

## Worksheet 2.1: Setting. Suggested Answers for the Teacher THE BEST OF THE HUMANITIES ON THE WEB

Student Name	Date

too bright to look up at, where the wind rocked. The cones dropped as light as feathers. Down in the hollow was the mourning dove—it was not too late for him."  "[The] sun so high" and the log she has to cross"  Reaches a barbed-wire fence, the first human-made obstacle.  The cones dropped as light as gentle—is a beautiful context at this point for her journey.  But journey quickly gets more complex—day passing too quickly, log to cross in her age and near blindness  Mood starting to shift as her journey becomes more difficult—the barbed wire and the "big dead trees, like black men with one arm" are disturbing,  Nature—deep, still, bright, gentle—is a beautiful gesture, wondering. Even when it gets difficult, she's masterful: to the buzzard, she defiantly asks, "Who you watching?" and passes him by.				
alone) (Selections from the first couple of yages)  frozen day in the early morning"  "She walked slowly in the dark pine shadowstapping the frozen earth in front of her"  "Now and then there was a quivering in the thicket"  "The woods were deep and still. The sun made the pine needles almost too bright to look up at, where the wind rocked. The cones dropped as light as feathers. Down in the hollow was the mourning dove—it was not too late for him."  "[The] sun so high" and the log she has to cross"  Reaches a barbed-wire fence, the first human-made obstacle.  "she walked slowly in the dark pine shadows," which creates an interesting contrast.  "Quivering," suggests a life force, maybe, that Phoenix is part and parcel of. The word could also be a little ominous—suggestive of the forces outside of her, some of which can do harm.  Nature—deep, still, bright, gentle—is a beautiful context at this point for her journey.  But journey quickly gets more complex—day passing too quickly, log to cross in her age and near blindness  Mood starting to shift as her journey becomes more difficult—the barbed wire and the "big dead trees, like black men with one arm" are disturbing,	The weeth (Dheenin	landscape, lighting, etc.)	-	
being "safe through the fence and risen up out in the clearing," she's greeted by "big dead trees, like black men	alone) (Selections from the first couple of	frozen day in the early morning"  "She walked slowly in the dark pine shadowstapping the frozen earth in front of her"  "Now and then there was a quivering in the thicket"  "The woods were deep and still. The sun made the pine needles almost too bright to look up at, where the wind rocked. The cones dropped as light as feathers. Down in the hollow was the mourning dove—it was not too late for him."  "[The] sun so high" and the log she has to cross"  Reaches a barbed-wire fence, the first human-made obstacle.  And then, despite being "safe through the fence and risen up out in the clearing," she's greeted by "big dead	cleanliness. Bracing. Though Phoenix is in the "dark pine shadows," which creates an interesting contrast. "Quivering," suggests a life force, maybe, that Phoenix is part and parcel of. The word could also be a little ominous—suggestive of the forces outside of her, some of which can do harm. Nature—deep, still, bright, gentle—is a beautiful context at this point for her journey. But journey quickly gets more complex—day passing too quickly, log to cross in her age and near blindness Mood starting to shift as her journey becomes more difficult—the barbed wire and the "big dead trees, like black men with one arm" are disturbing, violent, and the buzzard is	winter, cold, light and dark suggest a clear if difficult path for Phoenix. Her response to the "quivering" is authoritative, in control. She switches her cane like "a buggy whip," bravely rousing "any hiding things." She masters each obstacle, even while her fatigue intensifies and she hallucinates—but she hallucinates a kind gesture, wondering. Even when it gets difficult, she's masterful: to the buzzard, she defiantly asks, "Who you watching?" and passes

## Character in Place: Eudora Welty's "A Worn Path" for the Common Core

	with one arm," and a	
	buzzard.	
The path (with the		
hunter)		
nunter)		
The street in town		
The doctor's office		