Final Passage ID Study Guide

Mark Twain: "The Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" 1282-1289

1. "Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres and all said he laid over any frog that ever they see."
2. "And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinner said like, 'Well, I'm only a stranger her, and I aint got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you.'"

W.D. Howells: "Editha" 1489-1501

1. "'I shall always love you, and therefore I shall never marry anyone else. But the man I marry must love his country first of all, and be able to say to me, I could not love thee, dear, so much. Loved I not honor more. There is no honor above America with me. In this great hour there is no other honor.'"
2. "'No, girls don't; women don't, when they give their men up to their country. They think they'll come marching back, somehow, just as gay as they went, or if it's an empty sleeve, or even an empty pantaloon, it's all the more glory, and they're so much the prouder of them, poor things!'"

Ambrose Bierce: "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" 1501-1508

1. "A man stood upon a railroad bridge in Northern Alabama, looking down into the swift waters twenty feet below. The man's hands were behind his back, the wrists bound with a cord. A rope closely encircled his neck. It was attached to a stout cross-timber above his head, and the slack fell to the level of his knees. Some loose boards laid upon the sleepers supporting the metals of the railway supplied a footing for him, and his executioners..."
2. "He springs forward with extended arms. As he is about to clasp her, he feels a stunning blow upon the back of the neck; a blinding white light blazes all about him, with a sound like this shock of a cannon- then all is darkness and silence. Peyton Farquhar was dead; his body, with a broken neck, swung gently from side to side beneath the timbers of the owl creek bridge."

Henry James: "The Beast in the Jungle" 1567-1595

1. "Something or other lay in wait for him, amid the twists and the turns of the months and the years, like a crouching beast in the jungle. It signified little whether the crouching beast were destined to slay him or to be slain. The definite point was the inevitable spring of the creature; and the definite lesson from that was that a man of feeling didn't cause
himself to be accompanied by a lady on a tiger-hunt. Such was the image under which he had ended by figuring his life."

2. “The escape would have been to love her; then, then he would have lived. She had lived— who could say now with a passion?—since she had loved him for herself; whereas he had never thought of her (ah, how it hugely glared at him!) but in the chill of his egotism and the light of her use.”

Sarah Orne Jewett: “A White Heron” 1596-1603

1. “She did not dare to look boldly at the tall young man, who carried a gun over his shoulder, but she came out of her bush and again followed the cow, while he walked alongside. ‘I have been hunting for some birds,’ the stranger said kindly, ‘and I have lost my way, and need a friend very much. Don’t be afraid,’ he added gallantly.”

2. “The murmur of the pine’s green branches is in her ears, she remembers how the white heron came flying through the golden air and how they watched the sea and the morning together, and Sylvia cannot speak; she cannot tell the heron’s secret and give its life away.”

Kate Chopin: “Desiree’s Baby” 1604-1609

1. “‘It means,’ he answered lightly, ‘that the child is not white; it means that you are not white.’”

2. “…old letter from his mother to his father. He read it. She was thanking God for the blessing of her husband’s love. ‘But, above all,’ she wrote, ‘night and day, I thank the good God for having so arranged our lives that out dear Armand will never know that his mother, who adores him, belongs to the race that is cursed with the brand of slavery.”

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman: “A New England Nun” 1621-1630

1. “Louisa’s first emotion when Joe Dagget came home (he had not apprised her of his coming) was consternation, although she would not admit it to herself, and he never dreamed of it. Fifteen years ago she had been in love with him— at least she considered herself to be.”

2. “She never mentioned Lily Dyer. She simply said they while she had no cause of complaint against him, she had lived so long in one way that she shrank from making a change.”

Booker T. Washington: from Up from Slavery 1631-1641

1. “To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those of foreign birth and strange tongue and habits for the prosperity of the South, were I permitted I would repeat what I say to my own race, ‘Cast down your bucket where you are.’ Cast it down…”

2. “Nearly sixteen millions of hands will aid you in pulling the load upward, or they will pull against you the load downward. We shall constitute one-third and more of the ignorance and crime of the South, or one-third of its intelligence and progress; we shall contribute one-third to the business and industrial prosperity of the South, or we shall
prove a veritable body of death, stagnating, depressing, retarding every effort to advance the body politic.”

Charlotte Perkins Gilman: “The Yellow Wallpaper” 1668-1681

1. “The color is repellent, almost revolting; a smouldering unclean yellow, strangely faded by the slow-turning sunlight. It is a dull yet lurid orange in some places, a sickly sulphur tint in others. No wonder the children hated it! I should hate it myself if I had to live in this room long. There comes John, and I must put this away- he hates to have me write a word.”

2. “I’ve got out at last,” said I, ‘in spite of you and Jane! And I’ve pulled off most of the paper, so you can’t out me back!’ Now why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time!”

Edith Wharton: “Roman Fever” 1682-1704

1. “Yes. You think I am bluffing, don’t you? Well, you went to meet the man I was engaged to- and I can repeat every word of the letter that took you there.”

2. “Mrs. Ansley hesitated, as though reflecting, ‘But I answered the letter. I told him I’d be there. So he came.’ Mrs. Slade flung her hands up to her face. ‘Oh, God- you answered! I never thought of you answering…”

W.E.B. Du Bois: from The Souls of Black Folk 1715-1731

1. “The Nation has not yet found peace from its sins; the freedman has not yet found in freedom his promised land. Whatever of good may have come in these years of change, the shadow of a deep disappointment rests upon the Negro people, -a disappointment all the more bitter because the unattained ideal was unbounded save by the simple ignorance of a lowly people.”

2. “While, then, criticism has not failed to follow Mr. Washington, yet the prevailing public opinion of the land has been but too willing to deliver the solution of a wearisome problem into his hands, and say, ‘If that is all you and your race ask, take it.”

Theodore Dreiser: Sister Carrie 1750-1765

1. “When a girl leaves her home at eighteen, she does one of two things. Either she falls into saving hands and becomes better, or she rapidly assumes the cosmopolitan standard of virtue and becomes worse.”

2. “Carrie realized the change of affectional atmosphere at once. Amid all the maze, uproar and novelty, she felt cold reality taking her by the hand. No world of light and merriment. No round of amusement. Her sister carried with her much of the grimness of shift and toil...With her sister she was much alone, a lone figure in a tossing, thoughtless sea.”

Stephen Crane: “The Open Boat” 1765-1784

1. “None of them knew the color of the sky. Their eyes glanced level, and were fastened upon the waves that swept towards them. These waves were of the hue of slate, save for the tops, which were foaming white, and all of the men knew the colors of the sea. The
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horizon narrowed and widened, and dipped and rose, and at all times its edge was jagged with waves that seemed thrust up in points like rocks."

2. "If I am going to be drowned - if I am going to be drowned - if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees?"

Jack London: “To Build a Fire” 1811-1823

1. "The old-timer had been very serious in laying down the law that no man must travel alone in the Klondike after fifty below."

2. "Now the tree under which he had done this carried a weight of snow on its boughs... It grew like an avalanche, and it descended without warning upon the man and the fire, and the fire was blotted out!"

Abraham Cahan: “A Sweat-Shop Romance” 1657-1667

1. "That he is slow to spend money is rather one of the things she likes in him. If he ever marries her she will be sure to get every cent of his wages. But then when they are together at a ball he never goes up to the bar to treat her to a glass of soda, as the other fellows do their girls, and all he offers her is an apple or a pear, which he generally stops to buy on the street on the way to the dancing-hall."

2. "He found work for her and for himself in the same shop; saw her home every evening; regularly came after supper to take her out for a walk, in the course he would treat her to candy and invite her to a coffee saloon, - a thing which Heyman had never done; - Kept her chuckling over his jokes; and at the end of ten days, while sitting by her side in Central Park, one night, he said, in reply to her remark that is was so dark that she knew not where she was: - 'I'll tell you where you are - guess.' 'Where?' 'Here in my heart.'"

Paul Laurence Dunbar: “We Wear the Mask” 1808

1. "We wear the mask that grins and lies,  
   It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes -  
   This debt we pay to human guile;  
   With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,  
   And mouth with myriad subtleties."

2. "We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries  
   To thee from tortured souls arise.  
   We sing, but oh the clay is vile  
   Beneath our feet, and long the mile;  
   But let the world dream otherwise,  
   We wear the mask!"

Robert Frost: “Birches” 1920-1921

1. "When I see birches bend to left and right  
   Across the lines of straighter darker trees,  
   I like to think some boy's been swinging them."
2. “I’d like to get away from earth awhile
   And then come back to it and begin over...
   Earth’s the right place for love:
   I don’t know where it is likely to go better.
   I’d like to go by climbing a birch tree,
   And climb black branches up a snow-whit trunk
   Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
   But dipped its top and set me down again.
   That would be good both going and coming back.
   One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.”

Wallace Stevens: “The Idea of Order at Key West” 1959-1960

1. “It was her voice that made
   The sky acutest at its vanishing.
   She measured to the hour its solitude.
   She was the single artificer of the world
   In which she sang. And when she sang, the sea,
   Whatever self it had, became the self
   That was her song, for she was the maker.”

2. “Oh! Blessed range for order, pale Ramon,
   The maker’s range to order words of the sea,
   Words of the fragrant portals, dimly-starred,
   And of ourselves and of our origins,
   In ghostlier demarcations, keener sounds.”


1. “Do I dare
   Disturb the universe?
   In a minute there is time
   For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.”

2. “Would it have been worth while,
   To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
   To have squeezed the universe into a ball
   To roll it towards some overwhelming question,
   To say: ‘I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
   Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all’—
   If one, settling a pillow by her head,
   Should say: ‘That is not what I meant at all.
   That is not it, at all.’”

Sherwood Anderson: Winesburg, Ohio 1939-1947
1. “Wing Biddlebaum talked much with his hands. The slender expressive fingers, forever active, forever striving to conceal themselves in his pockets or behind his back, came forth and became the piston rods of his machinery of expression.”

2. “Her eyes glowed and she clenched her fists. ‘If I am dead and see him becoming a meaningless drab figure like myself, I will come back,’ she declared. ‘I ask God now to give me that privilege. I demand it. I will pay for it. God may beat me with his fists. I will take any blow that may befall if but this my boy be allowed to express something for us both.’ Pausing uncertainly, the woman stared about the boy’s room. ‘And do not let him become smart and successful either,’ she added vaguely.”

Ernest Hemingway: “The Snows of Kilimanjaro” 2205-2221

1. “‘I’m only talking,’ he said. ‘It’s much easier if I talk. But I don’t want to bother you.’ ‘You know it doesn’t bother me,’ she said. ‘It’s that I have gotten so very nervous not being able to do anything. I think we might make it as easy as we can until the plane comes.’ ‘Or until the plane doesn’t come.’ ‘Please tell me what I can do. There must be something I can do.’ ‘You can take the leg off and that might stop it, though I doubt it. Or you can shoot me. You’re a good shot now. I taught you to shoot didn’t I?’ ‘Please don’t talk that way. Couldn’t I read to you?’ ‘Read what?’ ‘Anything in the book bag that we haven’t read.’ ‘I can’t listen to it,’ he said. ‘Talking is the easiest. We quarrel and that makes time pass.’”

2. “And instead of going on to Arusha they turned left, he evidently figured that they had gas, and looking down he saw a pink sifting cloud, moving over the ground, and in the air, like the first snow in a blizzard, that comes from nowhere, and he knew the locusts were coming up from the south...all he could see, as wide as all the world, great, high, and unbelievably white in the sun, was the square top of Kilimanjaro. And he knew that was where he was going.”

William Faulkner: “A Rose for Emily” 2182-2188

1. “‘Arsenic,’ Miss Emily said. ‘Is that a good one?’ ‘Is......arsenic? Yes ma’am. But what you want–’ ‘I want arsenic.’ The druggist looked down at her. She looked back at him, erect, her face like a strained flag. ‘Why, of course,’ the druggist said. ‘If that’s what you want. But the law requires you to tell me what you are going to use it for.’ Miss Emily just stared at him, her head tilted back in order to look him eye for eye, until he looked away and went and got the arsenic and wrapped it up. The Negro delivery boy brought her the package; the druggist didn’t come back. When she opened the package at home there was written on the box, under the skull and bones: ‘For rats.’”

2. “Then we noticed that in the second pillow was the indentation of a head. One of us lifted something from it, and leaning forward, that faint and invisible dust dry and acrid in the nostrils, we saw a long strand of iron-gray hair.”

Richard Wright: “The Man Who Was Almost a Man” 2244-2253

1. “‘But, Ma, we needa gun. Pa ain got no gun. We needa gun in the house. Yuh kin never tell what might happen.’ ‘Now don yuh try to maka fool outta me, boy! Ef we did hava
gun, yuh wouldn’t have it!’ He laid the catalogue down and slipped his arm maround her waist. ‘Aw, Ma, ah done worked hard alla summer n ain ast yuh fer nothin, is Ah, now?’ ‘Thas whut yuh spose t do!’

2. “The cars slid past, steel grinding upon steel. Ahm ridin yuh ternight, so help me Gwad! He was hot all over. He hesitated just a moment; then he grabbed, pulled atop of a car, and lay flat. He felt his pocket; the gun was still there. Ahead the long rails were glinting in the moonlight, stretching away, away to somewhere, somewhere where he could be a man…”

Langston Hughes: “Theme for English B” 2228-2229

1. “It is not easy to know what is true for you or me
At twenty-two, my age. But I guess I’m what
I feel and see and hear, Harlem, I hear you:
hear you, hear me- we two- you, me, talk on this page.
(I hear New York, too.) Me- who?
Well, I like to eat, sleep, drink, and be in love.
I like to work, read, learn, and understand life.
I like to pipe for a Christmas present,
Or records- Bessie, bop, or Bach.
I guess being colored doesn’t make me not like
the same things other folks like who are other races.
So will my page be colored that I write?
Being me, it will not be white.”

2. “As I learn from you,
I guess you learn from me-
Although you’re older- and white-
and somewhat more free.
This is my page for English B.”

Eudora Welty: “Petrified Man” 2278-2287

1. “‘Mr. Fletcher and myself are as much in love as the day we married,’ said Mrs. Fletcher belligerently as Leota stuffed cotton into her ears. ‘Mrs. Pike says it don’t last,’ repeated Leota in a louder voice. ‘Now go git under the dryer. You can turn yourself on, can’t you? I’ll be back to comb you out. Durin’ lunch I promised to give Mrs. Pike a facial. You know- free. Her bein’ in the business, so to speak.’ ‘I bet she needs one,’ said Mrs. Fletcher, letting the swing-door fly back against Leota. ‘Oh, pardon me.’”

2. “Leota’s eleven o’clock customer pushed open the swing-door upon Leota’s paddling him heartily with the brush, while he gave angry but belitling screams which penetrated beyond the booth and filled the whole curious beauty parlor. From everywhere ladies began to gather round to watch the paddling. Billy Boy kicked both Leota and Mrs. Fletcher as hard as he could, Mrs. Fletcher with her new fixed smile. Billy Boy stomped through the group of wild-haired ladies and went out the door, but flung back the words, ‘If you’re so smart, why ain’t you rich?’”
Flannery O'Connor: “Good Country People” 2524-2537

1. “He had opened the suitcase and was sitting with a Bible on each knee. ‘You might as well put those up,’ she told him. ‘I don’t want one.’ ‘I appreciate your honesty,’ he said. ‘You don’t see any more real honest people unless you go way out of the country.’ ‘I know,’ she said, ‘real genuine folks!’ Through a crack in the door she heard a groan. ‘I guess a lot of boys come telling you they’re working their way through college,’ he said, ‘but I’m not going to tell you that. Somehow,’ he said, ‘I don’t want to go to college. I want to devote my life to Christian service. See,’ he said, lowering his voice, ‘I got this heart condition. I may not live long. When you know it’s something wrong with you and you may not live long, well then, lady...’ He paused, with his mouth open, and stared at her.”

2. “‘Wait,’ he said. He leaned the other way and pulled the valise toward him and opened it. It had a pale blue spotted lining and there was only two Bibles in it. He took one of these out and opened the cover of it. It was hollow and contained a pocket flask of whiskey, a pack of cards, and a small blue box with printing on it.”

Raymond Carver: “Cathedral” 2679-2689

1. “I remembered having read somewhere that the blind don’t smoke because, as speculation had it, they couldn’t see the smoke they exhaled. I thought I knew that much and that much only about blind people. But this blind man smoked his cigarette down to the nubbin and then lit another one. This blind man filled his ashtray and my wife emptied it.”

2. “‘Bub, it’s alright,’ the blind man said. ‘It’s fine with me. Whatever you want to watch is okay. I’m always learning something. Learning never ends. It won’t hurt me to learn something tonight. I got ears,’ he said.”

Robert Lowell: “Mr. Edwards and the Spider” 2488

1. “I saw the spiders marching through the air, Swimming from tree to tree that mildewed day In later August when the hay Came creaking to the barn.”

2. “How long would it seem burning? Let there pass A minute, ten, ten trillion; but the blaze Is infinite, eternal; this is death, To die and know it. This is the Black Widow, death.”

Long Day’s Journey into Night 2033-2109

1. “Mary: You mustn’t mind Edmund, James. Remember he isn’t well. [Edmund can be heard coughing as he goes upstairs. She adds nervous[ly] A summer cold makes anyone irritable. Jamie: [Genuinely concerned] It’s not just a cold he’s got. The Kid is damned sick.”