

LIST 6

Twenty-Three Reasons to Read and Study Literature

1. We can vicariously travel to other places, even outer space.
2. We can learn from the profound thinkers of the world.
3. We can learn to express ourselves better in writing.
4. We can increase our vocabulary.
5. We can divert ourselves from our daily problems.
6. We can be entertained.
7. We can be lifted to a higher (more noble) emotional level.
8. We can be lifted to a higher (more noble) moral level.
9. We can fantasize and develop our imaginations.
10. We can go on exciting adventures.
11. We can laugh and be amused.
12. We can cry and learn to empathize with others.
13. We can vicariously experience all sorts of things we would *not want* to experience in reality.
14. We can vicariously experience all sorts of things we would *like* to do, but for lack of money, talent, physical or mental abilities, time, or other reasons will never be able to experience in reality.
15. We can learn more about ourselves.
16. We can learn more about society.
17. We can relax and reduce stress with a good story.
18. We can identify with characters and learn from them.
19. We can have fun and enjoyment.
20. We can learn to understand and become more tolerant of people, ethnic groups, and races that are different from ourselves.
21. We can vicariously go back in time and into the future.
22. We can learn to understand the motivations of others.
23. We can read almost any time and anywhere, regardless of the weather, and even when we're sick or injured.

Comprehension: Post-It Note Strategy

Directions:

1. *Before* reading, ask students to label Post-It Notes with specific reading terms appropriate for the text (see ideas below).
2. *During* reading, ask students to locate within the text the specific information they are looking for. Students should place the appropriate Post-It Note next to the corresponding information.
3. *After* reading, have students discuss and explain their choices with a partner or small group of students. During their discussion, students are free to re-locate their Post-It Notes if they choose.
4. After some partner/small group processing time, extend the activity to a whole-class discussion. Consider providing a graphic organizer for students to summarize the text.

NARRATIVE Text Terms

- ❖ Major/Minor Characters (antagonist/protagonist)
- ❖ Conflict(s)
- ❖ Climax
- ❖ Theme
- ❖ Setting
- ❖ Figurative Language
- ❖ Vocabulary / Literary Terms

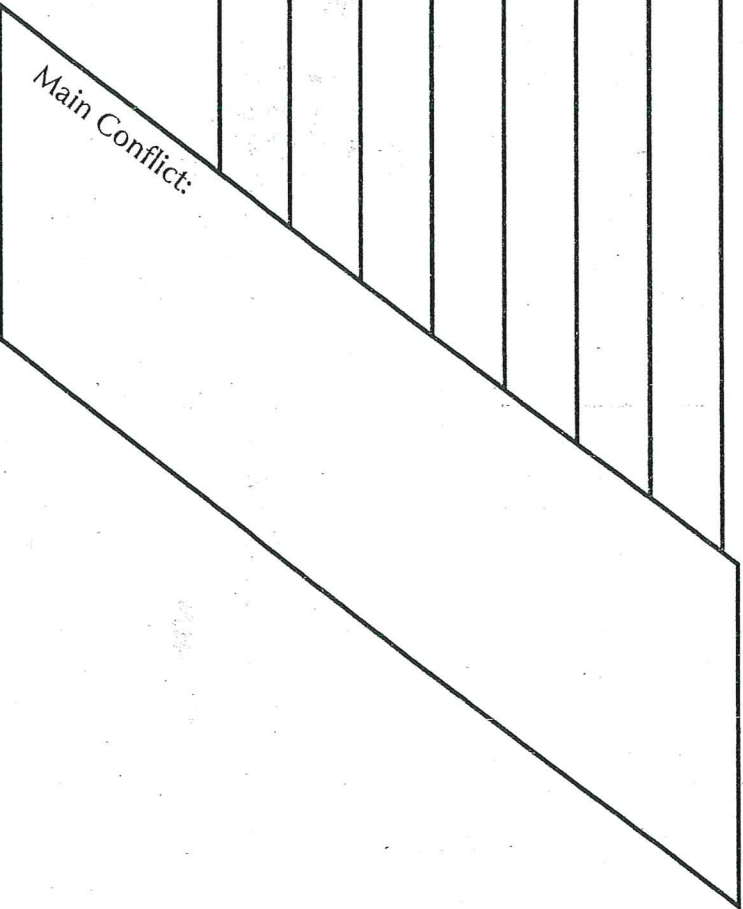
INFORMATIONAL Text Terms

- ❖ Main Ideas
- ❖ Supporting Details
- ❖ Text Features (charts, graphs, boldface print, headings, etc.)
- ❖ Text Structures
- ❖ Cause-Effect Relationships
- ❖ Problems & Solutions
- ❖ Steps in a Process or Procedure
- ❖ Facts and Opinions
- ❖ Thesis Statement, Topic or Summary Sentences
- ❖ Hypothesis/Conclusion
- ❖ Persuasive Techniques (citing statistics, authority, bandwagon, etc.)
- ❖ Content Specific Vocabulary, Key Terms

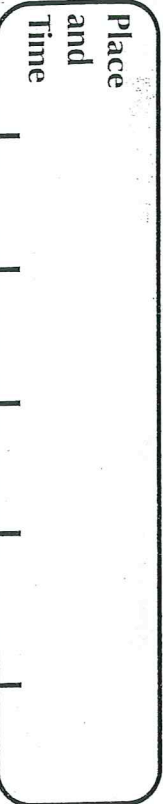
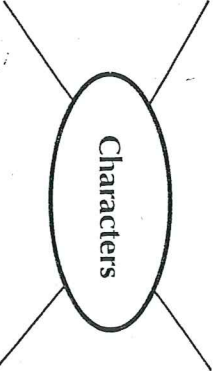
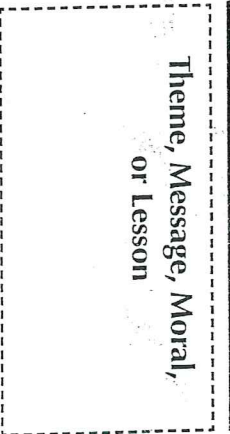
STORY MAP

Title: _____

8. _____
7. _____
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1. _____

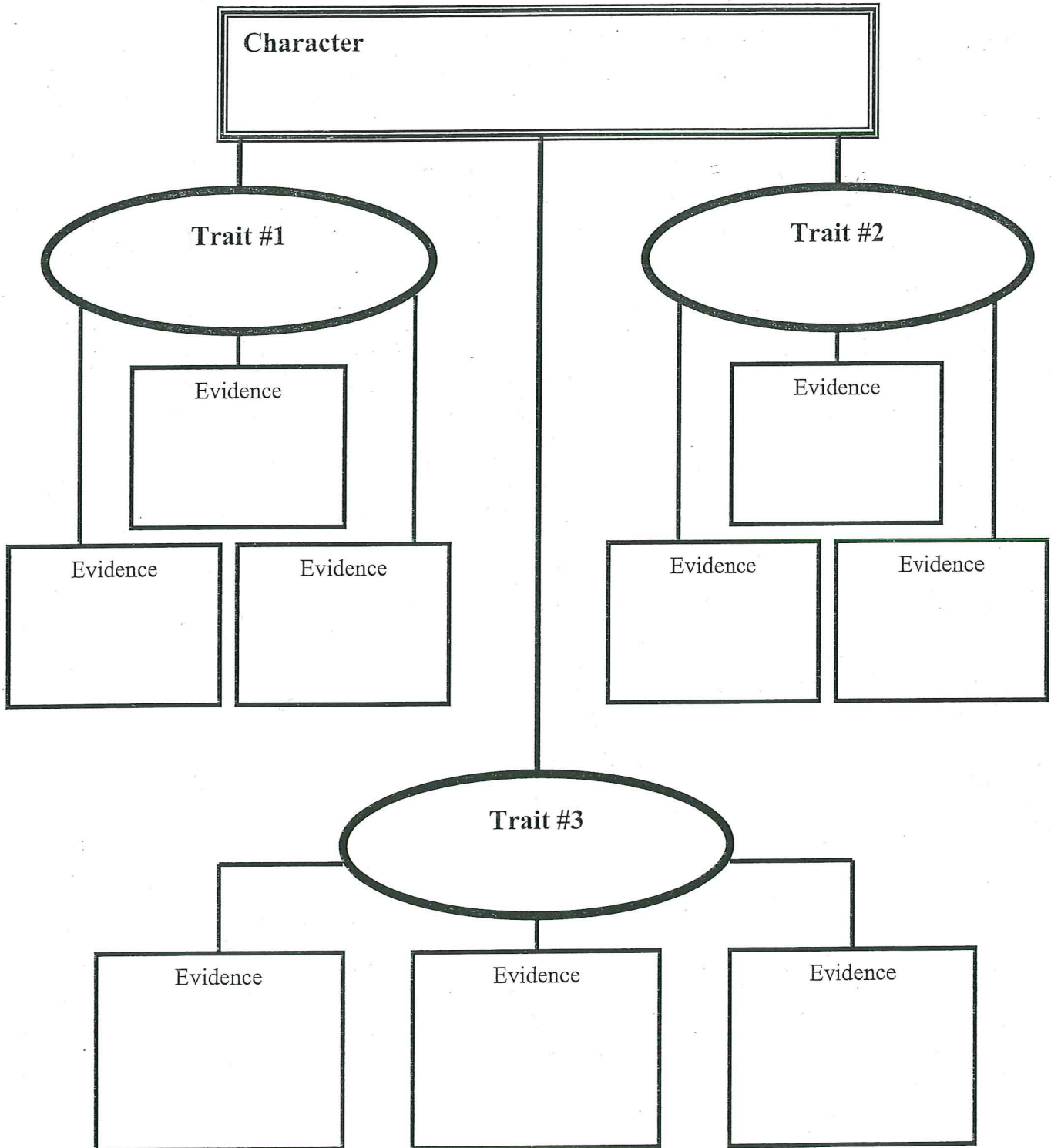


Resolution,
Ending
Events,
and Changes



CHARACTER MAP # 2

Name: _____ Date: _____



GO.5.2

Character Trait Chart

Directions: In the left-hand column, write the character traits of the one of the characters in the story. In the right-hand column, list how the trait is revealed in the text. (Traits can be revealed by events, actions, words, thoughts, attitudes, and feelings.)

Character: _____

Trait	Revealed by...

Character Traits Word Bank

adventurous, afraid, ambitious, arrogant, bad, bold, bossy, brainy, brave, brilliant, calm, careful, careless, charming, cheerful, childish, cowardly, cruel, curious, demanding, depressed, dishonest, eager, easygoing, energetic, evil, faithful, fearless, foolish, friendly, funny, gentle, giving, gloomy, graceful, greedy, guilty, happy, healthy, helpful, honest, hopeful, imaginative, impatient, impolite, innocent, inventive, intelligent, jealous, kind, lazy, lonely, loving, loyal, lucky, mature, mean, mysterious, nervous, nice, noisy, obedient, peaceful, pleasant, polite, poor, proud, quiet, responsible, rough, rowdy, rude, sad, scared, selfish, serious, shy, silly, sly, smart, sneaky, spoiled, strange, sweet, talented, thoughtful, thoughtless, trusting, trustworthy, unfriendly, unhappy, upset, warm, weak, wicked, wise, worried, zany

Title: _____

Major Characters: _____

Minor Characters: _____

10. _____
9. _____
8. _____
7. _____
6. _____
5. _____
4. _____
3. _____
2. _____
1. _____

Events: Rising Action

Falling Action

Climax: _____

Conflict:
Resolution:



Setting: _____

Author's Theme: _____

The Hunt for the Beautiful

by Raymond Macdonald Alden

There was once a boy named Karl, who lived in a little village in a valley, far from all the great cities. It was a simple and quiet village, but very pleasant to see, because of the many flowers that grew in the people's gardens, and of the beautiful hills that lay just behind it. In the middle of the village was an old chapel, and as the boy's father was the sexton [gloss 1], their little house and garden were next door. The chapel was a dim, restful place, with stained-glass windows, which had been made hundreds of years before, and had figures of saints and angels shimmering in them. Very often, when Karl was tired of both work and play, he would go in and sit there, and would sometimes fall asleep looking at the lovely pictures in the windows.

There was a particular reason why he was so interested in the pictures, and that was that he wished to be a great artist. Before he had been old enough to read, he had drawn pictures wherever he could find a place to put them, and nothing made him so happy as to have a present of colored crayons or paints. Then, as he grew older, whatever money he could save for himself he spent in paying for lessons in drawing and painting from whoever could be found to teach him in the village.

But as the village was so small, Karl wished very much to go to see the world, and to study painting with great teachers.

He said, "I cannot be pleased with anything until it is the very best I can do, and I believe I can do still better. If I could only see the most beautiful things in the world, I could paint them, at any rate. I have painted everything in this place — the old chapel, and the hills behind the village, and the flowers in our garden, and the happiest children. But all the time I have known that these are not the most beautiful sights. Somewhere is the most beautiful sight in the world. I shall never be happy till I have seen it."

At last there came a time when he thought he could go away to see the world. So one morning he bade his village good-bye, and started down the road that led into the big world.

It would take a very long time to tell about all of Karl's travels during the months that followed his going away from home. On the whole, though he saw many fine sights and made new friends, it was a wearisome journey. Sometimes he would walk many miles, from one city to another, and arrive there with his feet so sore and his back so tired and aching, that it seemed to him he wanted only one thing — his little bed in his little room in the old home.

But all this would not have mattered, if only he could have found the thing for which he had set out. It always seemed to be just a little distance ahead of him. At first he thought that he would be most likely to find it in the galleries where the paintings and statues of all the greatest artists were collected. So he visited these in the different cities, and once or twice he found a painting or a statue so wonderfully beautiful that he exclaimed: "Surely this is the most beautiful thing in the world!" But always someone said to him: "No; wait till you have seen such-and-such a picture in

such-and-such a gallery. That is without doubt more beautiful than this." So he would go on hopefully to the other gallery, but always with the same uncertainty as to whether he had found what he was searching for.

After many weeks spent in this way, Karl decided that it was not in pictures or statues, but in beautiful scenes of nature, that he was most likely to find what he sought. For whenever he saw a lovely picture of a lake, or a mountain, or a valley, it would occur to him that if the picture were so beautiful, the landscape itself must be still more so. So, as the summer was now coming on, he visited the loveliest countries that he heard of, where the mountains were covered with snow the year round, but the valleys between were filled with wonderful flowers, and brooks went singing down the slopes and emptied themselves into lakes as blue as the sky. He had never dreamed of anything so beautiful as some of these places, yet the same thing happened that had happened before. Whenever he would say to another traveler that he thought this must be the most beautiful sight in the world, the traveler would say: "No. I have seen one still better; you will find it in the Valley of So-and-so." So Karl would take up his journey again, always with new hope.

Karl continued his journey a little farther, and tried to keep a good heart. At last he felt more certain than ever before that he was going to find the object of his search, for a number of travelers had told him that he ought to go to see a certain castle on a certain mountain, in a certain distant country, where the view was undoubtedly the most beautiful in the world.

One day, when he thought that he had almost enough money saved to visit this certain country, he received a letter. It was from the village where his home was. A neighbor wrote to him, telling him that his mother was sick and asking him to come home.

It was pretty hard to receive a letter like this, when he was almost ready to finish the journey that had been so long and hard. Karl thought about it for a long time; but of course he decided that there was but one thing to do — he must go home where his mother needed him. He was now not so very far away, and the money that he had saved for the longer journey would be enough to buy a good many comforts for his family. So he took the quickest way he could find toward home.

Although it had been a little hard to change his plans, when Karl was on his way home it was surprising how happy he felt about it. He did not know how much he had missed his mother and his brothers and the old place, until he was on his way home.

It was a very happy homecoming for Karl and his mother. Karl told her about his journey, and why he had come home; that he had not yet found the most beautiful sight in the world, but that he now felt more willing to wait for it. "For," said he, "I have seen many beautiful things, and I can make pictures of them. Some day I may be able to finish the journey. But I am so happy to be at home again and to see you, that I do not feel now as if I cared about anything else."

Then his mother took him by the hand, and they walked together out into the little garden, where everything was adorned with the late summer flowers. "Why, dear me!" said Karl, "I never knew that we had such a beautiful little garden! Have you changed it any since I have been away?"

"No," said his mother, "but it grows a little better every year, even when left to itself."

"It is certainly the prettiest garden I ever saw," said Karl. "And look at that view of the hills behind the village! How beautiful it is with the afternoon lights and shadows lying on it! Why, mother, was that view of the hills always there just in the same way?"

"I think it must have been," said his mother, smiling at him. "You always thought it was a pretty sight, Karl."

"Yes," said Karl, "but nothing half so beautiful as this. And you too, mother, you have grown lovelier than you ever were before. If I were a great artist, I should paint your portrait and make my fortune by it."

His mother smiled again, not believing what he said, but being pleased that he should think so.

"Mother," said Karl again, "I *will* paint your picture, sitting here in the garden, with the flowers blossoming about you, and the view of the hills behind you. If I can only make it seem as beautiful to others as it does to me, it will be the best picture I have ever made."

So the next morning Karl made his mother sit in the garden, and then brought his paints and went to work. He was afraid that everything would not look so beautiful as it had the night before, when he had first come home, but it did. He worked faster and more joyfully than he had ever worked before, hoping that he would be able to put into the picture the wonderful new beauty that he saw all around him.

At sunset the picture was almost finished, and Karl sat alone in front of it, for his mother had gone into the house to get supper.

"Ah," he said happily to himself, "that was the color I wanted all the time! And that is the light on the hills that I saw last evening and thought so beautiful! Will this really be the picture that I have wanted to paint for so long?"

Then, resting from his work a minute, he turned his face again toward the picture.

"Yes," he said to himself, "it will; for at last I have found the most beautiful sight in the world. "And it was here all the time."

What is here does not make the picture, he thought, but what you see.

[gloss 1] sexton – an employee or officer of a church who is responsible for the care and upkeep of church property

1. Which **best** expresses the main idea of the passage?

- A. Family is more important than personal exploration.
- B. There are many beautiful things throughout the world.

- C. Artists have to see as much of the world as they can.
- D. The most beautiful things are the things we care about.

_____ 2. The setting of Karl's home changes from the beginning to the end of the passage in terms of

- A. what it looks like.
- B. the way Karl sees it.
- C. where it is located.
- D. the people Karl sees there.

_____ 3. Which sentence from the passage **best** expresses the resolution?

- A. "At last I have found the most beautiful sight in the world."
- B. "Karl continued his journey a little farther, and tried to keep a good heart."
- C. "It was a very happy homecoming for Karl and his mother."
- D. "Then his mother took him by the hand, and they walked together out into the little garden."

_____ 4. At the end of the passage, Karl realizes

- A. his mother is sicker than he thought she was.
- B. he is already the great artist he hoped to become.
- C. his home is the most beautiful sight in the world.
- D. he should never have left his home in the first place.

_____ 5. The **main** conflict in the passage is that

- A. Karl's mother has gotten very sick.
- B. Karl wants to find the most beautiful sight.
- C. Karl's mother does not want him to go away.
- D. Karl does not have the money to finish his trip.

_____ 6. Karl can **best** be described as

- A. curious.
- B. playful.
- C. cautious.
- D. humorous.

PREPARING to Read

from Night

Memoir by ELIE WIESEL (ě'l'ě vĕ-sě'l')



Connect to Your Life

Jewish Holocaust With a small group of classmates, share what you know about the Holocaust—the slaughter of millions of Jews in Europe during World War II. Where did you learn what you know? How did you react when you first learned about it?

Build Background

Holocaust Origins In the 1920s and 1930s, Germany was in the midst of a major economic depression; millions were unemployed. When Adolf Hitler became chancellor in 1933, he promised people jobs while providing them with a scapegoat for the nation's problems: the Jews. Hitler's Nazi party began its campaign against the Jews by revoking their citizenship, boycotting their businesses, and banning them from certain professions.

Germany's invasion of Poland in 1939 marked the beginning of World War II. Hitler's goal was to expand his empire across Europe and to eliminate the Jews at the same time. In Germany and from each nation Germany occupied, Jews—as well as gypsies, homosexuals, and intellectuals and artists who opposed Hitler—were transported to the concentration camps. Everyone entering the camps was tattooed with a number on the left forearm; the number served to replace one's name. Most of the 6 million Jews who were killed during World War II died in concentration camps. They were put to death in gas chambers, were shot by firing squads, or succumbed to starvation, torture, and disease.

This selection is from the memoir of a survivor who was imprisoned when he was only 15.

WORDS TO KNOW Vocabulary Preview

din notorious
emaciated stature
interminable

Focus Your Reading

LITERARY ANALYSIS **STYLE** **Style** is the particular way a piece of literature is written—not *what* is said but *how* it is said. Every writer struggles to find an appropriate style to convey his or her message. Choice of words, length of sentences, and tone all contribute to the style of a writer's work, as illustrated by the following passage from *Night*:

There were only Tibi and Yossi in front of me. They passed. I had time to notice that Mengele had not written their numbers down. Someone pushed me. It was my turn. I ran without looking back.

As you read this excerpt by Elie Wiesel, pay attention to the manner in which he relates his experiences. Think about why he might have chosen to tell his story in such a simple and straightforward style.

ACTIVE READING **CONNECTING** When you read anything, you are bound to compare it with what you have previously read, heard about, or experienced yourself. In this way, you are **connecting** with what you are reading. You might also imagine yourself in a situation similar to that of a character or person that you read about. Literature with especially powerful content may provoke strong feelings or reflections about yourself or the world you know.

READER'S NOTEBOOK As you read this excerpt, keep notes of your mental and emotional reactions to the events and conversations related by Wiesel. After you have finished reading, spend a few minutes writing your reflections on the piece itself and on the Holocaust in general.



LaserLinks: Background for Reading
Historical Connection



Survivors of a Nazi concentration camp, 1945. The Bettmann Archive.

FROM NIGHT

Elie Wiesel

The SS¹ gave us a fine New Year's gift. We had just come back from work. As soon as we had passed through the door of the camp, we sensed something different in the air. Roll call did not take so long as usual. The evening soup was given out with great speed and swallowed down at once in anguish.

1. SS: an elite military unit of the Nazi party that served as Hitler's personal guard and as a special security force.

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I was no longer in the same block as my father. I had been transferred to another unit, the building one, where, twelve hours a day, I had to drag heavy blocks of stone about. The head of my new block was a German Jew, small of stature, with piercing eyes. He told us that evening that no one would be allowed to go out after the evening soup. And soon a terrible word was circulating—selection.

We knew what that meant. An SS man would examine us. Whenever he found a weak one, a *musulman* as we called them, he would write his number down: good for the crematory.

After soup, we gathered together between the beds. The veterans said:

“You’re lucky to have been brought here so late. This camp is paradise today, compared with what it was like two years ago. Buna² was a real hell then. There was no water, no blankets, less soup and bread. At night we slept almost naked, and it was below thirty degrees. The corpses were collected in hundreds every day. The work was hard. Today, this is a little paradise. The *Kapos*³ had orders to kill a certain number of prisoners every day. And every week—selection. A merciless selection. . . . Yes, you’re lucky.”

“Stop it! Be quiet!” I begged. “You can tell your stories tomorrow or on some other day.”

They burst out laughing. They were not veterans for nothing.

“Are you scared? So were we scared. And there was plenty to be scared of in those days.”

The old men stayed in their corner, dumb, motionless, haunted. Some were praying.

An hour’s delay. In an hour, we should know the verdict—death or a reprieve.

And my father? Suddenly I remembered him. How would he pass the selection? He had aged so much. . . .

The head of our block had never been outside concentration camps since 1933. He had already been through all the slaughterhouses, all the factories of death. At about nine o’clock, he took up his position in our midst:

“Achtung!”⁴

There was instant silence.

“Listen carefully to what I am going to say.” (For the first time, I heard his voice quiver.) “In a few moments the selection will begin. You must get completely undressed. Then one by one you go before the SS doctors. I hope you will all succeed in getting through. But you must help your own chances. Before you go into the next room, move about in some way so that you give yourselves a little color. Don’t walk slowly, run! Run as if the devil were after you! Don’t look at the SS. Run, straight in front of you!”

He broke off for a moment, then added:

“And, the essential thing, don’t be afraid!”

Here was a piece of advice we should have liked very much to be able to follow.

I got undressed, leaving my clothes on the bed. There was no danger of anyone stealing them this evening.

Tibi and Yossi, who had changed their unit at the same time as I had, came up to me and said:

“Let’s keep together. We shall be stronger.”

Yossi was murmuring something between his teeth. He must have been praying. I had never realized that Yossi was a believer. I had even always thought the reverse. Tibi was silent, very pale. All the prisoners in the block stood naked

WORDS
TO
KNOW

stature (stăch’er) *n.* a person’s height

2. **Buna** (bōō’nā): a forced-labor camp in Poland, near the Auschwitz concentration camp.

3. **Kapos** (kā’pōz): the prisoners who served as foremen, or heads, of each building or cell block.

4. **Achtung!** (ăkh-tōōng’) *German:* Attention!

between the beds. This must be how one stands at the last judgment.

"They're coming!"

There were three SS officers standing around the notorious Dr. Mengele,⁵ who had received us at Birkenau.⁶ The head of the block, with an attempt at a smile, asked us:

"Ready?"

Yes, we were ready. So were the SS doctors. Dr. Mengele was holding a list in his hand: our numbers. He made a sign to the head of the block: "We can begin!" As if this were a game!

The first to go by were the "officials" of the block: *Stubenaelteste*,⁷ Kapos, foremen, all in perfect physical condition of course! Then came the ordinary prisoners' turn. Dr. Mengele took stock of them from head to foot. Every now and then, he wrote a number down. One single thought filled my mind: not to let my number be taken; not to show my left arm.

There were only Tibi and Yossi in front of me. They passed. I had time to notice that Mengele had not written their numbers down. Someone pushed me. It was my turn. I ran without looking back. My head was spinning: you're too thin, you're too weak, you're too thin, you're good for the furnace. . . . The race seemed interminable. I thought I had been running for years. . . . You're too thin, you're too weak. . . . At last I had arrived exhausted. When I regained my breath, I questioned Yossi and Tibi:

"Was I written down?"

"No," said Yossi. He added, smiling: "In any case, he couldn't have written you down, you were running too fast. . . ."

I began to laugh. I was glad. I would have liked to kiss him. At that moment, what did the others matter! I hadn't been written down.

Those whose numbers had been noted stood

apart, abandoned by the whole world. Some were weeping in silence.

The SS officers went away. The head of the block appeared, his face reflecting the general weariness.

"Everything went off all right. Don't worry. Nothing is going to happen to anyone. To anyone."

Again he tried to smile. A poor, emaciated, dried-up Jew questioned him avidly in a trembling voice:

"But . . . but, *Blockaelteste*,⁸ they did write me down!"

The head of the block let his anger break out. What! Did someone refuse to believe him!

"What's the matter now? Am I telling lies then? I tell you once and for all, nothing's going to happen to you! To anyone! You're wallowing in your own despair, you fool!"

The bell rang, a signal that the selection had been completed throughout the camp.

With all my might I began to run to Block 36. I met my father on the way. He came up to me:

"Well? So you passed?"

"Yes. And you?"

"Me too."

How we breathed again, now! My father had brought me a present—half a ration of bread obtained in exchange for a piece of rubber, found

5. *Dr. Mengele* (mĕng'ə-lə): Josef Mengele, a German doctor who personally selected nearly half a million prisoners to die in gas chambers at Auschwitz. He also became infamous for his medical experiments on inmates.

6. *Birkenau* (bîr'kə-nou): a large section of the Auschwitz concentration camp.

7. *Stubenaelteste* (shtoo'bən-ĕl'tə-stə): a rank of Kapos; literally "elders of the rooms."

8. *Blockaelteste* (blôk'ĕl'tə-stə): a rank of Kapos; literally "elders of the building."

WORDS
TO
KNOW

notorious (nō-tôr'ē-əs) *adj.* having a widely known, usually very bad reputation; infamous
interminable (ĭn-tûr'mə-nə-bəl) *adj.* endless or seemingly endless
emaciated (ĭ-mā'shē-ā-tĭd) *adj.* extremely thin, especially as a result of starvation
emaciate *v.*

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at the warehouse, which would do to sole a shoe. The bell. Already we must separate, go to bed. Everything was regulated by the bell. It gave me orders, and I automatically obeyed them. I hated it. Whenever I dreamed of a better world, I could only imagine a universe with no bells.

Several days had elapsed. We no longer thought about the selection. We went to work as usual, loading heavy stones into railway wagons. Rations had become more meager: this was the only change.

We had risen before dawn, as on every day. We had received the black coffee, the ration of bread. We were about to set out for the yard as usual. The head of the block arrived, running.

"Silence for a moment. I have a list of numbers here. I'm going to read them to you. Those whose numbers I call won't be going to work this morning; they'll stay behind in the camp."

And, in a soft voice, he read out about ten numbers. We had understood. These were numbers chosen at the selection. Dr. Mengele had not forgotten.

The head of the block went toward his room. Ten prisoners surrounded him, hanging onto his clothes:

"Save us! You promised . . . ! We want to go to the yard. We're strong enough to work. We're good workers. We can . . . we will . . ."

He tried to calm them to reassure them about their fate, to explain to them that the fact that they were staying behind in the camp did not mean much, had no tragic significance.

"After all, I stay here myself every day," he added.

It was a somewhat feeble argument. He

realized it, and without another word went and shut himself up in his room.

The bell had just rung.

"Form up!"

It scarcely mattered now that the work was hard. The essential thing was to be as far away as possible from the block, from the crucible of death, from the center of hell.

I saw my father running toward me. I became frightened all of a sudden.

"What's the matter?"

**"THOSE WHOSE NUMBERS I CALL
WON'T BE GOING TO WORK THIS
MORNING; THEY'LL STAY BEHIND
IN THE CAMP."**

Out of breath, he could hardly open his mouth. "Me, too . . . me, too . . . ! They told me to stay behind in the camp."

They had written down his number without his being aware of it.

"What will happen?" I asked in anguish.

But it was he who tried to reassure me.

"It isn't certain yet. There's still a chance of escape. They're going to do another selection today . . . a decisive selection."

I was silent.

He felt that his time was short. He spoke quickly. He would have liked to say so many things. His speech grew confused; his voice choked. He knew that I would have to go in a few moments. He would have to stay behind alone, so very alone.

"Look, take this knife," he said to me. "I don't need it any longer. It might be useful to you. And take this spoon as well. Don't sell them. Quickly!"

Go on. Take what I'm giving you!"

The inheritance.

"Don't talk like that, Father." (I felt that I would break into sobs.) "I don't want you to say that. Keep the spoon and knife. You need them as much as I do. We shall see each other again this evening, after work."

He looked at me with his tired eyes, veiled

But we were marching too quickly . . . Left, right! We were already at the gate. They counted us, to the din of military music. We were outside.

The whole day, I wandered about as if sleep-walking. Now and then Tibi and Yossi would throw me a brotherly word. The Kapo, too, tried to reassure me. He had given me easier

work today. I felt sick at heart. How well they were treating me! Like an orphan! I thought: even now, my father is still helping me.

I did not know myself what I wanted—for the day to pass quickly or

not. I was afraid of finding myself alone that night. How good it would be to die here!

At last we began the return journey. How I longed for orders to run!

The military march. The gate. The camp. I ran to Block 36.

Were there still miracles on this earth? He was alive. He had escaped the second selection. He had been able to prove that he was still useful. . . . I gave him back his knife and spoon. ❖

with despair. He went on:

"I'm asking this of you. . . . Take them. Do as I ask, my son. We have no time. . . . Do as your father asks."

Our Kapo yelled that we should start.

The unit set out toward the camp gate. Left, right! I bit my lips. My father had stayed by the block, leaning against the wall. Then he began to run, to catch up with us. Perhaps he had forgotten something he wanted to say to me. . . .

WERE THERE STILL MIRACLES ON THIS EARTH?

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KNOW **din** (dīn) *n.* a jumble of loud noises

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