

Objectives: Students have a foundational understanding of the many ways that prejudice and discrimination not only exist today, but how it's been a pervasive force throughout many centuries and across cultures.

Pre-lesson reflections:

Question to pose: How do you define discrimination?

Question to pose: Have you ever been unfairly treated because of a certain characteristic? How do I know this?

The Lesson:

Introduction / Background information on the topic:

- **Key points:** information/content that should be provided
 - **Supplemental information:** at the discretion of the educator. Can be things such as primary and secondary texts, images, audio or video recordings, etc.
- Analyze and evaluate the influence of our personal values and beliefs on our choices and decisions
- Identify and explain some of the sources from which people learn their values and beliefs
- Demonstrate an understanding of the influence that group dynamics such as mob hysteria have on individual choices and actions.
- Explain and apply the terms prejudice, discrimination, scapegoating, stereotyping, bigotry, racism, sexism, ethnocentrism, religious discrimination, antisemitism, classism, ageism, etc.
 - Scapegoat: a person who is blamed for the wrongdoings, mistakes, or faults of others, especially for reasons of expediency.
 - Stereotype: a widely held but fixed and oversimplified image or idea of a particular type of person or thing.
 - Bigotry: obstinate or unreasonable attachment to a belief, opinion, or faction; in particular, prejudice against a person or people on the basis of their membership of a particular group
 - Ethnocentrism: evaluation of other cultures according to preconceptions originating in the standards and customs of one's own culture.
 - Cultural relativism: the idea that a person's beliefs and practices should be understood based on that person's own culture. The norms and values of one culture should not be evaluated using the norms and values of another.
 - Anti Semitism: hostility to or prejudice against Jewish people
 - Many of the -isms of discrimination are based on discriminating against a person because of their race, sex, religion, class, and/or age

- Intersectionality: the interconnected nature of social categorizations such as race, class, and gender as they apply to a given individual or group, regarded as creating overlapping and interdependent systems of discrimination or disadvantage.
- Read the excerpt from the novel *The Cure* by Sonia Levitin. This is a combination science/historical fiction novel that examines the antisemitism of the middle ages and the prejudice and repression that exists against anything or anyone who does not conform to the "norm" in a society of the future
- Read the excerpt from the novel *Esperanza Rising* by Pam Munoz Ryan and discuss the issues of prejudice and discrimination that are raised.

Individual activity: Read the two stories below

Concluding the lesson: Ask questions regarding how the information connects to events happening today or perhaps to student's own personal lives

HMLA resources for Books and film

<https://www.holocaustmuseumla.org/books-and-film>

Esperanza Rising, a Novel by Pam Munoz Ryan

Scholastic Press, New York, 2000

Grades 5-8

Synopsis: Esperanza Ortega is the pampered daughter of wealthy landowning parents in Aguascalientes, Mexico. However, all of that changes when her father is murdered and his stepbrothers make it virtually impossible for Esperanza and her mother to stay. At great risk, they escape and flee across the border to the United States with the help of Alfonso, her father's el jefe, the boss, and close friend. After a hazardous journey, they reach a Mexican farm labor camp in California where they hope to work and make a home. Alfonso's brother has promised all of them a place to stay and the possibility of work. Esperanza, the pampered child, quickly learns that she is expected to work hard and that North Americans look down upon the Mexican workers. Even her fellow workers are aware of her shortcomings as a worker. When her mother becomes very ill, the situation becomes even more desperate. Esperanza struggles to become a good worker in the face of discrimination, harsh working and living conditions, strife among the workers over the question of striking for better conditions, and the threat of deportation back to Mexico. She also learns the importance of friendship and making good decisions.

from the chapter Las Cebollas (onions) pp. 113-119

"Do you know how to change a diaper?" asked Esperanza when they got back to the cabin. "Certainly," said Isabel. "I will change them and you can rinse out the diapers. We need to do some laundry, too." Esperanza watched as the young girl laid the babies down one at a time, unpinned their diapers, wiped their bottoms clean, and pinned on fresh diapers. Isabel handed Esperanza the smelly bundles and said, "Take them to the toilets and dump them and I'll fill the washtub." Esperanza held them at arm's length and almost ran to the toilets. Several more onion trucks passed by, their smell accosting her eyes and nose as much as the diapers. By the time she got back, Isabel had already filled two washtubs with water from an outside pipe and was swirling soap around in one of them. A washboard was propped inside. Esperanza went to the washtub and hesitated, staring into the water. Bits of onion skins floated on the surface of the soapy water. She held a corner of one of the diapers, lightly dipping it in and out of the water, her hand never getting wet. After a few seconds, she gingerly lifted the diaper from the water. "Now what?" she said. "Esperanza! You must scrub them! Like this." Isabel walked over, took the diapers, and plunged them into the water up to her elbows. The water quickly became murky. She rubbed the diapers with soap, vigorously scrubbed them back and forth on the washboard, and wrung them out. Then she transferred them to the next tub, rinsing and wringing again. Isabel shook out the clean diapers and hung them on the line stretched between the chinaberry and mulberry trees. Then she started on the clothes. Esperanza was amazed. She had never washed anything in her life and Isabel, who was only eight years old, make it looks so easy. Puzzled, Isabel looked at Esperanza. "Don't you know how to wash clothes?" "Well, Hortensia took everything out to the laundry quarters. And the

servants, they always..." She looked at Isabel and shook her head no. Isabel's eyes got bigger and she looked worried. "Esperanza, when I go to school next week, you will be here alone with the babies and will have to do the laundry." Esperanza took a deep breath and said weakly, "I can learn." "And later today, you must sweep the platform. You...you do know how to sweep?" "Of course," said Esperanza. She had seen people sweep many times. Many, many times, she assured herself. Besides, she was already too embarrassed about the washing to admit anything else to Isabel. Isabel sat with the babies while Esperanza went to sweep the platform. The camp was quiet and even though it was late in the day, the sun was unrelenting. She retrieved the broom and stepped onto the wooden floor. Dried and brittle onion skins were everywhere. In her entire life, Esperanza had never held a broom in her hand. But she had seen Hortensia sweep and she tried to visualize the memory. It couldn't possibly be that hard. She put both hands near the middle of the broomstick and moved it back and forth. It swung wildly. The motion seemed awkward and the fine dirt on the wooden planks lifted into a cloud. Onion jackets flew into the air instead of gathering together in a neat pile like Hortensia's. Esperanza's elbows did not know what to do. Neither did her arms. She felt streams of perspiration sliding down her neck. She stopped for a moment and stared at the broom, as if willing it to behave. Determined, she tried again. She hadn't noticed that several trucks were already unloading workers nearby. Then she heard it. First a small tittering and then louder. She turned around. A group of women were laughing at her. And in the middle of the group was Marta, pointing. "¡La Cenicienta! Cinderella!" she laughed. Burning with humiliation, Esperanza dropped the broom and ran back to the cabin. In her room, she sat on the edge of the cot. Her face flushed again at the thought of the ridicule. She was still sitting there, staring at the wall, when Isabel found her. "I said I could work. I told Mama I could help. But I cannot even wash clothes or sweep a floor. Does the whole camp know?" Isabel sat down on the bed next to her and patted her back. "Yes." Esperanza groaned. "I will never be able to show my face." She put her head in her hands until she heard someone else come into the room. Esperanza looked up to see Miguel, holding a broom and a dustpan. But he wasn't laughing. She looked down and bit her lip so she wouldn't cry in front of him. He shut the door, then stood in front of her and said, "How would you know how to sweep a floor? The only thing that you ever learned was how to give orders. That is not your fault. Anza, look at me." She looked up. "Pay attention," he said, his face serious. "You hold the broom like this. One hand here and the other here." Esperanza watched. "Then you push like this. Or pull it toward you like this. Here, you try," he said, holding out the broom. Slowly, Esperanza got up and took the broom from him. He positioned her hands on the handle. She tried to copy him but her movements were too big. "Smaller strokes," said Miguel, coaching. "And sweep all in one direction." She did as he said. "Now, when you get all the dirt into a pile, you hold the broom down here, near the bottom, and push the dirt into the pan." Esperanza collected the dirt. "See, you can do it." Miguel raised his thick eyebrows and smiled. "Someday, you just might make a very good servant." Isabel giggled. Esperanza could not yet find humor in the situation. Somberly she said, "Thank you, Miguel." He grinned and bowed. "At your service, mi reina." But this time, his voice was kind.

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from the chapter Las Almendras (Almonds) pp. 133-135

Why is she [Marta] so angry?" asked Esperanza, as she walked back to the cabin a few hours later with Josefina, Isabel, and the babies, leaving the others to stay later. Isabel carried the

soft, mewling orange kitten in her arms. "She and her mother move around to find work, sometimes all over the state," said Josefina. "They work wherever there is something to be harvested. Those camps, the migrant camps, are the worst." "Like when we were in El Centro?" said Isabel. "Worse," said Josefina. "Our camp is a company camp and people who work here don't leave. Some live here for many years. That is why we came to this country. To work. To take care of our families. To become citizens. We are lucky because our camp is better than most. There are many of us who don't want to get involved in the strike because we can't afford to lose our jobs, and we are accustomed to how things are in our little community." "They want to strike for better houses?" asked Esperanza. "That and more money for those who pick cotton," said Josefina. "They only get seven cents a pound for picking cotton. They want ten cents a pound. It seems like such a small price to pay, but in the past, the growers said no. And 68 now, more people are coming to the valley to look for work, especially from places like Oklahoma, where there is little work, little rain, and little hope. If the Mexicans strike, the big farms will simply hire others. Then what would we do?" Esperanza wondered what would happen if Mama did not have a job. Would they have to go back to Mexico? ...

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from the chapter Los Aguacates (Avocados) pp. 185-195

"You need to get away from the camp, Esperanza," said Hortensia as she handed her the grocery list and asked her to go to the market with Miguel. "It is the first of spring and it's beautiful outside." "I thought you and Josefina always looked forward to marketing on Saturday," said Esperanza. "We do, but today we are helping Melina and Irene make enchiladas. Could you go for us?" Esperanza knew they were trying to keep her occupied. Mama had been in the hospital for three months and Esperanza hadn't been allowed to visit for several weeks. Since then, Esperanza hadn't been acting like herself. She went through the motions of living. She was polite enough, answering everyone's questions with the simplest answers, but she was tormented by Mama's absence. Papa, Abuelita, Mama. Who would be next? She crawled into bed as early as possible each night, curled her body into a tight ball, and didn't move until morning. She knew Josefina and Hortensia were worried about her. She nodded to Hortensia, took the list, and went to find Miguel. "Be sure to tell Miguel to go to Mr. Yakota's market!" Hortensia called after her.

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"Miguel, why must we always drive so far to shop at the Japanese market when there are other stores closer to Arvin?" "Some of the other market owners aren't as kind to Mexicans as Mr. Yakota," said Miguel. "He stocks many of the things we need and he treats us like People." "What do you mean?" "Esperanza, people here think that all Mexicans are alike. They think that we are all uneducated, dirty, poor, and unskilled. It does not occur to them that many have been trained in professions in Mexico." Esperanza looked down at her clothes. She wore a shirtwaist dress that used to be Mama's and before that, someone else's. Over the dress was a man's sweater with several buttons missing, which was also too big. She leaned up and looked in the mirror. Her face was tanned from the weeks in the fields, and she had taken to wearing her hair in a long braid like Hortensia's because Mama had been right - it was more practical that way. "Miguel, how could anyone look at me and think that I was uneducated?" He smiled at her joke. "The fact remains, Esperanza, that you, for instance, have a better education than most people's children in this country. But no one is likely to recognize that or take the time to

learn it. Americans see us as one big, brown group who are good only for manual labor. At this market, no one stares at us or treats us like outsiders or calls us 'dirty greasers.' My father says that Mr. Yakota is a very smart businessman. He is getting rich on other people's bad manners." Miguel's explanation was familiar. Esperanza's contact with Americans outside the camp had been limited to the doctor and the nurses at the hospital, but she had heard stories from others about how they were treated. There were special sections at the movie theater for Negroes and Mexicans. In town, parents did not want their children going to the same schools with Mexicans. Living away from town in the company camp had its advantages, she decided. The children all went to school together: white, Mexican, Japanese, Chinese, Filipino. It didn't seem to matter to anyone because they were all poor. Sometimes she felt as if she lived in a cocoon, protected from much of the indignation.

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There was a small tissue donkey that Esperanza had not noticed before. It was like one Mama had bought her a few years ago. Esperanza had thought it so cute that she had refused to break it, even though it had been filled with sweets. Instead, she had hung it in her room above her head. A clerk walked by and impulsively, she pointed to the miniature pinata. "Por favor," she said. "Please." She bought the other things she needed, including another money order. That was one more benefit of Mr. Yakota's market. She could buy money orders there. She was waiting in the truck when Miguel came back. "Another money order? What do you do with them all?" asked Miguel. "I save them in my valise. They are for such small amounts but together, they'll be enough to someday bring Abuelita here." "And the pinata? It's not anyone's birthday." "I bought it for Mama. I'm going to ask the nurses to put it near her bed, so she'll know that I'm thinking of her. We can stop at the hospital on the way back. Will you cut a hole in the top for me so I can put the caramels inside? The nurses can eat them." He took out his pocket knife and made an opening in the pinata. While Miguel drove, Esperanza began feeding in the caramels. Not far down the main road, they approached an almond grove, the trees flush with gray-green leaves and white blossoms. Esperanza noticed a girl and a woman walking hand in hand, each with a grocery bag in her other arm. She couldn't help but think what a nice scene it made, with the two women framed against so many spring blossoms. Esperanza recognized one of them. "I think that is Marta." Miguel stopped the truck, then slowly backed up. "We should give her a ride." Esperanza reluctantly nodded, remembering the last time they'd given her a lift, but she opened the door. "Esperanza and Miguel, que buena suerte. What good luck," said Marta. "This is my mother Ada. Thanks for the ride." Marta's mother had the same short, curly black hair but hers was sprinkled with gray. Miguel got out and put all the groceries in the truck bed so they could sit in the front. Ada said, "I heard about your mother and I've been praying for her." Esperanza was surprised and touched. "Thank you, I'm grateful." "Are you coming to our camp?" asked Miguel. No," said Marta. "As you probably know, I'm not welcome there. We're going a mile or so up the road to the strikers' farm. We were tossed out of the migrant workers' camp and were told either to go back to work or leave. So we left. We aren't going to work under those disgusting conditions and for those pitiful wages." Ada was quiet and nodded when Marta talked about the strike. Esperanza felt a twinge of envy when she noticed that Marta never let go of her mother's hand. "There are hundreds of us together at this farm, but thousands around the country and more people join our cause each day. You are new here, but in

time, you'll understand what we're trying to change. Turn left," she said, pointing to a dirt road rutted with tire marks. Miguel turned down the path bordered in cotton fields. Finally, they reached several acres of land surrounded by chain-link fencing and barbed wire, its single opening guarded by several men wearing armbands. "Aqui. Right here," said Ada.

"What are the guards for?" asked Esperanza. "They are for protection," said Marta. "The farmer who owns the land is sympathetic to us but a lot of people don't like the strikers causing trouble. We've had threats. The men take turns at the entrance." Miguel pulled the truck to the side of the road and stopped. There were only ten wooden toilet stalls for hundreds of people and Esperanza could smell the effects from the truck. Some people lived in tents but others had only burlap bags stretched between poles. Some were living in their cars or old trucks. Mattresses were on the ground, where people and dogs rested. A goat was tied to a tree. There was a long pipe that lay on top of the ground and a line of water spigots sticking up from it. Near each spigot were pots and pans and campfire rings, the makings of outdoor kitchens. In an irrigation ditch, women were washing clothes, and children were bathing at the same time. Clotheslines ran everywhere. It was a great jumble of humanity and confusion. Esperanza could not stop looking. She felt hypnotized by the squalor but Marta and her mother didn't seem the least bit embarrassed. "Home, sweet home," said Marta. They all climbed out of the truck, but before Marta and Ada could retrieve their groceries, a campesino family coming from the opposite direction approached them. The children were dirty and skinny and the mother held an infant, who was crying. "Do you have food so that I can feed my family?" said the father. "We were thrown out of our camp because I was striking. My family has not eaten in two days. There are too many people coming into the valley each day who will work for pennies. Yesterday I worked all day and made less than fifty cents and I cannot buy food for one day with that. I was hoping that here, with others who have been through the same..." "You are welcome here," said Ada. Esperanza reached into the truck bed and opened the large bag of beans. "Hand me your hat, Señor." The man handed over his large sun hat and she filled it with the dried beans, then gave it back to him. "Gracias, gracias," he said. Esperanza looked at the two older children, their eyes watery and vacant. She lifted the pinata and held it out to them. They said nothing but hurried toward her, took it, and ran back to their family. Marta looked at her. "Are you sure you aren't already on our side?" Esperanza shook her head. "They were hungry, that's all. Even if I believed in what you are doing, I must take care of my mother." Ada put her hand on Esperanza's arm and smiled. "We all do what we have to do. Your mother would be proud of you."

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from the chapter Los Esparragos (Asparagus), pp.204-208

Esperanza had grown so accustomed to the strikers' chanting while she packed asparagus that the moment it stopped, she looked up from her work as if something was wrong. "Hortensia, do you hear that?" "What?" "The silence. There is no more yelling." The other women on the line looked at each other. They couldn't see the street from where they stood so they moved to the other end of the shed, cautiously looking out to where the strikers usually stood. In the distance, a caravan of gray buses and police cars headed fast toward the shed, dust flying in their wakes. "Immigration!" said Josefina. "It is a sweep." The picket signs lay on the ground, discarded, and like a mass of marbles that had already been hit, the strikers scattered into the fields and toward the boxcars on the tracks, anywhere they could hide. The buses and cars screeched to a stop

and immigration officials and police carrying clubs jumped out and ran after them. "What about us?" said Esperanza, her eyes riveted on the guards who caught the strikers and shoved them back toward the buses. They would surely come into the shed next with so many Mexicans working there. Her fingers desperately clenched Hortensia's arm. "I cannot leave Mama." Hortensia heard the panic in her voice. "No, no, Esperanza. They are not here for us. The growers need the workers. That is why the company guards us." Several immigration officials accompanied by police began searching the platform, turning over boxes and dumping out field bins. Hortensia was right. They ignored the workers in their stained aprons, their hands still holding the green asparagus. Finding no strikers on the dock, they jumped back down and hurried to where a crowd was being loaded onto the buses. "¡Americana! ¡Americana!" yelled one woman and she began to unfold some papers. One of the officials took the papers from her hand and tore them into pieces. "Get on the bus," he ordered. "What will they do with them?" asked Esperanza. "They will take them to Los Angeles, and put them on the train to El Paso, Texas, and then to Mexico," said Josefina. "But some of them are citizens," said Esperanza. "It doesn't matter. They are causing problems for the government. They are talking about forming a farm workers' union and the government and the growers don't like that." "What about their families? How will they know?" "Word gets out. It is sad. They leave the buses parked at the station until late at night with those they captured on board. Families don't want to be separated from their loved ones and usually go with them. That is the idea. They call it a voluntary deportation. But it is not much of a choice." Two immigration officials positioned themselves in front of the shed. The others left on the buses. Esperanza and the other women watched the despondent faces in the windows disappear. Slowly, the women reassembled on the line and began to pack again. It had all lasted only a few minutes. "What happens now?" asked Esperanza. "La Migra will keep their eyes open for any strikers that may be back," said Josefina, nodding toward the two men stationed nearby. "And we go back to work and feel thankful it is not us on that bus." Esperanza took a deep breath and went back to her spot. She was relieved, but still imagined the anguish of the strikers. Troubled thoughts stayed in her mind. Something seemed very wrong about sending people away from their own "free country" because they had spoken their minds.

Discussion Question:

1. -

The Cure A Novel By Sonia Levitin

Harcourt Brace & Company (Silver Whistle), New York, 1999

Grades 6th-8th

Synopsis: Gemm, a child in the year 2407, must undergo "the cure" when he exhibits a desire to sing and dance in his world that allows no deviant behaviors or differences among humans. This expression of individuality will conflict with the desired goals of the community of Conformity, Harmony, and Tranquility. He has one chance to save himself and is transported back in time to 1348 Europe, where the Black Death threatens and the Jews of Strasbourg, Germany are held accountable. He becomes Johannes, a sixteen-year-old Jewish boy who loves his silver flute and his neighbor, Margarite. However, antisemitism and fear threaten the life of his family and his belief in the goodness of humans. The purpose is for Gemm to learn to associate music with pain - intending to affect a cure. When he returns, he is declared cured, but his memories don't fade as predicted. Gemm is forbidden to speak of his ordeal yet he starts to tell his twin about "choosing what we will believe." "It will begin with us...I will teach you. Then you and I will teach the others. We will teach them about love."

Historical Perspective: In the Middle Ages, belief in legends and myths was common. One of those myths was the blood libel - Jews were killing Christian children in order to satisfy their supposed need for "Christian blood" in making Passover bread or other rituals. The Blood Libels were the most influential and cruel legends in the arsenal of anti-Jewish beliefs, perpetuating the myth of the evil and inhuman nature of the Jews inciting the Christian population to take bloody revenge. In 1215, the Church established the doctrine that the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ is contained in the consecrated Host and wine. Soon stories began to surface that Jews stole, mutilated, or burned the Host in order to kill Jesus once more. Other popular beliefs showed Jews growing horns and tails - attributes of the devil. [Allegations of ritual murder in the 20th century surfaced in Russia, in the United States in the South in 1928, and in the propaganda spread by the Nazis. Posters and political cartoons with disparaging captions depicted Jews with horns and tails.] In 1095, Pope Urbanus called for a crusade to liberate Jerusalem from the Muslims and infidels. On their way to Jerusalem, the crusaders left a track of death and destruction behind in the Jewish communities along the Rhine and Danube. With the Crusades, the status of the Jews as second-class citizens became entrenched in Church dogma and state laws throughout Christian Europe. After the Crusades, expulsions of entire Jewish communities became frequent events. In 1290, all Jews were expelled from England - about 16,000 people. In 1306, Jews were expelled from France. Expulsions were often preceded by accusations of ritual murder and anti-Jewish riots. The 14th century was overshadowed by a great disaster: Europe was hit by the plague. Between 1348 and 1350, the epidemics killed millions of people - a third of the European population. As the real causes were unknown, foreigners, travelers, and the Jews, the only non-Christian minority in all affected countries, were accused as having spread the disease. Many believed that Jewish communities were taking revenge for decades of anti-Jewish hostility by poisoning the wells and water supplies. As the disease progressed from Spain and Italy to England and Poland, about 300 Jewish communities were attacked, and thousands of Jews were killed and burned at the stake. In the German states, almost all Jewish communities were expelled. Many preventative

measures, such as sanitation, killing of rats, and prevention of the transport of rats in ships arriving from ports in which the disease was endemic, were effective in reducing the incidence of plague. On February 14, 1349, the Jews of Strasbourg were burnt on a wooden scaffold in the Jewish cemetery. They asked the town leaders to permit them to prepare themselves for martyrdom. They asked that musicians be hired to play dancing tunes so that they could enter the presence of God with singing. One person, a Jewish doctor, was documented as a survivor of the Strasbourg community, and was identified as living in Frankfurt some twenty years later.

Reading One pp. 8-10

United Social Alliance, Western Sector: The Year of Tranquility 2407 High in the sky a bird circled, sending down a piercing sound, long and wavering. Gemm stared up at the bird, his heart pounding in alarm. He wanted to run, to soar, and to call out something high pitched and wavering, long and lovely, as he had done in his dream. Deep inside his breast, a feeling surged, beating like the wings of that bird, longing for release. He wanted...he wanted...he had no name for it, but it was like the bird and the Scooper and his dream. "Gemm 16884!" called his twin. "Come on! What are you looking at?" But Gemm 16884 could not pull himself away from the vision of that bird, its beautiful sounds, and the desires it aroused in him. He found himself swaying, shoulders and arms moving in rhythm to an inner sound not unlike the call of the bird. "Ah, la--la-la-la--ah, eee-doo!" As the sounds flowed from him, Gemm's entire being loosened, as if he had been chained and was now suddenly released. "Ah...ah...lo...lo...la... dee ...dee...oh!" Swiftly the others surrounded him. They laid him down on the turf, their faces near his. One hand clasped his pulse, the other his throat. "Get him to the compound." 88 "Quick, we have to put him on Med Com." "Should we call for assistance? For transport?" "Get away!" Gemm 16884 shouted. "Leave me alone. I don't need anyone!" Still they pressed upon him. "Hush, what's come over you? Those monstrous noises!" "Leave me alone! I want...I need to..." He lifted his chin and let the sounds roar from his chest, the glad and free and lovely sounds. "La...la...la...dum...da...da!" They reached out to console him. Gemm pushed them away, hard. They fell back, crying out in shock. Pushing was not allowed. Anger and hostility were unheard of, except in small children before they were trained to tranquility. What had he done? Gemm 16884 moved away from the others, walking backward. They watched him, stunned. Gemma's hands covered her mouth. Kira began to cry. Kir reached out. "In love, we will get you some help." Kit's fingers grazed the com button on his cuff. "I need nothing!" Gemm 16884 cried. "Leave me alone!" He bent down and picked up an artificial red rock and threw it. The rock grazed Kir's head, then landed on the ground and disintegrated completely. A smear of blood seeped along the edge of Kir's mask, staining his yellow jumper. Gemma screamed. Now, hysterically, Kir summoned help, touching his com button. "Request immediate assistance!" Fear gripped Gemm. "Kir! Kira and Gemma, listen," Gemm cried out. "In love, I ask forgiveness. Please don't call them! Don't let them take me." In moments, four transporters arrived in the hover-shuttle. The four, dressed in the grim black and red, rushed toward Gemm 16884 and took him away.

Reading Two pp.12-13

Gemm saw his bodily signs registering on the screen. He took a deep breath, using the control techniques they had learned as small children. Monitors recorded his pulse and brain activity,

hormone level, and a dozen other indicators of health and mood. Of course, he could not alter his blood chemistry, but with biofeedback techniques he could regulate his mood. He let the mantra flood his mind: Conformity begets Harmony... "Ah, he's calming down," said the medic. "Good. Just a few months now before your Great Choice, isn't it? That can be stressful. Then, the parenting-- the parties, all the decisions about food, colors, entertainment..." As he spoke the medic carefully noted the readout. Gemm saw that the indicators were leveling off now. Good. "Yes, I'm sure that's what it was," Gemm said. He recalled having been given some kind of injection when the transporters took him--probably serotonin concentrate. He was feeling peaceful now - mellow, well-o. The rhythmic murmuring of the Med Com caught his attention, intruding on his reverie. With effort, Gemm turned his mind toward the mantra, the Ladder of Five: Conformity begets Harmony begets Tranquility begets Peace begets Universal Good. Shout Praises! The medic stood over Gemm, panning his reflexes with the sonar scope. Casually he said, "Your twin told us something about a dream." "I'm willing to take medication," Gemm said. "I beg forgiveness..." "And in the dream you were making certain sounds - music?" The medic coughed slightly to hide his embarrassment. "Do you understand what you did? Do you know the law?" "Indeed I do," replied Gemm hastily. "And that you asked for privacy today. Is that so?" "I just thought...it was foolish and perverse," Gemm said. "I've been working too hard, getting ready for career choice." The medic coded the data into Gemm's file. His mask, snow white with a blue nose and pointed blue eyebrows, was usually the style favored by teachers or enforcers. Gemm wondered how the medic might look with his mask removed. Instantly he was seized with alarm. A loud bleep came from the computer; the medic started. "My, my. Something is certainly going on here. Dramatic shift in hormone level. Look, I am not an enforcer, only a medic. But I advise you to control these outbursts. You have been taught better. You know that venting such...such passions denies tranquillity, arousing instead...well, we need not speak of it. Music." He spoke the word with loathing. "Really, I am surprised. Nobody else in your birth batch has such notions." With a mighty effort, Gemm 16884 brought his thoughts and his bodily signs under control. The screen hummed softly, a purring sound. The medic rubbed the side of his mask, pulled his chin. "Well, it might only be the stress of choices. However," he added firmly, "I want you to come in at once should you have a recurrence. These things must be short-circuited at once. Do you understand?"

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From the screen came a bleep, then a flash--FOLK FACT: "In Past Time people died at various ages and were actually forbidden to choose recycling!" Another bleep, and the image and audio abruptly vanished. "Imagine that!" Gemma exclaimed. "What?" "In Past Time people couldn't even decide their own death. Can you imagine?" "Don't say death," Gemm chided her gently. "It's harsh." "All right. Recycle. Wouldn't you hate not being able to choose? Just yesterday Mori and Mora told me they intend to go next week." A kind of chill gripped Gemm, like iron hands clasp his shoulders, moving around to his heart. "Mori? Mora? You mean, they want to...leave? Why?" 90 Gemma pulled away from Gemm's grasp. "What's the matter with you? Maybe they're bored. They don't feel like parenting, they haven't found a career they like, and anyway, it's their right to recycle anytime they want." "But...but...don't you care? I thought you like them." "Of course I like Mori and Mora, but there are plenty of others - what's the matter with you, Gemm? Why do you care if they choose to recycle? It's their right!" A sense of emptiness suddenly overwhelmed Gemma 16884, and all he could think of to describe it was the feeling he

had had once, years ago, when the Meal Mate was empty and it took hours for it to be repaired. Gemma had run to get the Leader, who immediately summoned help. Now his breathing felt erratic, and his voice was strange even in his own ears. "I'll miss them," he said. "I...I wish-" "Wishes are wasteful," Gemma recited. Suddenly Gemm had a vision of all the people he had ever known, filing past him in identical gait, wearing identical jumpers except for color - all wearing faces that were somehow alike even though the designers tried to make them amusing and interesting. There seemed to be a huge gap somewhere, preventing him from seeing and knowing, though what it was he lacked he could not begin to say. "Gemma," he whispered, and there was a terrible urgency in him, a sense that if he did not seize this moment, something vital would be lost forever. "Gemma, let me look at you." "I'm here," she said, her voice muffled. "Go to sleep, my twin." "I mean - I want - I need..." Almost of their own volition, Gemm's fingertips traced the flesh of Gemma's cheek, the line of her jaw, and Gemm's breath caught in his chest and throat as his trembling fingers pulled at the edge of her mask. "What are you doing?" Gemma cried in alarm. "Gemm 16884, are you utterly flashed?" "Please," Gemm whispered, his mind grasping for the right words to express his longing. "Let me, I beg you, just look upon your face. Remove your mask. Just for a moment, let me see - " In the next moment, Gemma fled along the hallway and vanished from Gemm's sight.

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"Sometimes, in special cases," said Eti, "one who is found deviant may petition to be considered for The Cure. It is rare to be accepted. Rarer still to complete The Cure." "But why is it so rare?" Gemm felt breathless. Now he remembered hearing rumors of strange happenings in the distant mountains, people vanishing or being transformed. Transformed into what? He and his friends had always thought this was a myth, something like a Folk Fact, maybe true, maybe only designed for amusement. This, then, was the idea that had nudged at his memory before but which he could not summon. There was a cure. The two leaders shared a lingering, reluctant look. "For one thing," said Eti softly, "it involves pain." "Pain," echoed his twin. "For another," continued Eti, "few can withstand the procedure. When given the choice, most people choose swift and beautiful recycling. At least that is a known quantity. And painless." Gemm 16884 gazed at his twin. Neither of them had ever experienced pain, only momentary intimations of it - a slight cut or cramp, healed almost immediately by a jetting of medication or a beam of the laser. Yet the thought of pain terrified Gemm, and he heard Gemma's swift breathing and saw the flickering in her eyes. "Gemm," she said, moving toward him, "you need not experience pain. Don't do it for me. I will go with you, swiftly and sweetly. They say that the recycling is the most dazzling experience, quite amazing, quite--" "In love," Gemm 16884 said loudly, "I will make this decision, not you. I will go into pain. I will petition. I will do anything to live." * * * * [Gemm 16884 found himself in a room filled with spectators, the powerful Elders who wore deep blue velvet robes and masks of woven gold. One of the Elders displayed a hologram that revealed Gemm's genetic structure and his entire life. Nothing was hidden and Gemm was diagnosed as a deviant because of certain irregularities in his gait, in his dreams, and in his persistence in making music. Music was viewed as a curse from a time when people actually wanted to be different, a source of competition and strife. It came from a time when people selected their own mates based on love for the individual. This was now viewed as an evil absurdity. Poetry, art, music - these were all evils that aroused the emotions and endangered Harmony, Tranquility, and Conformity. They had to be rooted out. Gemm had a choice: to go

quietly into "recycling" or undergo the danger of "The Cure." He chose the cure and was sent into Past Time where he assumed the identity of a young Jewish musician in Strasbourg, Germany in 1348. The horror of what he experienced there was expected to make Gemm abhor all music.