

# Paired Texts

# Reader #1

*Macbeth*  
1.7.53-71

What beast was 't, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness  
Now does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums  
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.  
[...]  
We fail?  
But screw your courage to the sticking place  
And we'll not fail.

# Reader #2

from *Fences*  
by August Wilson

I been standing with you! I been right here with you, Troy. I got a life too. I gave eighteen years of my life to stand in the same spot with you. Don't you think I ever wanted other things? Don't you think I had dreams and hopes? What about my life? What about me. Don't you think it ever crossed my mind to want to know other men? [...] But I held on to you, Troy. I took all my feelings, my wants and needs, my dreams . . . and I buried them inside you. I planted a seed and watched and prayed over it. I planted myself inside you and waited to bloom. And it didn't take me no eighteen years to find out the soil was hard and rocky and it wasn't never gonna bloom. But I held on to you, Troy. I held you tighter. You was my husband. [...] And wherever you was going ... I wanted to be there with you. Cause you was my husband. Cause that's the only way I was gonna survive as your wife. You always talking about what you give . . . and what you don't have to give. But you take too. You take . . . and don't even know nobody's giving!

# Lady Macbeth

What beast was 't, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
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Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
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# Rose Maxson

I been standing with you! I been right here with you, Troy. I got a life too. I gave eighteen years of my life to stand in the same spot with you. Don't you think I ever wanted other things? Don't you think I had dreams and hopes? What about my life? What about me. Don't you think it ever crossed my mind to want to know other men? [...] But I held on to you, Troy. I took all my feelings, my wants and needs, my dreams . . . and I buried them inside you. I planted a seed and watched and prayed over it. I planted myself inside you and waited to bloom. And it didn't take me no eighteen years to find out the soil was hard and rocky and it wasn't never gonna bloom. But I held on to you, Troy. I held you tighter. You was my husband. [...] And wherever you was going ... I wanted to be there with you. Cause you was my husband. Cause that's the only way I was gonna survive as your wife. You always talking about what you give . . . and what you don't have to give. But you take too. You take . . . and don't even know nobody's giving!

# Reader #3

*Macbeth*

1.7.53-71

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Have done to this.  
[...]  
We fail?  
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And we'll not fail.

# Reader #4

## “How to Triumph Like a Girl”

by Ada Limón

I like the lady horses best,  
how they make it all look easy,  
like running 40 miles per hour  
is as fun as taking a nap, or grass.  
I like their lady horse swagger,  
after winning. Ears up, girls, ears up!  
But mainly, let's be honest, I like  
that they're ladies. As if this big  
dangerous animal is also a part of me,  
that somewhere inside the delicate  
skin of my body, there pumps  
an 8-pound female horse heart,  
giant with power, heavy with blood.  
Don't you want to believe it?  
Don't you want to lift my shirt and see  
the huge beating genius machine  
that thinks, no, it knows,  
it's going to come in first.

# Lady Macbeth

What beast was 't, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.  
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And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.  
[...]  
We fail?  
But screw your courage to the sticking place  
And we'll not fail.

# Poetry from Ada Limón

I like the lady horses best,  
how they make it all look easy,  
like running 40 miles per hour  
is as fun as taking a nap, or grass.  
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after winning. Ears up, girls, ears up!  
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## Reader #5:

From  
“The Yellow  
Wallpaper” by  
Charlotte Perkins  
Gilman

I wish I could get well faster.

But I must not think about that. This paper looks to me as if it *knew* what a vicious influence it had!

There is a recurrent spot where the pattern lolls like a broken neck and two bulbous eyes stare at you upside-down.

I get positively angry with the impertinence of it and the everlastingness. Up and down and sideways they crawl, and those absurd, unblinking eyes are everywhere. There is one place where two breadths didn't match, and the eyes go all up and down the line, one a little higher than the other.

I never saw so much expression in an inanimate thing before, and we all know how much expression they have! I used to lie awake as a child and get more entertainment and terror out of blank walls and plain furniture than most children could find in a toy-store.

I remember what a kindly wink the knobs of our big old bureau used to have, and there was one chair that always seemed like a strong friend.

I used to feel that if any of the other things looked too fierce I could always hop into that chair and be safe. [...]

Then the floor is scratched and gouged and splintered, the plaster itself is dug out here and there, and this great heavy bed, which is all we found in the room, looks as if it had been through the wars.

But I don't mind it a bit—only the paper.

# Reader #6

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me  
clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses  
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,  
And, on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. [...]

Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives.  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
I go, and it is done. The bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

*Macbeth* 2.1.42-77

- Consider links in **LANGUAGE**:
  - Do characters speak the same words?
  - Face the same conflicts?
  - Make similar choices?
  - Express the same (or very different) ideas?
- Consider links in **SKILLS**:
  - Will each text help your student know and be able to do the same skill?
- Consider **STYLE**:
  - Are writers making similar choices or addressing similar topics in separate places and times?

## Some Suggestions for Maximum Impact

- Work small (excerpts)
- Look and listen for voices to **amplify**
- Ask your friends for suggestions
- Select passages with INTENTION (but don't tell students what that intention is--they'll figure out better ones!)