

RI.11-12.1	Cite strong and thorough textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text, including determining where the text leaves matters uncertain.
W.11-12.4	Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, including figurative, connotative, and technical meanings; analyze how an author uses and refines the meaning of a key term or terms over the course of a text (e.g., how Madison defines <i>faction</i> in <i>Federalist</i> No. 10).

Learning Objectives: SWBAT

- identify key words and phrases of the text by annotating
- analyze the cumulative impact of diction on central ideas by answering text-dependent questions
- synthesize their understanding by completing a WITsi activity.

Aim: Which event does Malcolm X use most effectively to further develop a central idea from earlier in the text?

Vocabulary to provide directly (will not include extended instruction)

punctually (adv.) – at the expected or planned time

stave off (v.) – to avert or hold off (something undesirable or harmful), especially temporarily

congealed (adj.) – changed from a fluid to a solid state by or as if by cold

titillate (v.) – to arouse, tease, interest, or excite pleasurably and often superficially

cagey (adj.) – careful to avoid being trapped or tricked

sordid (adj.) – marked by baseness or grossness

testify (v.) – to talk and answer questions about something especially in a court of law while formally promising that what you are saying is true

mutual (adj.) – shared between two or more people or groups

implicated (v.) – showed that someone or something is closely connected to or involved in something (such as a crime)

Do now: Write three original sentences using any three words from the vocabulary list above.

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

MEA #1: Listen to a Masterful reading of the text as you read along. Underline any key words as we read.

MEA #2: Using the text answer the following questions with a partner/partners: Write your answers in your notebooks.

Reread from from “Early evenings when we were laying low between jobs” to “I was walking on my own coffin

1. Describe the stylistic choices the author makes to begin chapter 8. What do these choices reveal about Malcolm X?
2. How does the author describe the confrontation with West Indian Archie? How do the author’s stylistic choices develop his ideas?
3. What do Turner and Malcolm X do that is “cagey”? How do their actions clarify the meaning of *cagey*?
4. *Why does Malcolm X state that he was “walking on [his] own coffin”? What is the impact of this statement on Malcolm X’s point of view?

Reread from “It’s a law of the rackets that every criminal expects to get caught” to “I had trapped myself under the bed without a gun. I really was slipping”

5. *How does the author describe Sophia and her sister in the bar? What is the impact of these descriptions on the mood of the scene?
6. What does the author mean when he writes that Sophia’s husband’s friend’s face looked “congealed”? What is the impact of this statement on Malcolm X’s point of view?
7. *What is the effect of the phrase “he watched me as if I were a snake”?
8. *What does Malcolm X mean when he states that he “was slipping”? What does the choice of the word “slipping” suggest?

Reread from from “I had put a stolen watch into a jewelry shop” to “That’s why I believe that everything is written”

9. *How does the author’s use of variations in syntax affect pacing in this excerpt? What do these variations in syntax suggest about Malcolm X’s point of view?
10. *What is the impact of the clerks’ and bailiffs’ comments: ““Nice white girls ... goddam niggers””? How do these comments contribute to Malcolm X’s point of view?
11. What reason does Malcolm X give for not having previously revealed his “sordid past”? What does *sordid* mean in this context?
12. What do these paragraphs suggest about Malcolm X’s point of view?

Exit Ticket: Sentence expansion

Sentence Kernel:

What?.....

When?.....

How?.....

Sentence Expansion:

HW: Continue working on your AIR project. Remember the details and handouts are available online at <http://msjarrett.weebly.com/english-7-per-1--5.html>

CHAPTER NINE: CAUGHT

[1] Early evenings when we were laying low between jobs, I often went to a Massachusetts Avenue nightclub called the Savoy. And Sophia would telephone me there punctually. Even when we pulled jobs, I would leave from this club, then rush back there after the job. The reason was so that if it was ever necessary, people could testify that they had seen me at just about the time the job was pulled. Negroes being questioned by policemen would be very hard to pin down on any exact time.

[2] Boston at this time had two Negro detectives. Ever since I had come back on the Roxbury scene, one of these detectives, a dark brown fellow named Turner, had never been able to stand me, and it was mutual. He talked about what he would do to me, and I had promptly put an answer back on the wire. I knew from the way he began to act that he had heard it. Everyone knew that I carried guns. And he did have sense enough to know that I wouldn't hesitate to use them-and on him, detective or not.

[3] This early evening I was in this place when at the usual time, the phone in the booth rang. It rang just as this detective Turner happened to walk in through the front door. He saw me start to get up, he knew the call was for me, but stepped inside the booth, and answered.

[4] I heard him saying, looking straight at me, "Hello, hello, hello-" And I knew that Sophia, taking no chances with the strange voice, had hung up.

[5] "Wasn't that call for me?" I asked Turner.

[6] He said that it was.

[7] I said, "Well, why didn't you say so?"

[8] He gave me a rude answer. I knew he wanted me to make a move, first. We both were being cagey. We both knew that we wanted to kill each other. Neither wanted to say the wrong thing. Turner didn't want to say anything that,

repeated, would make him sound bad. I didn't want to say anything that could be interpreted as a threat to a cop.

[9] But I remember exactly what I said to him anyway, purposely loud enough for some people at the bar to hear me. I said, "You know, Turner-you're trying to make history. Don't you know that if you play with me, you certainly will go down in history because you've got to kill me?" Turner looked at me. Then he backed down. He walked on by me. I guess he wasn't ready to make history.

[10] I had gotten to the point where I was walking on my own coffin.

[11] It's a law of the rackets that every criminal expects to get caught. He tries to stave off the inevitable for as long as he can.

[12] Drugs helped me push the thought to the back of my mind. They were the center of my life. I had gotten to the stage where every day I used enough drugs-reefers, cocaine, or both-so that I felt above any worries, any strains. If any worries did manage to push their way through to the surface of my consciousness, I could float them back where they came from until tomorrow, and then until the next day.

[13] But where, always before, I had been able to smoke the reefers and to sniff the snow and rarely show it very much, by now it was not that easy.

[14] One week when we weren't working-after a big haul-I was just staying high, and I was out nightclubbing. I came into this club, and from the bartender's face when he spoke, "Hello, Red," I knew that something was wrong. But I didn't ask him anything. I've always had this rule-never ask anybody in that kind of situation; they will tell you what they want you to know. But the bartender didn't get a chance to tell me, if he had meant to. When I sat down on a stool and ordered a drink, I saw them.

[15] Sophia and her sister sat at a table inside, near the dance floor, with a white man.

[16] I don't know how I ever made such a mistake as I next did. I could have talked to her later. I didn't know, or care, who the white fellow was. My cocaine told me to get up.

[17] It wasn't Sophia's husband. It was his closest friend. They had served in the war together. With her husband out of town, he had asked Sophia and her sister out to dinner, and they went. But then, later, after dinner, driving around, he had suddenly suggested going over to the black ghetto.

[18] Every Negro who lives in a city has seen the type a thousand times, the Northern cracker who will go to visit "niggertown," to be amused at "the coons."

[19] The girls, so well known in the Negro places in Roxbury, had tried to change his mind, but he had insisted. So they had just held their breaths coming into this club where they had been a hundred times. They walked in stiff-eyeing the bartenders and waiters who caught their message and acted as though they never had seen them before. And they were sitting there with drinks before them, praying that no Negro who knew them would barge up to their table.

[20] Then up I came. I know I called them "Baby." They were chalky-white, he was beet-red.

[21] That same night, back at the Harvard Square place, I really got sick. It was less of a physical sickness than it was all of the last five years catching up. I was in my pajamas in bed, half asleep, when I heard someone knock.

[22] I knew that something was wrong. We all had keys. No one ever knocked at the door. I rolled off and under the bed; I was so groggy it didn't cross my mind to grab for my gun on the dresser.

[23] Under the bed, I heard the key turn, and I saw the shoes and pants cuffs walk in. I watched them walk around. I saw them stop. Every time they stopped, I knew what the eyes were looking at. And I knew, before he did, that he was going to get down and look under the bed. He did. It was Sophia's husband's friend. His face was about two feet from mine. It looked congealed.

[24] "Ha, ha, ha, I fooled you, didn't I?" I said. It wasn't at all funny. I got out from under the bed, still fake-laughing. He didn't run, I'll say that for him. He stood back; he watched me as though I were a snake.

[25] I didn't try to hide what he already knew. The girls had some things in the closets, and around; he had seen all of that. We even talked some. I told him the girls weren't there, and he left. What shook me the most was realizing that I had trapped myself under the bed without a gun. I really was slipping. * * *

[26] I had put a stolen watch into a jewelry shop to replace a broken crystal. It was about two days later, when I went to pick up the watch, that things fell apart.

[27] As I have said, a gun was as much a part of my dress as a necktie. I had my gun in a shoulder holster, under my coat.

[28] The loser of the watch, the person from whom it had been stolen by us, I later found, had described the repair that it needed. It was a very expensive watch, that's why I had kept it for myself. And all of the jewelers in Boston had been alerted.

[29] The Jew waited until I had paid him before he laid the watch on the counter. He gave his signal and this other fellow suddenly appeared, from the back, walking toward me.

[30] One hand was in his pocket. I knew he was a cop.

He said, quietly, "Step into the back."

Just as I started back there, an innocent Negro walked into the shop. I remember later hearing that he had just that day gotten out of the military. The detective, thinking he was with me, turned to him.

[31] There I was, wearing my gun, and the detective talking to that Negro with his back to me. Today I believe that Allah was with me even then. I didn't try to shoot him. And that saved my life.

[32] I remember that his name was Detective Slack.

[33] I raised my arm, and motioned to him, "Here, take my gun."

[34] I saw his face when he took it. He was shocked. Because of the sudden appearance of the other Negro, he had never thought about a gun. It really moved him that I hadn't tried to kill him.

[35] Then, holding my gun in his hand, he signaled. And out from where they had been concealed walked two other detectives. They'd had me covered. One false move, I'd have been dead.

[36] I was going to have a long time in prison to think about that.

[40] If I hadn't been arrested right when I was, I could have been dead another way. Sophia's husband's friend had told her husband about me. And the husband had arrived that morning, and had gone to the apartment with a gun, looking for me. He was at the apartment just about when they took me to the precinct.

[41] The detectives grilled me. They didn't beat me. They didn't even put a finger on me. And I knew it was because I hadn't tried to kill the detective.

[42] They got my address from some papers they found on me. The girls soon were picked up. Shorty was pulled right off the bandstand that night. The girls also had implicated Rudy. To this day, I have always marveled at how Rudy, somehow, got the word, and I know he must have caught the first thing smoking out of Boston, and he got away. They never got him.

[43] I have thought a thousand times, I guess, about how I so narrowly escaped death twice that day. That's why I believe that everything is written.

[44] The cops found the apartment loaded with evidence-fur coats, some jewelry, other small stuff-plus the tools of our trade. A jimmy, a lock pick, glass cutters, screwdrivers, pencil-beam flashlights, false keys. . . and my small arsenal of guns. The girls got low bail. They were still white-burglars or not. Their worst crime was their involvement with Negroes. But Shorty and I had bail set at \$10, 000 each, which they knew we were nowhere near able to raise.

[45] The social workers worked on us. White women in league with Negroes was their main obsession. The girls weren't so-called "tramps," or "trash," they were well-to-do upper-middle class whites. That bothered the social workers and the forces of the law more than anything else.

[46] How, where, when, had I met them? Did we sleep together? Nobody wanted to know anything at all about the robberies. All they could see was that we had taken the white man's women.

[47] I just looked at the social workers: "Now, what do you think?"

[48] Even the court clerks and the bailiffs: "Nice white girls . . . goddam niggers-" It was the same even from our court-appointed lawyers as we sat down, under guard, at a table, as our hearing assembled. Before the judge entered, I said to one lawyer, "We seem to be getting sentenced because of those girls." He got red from the neck up and shuffled his papers: "You had no business with white girls!"

[49] Later, when I had learned the full truth about the white man, I reflected many times that the average burglary sentence for a first offender, as we all were, was about two years. But we weren't going to get the average-not for our crime.

* * *

[50] I want to say before I go on that I have never previously told anyone my sordid past in detail. I haven't done it now to sound as though I might be proud of how bad, how evil, I was.

[51] But people are always speculating-why am I as I am? To understand that of any person, his whole life, from birth, must be reviewed. All of our experiences fuse into our personality. Everything that ever happened to us is an ingredient.

[52] Today, when everything that I do has an urgency, I would not spend one hour in the preparation of a book which had the ambition to perhaps titillate some readers. But I am spending many hours because the full story is the best

way that I know to have it seen, and understood, that I had sunk to the very bottom of the American white man's society when-soon now, in prison-I found Allah and the religion of Islam and it completely transformed my life.