

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

### Chapter 9 HW: ALL Read Ch 9

Read and annotate the following passage from the end of Chapter 9 following the annotation guidelines below.  
Complete at least 5 annotations.

- **Underline** any evidence of direct or indirect characterization. **In the margins**, explain what we learn about the character in this moment. Look for what the character is saying, doing, or thinking.
- Ask questions. **Place a star** next to any moment where you have a question regarding the text. Write your question **in the margin**. Ask questions:
  - when you don't understand what is happening
  - about information you don't understand
- **Highlight** rich diction that illustrates mood. Write **in the margin** what the mood is.

#### Passage from Chapter 9

"She's coming along, though. Jem's getting older and she follows his example a good bit now. All she needs is assistance sometimes."

"Atticus, you've never laid a hand on her."

"I admit that. So far I've been able to get by with threats. Jack, she minds me as well as she can. Doesn't come up to scratch half the time, but she tries."

"That's not the answer," said Uncle Jack.

"No, the answer is she knows I know she tries. That's what makes the difference. What bothers me is that she and Jem will have to absorb some ugly things pretty soon. I'm worried about Jem keeping his head, but Scout'd just as soon jump in someone as look at him if her pride's at stake..."

I waited for Uncle Jack to break his promise. He still didn't.

"Atticus, how bad is this going to be?" You haven't had too much chance to discuss it."

"It couldn't be worse, Jack. The only thing we've got is a black man's word against the Ewells'. The evidence boils down to you-did-I-didn't. The jury couldn't possibly be expected to take Tom Robinson's word against the Ewells' - are you acquainted with the Ewells?"

Uncle Jack said yes, he remembered them. He described them to Atticus, but Atticus said, "You're a generation off. The present ones are the same, though."

“What are you going to do, then?”

“Before I’m through, I intend to jar the jury a bit - I think we’ll have a reasonable chance on appeal, though. I really can’t tell at this stage, Jack. You know, I’d hoped to get through life without a case of this kind, but John Taylor pointed at me and said, ‘You’re it.’”

“Let this cup pass from you, eh?”

“Right. But do you think I could face my children otherwise? You know what’s going to happen as well as I do, Jack, and I hope and pray I can get Jem and Scout through it without bitterness, and most of all, without catching Maycomb’s usual disease. Why reasonable people go stark raving mad when anything involving a Negro comes up, is something I don’t pretend to understand...I just hope Jem and Scout come to me for their answers instead of listening to the town. I hope they trust me enough...Jean Louise?”

My scalp jumped. I stuck my head around the corner. “Sir?”

“Go to bed.”

I scurried to my room and went to bed. Uncle Jack was a prince of a fellow not to let me down. But I never figured out how Atticus knew I was listening, and it was not until many years later that I realized he wanted me to hear every word he said.