English 1

“Marigolds”

10 points

1. Why do you think Lizabeth hated the marigolds? Are the reasons for her feelings common? Explain.
2. What are Lizabeth’s **internal conflicts**- what personal “monsters” are troubling her?
3. Draw a thought bubble and fill it with **FOUR** words that represent Lizabeth’s thoughts as she commits her act of cruel destruction. Be prepared to explain why you chose the words you did.
4. Lizabeth says that destroying the marigolds was her last act of childhood. Why does she think of herself as an adult from that moment on?
5. What does Lizabeth mean at the end when she says that she too has planted marigolds? What do you think the marigolds have come to mean in the story? Consider the feelings that the characters have had about the marigolds throughout the story:
	* Miss Lottie loves and cares for them.
	* The children do not understand why they are there.
	* Lizabeth wants to destroy them.
6. What do you think is the **key passage or “discovery”** in this story- the passage that says something very important about our lives?
7. The narrator doesn’t tell the reader much about the effect of the destruction on Miss Lottie. From what she *does* tell us, how do you think Miss Lottie was affected?
8. Lizabeth writes about her parents’ conversation that night; ‘The world has lost its boundary lines.” What does she mean? What situation might make a child feel that boundaries have been lost?
9. Compare Lizabeth’s feelings at the end of the story with the feelings of the speaker of “Forgive My Guilt.” What did both children discover? How are the poem and the story similar?

*“Forgive My Guilt”* Robert P. Tristram Coffin

*Not always sure what things called sins may be,*

*I am sure of one sin I had done.*

*It was years ago, and I was a boy,*

*I lay in the frostflowers with a gun,*

*5 The air ran blue as the flowers, I held my breath,*

*Two birds on golden legs slim as dream things*

*Ran like quicksilver on the golden sand,*

*My gun went off, they ran with broken wings*

*Into the sea, I ran to fetch them in,*

*10 But they swam with their heads high out to sea,*

*They cried like two sorrowful high flutes,*

*With jagged ivory bones where wings should be.*

*For days I heard them when I walked that headland*

*Crying out to their kind in the blue,*

*15 The other plovers were going over south*

*On silver wings leaving these broken two.*

*The cries went out one day; but I still hear them*

*Over all the sounds of sorrow in war or peace*

*I ever have heard, time cannot down them,*

*20 Those slender flutes of sorrow never cease.*

*Two airy things forever denied the air!*

*I never knew how their lives at last were split,*

*But I have hoped for years all that is wild,*

*Airy, and beautiful will forgive my guilt.*

1. Add Lizbeth to your “Discoveries” chart.