. Whether she was twirling the spindle with a single flick of her thumb or embroidering the finished material, nobody could take their eyes off her.

You may think that this is all a little exaggerated, but watch any craftsman at work and you will see for yourself. A potter “growing” a vase between his fingers, a glassblower forming crystal bubbles over the flames, a carpenter stroking virgin wood with his chisel . . . there is a type of magic in craftsmanship, and Arachne had plenty of it.

Unfortunately, she was somewhat less well endowed with the virtues of modesty, humility, and generosity. It is often the way that people who are particularly good at something are a little short on human kindness. Arachne had none at all. She was rude to her mother, quick-tempered with her servants, and generally difficult and unfriendly. But it was her arrogance that eventually undid her.

“I am so unbelievably, unusually, and extraordinarily talented,” she remarked one day to her mother.

“Yes, dear,” her mother said, stifling a yawn. She had heard it all before.

“Even the gods must envy me,” she continued.

“Well, dear, I’m not so sure . . . .”

“No god can weave as I can. Not even Athena. Compared to me, the so-called goddess of wisdom is just a clodhopper, a fat-fingered fumbler. I bet she is jealous of me. Everybody’s jealous of me. But then I’d be jealous of me if I wasn’t me. Because I’m so extravagantly talented.”

Now this was a doubly foolish thing to say. For Athena was the goddess who had taught Arachne her skill in the first place. And secondly, she tended to react rather severely to insults such as these. In her other role as goddess of war, she had once crushed one of her enemies to death using the entire island of Sicily. Her curses had caused one man to be flayed alive and another—the prophet Tiresias—to go blind. Athena was a kind and caring friend. But she was a terrible enemy.

But Arachne went on regardless.

“I bet Athena would never compete against me,” she said. “She’d be too afraid of losing, especially against a supposed mortal. But then, perhaps there is a little goddess in me. What do you think? Don’t you think I’m just a teeny-weeny bit divine?”

These words were no sooner out of her mouth than an old woman, who had somehow gotten into the room without anyone hearing her, stepped forward, supporting herself on a gnarled walking stick. She really was very old. Her hair was quite white, her skin hanging in bags, and her eyes dim and blistered.

“Ugh!” Arachne exclaimed. “Who are you, old crone?”

“You shouldn’t mock old age,” the woman said. “For with it comes experience. Listen now to the voice of experience, Arachne. It is all very well to consider yourself the best mortal spinner. Perhaps you are. But you are wrong to compare yourself to the goddess Athena and should ask her pardon.”

“Why should I?”

“Because she will forgive you if you ask. If you do not, who can say what she will do?”

Arachne scowled. She had been weaving when she was interrupted, but now she stopped, got up, and roughly pushed the old woman against the wall.

“You know what your trouble is?” she said. “You’re old. You’re senile. Your brains have gone. You’re like my mother. Don’t you have daughters of your own to go and nag? Because

1 sometimes spelled Athene.
And suddenly she raised her arm, there was a burst of light, and in an instant she was transformed. Gone were the old clothes, the walking stick, the wrinkles. In their place stood a tall, armored woman carrying a spear in one hand and a shield in the other. A helmet with five spikes surmounted her head, and sheer power seemed to radiate around her.

“You have challenged me,” Athena said, for of course it was the goddess herself. “And I have come. Soon you may regret it.”

When the transformation had taken place, many of the women in the room had fled, screaming with fear. But Arachne just smiled.

“I don’t regret anything!”

And so, while her mother watched, tight-lipped and pale, two looms were set up on opposite sides of the room. The goddess sat at one, the mortal at the other, back-to-back so that neither could see what the other was doing.

“Speed must count as well as technique,” Athena said. “We will stop at sunset. Then we can compare what we have done.”

“I am ready when you are,” Arachne said.

“Then we will start.”

It was the strangest race that was ever run. First the contestants stretched the threads on their looms. They tied their frames to the cross-beams, separated the warp with their heddles, reached for their shuttles to weave the crossthreads . . . in this way an expert might have described it. But to the onlookers, unskilled in the art of weaving, it was as if the two figures were playing incredibly complicated, multi-stringed instruments without actually managing to make a single sound. For they worked in silence, their fingers racing back and forth across the frames, plucking and pulling, dipping in and out of the threads, pulling, separating, weaving . . . .

And gradually two pictures began to form. First there would be one color. Then another. Then a line of gold. A shape. A hand . . . then an arm. The hands continue their mad pattern and a man springs to life, posing against a background of Tyrian copper. A man? No. The threads had been beaten back by the comb and he has metamorphosed. Below the waist he is a horse. Of course! A centaur . . . .

This is what the two contestants wove that day:

Arachne wove a tapestry called “The Loves of the Gods.” It depicted Zeus no fewer than three times but always in different guises; as a bull, seducing Europa, as a swan in the arms of Leda, and as a shower of gold coins tumbling into the lap of Danae. But Zeus was not the only god whose wickedness she portrayed. There was Poseidon as a bull, as a ram, and as a river—always as an adulterer. There was Apollo, disguised as a humble shepherd to deceive a simple country girl, Isse. And there was even the drunken god of wine, Bacchus, who had turned himself into a bunch of grapes in order to hang at the lips of the woman he loved. The tapestry was formed out of dozens of radiant colors. It was gaily decorated with a framework of flowers and ivy. But still it showed the gods at their most ignoble.

The theme of Athena’s tapestry was much different, for it was as flattering as Arachne’s was irreverent. Here again was Zeus, but this time he was revealed in his full glory as king of Olympus, a thunderbolt in his hand and an eagle perched behind his throne. Poseidon stood with his trident, striking a rock to release a sparkling waterfall. Athena herself appeared in her own tapestry, creating a mighty olive tree simply by touching the ground with her spear. The tapestry was called “The Power of the Gods.”

But in each of the four corners of her work, the goddess added different scenes; scenes that would have thrilled Arachne with her terrible danger had she only been able to see it. For they showed punishments that the gods had inflicted on mortals unwise enough to fall into their disfavor. There was Rhodope, changed into an icy mountain. Antigone and the queen of the pygmies, both turned into birds. And Cinyras shedding bitter tears on the limbs of his dead daughters. Athena finished her work by embroidering the edges with olives: the symbols of peace.

The sun set and the contest ended. At last the two opponents stopped and turned around to face each other. Arachne’s back was stiff and her fingers were sore and bleeding, but Athena was as fresh as when she had started.

“Now let us compare our work,” Athena said.

Coldly, she ran her eye over “The Loves of the Gods.”

“Hardly the way a mortal should represent the Olympians,” she remarked. “But . . . .” She pursed her lips. “The work is perfect.”

“Of course it is,” Arachne said, smugly.

“It is. It’s . . . .”

“It’s better than yours.”

Then the goddess of wisdom and of war became angry, because, astonished and disgusted though she was, she could not deny that Arachne was right. The mortal woman had
beaten her at her own craft. Seeing Athena so indignant, Arachne broke into laughter, the shrill sound echoing around the room. But her mother trembled, seeing the blood run from Athena’s face.

“Better than yours! Better than yours!” Arachne shouted.

“Enough!” the goddess cried.

Raising her shuttle, she struck Arachne hard on the forehead, then again and again and again. Arachne screamed and fell to the floor. But the goddess had not finished yet. Forming a noose out of thread, she slipped it around Arachne’s neck, and while the wretched girl gurgled and grunted, drew it tight, pulling her off her feet so that she hung beneath the rafters.

It was then, seeing her daughter slowly stranggle, that Arachne’s mother threw herself forward, kneeling at the feet of the goddess.

“Great Athena!” she cried. “Forgive my little girl. She didn’t know what she was doing. She doesn’t mean to offend. It’s just . . . well, she’s a difficult child . . . I admit it. But you can’t kill her. I beg you . . . !”

Then Athena’s heart softened. Regarding her foolish opponent, who was now bright red, swaying like a pendulum in the air some six feet above the ground, she sprinkled her with a handful of herbs which had been prepared by the witch Hecate.

“I will spare your life, wretch!” she said. “But this is how you must remain for all eternity. And this is how all your daughters shall be. Such is the punishment for your insolence and vanity.”

The moment the poisoned herbs touched Arachne, all her hair fell out, immediately folowed by her nose and ears. While her mother fainted dead away, Arachne’s head shrank like a punctured balloon until it was no bigger than a pea. At the same time, her body folded in on itself, trapping her legs and arms, which disappeared completely. Her fingers, which had scuttled so quickly across the threads, became stuck to her sides to serve her as legs. But they were thinner now, and hairy too.

And just as Athena had ordained, that was how Arachne remained. She still hung above the ground. And she still wove beautifully—although in not quite the same way.

For Arachne had been turned into a spider.

Let’s Check Your Mastery

38. Arachne was known for her musical abilities.
   a. true
   b. false

39. Athena tried to give Arachne the opportunity to redeem herself.
   a. true
   b. false

40. Athena’s anger reaches its climax when Arachne is unkind to the old crone.
   a. true
   b. false

41. Arachne’s greatest folly was pride.
   a. true
   b. false

42. Athena spares Arachne’s life because the girl’s mother begs that she not be killed.
   a. true
   b. false

For what or whom would you be willing to risk your life? Your family? friends? freedom? I know that my family appears at the top of my list. I would not hesitate with any of them to sacrifice myself. I know that the question above can be a difficult one to consider, especially if such a situation is not eminent, yet at the same time it is one that we must reflect upon. Doing so defines who we are as people and helps us establish our value system.

The final myth you will be reading for lesson 3 is about taking risks, especially risking one’s life for love. Do you know that true love involves taking risks? The following myth is a love story with several symbolic themes—themes about love, death, and the powers of music. As you read consider the themes that become apparent to you. It is a wonderful story, with an unfortunate twist.

**Orpheus and Eurydice**

*Virgil*

*translated by Edith Hamilton*

The very earliest musicians were the gods. Athena was not distinguished in that line, but she invented the flute although she never played upon it. Hermes made the lyre and gave it to Apollo who drew from it sounds so melodious that when he played in Olympus the gods forgot all else. Hermes also made the shepherd-pipe for himself and drew enchanting music from it. Pan made the pipe of reeds which can sing as
He said to himself, "I will charm Demeter's daughter, I will charm the Lord of the Dead, moving their hearts with my melody."

Orpheus sang,

*O Gods who rule the dark and silent world, To you all born of a woman must needs come. All lovely things at last go down to you. You are the debtor who is always paid. A little while we tarry up on earth. Then we are yours forever and evermore. But I seek one who came to you too soon. The bud was plucked before the flower bloomed. I tried to bear my loss, but could not bear it. Love was too strong a god. O king, you know If that old tale men tell is true, how once The flowers saw the rape of Persephone. Then weave again for sweet Eurydice Life's pattern that was taken from the loom Too quickly. See, I ask a little thing, Only that you will lend, not give, her to me. She shall be yours when her years' span is full.

No one under the spell of his voice could refuse him anything. He

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek, And made Hell grant what Love did seek.

They summoned Eurydice and gave her to him, but upon one condition: that he would not look back at her as she followed him, until they had reached the upper world. So the two passed through great doors to Hades to the gate which would take them out of the darkness, climbing up and up. He knew that she must be just behind him, but he longed unutterably to give one glance to make sure. But now they were almost there, the blackness was turning gray; now he had stepped out joyfully into the daylight. Then he turned to her. It was too soon; she was still in the cavern. He saw her in the dim light, and he held out his arms to clasp her; but on the instant she was gone. She had slipped back into the darkness. All he heard was one faint word, "Farewell."

Desperately he tried to rush after her and follow her down, but he was not allowed. The gods would not consent to his entering the world of the dead a second time, while he was still alive. He was forced to return to the earth alone, in utter desolation. Then he forsook the company of men. He wandered through the wild solitudes of Thrace, comfortless except for his lyre, play-
ing, always playing, and the rocks and the rivers and the trees heard him gladly, his only companions. But at last a band of Maenads came upon him. They were as frenzied as those who killed Pentheus so horribly. They slew the gentle musician, tearing him limb from limb, and flung the severed head into the swift river Hebrus. It was borne along the river’s mouth on to the Lesbian shore, nor had it suffered any change from the sea when the Muses found it and buried it in the sanctuary of the island. His limbs they gathered and placed in a tomb at the foot of Mount Olympus, and there to this day the nightingale sings more sweetly than anywhere else.

Let’s Check Your Mastery

Answer the following questions and then check your answers in the Answer Key at the back of this course manual. Do not submit your answers to Independent Study

Put the following events in chronological order. Place the letter of the event next to each number. The first event would be placed next to number 43.

___ 43. a. Eurydice is bitten by a snake.
___ 44. b. Orpheus enchants the realm of Hades.
___ 45. c. Orpheus turns around.
___ 46. d. Orpheus woos Eurydice with his music.
___ 47. e. Eurydice says, “Farewell.”
___ 48. f. Orpheus is raised in the musical city-state of Thrace.
___ 49. g. Orpheus travels the world playing his music.

Objective 3

Identify effective writing in the area of voice.

Voice

When we refer to “voice” in writing, we are talking about the author’s personality. In Mem Fox’s book English Essentials, she states, “Good writing has a living, unique person behind it. It doesn’t sound like it has been written by a soulless computer in one office, for a mindless fax in another. It has personality . . . .” This is so true; voice in writing is like a fingerprint to a detective. The reader is able to find out more about you just from reading your written work. Because you are a unique person, your writing will have its own “fingerprint.” It’s important for you to be honest and let your personality come through when you write.

Return to the information about voice in the appendix, and read carefully the section on voice. The following questions will pertain to that reading section.

Let’s Check Your Mastery

Answer the following questions and then check your answers in the Answer Key at the back of this course manual. Do not submit your answers to Independent Study

How many points (1, 3, or 5) would you give me in the area of voice in the following situations.

___ 50. I’m afraid to say what I really think.
___ 51. My writing is on the edge of being funny, exciting, or honest—but not quite.
___ 52. My personality pokes through here and there, but my “true self” is never fully uncovered.
___ 53. I use many general statements like “it was fun.”
___ 54. I “tell” rather than “show” everything.

Objective 4

Apply principals of grammar and usage to your writing.

Read the following selection and then answer the following questions about the correct elements of grammar. Each lesson from this point on will have a section related to grammar usage.

Usage Lesson: Commas

In this lesson, you will master the use of commas in your writing. Generally, this will be a review, but there are a few situations with commas that can be difficult and troublesome.

Commats

1. Use commas between independent clauses that are connected by a coordinating conjunction such as the following: but, or, nor, and, for, yet, so, etc.
   • Tiger Woods is the youngest player to ever win a career grand slam, (independent clause), and (coordinating conjunction) he may be the greatest player ever.
2. Use commas to separate items in a series.
   - Tiger Woods won the U.S. Open, the PGA Championships, and the British Open to complete the career grand slam.

3. Use commas to separate adjectives that equally modify the same noun. (Don’t place a comma between the last adjective in the series and the noun.)
   - Tiger Woods is a champion because he is physically, mentally, and emotionally tough.

4. Use commas to set off an explanatory word or phrase.
   - Tiger Woods, the greatest golfer ever for his age, seems to break records every week.

5. Use a comma to separate dependent clauses from an independent clause when the independent clause comes last.
   - If you made as much money as Tiger Woods, you wouldn’t have to work for the rest of your life.

Note: There is no comma when the dependent clause comes after the independent clause.

   - You wouldn’t have to work for the rest of your life if you had as much money as Tiger Woods.

6. Use commas to set apart items in an address or items in a date.

7. Use commas in dialogue to set off the exact words of a speaker from the rest of the sentence.
   - After winning the final round, Tiger Woods said, “I definitely haven’t played my best golf yet.”

8. Use commas to set off the name of a person that is being spoken to directly.
   - Bob, what did you think of Tiger’s performance today?

9. Use a comma to separate an interjection, or weak exclamation from the rest of the sentence.
   - Wow, Tiger Woods’s performance has again amazed the world.

10. Use commas to separate a word, phrase, or clause that interrupts a sentence. Notice that in this rule, it is a word that can be removed without loss of meaning, and it can be put almost anywhere in the sentence without changing the meaning.
    - The rest of the golfers, as a general rule, have been playing for second place when Tiger Woods is in the tournament.

11. Use commas to separate numbers to distinguish hundreds, thousands, millions, etc.
    - 25,000 124,000 1,354,200 873,956,121

12. Last, sometimes you need to use a comma for clarity or emphasis, but it won’t fit any of the traditional comma rules.
    - Off the course, what Tiger Woods does, does make a difference to so many children.
    - He who practices the most, wins the most in this case.

Let’s Check Your Mastery

Answer the following questions and then check your answers in the Answer Key at the back of this course manual. Do not submit your answers to Independent Study.

Read the following paragraph, and place commas in the appropriate place.

55. On July 23, 2000, two Americans Tiger Woods and Lance Armstrong accomplished amazing feats in Europe. Armstrong the Texan won the Tour de France and Woods the golf wonder won the British Open. These two events are the most prestigious events in their respective sports.

Reading Assignment

A Night to Remember
Chapters 3–5

At this point in the novel, you have been introduced to the primary characters and their specific role in the events surrounding the Titanic’s sinking. In chapters 3–5 the desperation and panic of so many of the passengers is eloquently portrayed through the author’s voice. Imagine yourself on the ship. How would you respond? Would your social standing make a difference in your behavior? Would you only be concerned for yourself, or would the lives of others be significant to you? These questions are valuable for you to consider, as you will be asked to do an assignment that relates to them in a later lesson.
Let's Check Your Mastery

Answer the following questions and then check your answers in the Answer Key at the back of this course manual. Do not submit your answers to Independent Study.

Respond to each question using short answers. Do your best to not look back at chapters 3–5 for this section.

56. “The things that people took with them showed how they felt.” Give examples from the text that explain this statement.

57. “This was an era when gentleman formally offered their services to unprotected ladies at the start of an Atlantic voyage.” Do you think this would happen today? Elaborate on your response.

58. What kind of problems did third-class passengers encounter as they fought their way up from the bottom of the ship?

59. Explain Mr. Astor’s action of cutting open the life belt. What does this tell you about his character?

60. What did Mr. Strauss do for a living and what was his wife’s attitude about leaving him? Comment on their characters.

Portfolio Assignment

Follow the instructions given for this assignment. Save the assignment in your portfolio for submission later.

Choose two response journals to complete for this lesson’s response journals. Please label your work “Lesson 3: Response Journal Entry.” You will include the two entries in your portfolio assignment which is lesson 8. Refer back to the myths you read under objective 8 when responding to the journal options.

Response Journal Options

1. What qualities do you find attractive in another person? Which ones are most important to you? Physical appearance? Personality? Intellectual qualities? What do you think are the most valuable qualities that you possess?

2. How do you feel toward Narcissus? Do you feel sorry for him, or do you think that he deserved his fate? Do you think he was a lonely character? Do you believe he had any notable qualities besides his beauty? And do you believe he was responsible for Echo’s fate? Explain.

3. It is fun to think of improbable, fantastic things to do. In the story of “Daedalus and Icarus,” humans showed their fascination for flying in an age long before modern technology made human flight possible. For this journal entry, write about an improbable adventure you would like to experience and why.

4. The myth of “Daedalus and Icarus” is one of the most familiar stories in literature. Why do you think that people have responded to it over the centuries? What aspects of this story might appeal to people throughout generations?

5. Like Daedalus, modern scientists have turned toward “unknown arts, changing the laws of nature.” Biologists now use gene splicing to create improved plant and animal forms, and doctors prolong the life of gravely ill individuals with high tech machinery. Is using technology to change nature a good or bad idea? What might be some possible benefits and drawbacks of doing so? Explain.


7. A spider is the perfect transformation for Arachne. Not only is she able to continue with her weaving, but it will be a constant
reminder of her frightening and ugly nature. What kind of animal, insect, or reptile are you? Why? Explain.

8. Choose any of the pieces of literature in this lesson and respond in your own way.

9. Who do you believe is to blame for the tragedy of “Orpheus and Eurydice”? Orpheus was told to not turn around; yet, he was so anxious to see the woman that he loved that he could not bear to be without her any longer. If only he had taken a few more steps, she would have been out of the darkness. Did he turn around due to selfishness? true love? If you could blame a character for the tragedy, who would it be and why?

10. Anger is a powerful emotion. We have a tendency to behave rather poorly when we are overcome by the emotion of anger. Consider Demeter’s reaction to the knowledge that her daughter had been taken by Hades. Is killing off the entire human race an appropriate measure? When have you been so angry that you reacted rashly? What were the circumstances that created the anger? Explain.

Objective 5
Write a nature/origin myth.

The Writing Assignment
Read the instructions below for writing a nature myth. Please copiously follow the instructions. You will submit the brainstorming section, a rough draft of your nature myth, and the final copy of the nature myth in lesson 4.

First Step
The first step to writing a nature myth is creating your own god or goddess. Do not use deities from Classical or any other mythology. Your god/goddess will be the primary character in your myth. You will decide if he/she is the protagonist or antagonist. You will need to have considered the following questions in order to get your ideas gathered on paper.

1. What is the name of my god?
2. What is his or her domain?
3. What is his or her symbol?
4. List the special powers and abilities possessed by the god.

Remember that the god you create needs to be entirely your own. You have the perfect opportunity to be extremely creative.

Second Step
Once you have invented a god, you need to think about what aspect of nature your myth is to explain. You will use the information you developed in step 1 to help you with writing the myth. For example, if your god has the domain of color, then some aspect of color must be a significant part of your myth. You need to refer to your god’s name, domain, symbol(s), and specific powers in your story.

The subject of your nature myth can explain anything. You may choose to explain aspects of physical nature or human nature. You must connect the subject of your myth to your imaginary deity (the god or goddess you created). You may select from the list below or choose a topic of your own.

- how clouds are created
- why grass is green
- why we have rainbows
- why we have mountains
- why we have oceans
- why we have morning dew
- the creation of icebergs
- why evergreens are always green
- why geese migrate in a “V” pattern
- jealousy
- snow
- earthquakes

Note: The choice is up to you; you do not need to select from the list above.

Third Step
Before you begin brainstorming and getting your ideas on paper, it is important to consider the following questions. A myth usually answers several of the following questions about a natural phenomenon. You need to make sure that your myth does as well.

- What is the natural phenomenon?
- How was this phenomenon created?
- Why was this phenomenon created?
- Who (gods, goddesses, mortals) was involved in creating this phenomenon?
- When does the myth occur?
- Where does the myth occur?
Fourth Step

Once you have responded to the questions above, both in step 1 and step 3, you are ready to begin the written portion of your story. Writers always begin with “rough ideas.” The first written work you have of your myth should not be your last. Writing is a work in progress. You must brainstorm first, using the questions above as a catalyst to assist you with developing a plot that is strong—one that contains an exposition, rising action, climax, falling action, and conclusion.

When I give a written assignment in high school, my students always ask me, “How long should this be, Crampton?” I always respond with, “I don’t exactly know.” That is a truthful answer. I do know, however, that for a story to be strong, to contain all of the features listed above (exposition, rising action, etc.), and to possess a strong sense of voice, it will be longer than two pages.

Use your imagination and creativity, be insightful and ingenious because this is your creation and with that knowledge comes ownership and pride. Impress me; I love to be impressed, and I have no doubt that you can be successful with this assignment.

- Your myth needs to contain dialogue between your characters. Basically, they need to communicate. When characters speak to each other, the reader gains a greater sense of who they are and much more about the author.
- Your myth can open in many different ways, but try to capture the reader’s interest with the opening sentence. For example, “Once, Hecco, Goddess of light, was resting by a river, saddened by the loss of her only daughter.” The reader wants to know what has happened to the daughter? Was she killed? Stolen? What?
- Your myth must be typed and double spaced, using 12-point print, Times New Roman font. You must also have a brainstorming page, where you have responded to the questions asked in step 1 and step 3, along with enlisting your own ideas into your brainstorming. Please have a rough draft that someone has corrected. Corrected means someone has thoroughly read it and made comments regarding your usage, spelling, plot, what the person did and did not understand, etc. This individual is your editor, so to speak. The rough draft may be handwritten if you choose to do so. The final copy must be typed.

Happy creating (no pun intended)! I will look forward to reading your nature myth.

You may submit your Speedback answer form to Independent Study for processing, or you may use WebGrade for immediate grading. See your Read Me First pamphlet for instructions.
Mark all answers here, then transfer them to your Speedback answer form. You may either submit your completed answer form to Independent Study for processing, or you may use WebGrade for immediate grading. See your Read Me First pamphlet for instructions.

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**Multiple Choice**

Choose a synonym for the following vocabulary words.

1. largesse  
   a. selfish  
   b. charitable  
   c. arrogant

2. elusive  
   a. generous  
   b. courteous  
   c. vague

3. incongruous  
   a. dissimilar  
   b. alike  
   c. indolent

4. chivalrous  
   a. polite  
   b. abrupt  
   c. curt

5. ebullient  
   a. lethargic  
   b. animated  
   c. somnambulant

6. retribution  
   a. penalty  
   b. prosperous  
   c. practical

7. balk  
   a. corrupt  
   b. sincere  
   c. cower

8. disarrayed  
   a. impeccable  
   b. disorderly  
   c. organized
Choose the best answer for the following questions.

12. A great ______________ resulted when the power went out at the concert.
   a. linguistics
   b. commotion
   c. unperceived

13. The elderly woman’s alert mind and sense of humor impressed her guests so much that her physical illness went ________________ by all.
   a. incongruous
   b. retribution
   c. unperceived

14. My father has worked as a liaison in many different countries. He is currently involved with the French Embassy in London, on a military assignment, working as an__________________.
   a. ambassador
   b. attache’
   c. officer

15. While living in Italy, I had the opportunity to study the________________ of the ancient Greek and Roman languages.
   a. linguistics
   b. anthropology
   c. archeology

16. Why does Zeus become so angry at Prometheus?
   a. He has given men knowledge of fire and mathematics.
   b. He has given men knowledge of fire and taught them to eat the satisfying parts of an animal.
   c. He has given them confidence and taught them to use tools.
   d. He has given them superior intellect, greater than the gods themselves.

17. Why was Pandora created?
   a. She was created to tease and taunt mankind.
   b. She was created so that mankind would have a concept of real beauty.
   c. She was created to bring pain and suffering into the world.
   d. She was created to teach others how to ask questions.

18. What was locked away in the black box?
   a. unmeasurable wealth
   b. superior intellect
   c. positive attributes to benefit others
   d. negative attributes to pain others
19. Why was Pandora given to Epimetheus as his bride?
   a. Zeus believed that Epimetheus was a valued Titan and should be rewarded.
   b. Zeus knew that Epimetheus was not very bright and would willingly accept a gift from the gods, no matter what the consequence.
   c. Pandora had seen Epimetheus and had fallen in love with him. Zeus wanted her to be happy.
   d. Prometheus wished his brother happiness and asked Zeus to give Pandora to his brother.

20. How does Zeus punish Prometheus?
   a. He is chained to a mountain range, and vultures eat his liver each night.
   b. He is made to watch as Zeus destroys mankind one at a time by throwing lightning bolts at them.
   c. He is made to watch as Epimetheus is killed by Pandora.
   d. He is made to grovel for forgiveness from Zeus in front of all the other gods.

21. What does the myth “Pandora’s Box” explain?
   a. why men and women argue
   b. why the wind howls
   c. why we have pain in the world
   d. why women are curious

Match the appropriate character to the correct description. Not all of the characters will be used. When responding to the description, consider the events of “The Seven Pomegranate Seeds.”

22. “There’s no arguing with him. He always gets his way.”
   a. Zeus
   b. Hades
   c. Demeter
   d. Persephone
   e. Erysichon

23. Powerful but indecisive, hesitant, and wavering

24. condemned to remain hungry forever, no matter how much was eaten.

25. “Almost every night there was a change in her. She did not wear ribbons and bright colors. No more was her laughter heard in the fields.”

26. Who informs Demeter that her daughter has been taken to the Underworld?
   a. Zeus
   b. Apollo
   c. Hermes
   d. Helios

27. How does Demeter react when Zeus informs her that Persephone must stay in the Underworld?
   a. She is determined to make everything suffer, as she is suffering.
   b. Her anger is so intense that she ceases to bestow life on the earth.
   c. She warns Zeus that if he does not return Persephone to her that all mankind will perish.
   d. all of the above

28. Why would the extinction of mankind be detrimental to Hades?
   a. It would cause him no grief whatsoever. He would not be bothered by such an event.
   b. Life and death are so connected that one cannot exist without the other. If life ceased, death would cease, and Hades would be “out of a job.”
   c. He would become bored in Hades, as no more souls would enter his realm.
   d. all of the above

29. Who informs Hades that Persephone has eaten the food of the dead?
   a. Hermes
   b. Persephone herself
   c. the gardener
   d. Zeus

30. What motivates the character in the previous question to tell Hades that Persephone has eaten the seven pomegranate seeds?
   a. jealousy
   b. anger
   c. greed
   d. revenge
31. Which of the following pieces of advice is not given by Daedalus to Icarus?
   a. “If you fly too low, the ocean sprays will clog your wings and make them too heavy.”
   b. “If you fly too high, the heat of the sun will melt the wax, and your wings will fall apart.”
   c. “If you fly too low, you’ll crash into a tree.”
   d. “Stay close to me and you’ll be fine.”

32. Why does Icarus choose to disobey his father?
   a. He wants to see if the sun will really melt his wings.
   b. He wants to fly back to Crete and live with King Minos.
   c. He wants to see if his father will get upset if he disobeyed.
   d. He wants to experience more of the thrill and joy of flying high.

33. What is the ultimate result of Icarus’ decision to disobey his father?
   a. death
   b. a serious injury
   c. humiliation
   d. loss of his father’s trust

34. What is the reason for Icarus’ fate?
   a. Icarus’ fate is the result of failing to heed his father’s advice.
   b. Icarus’ fate is the result of Daedalus’ transgression against the laws of nature.
   c. Icarus’ fate is the result of being young and foolhardy.
   d. all of the above

35. What is the best moral for this myth?
   a. Take the time to enjoy the beauties of the world.
   b. Practice makes perfect.
   c. Disobedience can lead to tragedy.
   d. Creativity goes a long way.

36. How does Narcissus react to those attracted to him?
   a. He welcomes their attention.
   b. He rejects them all.
   c. He is only interested in Echo.
   d. He takes advantage of their love.

37. What is Echo’s punishment?
   a. that Echo can never speak again
   b. that Echo will speak too often and say things that are offensive
   c. that Echo can never speak her own words, but only repeat the words of others
   d. that Echo cannot speak, but can read the thoughts of others

38. Why does Narcissus become disgusted with Echo?
   a. He becomes disgusted with Echo because her words do not make sense to him.
   b. He becomes disgusted by the idea of giving someone power over him.
   c. Narcissus becomes disgusted with Echo because she cannot communicate well.
   d. He becomes angry with Echo because she tells him of her love, and he is too vain to accept it.

39. What happens to Narcissus when he bends over the pool for a drink?
   a. He loses his balance, falling into the water, and drowns.
   b. He is distracted by a beautiful fish swimming in the water below.
   c. He sees his own reflection and falls instantly in love with what he sees.
   d. none of the above

40. Who witnesses the death of Narcissus?
   a. Hera
   b. Hades
   c. Aphrodite
   d. Echo

41. What type of myth is “The Seven Pomegranate Seeds”?
   a. origin/nature myth
   b. aesthetic myth
Identify which character is being described or characterized by the following statements.

42. People started to come just to admire her work.
   a. Athena  
   b. Arachne

43. She was less endowed with the virtues of modesty, humility, and generosity.
   a. Athena  
   b. Arachne

44. She tended to act severely to insults.
   a. Athena  
   b. Arachne

45. She should not have mocked old age.
   a. Athena  
   b. Arachne

46. She will forgive you if you ask.
   a. Athena  
   b. Arachne

47. You should not compare yourself to a goddess.
   a. Athena  
   b. Arachne

48. She became astonished and disgusted that the tapestry was better than her own.
   a. Athena  
   b. Arachne

49. One tapestry portrayed the gods in all their wickedness.
   a. Athena  
   b. Arachne

50. In the four corners of the tapestry, scenes of warning had been woven.
   a. Athena  
   b. Arachne

Mark “a” if the statement is true; mark “b” if the statement is false.

51. Orpheus was the greatest mortal musician to live in Greece.
   a. true  
   b. false

52. The condition upon which Eurydice would return to the world of the living with Orpheus was that he would stay in Hades for one day and play his music for the King of the Dead and his realm.
   a. true  
   b. false

53. What figure of speech is the following, “Then weave again for sweet Eurydice, Life’s pattern that was taken from the loom too quickly.”
   a. simile  
   b. hyperbole  
   c. metaphor  
   d. personification

   a. The myth is ironic because he was such an exceptional musician.  
   b. The myth is ironic because he was able to travel to the world of the dead, even though he was living.  
   c. The myth is ironic because Orpheus is willing to risk so much to travel to Hades for his true love, expects to be with his true love, but ends up without her.  
   d. none of the above
55. If I received a “1” in the area of voice, which statement would be correct?
   a. I anticipate my reader’s questions and get the reader interested in the topic.
   b. I have moments when my voice is strong and times when it disappears.
   c. My writing doesn’t involve or move my readers.
   d. There is a strong interaction between my readers and my writing.

56. What is voice in writing?
   a. what the reader would say to you if he or she could talk with you about your writing
   b. the point of view you decide to use in the stories you write—the narrator’s voice
   c. you coming out in your writing (your personality, flavor, and style)
   d. the voice you hear in your head when you’re writing that helps your writing make sense

57. If I received a “3” in the area of voice, which statement would be true about my writing?
   a. I don’t reach out to my audience.
   b. There are moments in my writing when I surprise, amuse, or move readers.
   c. I don’t anticipate my audience’s interests and questions.
   d. I have strong interaction with my readers; they feel I am behind my words.

58. If I received a “5” in the area of voice, which statement would be true about my writing?
   a. My writing is honest, appealing, and written from the heart.
   b. I hide some things but reveal others.
   c. I am aware of my audience but choose to weigh my words carefully.
   d. I speak in a monotone that flattens the highs and lows of my message.

Read the following questions and mark whether commas were used correctly or incorrectly in the sentence.

59. Tiger Woods, the richest golfer in history, won approximately $800,000 by winning the British Open.
   a. correct
   b. incorrect

60. In addition, Tiger Woods said “I hope to turn my weaknesses into strengths.”
   a. correct
   b. incorrect

61. Dennis did you see the historic golf tournament on July 23, 2000?
   a. correct
   b. incorrect

62. When I graduate from high school, I plan to play golf in Pasadena, CA.
   a. correct
   b. incorrect

If the statement is true, mark “a.” If the statement is false, mark “b.”

63. After being notified that the ship was in trouble, many passengers went straight up to the lifeboats and did not return to their cabins.
   a. true
   b. false

64. Mr. Astor realized the severity of the ship’s situation when he cut open a life belt to show his wife.
   a. true
   b. false