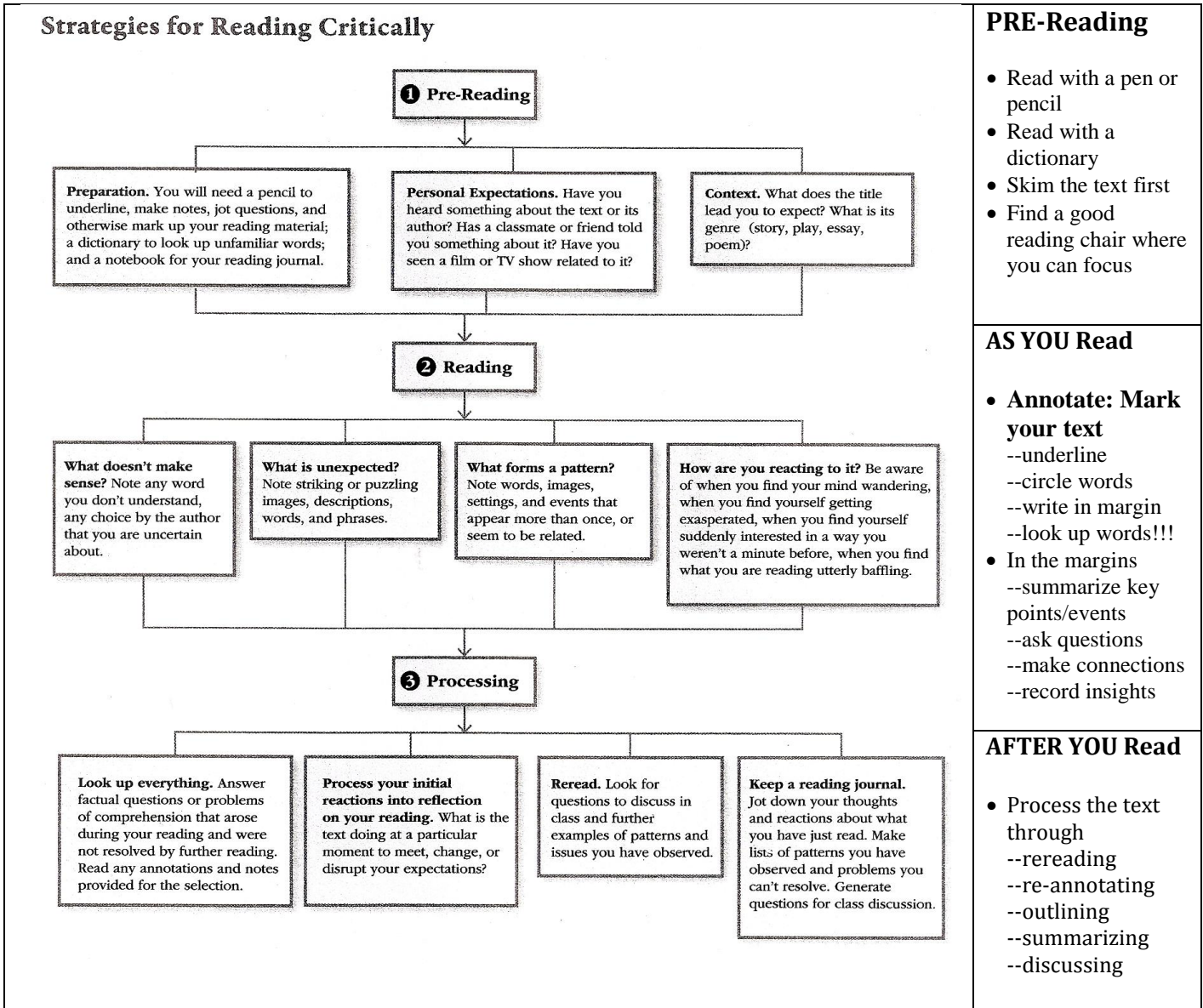




Interactive, Close, Critical Reading

Many readers approach reading like a certain breed of TV watcher—they melt into the couch, passive observers that blend silently into the upholstery. But another sort (typically seen during football season) jump out of their seat, yell curses or pump high fives at the screen. These kinds of TV watchers are ACTIVE. They react to and interact with what they are watching.

In college, you will need to be this kind of **active reader** who “converses” with what you are reading. Whereas other reading you do may be for pleasure or general information, in college *you must read for understanding and recall*. Just as writing is a process, and you cannot expect a perfect draft the first time you write, so too is reading a process that takes time and effort—much of it through re-reading. The strategies below of pre-reading, reading, and processing will help you read more closely, critically, and interactively.



Examples of an Annotating:

From Porter-O'Doneell, Carol, "Beyond the Highlighter: Teaching Annotation Skills to Improve Reading Comprehension," *English Journal*, Vol. 93, No. 5, May 2004.

FIGURE 2. Annotation of "The Story of an Hour" by Kate Chopin

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome. There would be no one to live for her during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him—often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unvoiced mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering. Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door—you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, casually carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease—of joy that kills. But chances are, after her realization of this new sort of "freedom"; she most likely wouldn't have been especially thrilled to see him.

*"Often times she had not."

I think we're all guilty of this at times. Even our closest relatives, best of friends, and trustworthy companions will get on our nerves. Unfortunately, distaste and hate are facets of life. Opinions will differ, and actions will upset us. But ultimately, I find that forgiveness gets the better of me.

glad he's dead, in a halfpious kind of way.

it almost sounds insane...

the realization that she'd never see him alive again is finally hitting her.

feeling guilty

← welcoming the unknown future/ accepting his death.

this is only the way humans function. It's always a love-then-hate relationship because we will never fully relate to someone else. More on this later.

Through death, she finds a new exuberance in life.

but he's still alive!!

From James Joyes' "Eveline"—annotation of Lennie Irvin

"He is in Melbourne now." *image of someone who has escaped*

Go

She works hard (Lennie)

Leave horrible memories behind

married change is the result of violence

he beats her

Father - poor man struggling to survive

she is burdened by her parents

Who are these children? How did she become responsible for them?

Stay

1 - she's 2 - friend

She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? She tried to weigh each side of the question. In her home anyway she had shelter and food; she had those whom she had known all her life about her. Of course she had to work hard, both in the house and at business. What would they say of her in the Stores when they found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled up by advertisement. Miss Gavan would be glad. She had always had an edge on her, especially whenever there were people listening.

"Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting?"

"Look lively, Miss Hill, please."

she has a hammer you

issue of mother life

should she feel into some topics her mother???

She would not cry many tears at leaving the Stores.

But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married -- she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that that had given her the palpitations. When they were growing up he had never gone for her like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl but latterly he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake. And now she had nobody to protect her. Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was nearly always down somewhere in the country. Besides, the invariable squabble for money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakably. She always gave her entire wages -- seven shillings -- and Harry always sent up what he could but the trouble was to get any money from her father. He said she used to squander the money, that she had no head, that he wasn't going to give her his hard-earned money to throw about the streets, and much more, for he was usually fairly bad on Saturday night in the end he would give her the money and ask her had she any intention of buying Sunday's dinner. Then she had to rush out as quickly as she could and do her marketing, holding her black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbowed her way through the crowds and returning home late under her load of provisions. She had hard work to keep the house together and to see that the two young children who had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work -- a hard life -- but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life.

Manley - she gives all her wages to Harry - she's a slave

DRUNK

housewife children - children depend on her

Frankie kid - ditto - from her

She hasn't been him long. How well does she really know him?

What Good and Struggling Readers Do

--taken and adapted from Kelly Gallagher's *Readicide* pgs. 103-105

Good Readers	Struggling Readers
<p>Before</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Think about what they already know/search their prior knowledge Identify a purpose for reading the text Make predictions Have a sense of how major ideas may fit together 	<p>Before</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Read without thinking of what they already know Don't know why they are reading the text Make no predictions Don't have an idea about how major ideas may fit together
<p>During</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Pay attention to meaning/are able to identify key information Monitor comprehension while reading Look up in a dictionary unfamiliar words Visualize while reading Make inferences Make connections, both inside and outside the text Ask questions of the text Are active and engaged 	<p>During</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Overattend to individual words/ are often unable to make meaning Do not monitor comprehension while reading Are unable to visualize while reading Cannot make inferences Are unable to make connections, both inside and outside the text Have a low tolerance for ambiguity Do not ask questions of the text Are passive and unengaged
<p>After</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Re-reads--revisits the text to make deeper meaning Reviews annotations with purpose for reading in mind. Continues annotating. Pursues questions of meaning to resolve them Summarizes, outlines, reflects upon the text 	<p>After</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Rarely re-reads. Re-Reading for meaning impeded without good annotations. Doesn't pursue questions or lack of understanding. Doesn't write to process the text

Example of an Annotated Poem:

From Burgey, Patricia, "How to Annotate a Poem," University of West Georgia.

<http://www.westga.edu/~pburgey/Poetry/HowToAnnotateAPoem.htm>

Tone: Celebratory
Admiration

Form: Heptameter
Broken down resembles Sonnet

Language: technical
Colloquial
Conversational
monosyllables

Digging = extended metaphor of digging and roots.
Heaney digs into his roots, his heritage

opening - coming to terms with self? home
Pen for what? with what?

Memory #1
his window - ownership threshold to his heritage

Under my window a clean rasping sound
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground;
My father, digging. I look down - remembering / to look down on has negative con. but the poem is positive + celebratory

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds
Bends low, comes up twenty years away - connections with the past, former generations, traditions survival
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft
Against the inside knee was levered firmly. - in control, precise
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep
To scatter new potatoes that we picked
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

Admiration
Colloquial language

By God, the old man could handle a spade,
Just like his old man.

Memory #2
My grandfather could cut more turf in a day
Than any other man on Toner's bog.
Once I carried him milk in a bottle
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up
To drink it, then fell to right away
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods
Over his shoulder, digging down and down
For the good turf. Digging.

Turning Point
heritage

The cold smell of potato mold, the squelch and slap
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge
Through living roots awoken in my head.
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Closure - Acceptance
Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests. - weapon - tool
I'll dig with it.

Seamus Heaney

Follows tradition of fathers using the tools available
Reminders of home + health
rests, snug, nestled

2 separate memories:

Speaker - male
patriarchal traditions
reverent attitude

Power? violence? Protection? A nuclear extension?

rasping something a living thing

worth potatoes
Symbol: peat
living roots
digging
squat pen
Why squat?
crouching ownership

worked hard - work ethics
Strength - technique

an awakening of what? follow in what way?

negative images traditions / livelihoods destroyed
no longer available

skill, pride, dignity
- bragging rights

Strategies Readers Employ When Reading Gets Hard

Reread
Change speeds
--slow down when difficulty increased
--skim when reading got easy
Ask about the author
Ask when the piece was written
Consider how this time frame influences the author
"Chunk" the text; read in parts
Read around nonessential clauses
Skip ahead
Skip hard parts and return to them later—note them in the margin
Consider the author's purpose and intended audience

Search prior knowledge
Highlight confusion; note in margin
Subvocalize (sound out silently)
Visualize; picture scene
Make predictions; anticipate
Examine the text structure
Stop and think about a passage
Ask questions—write in margins
Ask context to clear confusion
Notice how punctuation is used
Pay close attention to syntax
Make note of italics and headings
Shift body position in chair
Get up and take a break
Tell self to focus

Track reading with fingers
Paraphrase, restate
Summarize, condense to gist
Comment—in margins or freewrite
Argue with the author
Evaluate/question author's ideas
Attack unfamiliar words
--by looking at context clues
--by looking at prefixes, suffixes, roots
--by looking up in the dictionary
Live with ambiguity
Draw conclusions—note in margins
Make connections to similar or different things both inside the text and outside