

Names:

Hr:

## DIRECTIONS:

**I know you didn't have to read the prologue for class, but we are going to use it for today's assignment. On a SEPARATE sheet of paper I want you to quote the following three passages that are bolded and highlighted.**

**We will have a mini-lesson on quoting and provide a resource handout to help you. These examples are particularly tricky because some have quotes w/in quotes, end w/ a ? or !, or have multiple sentence quotes. Good Luck!**

Excerpt from *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*  
Prologue

### **"What you looking at me for? #1**

I didn't come to stay. . ."

I hadn't so much forgot as I couldn't bring myself to remember. Other things were more important.

"What you looking at me for? I didn't come to stay. . ."

Whether I could remember the rest of the poem or not was immaterial. The truth of the statement was like a wadded-up handkerchief, sopping wet in my fists, and the sooner they accepted it the quicker I could let my hands open and the air would cool my palms.

"What you looking at me for. .. ?"

The children's section of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church was wiggling and giggling over my well-known forgetfulness.

The dress I wore was lavender taffeta, and each time I breathed it rustled, and now that I was sucking in air to breathe out shame it sounded like crepe paper on the back of hearses.

As I'd watched Momma put ruffles on the hem and cute little tucks around the waist, I knew that once I put it on I'd look like a movie star. (It was silk and that made up for the awful color.) I was going to look like one of the sweet little white girls who were everybody's dream of what was right with the world. Hanging softly over the black Singer sewing machine, it looked like magic, and when people saw me wearing it they were going to run up to me and say, "Marguerite [sometimes it was 'dear Marguerite'], forgive us, please, we didn't know who you were," and I would answer generously,

**"No, you couldn't have known. Of course I forgive you." #2**

Just thinking about it made me go around with angel's dust sprinkled over my face for days. But Easter's early morning sun had shown the dress to be a plain ugly cut-down from a white woman's once-was-purple throwaway. It was old-lady-long too, but it didn't hide my skinny legs, which had been greased with Blue Seal Vaseline and powdered with the Arkansas red clay. The age-faded color made my skin look dirty like mud, and everyone in church was looking at my skinny legs.

Wouldn't they be surprised when one day I woke out of my black ugly dream, and my real hair, which was long and blond, would take the place of the kinky mass that

Momma wouldn't let me straighten? **My light-blue eyes were going to hypnotize them, after all the things they said about "my daddy must of been a Chinaman"**

**CLASS SAMPLE** (I thought they meant made out of china, like a cup) because my eyes were so small and squinty. Then they would understand why I had never picked up a Southern accent, or spoke the common slang, and why I had to be forced to eat pigs' tails and snouts. Because I was really white and because a cruel fairy stepmother, who was understandably jealous of my beauty, had turned me into a too-big Negro girl, with nappy black hair, broad feet and a space between her teeth that would hold a number-two pencil.

**"What you looking ..." The minister's wife leaned toward me, her long yellow face full of sorry. #3**

**SAMPLE Answer:** "My light-blue eyes were going to hypnotize them, after all the things they said about 'my daddy must of been a Chinaman'" (Angelou 2).