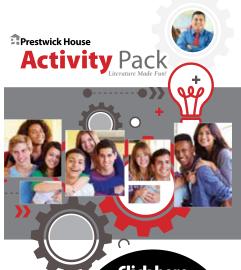


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Their Eyes Were **Watching God**

BY ZORA NEALE HURSTON



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Name:	Date:

Pre-Reading

Book Reviews and Annotations

Objective: Reading book reviews

Activity

If you have access to the Internet, go to www.amazon.com or www.bn.com to read at least four reviews written by readers of this novel.

BOOK REVIEWS CHART

To Do	Reflections on the Book Review
List two reasons readers recommend this book	
List two problems readers noted	
List two reasons readers liked this book	
List two reasons why you think this book is or should be taught in your school	

Stud	lent's	Page

Their Eyes Were Watching God

Name:	Date:
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Chapter 1

Geography

 ${\bf Objective:} \qquad {\bf Locating\ the\ geographic\ locations\ in\ Florida, visualizing\ them, and\ recognizing\ the\ importance}$

of setting to the story

Activity

Find the following locations in Florida and enter them on the following map.

- Everglades
- Eatonville
- Jacksonville
- Lake Okechobee
- Palm Beach
- Orlando
- Tampa
- Ocala
- Belle Glade

As you read the story, look for mention of these places in the text.

Student's Page

Their Eyes Were Watching God

Name:	Date:
	Chapters 1 – 5
	<u>Clichés</u>
Objective:	Recognizing how personification creates descriptive imagery
Activity	
The following	ng chart has three examples of clichés.

CLICHÉS CHART

Clichés	Literal Meaning	Fresh Style
He walks at a snail's pace.		
Her actions speak louder than words.		
She is going to marry him because love is blind.		

Write three or more original examples of personification. Do not use clichés.

Stud	ent's	Page

Their Eyes Were Watching God

Name:	Date:
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Chapter 11

Style II

Objective: Understanding the concept of style and recognizing the elements that characterize it

Activity

With an eye to the way they were written, compare and contrast the styles in each of these selections and enter your observation on the chart.

from To Kill A Mockingbird by Harper Lee:

She was horrible. Her face was the color of a dirty pillowcase, and the corners of her mouth glistened with wet, which inched like a glacier down the deep grooves enclosing her chin. Old-age liver spots dotted her cheeks, and her pale eyes had black pinpoint pupils. Her hands were knobby, and the cuticles were grown up over her fingernails. Her bottom plate was not in, and her upper lip protruded; from time to time she would draw her nether lip to her upper plate and carry her chin with it. This made the wet move faster.

I didn't look any more than I had to. Jem reopened *Ivanhoe* and began reading. I tried to keep up with him, but he read too fast. When Jem came to a word he didn't know he skipped it, but Mrs. Dubose would catch him and make him spell it out. Jem read for perhaps twenty minutes, during which time I looked at the soot stained mantelpiece, out the window, anywhere to keep from looking at her. As he read along, I noticed that Mrs. Dubose's corrections grew fewer and farther between, that Jem had even left one sentence dangling in mid-air. She was not listening.

from The Old Man And The Sea by Ernest Hemingway:

The fish moved steadily and they traveled slowly on the calm water. The other baits were still in the water but there was nothing to be done.

"I wish I had the boy," the old man said aloud. "I'm being towed by a fish and I'm the towing bitt. I could make the line fast. But then he could break it. I must hold him all I can and give him line when he must have it. Thank God he is travelling and not going down."

What I will do if he decides to go down, I don't know. What I'll do if he sounds and dies I don't know. But I'll do something. There are plenty of things I can do.

from Demian by Herman Hesse:

When authors write novels, they usually act as if they were God and could completely survey and comprehend some person's history and present it as if God were telling it to Himself, totally unveiled, in its essence at all points. I can't, any more than any author's is to him, because it's my own; it's the story of a human being–not an invented, potential, ideal, or otherwise nonexistent person, but a real unique living one. To be sure, people today have less of an idea than ever before what a really living person is; in fact, human beings, each one of whom is a priceless, unique experiment of nature, are being shot to death in carloads. If we weren't something more than unique individuals, if we could really be totally dispatched from the world by a bullet, it would no longer make sense to tell stories. But each person is not only himself, he is also the unique, very special point, important and noteworthy in every instance, where the phenomena of the world meet, once only and never again in the same way. And so every person's story is important, eternal, divine; and so every person, to the extent that he lives an fulfills nature's will, is wondrous and deserving of full attention. In each of us spirit has become form, in each of us the created being suffers, in each of us a redeemer is crucified.