



# The Inspired Highlighter

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## Facilitator's Guide

### **Lesson Overview** (Grades 11-12; Can be used in language arts)

In this lesson, students apply their understanding of the concepts of inspiration and appropriation discussed in “Diamonds and DJs” to a new context—published works of literature. They must read and compare two texts: an “inspired-by” text and a source text, and decide whether or not the “inspired-by” text is plagiarism.

### **Ethical thinking skills highlighted in this lesson:**

- **Roles and Responsibilities**—The role of creator involves many distinct responsibilities. The creators and users of content have responsibilities to their audiences, the broader community, and if they are using source content, to the original content and its creator.

### **New media literacies highlighted in this lesson:**

- **Appropriation**—the ability to meaningfully sample and remix media content.
- **Judgment**—the ability to evaluate the reliability and credibility of different information sources.

### **Learning Objectives**

#### **After this lesson, students should be able to:**

- Recognize how the tools of authorship (e.g., point of view, character, theme, diction, etc.) can be used to transform source materials into new texts of inspiration.
- Define plagiarism and explain how it differs from inspiration.
- Describe the benefits of inspiration and the harms of plagiarism.



## Materials Used

### For Students:

- Text pairs
- “Authorship Tools” Glossary
- “Authors' Inspiration” Grid
- Student Simulation
- Highlighters

### For Teacher:

- Supplementary Text Pair Questions
- Teacher Simulation
- Teacher Copies of Text Pairs

## Lesson Introduction

1. Ask the class to reflect on the “Diamonds and DJs” lesson. More specifically, ask them to recall Kanye West’s video for his song about the ethics of the diamond trade, “Diamonds from Sierra Leone,” which features a sample from Shirley Bassey’s song, “Diamonds are Forever,” the theme from a James Bond movie. Just like musicians, writers sometimes find inspiration from other authors’ works.
2. **Today’s lesson looks at inspiration and appropriation in books. Just as DJs use their own tools to create new work—sounds, beats, vocal tracks, instrumental tracks, their own creations—authors have tools of their own. See if the class can name some literary elements (point of view [POV], character, theme, diction, etc). In today’s lesson, we will look at two types of texts—source text (the piece of inspiration that is appropriated) and the “inspired-by” text (the text written by another author that uses the source text as inspiration).**
3. Use the “Authorship Tools” Glossary to introduce these literary elements as the tools authors use to create their works and to transform their inspired appropriations into something new.
4. Run a simulation of the activity, using the following text pair: *Sloppy Firsts and Second Helpings* and *How Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild and Got a Life..*
  - The class should first read out loud the source and “inspired-by” text.
  - Highlight the texts:
    - **Students highlight their text for *similar* Authorship Tools.**



- **Students highlight their text for *different* Authorship Tools.**
  - Next, mark the tools used on the grid (e.g., diction).
  - Ask the class what key authorship tools are the same between the two texts?
  - What tools are used differently? (**NOTE:** Not all Authorship Tools will be relevant to the text passages provided.)
  - Ask the class if the “inspired-by” text is really something new, original, and different. Why or why not? Mark the grid.
  
- 5.** Once students have completed the simulation, have a group discussion about Viswanathan’s book, in light of plagiarism, using the guide questions below:
  - Does it seem like she was inspired-by McCafferty, or does it seem like something different? Viswanathan seems to have made some minor edits to the source text, but the structure, ideas, and words are really almost identical.
  - Viswanathan’s book is an example of plagiarism—when an author of a text, song, or other work presents someone else’s work as his/her own. What does this mean?
  - Ask the class what types of things are plagiarism in a piece of writing—directly copying the words, copying someone’s ideas, not giving someone credit for their ideas, copying the structure of the work (like the first diction example in the simulation). Plagiarism is all these things—direct copying of text, not citing someone's work you use, or the use of someone's main ideas as your own. (For more information, see [www.Plagiarism.org](http://www.Plagiarism.org).)
  - Viswanathan used McCafferty’s main ideas and copied her text—with a few minor edits here and there. Fill in with the class the plagiarism portion of the grid. Ask students whether or not they think plagiarism is acceptable. Was it fair that Viswanathan plagiarized McCafferty? What harms might it bring to the original author? Is plagiarizing lying? Is it stealing? In your own work, is it cheating? What is the difference between plagiarism and inspiration?

## Lesson Instructions

- 6.** Break the class into groups of 3-5 students and hand out text pairs and grids.

**NOTE:** There are many sample text pairs provided; the teacher may use them all or only those he/she deems appropriate.

**In today’s lesson, we’ll see how different authors use their tools to transform their inspiration into something new and original. We’ll also identify whether or not the**



**texts are truly “inspired-by” works or plagiarized works through highlighting the works and filling in the grid.**

7. Review the highlighting instructions, if necessary. Students will highlight the “inspired-by” text in the following ways:
8. **Group Work.** Students should spend about 20-30 minutes reading and highlighting the text pair and filling out the grid.
9. **Students present** on their completed “Authors' Inspiration” Grids, stating why they identified each instance/element as either inspiration or plagiarism.
10. Using the Lesson Discussion Questions, the teacher leads a **discussion of inspiration, plagiarism, and the tools of authorship.**

**NOTE:** The teacher may want to use the supplementary text questions for a more in-depth discussion of inspiration in the various texts. For example, the questions on the *Harry Potter* text emphasize fan fiction's relationship to source texts.

## Lesson Discussion Questions

These questions are designed to accompany discussion related to the grid. More questions pertaining to the text pairs can be found in the Supplementary Text Pair Questions.

1. Authors have many tools at their disposal—diction, character, point of view, etc.—to create their works. What techniques does this author use? How? Which tools does this author appropriate from the original text? Which ones are used to transform the text?
2. What is plagiarism? What is inspiration? What is appropriation? Are inspiration and appropriation beneficial?
3. How does plagiarism differ from appropriation and inspiration? Can plagiarism be harmful? Who or what does it harm?
4. Is this case inspiration or plagiarism? How can you tell? What techniques does the author use? Which aspects might be described as plagiarism? Which as inspiration?
5. Is it acceptable to copy the work directly, or only to use it in a way that transforms it into something new? For example, is it acceptable to copy the plot if the new author uses a new point of view? Does this author transform their inspiration adequately?
6. Is there a time when copying is acceptable and encouraged, but you have a legal or moral obligation not to modify the original? Are any of these cases of legal, moral, or cultural obligations to/not to modify this original text?



7. Is it more or less plagiarism when it's a direct copying of the text vs. copying story structure or other elements?
8. Are “inspired-by” authors changing what it means to be an author?

## Concluding Takeaways

- In order for a creative work to be considered an acceptable example of an “inspired-by” work, it should be distinct from the original work in some major ways. Appropriation, done properly, assumes the transformation of a work—that is, building on or changing others’ work to create something new through the expression of a different point of view, an altered aesthetic, and/or a critical commentary.
- Plagiarism seeks to use someone else’s creative work or point of view without transforming it in a substantial way. Additionally, the creative work that inspired plagiarized creations is typically not acknowledged as a source material by the plagiarist. Thus, when appropriating materials from others, it is critical to both create something distinctly different from the original and to explicitly credit the source of inspiration.

## Assessment

**Through participation in class activities and discussions and/or answers to optional assessment questions, students should demonstrate they can:**

- Recognize how the tools of authorship (e.g., point of view, character, theme, diction, etc.) can be used to transform source materials into new texts of inspiration.
- Define plagiarism and explain how it differs from inspiration.
- Describe the benefits of inspiration and the harms of plagiarism.

### Assessment Questions (Optional)

- What is the difference between plagiarism and inspiration? Why is one harmful while the other is considered beneficial?
- Name two ways that you could transform a piece of writing into a new text of inspiration.
- Name two ways that a piece of writing could be plagiarized.



## Additional Resources

In the following clip from Project NML, playwright Ricardo Pitts-Wiley—the author of the “Moby Dick” stage version—talks about appropriation. From roughly 2:40-4:23, Pitts-Wiley discusses the ethical responsibilities of creators when making “inspired-by” works. This video can help introduce “inspired-by” works to the class more fully.

Ricardo Pitts-Wiley on Appropriation: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=on1Rwpsim3c>



# Inspired Highlighter Text Pairs Table of Contents

**The following is a compilation of possible text pairs. Please find within the casebook student and facilitator copies of the following:**

1. *Emma* and *Clueless*
2. *Jane Eyre* and *Wide Sargasso Sea*
3. *Gone with The Wind* and *The Wind Done Gone*
4. *Moby Dick*: Novel and Stage Adaptation
5. *Sloppy First and Second Helpings* and *How Opal Metha Got Kissed, Got Wild, and Got a Life*

## Other Handouts

1. “Authorship Tools” Glossary
2. “Authors' Inspiration” Grid
3. Student Simulation
4. Teacher Simulation
5. Supplementary Text Pair Questions



# Inspired Highlighter

## *Emma* and “Clueless”

### Text Pairs / Facilitator Copy

#### **Directions** (Grades 9-12)

For this activity, you will compare a source text, *Emma*, with an “inspired-by” work, “Clueless.”

- **Step 1:** Read the Background information below. Watch the video clips from the film.
- **Step 2:** Read the passages from the source text, *Emma*. Using the “Authorship Tools” Glossary, highlight the text for the use of *similar* authorship tools with “Clueless”. For example, you could highlight the use of the same characters.
- **Step 3:** Highlight (in another color) the ways in which the film adaptation uses *different* authorship tools from those used in the original work. For example, highlight if the story is told from a different point of view.
- **Step 4:** Next, fill out the “Authors’ Inspiration” Grid for each text pair. For each authorship tool, note the ways similarities and differences between the original and “inspired-by” work. Finally, indicate whether or not the “inspired-by” work is plagiarism or inspiration, and your reasoning for your choice.

#### **Background**

*Emma* accessed at Project Gutenberg: <http://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/etext94/emma11.txt>

*Emma* was published by Jane Austen in 1816. The novel tells the story of a young woman named Emma Woodhouse who comes from a respected English family and lives in a small town outside London. Emma is charming, intelligent, and beautiful, and decides she has a gift for matchmaking after arranging her governess’ marriage. As the story begins, Emma befriends a young woman, Harriet Smith, who is of a lower social class. Emma becomes determined to find a suitable husband and an improved situation in life for her new friend. Despite her good intentions, Emma misinterprets other people’s feelings and ends up causing emotional hardship for Harriet and others. In the course of her



matchmaking attempts, Emma realizes her own need for love, causing further hard feelings with Harriet.

The screenplay for “Clueless” was written by Amy Heckerling. Produced in 1995, the film is an explicit adaptation of *Emma*, but takes place in 1990s Beverly Hills, California. The role of Emma is played by Cher, a rich, beautiful, and popular high-school student who similarly believes that she has a knack for matchmaking, after setting up two of her teachers. Cher befriends Tai, a new girl at school who recently moved from New Jersey.

### **Authors' Inspiration Grid Answer Key**

In this pair, character, plot, setting, point of view, form, diction/style, and theme are the key authorship tools students should have identified.

#### **Character**

- Cher and Emma, Tai and Harriet, Josh and Mt. Knightley, Elton and Mr. Elton are similar characters.

#### **Plot**

- The plots are the same.

#### **Setting:**

- *Emma*: Takes place in a small town in England outside of London in the early 19<sup>th</sup> century.
- “Clueless”: Takes place in Beverly Hills, California, in the 1990s.

#### **Point of View**

- “Clueless” is told from Cher’s point of view; *Emma* is a third-person narration.

#### **Form:**

- *Emma*: Written as a novel.
- “Clueless”: Written as a screenplay and adapted to film.

#### **Diction/Style:**

- *Emma*: Written in formal British English reflecting diction/style of the early 19<sup>th</sup> century.
- “Clueless”: Relies heavily on youth slang of 1990s United States.



- Both texts have unique diction and style. Austen’s “proper” English has a sharp wit that mirrors the era’s proper social expectations while poking fun at them. The youth-slang diction of “Clueless” has a similar purpose.

### Theme:

- Emma* and “Clueless”: Written as a commentary on the absurdity of traditional social norms and the difficulty inherent in escaping them.

### Inspiration or Plagiarism?:

- This is a good example of **inspiration**. This source text is in the public domain.

## Notes for Teacher/Facilitator

The passages on the following pages have been highlighted with embedded comments, serving as a “cheat sheet” of what students might highlight. The comments provide more in-depth discussion of the Authorship Tools—and point to some keys issues that could be included in class discussion.

### Text Pair I

*Emma*, Chapter 3, Volume 1, versus “*Clueless*,” Chapter 5

Harriet Smith was the natural daughter of somebody. Somebody had placed her, several years back, at Mrs. Goddard’s school, and somebody had lately raised her from the condition of scholar to that of parlour-boarder. This was all that was generally known of her history. She had no visible friends but what had been acquired at Highbury, and was now just returned from a long visit in the country to some young ladies who had been at school there with her.

She was a very pretty girl, and her beauty happened to be of a sort which Emma particularly admired. She was short, plump, and fair, with a fine bloom, blue eyes, light hair, regular features, and a look of great sweetness, and, before the end of the evening, Emma was as much pleased with her manners as her person, and quite determined to continue the acquaintance.

She was not struck by any thing remarkably clever in Miss Smith’s conversation, but she found her altogether very engaging—not inconveniently shy, not unwilling to talk—and yet so far from pushing, showing so proper and becoming a deference, seeming so pleasantly grateful for being admitted to Hartfield, and so artlessly impressed by the appearance of every thing in so superior a style to what she had been used to, that she must have good sense, and deserve encouragement. Encouragement should

John M. Francis 5/26/09 4:40 PM

#### Comment [1]: Character:

Harriet is the counterpart to Tai in “Clueless.” Little is known about either of their backgrounds, although it is clear that neither is well connected or from a prominent family.

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#### Comment [2]: POV:

*Emma* is narrated from the third person limited POV, whereas “Clueless” is narrated from the first person POV.

John M. Francis 5/26/09 4:40 PM

#### Comment [3]: Character:

In appearance, Tai and Harriet are quite similar.

John M. Francis 5/26/09 4:41 PM

#### Comment [4]: Character:

Like Harriet, Tai is not a clever character.

John M. Francis 3/6/11 5:30 PM

#### Comment [5]: Character:

Harriet is very grateful for the attention of Emma and is easily impressed by her social status. Similarly, Tai expresses her gratitude and admiration to Cher at the lunch table for taking her under her wing.



be given. Those soft blue eyes, and all those natural graces, should not be wasted on the inferior society of Highbury and its connections. The acquaintance she had already formed were unworthy of her.

...She would notice her; she would improve her; she would detach her from her bad acquaintance, and introduce her into good society; she would form her opinions and her manners. It would be an interesting, and certainly a very kind undertaking; highly becoming her own situation in life, her leisure, and powers.

John M. Francis 3/6/11 5:30 PM

**Comment [6]:** Plot:

Emma seeks to raise Harriet's status by introducing her to the "right sort" of people. Similarly, Cher makes it clear to Tai the "right" and "wrong" people to be friends with at school.

John M. Francis 3/6/11 5:30 PM

**Comment [7]:** Plot and Character:

Emma and Cher both view themselves as benefactors for their friends. They want to train and help their friends so that they can become more highly regarded in "proper" society. Emma and Cher are arrogant in their beliefs that their friends should be changed.



## Text Pair 2

*Emma*, Chapter 15, Volume 1, versus “*Clueless*,” 1st half of Chapter 8

Note: Stop “*Clueless*” DVD when Elton drives off without Cher, leaving her alone in a deserted parking lot.

...Isabella stepped in after her father; John Knightley, forgetting that he did not belong to their party, stepped in after his wife very naturally; so that Emma found, on being escorted and followed into the second carriage by Mr. Elton, that the door was to be lawfully shut on them, and that they were to have a tete-a-tete drive. It would not have been the awkwardness of a moment, it would have been rather a pleasure, previous to the suspicions of this very day; she could have talked to him of Harriet, and the three-quarters of a mile would have seemed but one. But now, she would rather it had not happened. She believed he had been drinking too much of Mr. Weston's good wine, and felt sure that he would want to be talking nonsense.

To restrain him as much as might be, by her own manners, she was immediately preparing to speak with exquisite calmness and gravity of the weather and the night; but scarcely had she begun, scarcely had they passed the sweep-gate and joined the other carriage, than she found her subject cut up—her hand seized—her attention demanded, and Mr. Elton actually making violent love to her: availing himself of the precious opportunity, declaring sentiments which must be already well known, hoping—fearing—adoring—ready to die if she refused him; but flattering himself that his ardent attachment and unequalled love and unexampled passion could not fail of having some effect, and in short, very much resolved on being seriously accepted as soon as possible. It really was so. Without scruple—without apology—without much apparent diffidence, Mr. Elton, the lover of Harriet, was professing himself her lover. She tried to stop him; but vainly; he would go on, and say it all. Angry as she was, the thought of the moment made her resolve to restrain herself when she did speak. She felt that half this folly must be drunkenness, and therefore could hope that it might belong only to the passing hour. Accordingly, with a mixture of the serious and the playful, which she hoped would best suit his half and half state, she replied, "I am very much astonished, Mr. Elton. This to me! You forget yourself—you take me for my friend—any message to Miss Smith I shall be happy to deliver; but no more of this to me, if you please."

"Miss Smith! —message to Miss Smith! —What could she possibly mean!"—And he repeated her words with such assurance of accent, such boastful pretence of amazement, that she could not help replying with quickness, "Mr. Elton, this is the most extraordinary conduct! And I can account for it only in one

John M. Francis 6/22/09 11:50 AM

**Comment [8]: Character:**

The character "Elton" in *Clueless* plays the same role as the character "Mr. Elton" in *Emma*.

John M. Francis 3/6/11 5:30 PM

**Comment [9]: Plot:**

This chapter in *Emma* directly parallels chapter 8 in “*Clueless*.” After a party, Emma and Mr. Elton end up riding home together in the same carriage. In *Clueless*, Elton drives Cher home.

John M. Francis 3/6/11 5:30 PM

**Comment [10]: Plot:**

Emma wants to use this time in the company of Mr. Elton to discuss what she believes is a budding romance between him and Harriet. Cher, unsuccessful in arranging a ride home for Tai with Elton, decides to use this opportunity to speak with Elton about his supposedly budding romance with Tai.

John M. Francis 5/26/09 4:43 PM

**Comment [11]: Plot:**

Mr. Elton and Elton both profess their love for and try to force themselves on Emma and Cher, respectively.

John M. Francis 3/6/11 5:30 PM

**Comment [12]: Plot:**

Emma is surprised when Mr. Elton shows interest in her and reminds him of his supposed affection for Harriet. Cher is similarly surprised and confused when Elton tries to kiss her.

John M. Francis 3/6/11 5:30 PM

**Comment [13]: Plot:**

Mr. Elton is equally surprised when Emma alludes to his supposed affections for Harriet (Miss Smith). Similarly, Elton does not understand why Cher thinks he should be professing his love for Tai.



way; you are not yourself, or you could not speak either to me, or of Harriet, in such a manner. Command yourself enough to say no more, and I will endeavour to forget it."

But Mr. Elton had only drunk wine enough to elevate his spirits, not at all to confuse his intellects. He perfectly knew his own meaning; and having warmly protested against her suspicion as most injurious, and slightly touched upon his respect for Miss Smith as her friend, —but acknowledging his wonder that Miss Smith should be mentioned at all, —he resumed the subject of his own passion, and was very urgent for a favourable answer.

As she thought less of his inebriety, she thought more of his inconstancy and presumption; and with fewer struggles for politeness, replied, "It is impossible for me to doubt any longer. You have made yourself too clear. Mr. Elton, my astonishment is much beyond any thing I can express. After such behaviour, as I have witnessed during the last month, to Miss Smith—such attentions as I have been in the daily habit of observing—to be addressing me in this manner—this is an unsteadiness of character, indeed, which I had not supposed possible! Believe me, sir, I am far, very far, from gratified in being the object of such professions."

"Good Heaven!" cried Mr. Elton, "what can be the meaning of this? —Miss Smith! —I never thought of Miss Smith in the whole course of my existence—never paid her any attentions, but as your friend: never cared whether she were dead or alive, but as your friend. If she has fancied otherwise, her own wishes have misled her, and I am very sorry—extremely sorry—But, Miss Smith, indeed! —Oh! Miss Woodhouse! who can think of Miss Smith, when Miss Woodhouse is near! No, upon my honour, there is no unsteadiness of character. I have thought only of you. I protest against having paid the smallest attention to any one else. Every thing that I have said or done, for many weeks past, has been with the sole view of marking my adoration of yourself. You cannot really, seriously, doubt it. No! — (in an accent meant to be insinuating) —I am sure you have seen and understood me."

It would be impossible to say what Emma felt, on hearing this—which of all her unpleasant sensations was uppermost. She was too completely overpowered to be immediately able to reply: and two moments of silence being ample encouragement for Mr. Elton's sanguine state of mind, he tried to take her hand again, as he joyously exclaimed—

"Charming Miss Woodhouse! allow me to interpret this interesting silence. It confesses that you have long understood me."

"No, sir," cried Emma, "it confesses no such thing. So far from having long understood you, I have been in a most complete error with respect to your views, till this moment. As to myself, I am very sorry that

John M. Francis 5/26/09 4:44 PM

**Comment [14]: Plot:**

See comment 13.

John M. Francis 5/26/09 4:44 PM

**Comment [15]: Plot:**

Emma and Cher express their disinterest in Mr. Elton and Elton, respectively.

John M. Francis 3/6/11 5:30 PM

**Comment [16]: Plot:**

The miscommunication and crossed signals among the characters in *Emma* and *Clueless* becomes clear here. Emma misinterpreted Mr. Elton's actions as a demonstrated affection for Harriet, while Mr. Elton was at the same time misinterpreting Emma's actions as a demonstrated affection for him. In *Clueless*, Cher thought Elton was interested in Tai, whereas Elton interpreted Cher's signals as a romantic interest in him.



you should have been giving way to any feelings—Nothing could be farther from my wishes—your attachment to my friend Harriet—your pursuit of her, (pursuit, it appeared,) gave me great pleasure, and I have been very earnestly wishing you success: but had I supposed that she were not your attraction to Hartfield, I should certainly have thought you judged ill in making your visits so frequent. Am I to believe that you have never sought to recommend yourself particularly to Miss Smith?—that you have never thought seriously of her?"

"Never, madam," cried he, affronted in his turn: "never, I assure you. I think seriously of Miss Smith!—Miss Smith is a very good sort of girl; and I should be happy to see her respectably settled. I wish her extremely well: and, no doubt, there are men who might not object to—Every body has their level: but as for myself, I am not, I think, quite so much at a loss. I need not so totally despair of an equal alliance, as to be addressing myself to Miss Smith!—No, madam, my visits to Hartfield have been for yourself only; and the encouragement I received—"

"Encouragement!—I give you encouragement!—Sir, you have been entirely mistaken in supposing it. I have seen you only as the admirer of my friend. In no other light could you have been more to me than a common acquaintance. I am exceedingly sorry: but it is well that the mistake ends where it does. Had the same behaviour continued, Miss Smith might have been led into a misconception of your views; not being aware, probably, any more than myself, of the very great inequality which you are so sensible of. But, as it is, the disappointment is single, and, I trust, will not be lasting. I have no thoughts of matrimony at present."

He was too angry to say another word; her manner too decided to invite supplication; and in this state of swelling resentment, and mutually deep mortification, they had to continue together a few minutes longer, for the fears of Mr. Woodhouse had confined them to a foot-pace. If there had not been so much anger, there would have been desperate awkwardness; but their straightforward emotions left no room for the little zigzags of embarrassment. Without knowing when the carriage turned into Vicarage Lane, or when it stopped, they found themselves, all at once, at the door of his house; and he was out before another syllable passed. —Emma then felt it indispensable to wish him a good night. The compliment was just returned, coldly and proudly; and, under indescribable irritation of spirits, she was then conveyed to Hartfield.

John M. Francis 5/26/09 4:44 PM

**Comment [17]: Plot and Character:**

Mr. Elton shows his prejudice against Harriet's lower social status by completely dismissing the idea that he could ever have been interested in her romantically. Elton shows similar prejudice against Tai.

John M. Francis 5/26/09 4:45 PM

**Comment [18]: Plot:**

See comment 16.

John M. Francis 5/26/09 4:45 PM

**Comment [19]: Plot:**

Both Mr. Elton and Elton are extremely angry at being rebuffed, while Emma and Cher are both resolute in their rejection of Mr. Elton and Elton, respectively.

**Text Pair 3**

*Emma*, Chapter 11, Volume 3, versus “**Clueless**,” 2nd half of Chapter 12

**NOTE:** Begin “Clueless” DVD when Cher arrives home after failing her driving test. She finds Josh and Tai in the garden playing hacky sack.

"Harriet, poor Harriet!"—Those were the words; in them lay the tormenting ideas which Emma could not get rid of, and which constituted the real misery of the business to her. Frank Churchill had behaved very ill by herself—very ill in many ways,—but it was not so much his behaviour as her own, which made her so angry with him. It was the scrape which he had drawn her into on Harriet's account, that gave the deepest hue to his offence. —Poor Harriet! to be a second time the dupe of her misconceptions and flattery. Mr. Knightley had spoken prophetically, when he once said, "Emma, you have been no friend to Harriet Smith." —She was afraid she had done her nothing but disservice.

...

Harriet, who was standing at some distance, and with face turned from her, did not immediately say any thing; and when she did speak, it was in a voice nearly as agitated as Emma's.

"I should not have thought it possible," she began, "that you could have misunderstood me! I know we agreed never to name him—but considering how infinitely superior he is to every body else, I should not have thought it possible that I could be supposed to mean any other person. Mr. Frank Churchill, indeed! I do not know who would ever look at him in the company of the other. I hope I have a better taste than to think of Mr. Frank Churchill, who is like nobody by his side. And that you should have been so mistaken, is amazing! —I am sure, but for believing that you entirely approved and meant to encourage me in my attachment, I should have considered it at first too great a presumption almost, to dare to think of him. At first, if you had not told me that more wonderful things had happened; that there had been matches of greater disparity (those were your very words); —I should not have dared to give way to—I should not have thought it possible—But if you, who had been always acquainted with him—"

"Harriet!" cried Emma, collecting herself resolutely—"Let us understand each other now, without the possibility of farther mistake. Are you speaking of—Mr. Knightley?"

"To be sure I am. I never could have an idea of any body else—and so I thought you knew. When we talked about him, it was as clear as possible."

John M. Francis 5/26/09 4:45 PM

**Comment [20]: Character:**

The character "Josh" in "Clueless" plays the same role as the character "Mr. Knightley" in *Emma*.

John M. Francis 3/6/11 5:30 PM

**Comment [21]: Plot:**

Emma is shocked to learn that Harriet has fallen in love with Mr. Knightley, Emma's brother-in-law. Cher is similarly surprised to discover that Tai has fallen in love with Josh, Cher's step-brother.



"Not quite," returned Emma, with forced calmness, "for all that you then said, appeared to me to relate to a different person. I could almost assert that you had named Mr. Frank Churchill. I am sure the service Mr. Frank Churchill had rendered you, in protecting you from the gipsies, was spoken of."

"Oh! Miss Woodhouse, how you do forget!"

"My dear Harriet, I perfectly remember the substance of what I said on the occasion. I told you that I did not wonder at your attachment; that considering the service he had rendered you, it was extremely natural:—and you agreed to it, expressing yourself very warmly as to your sense of that service, and mentioning even what your sensations had been in seeing him come forward to your rescue. —The impression of it is strong on my memory."

"Oh, dear," cried Harriet, "now I recollect what you mean; but I was thinking of something very different at the time. It was not the gipsies—it was not Mr. Frank Churchill that I meant. No! (with some elevation) I was thinking of a much more precious circumstance—of Mr. Knightley's coming and asking me to dance, when Mr. Elton would not stand up with me; and when there was no other partner in the room. That was the kind action; that was the noble benevolence and generosity; that was the service which made me begin to feel how superior he was to every other being upon earth."

"Good God!" cried Emma, "this has been a most unfortunate—most deplorable mistake!—What is to be done?"

"You would not have encouraged me, then, if you had understood me? At least, however, I cannot be worse off than I should have been, if the other had been the person; and now—it is possible—"

She paused a few moments. Emma could not speak.

"I do not wonder, Miss Woodhouse," she resumed, "that you should feel a great difference between the two, as to me or as to any body. You must think one five hundred million times more above me than the other. But I hope, Miss Woodhouse, that supposing—that if—strange as it may appear—. But you know they were your own words, that more wonderful things had happened, matches of greater disparity had taken place than between Mr. Frank Churchill and me; and, therefore, it seems as if such a thing even as this, may have occurred before—and if I should be so fortunate, beyond expression, as to—if Mr. Knightley should really—if he does not mind the disparity, I hope, dear Miss Woodhouse, you will not set yourself against it, and try to put difficulties in the way. But you are too good for that, I am sure."

John M. Francis 3/6/11 5:30 PM

**Comment [22]: Plot:**

Harriet first becomes interested in Mr. Knightley when he asks her to dance at a party. She had just been snubbed by Mr. Elton and Mr. Knightley lifted her spirits. Tai first becomes interested in Josh under almost identical circumstances. Elton won't dance with her at a party and so Josh asks her to dance instead.

John M. Francis 3/6/11 5:30 PM

**Comment [23]: Plot and Character:**

Emma does not hide her dissatisfaction with Harriet's newfound affection for Mr. Knightley, thus showing her own prejudice against Harriet's lower social status. Harriet seems to understand Emma's meaning, although she tries to think the best of her friend. In "Clueless," Cher is clearly upset by Tai's revelation that she likes Josh. She implies that Tai might not be up to par for Josh intellectually. Tai is clearly hurt by this.



Harriet was standing at one of the windows. Emma turned round to look at her in consternation, and hastily said, "Have you any idea of Mr. Knightley's returning your affection?"

"Yes," replied Harriet modestly, but not fearfully—"I must say that I have."

Emma's eyes were instantly withdrawn; and she sat silently meditating, in a fixed attitude, for a few minutes. A few minutes were sufficient for making her acquainted with her own heart. A mind like hers, once opening to suspicion, made rapid progress. She touched—she admitted—she acknowledged the whole truth. Why was it so much worse that Harriet should be in love with Mr. Knightley, than with Frank Churchill? Why was the evil so dreadfully increased by Harriet's having some hope of a return? It darted through her, with the speed of an arrow, that Mr. Knightley must marry no one but herself!

...

Mr. Knightley and Harriet Smith! —It was a union to distance every wonder of the kind. —The attachment of Frank Churchill and Jane Fairfax became commonplace, threadbare, stale in the comparison, exciting no surprize, presenting no disparity, affording nothing to be said or thought. —Mr. Knightley and Harriet Smith! —Such an elevation on her side! Such a debasement on his! It was horrible to Emma to think how it must sink him in the general opinion, to foresee the smiles, the sneers, the merriment it would prompt at his expense; the mortification and disdain of his brother, the thousand inconveniences to himself. —Could it be? —No; it was impossible. And yet it was far, very far, from impossible. —Was it a new circumstance for a man of first-rate abilities to be captivated by very inferior powers? Was it new for one, perhaps too busy to seek, to be the prize of a girl who would seek him? —Was it new for anything in this world to be unequal, inconsistent, incongruous—or for chance and circumstance (as second causes) to direct the human fate?

Oh! had she never brought Harriet forward! Had she left her where she ought, and where he had told her she ought! —Had she not, with a folly which no tongue could express, prevented her marrying the unexceptionable young man who would have made her happy and respectable in the line of life to which she ought to belong—all would have been safe; none of this dreadful sequel would have been....

John M. Francis 5/26/09 4:47 PM

**Comment [24]: Plot:**

Harriet and Tai both say they have reason to believe that the affections of Mr. Knightley and Josh, respectively, are returned.

John M. Francis 3/6/11 5:30 PM

**Comment [25]: Plot:**

While trying to understand why she is so upset at Harriet's affection for Mr. Knightley, Emma realizes in a sudden self-revelation, Emma realizes that she is, in fact, in love with Mr. Knightley as well. Similarly, Cher has a period of soul-searching in which she is trying to understand why she is upset that Tai has fallen in love with Josh. It strikes her suddenly that she is in love with Josh.

John M. Francis 5/26/09 4:47 PM

**Comment [26]: Plot and Character:**

See comment 23.

John M. Francis 3/6/11 5:30 PM

**Comment [27]: Character:**

Emma regrets getting involved with Harriet and interfering in her life. Cher remarks that she has "created a monster" in Tai.



# Inspired Highlighter

## *Emma* and “Clueless”

### Text Pairs / Student Copy

#### Directions

For this activity, you will compare a source text, *Emma*, with an “inspired-by” work, “Clueless.”

- **Step 1:** Read the background information below. Watch the video clips from the film.
- **Step 2:** Read the passages from the source text, *Emma*. Using the “Authorship Tools” Glossary, highlight the text for the use of *similar* authorship tools with “Clueless.” For example, you could highlight the use of the same characters.
- **Step 3:** Highlight (in another color) the ways in which the film adaptation uses *different* authorship tools from those used in the original work. For example, highlight if the story is told from a different point of view.
- **Step 4:** Next, fill out the “Authors’ Inspiration” Grid for each text pair. For each key authorship tool, note the similarities and differences between the original and “inspired-by” works. (Note: Not all Authorship Tools will be relevant to the text passages provided.) Finally, indicate whether or not the “inspired-by” work is plagiarism or inspiration, and your reasoning for your choice.

#### Background

*Emma* accessed at Project Gutenberg: <http://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/etext94/emma11.txt>

*Emma* was published by Jane Austen in 1816. The novel tells the story of a young woman named Emma Woodhouse who comes from a respected English family and lives in a small town outside London. Emma is charming, intelligent, and beautiful, and decides she has a gift for matchmaking after arranging her governess’ marriage. As the story begins, Emma befriends a young woman, Harriet Smith, who is of a lower social class. Emma becomes determined to find a suitable husband and an improved situation in life for her new friend. Despite her good intentions, Emma misinterprets other people’s feelings and ends up causing emotional hardship for Harriet and others. In the course of her



matchmaking attempts, Emma realizes her own need for love, causing further hard feelings with Harriet.

The screenplay for “Clueless” was written by Amy Heckerling. Produced in 1995, the film is an explicit adaptation of *Emma*, but takes place in 1990s Beverly Hills, California. The role of Emma is played by Cher, a rich, beautiful, and popular high-school student who similarly believes that she has a knack for matchmaking, after setting up two of her teachers. Cher befriends Tai, a new girl at school who recently moved from New Jersey.



## Text Pair I

*Emma*, Chapter 3, Volume 1 versus “**Clueless**,” Chapter 5

Harriet Smith was the natural daughter of somebody. Somebody had placed her, several years back, at Mrs. Goddard's school, and somebody had lately raised her from the condition of scholar to that of parlour-boarder. This was all that was generally known of her history. She had no visible friends but what had been acquired at Highbury, and was now just returned from a long visit in the country to some young ladies who had been at school there with her.

She was a very pretty girl, and her beauty happened to be of a sort which Emma particularly admired. She was short, plump, and fair, with a fine bloom, blue eyes, light hair, regular features, and a look of great sweetness, and, before the end of the evening, Emma was as much pleased with her manners as her person, and quite determined to continue the acquaintance.

She was not struck by any thing remarkably clever in Miss Smith's conversation, but she found her altogether very engaging—not inconveniently shy, not unwilling to talk—and yet so far from pushing, showing so proper and becoming a deference, seeming so pleasantly grateful for being admitted to Hartfield, and so artlessly impressed by the appearance of every thing in so superior a style to what she had been used to, that she must have good sense, and deserve encouragement. Encouragement should be given. Those soft blue eyes, and all those natural graces, should not be wasted on the inferior society of Highbury and its connections. The acquaintance she had already formed were unworthy of her.

...She [Emma] would notice her [Harriet]; she would improve her; she would detach her from her bad acquaintance, and introduce her into good society; she would form her opinions and her manners. It would be an interesting, and certainly a very kind undertaking; highly becoming her own situation in life, her leisure, and powers.



## Text Pair 2

*Emma*, Chapter 15, Volume 1 versus “**Clueless**,” 1<sup>st</sup> half of Chapter 8

...Isabella stepped in after her father; John Knightley, forgetting that he did not belong to their party, stepped in after his wife very naturally; so that Emma found, on being escorted and followed into the second carriage by Mr. Elton, that the door was to be lawfully shut on them, and that they were to have a tete-a-tete drive. It would not have been the awkwardness of a moment, it would have been rather a pleasure, previous to the suspicions of this very day; she could have talked to him of Harriet, and the three-quarters of a mile would have seemed but one. But now, she would rather it had not happened. She believed he had been drinking too much of Mr. Weston's good wine, and felt sure that he would want to be talking nonsense.

To restrain him as much as might be, by her own manners, she was immediately preparing to speak with exquisite calmness and gravity of the weather and the night; but scarcely had she begun, scarcely had they passed the sweep-gate and joined the other carriage, than she found her subject cut up—her hand seized—her attention demanded, and Mr. Elton actually making violent love to her: availing himself of the precious opportunity, declaring sentiments which must be already well known, hoping—fearing—adoring—ready to die if she refused him; but flattering himself that his ardent attachment and unequalled love and unexampled passion could not fail of having some effect, and in short, very much resolved on being seriously accepted as soon as possible. It really was so. Without scruple—without apology—without much apparent diffidence, Mr. Elton, the lover of Harriet, was professing himself her lover. She tried to stop him; but vainly; he would go on, and say it all. Angry as she was, the thought of the moment made her resolve to restrain herself when she did speak. She felt that half this folly must be drunkenness, and therefore could hope that it might belong only to the passing hour. Accordingly, with a mixture of the serious and the playful, which she hoped would best suit his half and half state, she replied, "I am very much astonished, Mr. Elton. This to me! You forget yourself—you take me for my friend—any message to Miss Smith I shall be happy to deliver; but no more of this to me, if you please."

"Miss Smith!—message to Miss Smith!—What could she possibly mean!"—And he repeated her words with such assurance of accent, such boastful pretence of amazement, that she could not help replying with quickness, "Mr. Elton, this is the most extraordinary conduct! And I can account for it only in one way; you are not yourself, or you could not speak either to me, or of Harriet, in such a manner. Command yourself enough to say no more, and I will endeavour to forget it."



But Mr. Elton had only drunk wine enough to elevate his spirits, not at all to confuse his intellects. He perfectly knew his own meaning; and having warmly protested against her suspicion as most injurious, and slightly touched upon his respect for Miss Smith as her friend,—but acknowledging his wonder that Miss Smith should be mentioned at all,—he resumed the subject of his own passion, and was very urgent for a favourable answer.

As she thought less of his inebriety, she thought more of his inconstancy and presumption; and with fewer struggles for politeness, replied, "It is impossible for me to doubt any longer. You have made yourself too clear. Mr. Elton, my astonishment is much beyond any thing I can express. After such behaviour, as I have witnessed during the last month, to Miss Smith—such attentions as I have been in the daily habit of observing—to be addressing me in this manner—this is an unsteadiness of character, indeed, which I had not supposed possible! Believe me, sir, I am far, very far, from gratified in being the object of such professions."

"Good Heaven!" cried Mr. Elton, "what can be the meaning of this?—Miss Smith!—I never thought of Miss Smith in the whole course of my existence—never paid her any attentions, but as your friend: never cared whether she were dead or alive, but as your friend. If she has fancied otherwise, her own wishes have misled her, and I am very sorry—extremely sorry—But, Miss Smith, indeed!—Oh! Miss Woodhouse! who can think of Miss Smith, when Miss Woodhouse is near! No, upon my honour, there is no unsteadiness of character. I have thought only of you. I protest against having paid the smallest attention to any one else. Every thing that I have said or done, for many weeks past, has been with the sole view of marking my adoration of yourself. You cannot really, seriously, doubt it. No!—(in an accent meant to be insinuating)—I am sure you have seen and understood me."

It would be impossible to say what Emma felt, on hearing this—which of all her unpleasant sensations was uppermost. She was too completely overpowered to be immediately able to reply: and two moments of silence being ample encouragement for Mr. Elton's sanguine state of mind, he tried to take her hand again, as he joyously exclaimed—

"Charming Miss Woodhouse! allow me to interpret this interesting silence. It confesses that you have long understood me."

"No, sir," cried Emma, "it confesses no such thing. So far from having long understood you, I have been in a most complete error with respect to your views, till this moment. As to myself, I am very sorry that you should have been giving way to any feelings—Nothing could be farther from my wishes—your attachment to my friend Harriet—your pursuit of her, (pursuit, it appeared,) gave me great pleasure,



and I have been very earnestly wishing you success: but had I supposed that she were not your attraction to Hartfield, I should certainly have thought you judged ill in making your visits so frequent. Am I to believe that you have never sought to recommend yourself particularly to Miss Smith?—that you have never thought seriously of her?"

"Never, madam," cried he, affronted in his turn: "never, I assure you. I think seriously of Miss Smith!—Miss Smith is a very good sort of girl; and I should be happy to see her respectably settled. I wish her extremely well: and, no doubt, there are men who might not object to—Every body has their level: but as for myself, I am not, I think, quite so much at a loss. I need not so totally despair of an equal alliance, as to be addressing myself to Miss Smith!—No, madam, my visits to Hartfield have been for yourself only; and the encouragement I received—"

"Encouragement!—I give you encouragement!—Sir, you have been entirely mistaken in supposing it. I have seen you only as the admirer of my friend. In no other light could you have been more to me than a common acquaintance. I am exceedingly sorry: but it is well that the mistake ends where it does. Had the same behaviour continued, Miss Smith might have been led into a misconception of your views; not being aware, probably, any more than myself, of the very great inequality which you are so sensible of. But, as it is, the disappointment is single, and, I trust, will not be lasting. I have no thoughts of matrimony at present."

He was too angry to say another word; her manner too decided to invite supplication; and in this state of swelling resentment, and mutually deep mortification, they had to continue together a few minutes longer, for the fears of Mr. Woodhouse had confined them to a foot-pace. If there had not been so much anger, there would have been desperate awkwardness; but their straightforward emotions left no room for the little zigzags of embarrassment. Without knowing when the carriage turned into Vicarage Lane, or when it stopped, they found themselves, all at once, at the door of his house; and he was out before another syllable passed.—Emma then felt it indispensable to wish him a good night. The compliment was just returned, coldly and proudly; and, under indescribable irritation of spirits, she was then conveyed to Hartfield.



### Text Pair 3

*Emma*, Chapter 11, Volume 3 versus “*Clueless*,” 2nd half of Chapter 12

"Harriet, poor Harriet!"—Those were the words; in them lay the tormenting ideas which Emma could not get rid of, and which constituted the real misery of the business to her. Frank Churchill had behaved very ill by herself—very ill in many ways,—but it was not so much his behaviour as her own, which made her so angry with him. It was the scrape which he had drawn her into on Harriet's account, that gave the deepest hue to his offence.—Poor Harriet! to be a second time the dupe of her misconceptions and flattery. Mr. Knightley had spoken prophetically, when he once said, "Emma, you have been no friend to Harriet Smith."—She was afraid she had done her nothing but disservice.

...Harriet, who was standing at some distance, and with face turned from her, did not immediately say any thing; and when she did speak, it was in a voice nearly as agitated as Emma's.

"I should not have thought it possible," she began, "that you could have misunderstood me! I know we agreed never to name him—but considering how infinitely superior he is to every body else, I should not have thought it possible that I could be supposed to mean any other person. Mr. Frank Churchill, indeed! I do not know who would ever look at him in the company of the other. I hope I have a better taste than to think of Mr. Frank Churchill, who is like nobody by his side. And that you should have been so mistaken, is amazing!—I am sure, but for believing that you entirely approved and meant to encourage me in my attachment, I should have considered it at first too great a presumption almost, to dare to think of him. At first, if you had not told me that more wonderful things had happened; that there had been matches of greater disparity (those were your very words);—I should not have dared to give way to—I should not have thought it possible—But if you, who had been always acquainted with him—"

"Harriet!" cried Emma, collecting herself resolutely—"Let us understand each other now, without the possibility of farther mistake. Are you speaking of—Mr. Knightley?"

"To be sure I am. I never could have an idea of any body else—and so I thought you knew. When we talked about him, it was as clear as possible."

"Not quite," returned Emma, with forced calmness, "for all that you then said, appeared to me to relate to a different person. I could almost assert that you had named Mr. Frank Churchill. I am sure the service Mr. Frank Churchill had rendered you, in protecting you from the gipsies, was spoken of."



"Oh! Miss Woodhouse, how you do forget!"

"My dear Harriet, I perfectly remember the substance of what I said on the occasion. I told you that I did not wonder at your attachment; that considering the service he had rendered you, it was extremely natural:—and you agreed to it, expressing yourself very warmly as to your sense of that service, and mentioning even what your sensations had been in seeing him come forward to your rescue.—The impression of it is strong on my memory."

"Oh, dear," cried Harriet, "now I recollect what you mean; but I was thinking of something very different at the time. It was not the gipsies—it was not Mr. Frank Churchill that I meant. No! (with some elevation) I was thinking of a much more precious circumstance—of Mr. Knightley's coming and asking me to dance, when Mr. Elton would not stand up with me; and when there was no other partner in the room. That was the kind action; that was the noble benevolence and generosity; that was the service which made me begin to feel how superior he was to every other being upon earth."

"Good God!" cried Emma, "this has been a most unfortunate—most deplorable mistake!—What is to be done?"

"You would not have encouraged me, then, if you had understood me? At least, however, I cannot be worse off than I should have been, if the other had been the person; and now—it is possible—"

She paused a few moments. Emma could not speak.

"I do not wonder, Miss Woodhouse," she resumed, "that you should feel a great difference between the two, as to me or as to any body. You must think one five hundred million times more above me than the other. But I hope, Miss Woodhouse, that supposing—that if—strange as it may appear—. But you know they were your own words, that more wonderful things had happened, matches of greater disparity had taken place than between Mr. Frank Churchill and me; and, therefore, it seems as if such a thing even as this, may have occurred before—and if I should be so fortunate, beyond expression, as to—if Mr. Knightley should really—if he does not mind the disparity, I hope, dear Miss Woodhouse, you will not set yourself against it, and try to put difficulties in the way. But you are too good for that, I am sure."

Harriet was standing at one of the windows. Emma turned round to look at her in consternation, and hastily said, "Have you any idea of Mr. Knightley's returning your affection?"

"Yes," replied Harriet modestly, but not fearfully—"I must say that I have."



Emma's eyes were instantly withdrawn; and she sat silently meditating, in a fixed attitude, for a few minutes. A few minutes were sufficient for making her acquainted with her own heart. A mind like hers, once opening to suspicion, made rapid progress. She touched—she admitted—she acknowledged the whole truth. Why was it so much worse that Harriet should be in love with Mr. Knightley, than with Frank Churchill? Why was the evil so dreadfully increased by Harriet's having some hope of a return? It darted through her, with the speed of an arrow, that Mr. Knightley must marry no one but herself!

...Mr. Knightley and Harriet Smith!—It was a union to distance every wonder of the kind.—The attachment of Frank Churchill and Jane Fairfax became commonplace, threadbare, stale in the comparison, exciting no surprize, presenting no disparity, affording nothing to be said or thought.—Mr. Knightley and Harriet Smith!—Such an elevation on her side! Such a debasement on his! It was horrible to Emma to think how it must sink him in the general opinion, to foresee the smiles, the sneers, the merriment it would prompt at his expense; the mortification and disdain of his brother, the thousand inconveniences to himself.—Could it be?—No; it was impossible. And yet it was far, very far, from impossible.—Was it a new circumstance for a man of first-rate abilities to be captivated by very inferior powers? Was it new for one, perhaps too busy to seek, to be the prize of a girl who would seek him?—Was it new for anything in this world to be unequal, inconsistent, incongruous—or for chance and circumstance (as second causes) to direct the human fate?

Oh! had she never brought Harriet forward! Had she left her where she ought, and where he had told her she ought!—Had she not, with a folly which no tongue could express, prevented her marrying the unexceptionable young man who would have made her happy and respectable in the line of life to which she ought to belong—all would have been safe; none of this dreadful sequel would have been....



# Inspired Highlighter

## *Jane Eyre & Wide Sargasso Sea*

### Text Pairs / Facilitator Copy

#### Directions

For this activity, you will compare a source text, *Jane Eyre*, with an “inspired-by” text, *Wide Sargasso Sea*.

- 1. Step 1:** Read the Background information below.
- 2. Step 2:** Read the passages from the source text, *Jane Eyre*, and the “inspired-by” text, *Wide Sargasso Sea*. Using the “Authorship Tools” Glossary as a reference, highlight the text pairs for the use of *similar* authorship tools. For example, you could highlight the use of the same characters.
- 3. Step 3:** Highlight (in another color) the ways in which the inspired-by author used *different* authorship tools from those used in the original work. For example, highlight if the story is told from a different point of view.
- 4. Step 4:** Next, fill out the Authors’ Inspiration Grid for each text pair. For each key authorship tool, note the similarities and differences between the original and inspired-by work. (Note: Not all Authorship Tools will be relevant to the text passages provided.) Finally, indicate whether or not the “inspired-by” work is plagiarism or inspiration, and your reasoning for your choice.

#### Background

Charlotte Brontë’s novel *Jane Eyre* was published in 1847. Set in England, the novel tells the story of a talented orphan girl who becomes a governess for the wealthy Rochester family. She and her employer, Edward Rochester, fall in love. Once his secret marriage to the insane Bertha is revealed, Jane does not pursue her plans of marriage with Rochester and leaves. Jane eventually returns, and Bertha’s fate determines Jane’s future.



Written by Jean Rhys, *Wide Sargasso Sea*, is a “prequel” to *Jane Eyre*. The book provides a backstory for the character known in *Jane Eyre* as Bertha/Antoinette, Rochester's insane wife. *Wide Sargasso Sea* retells the story of Rochester's and Antoinette's marriage from Antoinette's perspective which offers a unique point of view. Rhys, a white creole from Dominica, comes from a similar background as Antoinette; her book provides an insider's perspective on post-slavery relationships between former slaves and slaveholders in the Caribbean.

### **Authors' Inspiration Grid Answer Key**

In this pair, Point of View, Characters, Plot, Diction, Setting are the key authorship tools students should have identified.

#### **Point of View:**

- *Jane Eyre* is told from Jane's Point of View. *Wide Sargasso Sea* is told from Bertha/Antoinette's and Mr. Rochester's perspectives.
- Point to how a shift in POV can dramatically alter the reader's sense of the characters and even the plot.

#### **Characters:**

- The characters of Rochester, Bertha, and Mr. Mason are in both works. However, in *Jane Eyre*, Bronte makes Rochester seem to be more of a victim of circumstance; in *Wide Sargasso Sea*, he is more calculating.

#### **Plot:**

- Rochester recounts his courtship and marriage of Bertha/Antoinette in both *Jane Eyre* and *Wide Sargasso Sea*.

#### **Diction:**

- Some of the diction is similar.

#### **Setting:**

- In *Jane Eyre*, Rochester recounts his life with Bertha/Antoinette in Jamaica. The entire novel, *Wide Sargasso Sea*, takes place in the Caribbean.

#### **Inspiration or Plagiarism?:**

- This is a good example of **inspiration**. This source text is in the public domain.



## Notes for Teacher/Facilitator

The passages on the following pages have been highlighted with embedded comments, serving as a “cheat sheet” of what students might highlight. The comments provide more in-depth discussion of the Authorship Tools— and point to some key issues that could be included in class discussion.

### Text Pair I

#### Excerpt from *Jane Eyre* (Norton, 1987), page 241

"Is there immediate danger?" murmured Mr. Mason.

"Pooh! No—a mere scratch. Don't be so overcome, man: bear up! I'll fetch a surgeon for you now, myself: you'll be able to be removed by morning, I hope. Jane," he continued.

"Sir?"

"I shall have to leave you in this room with this gentleman, for an hour, or perhaps two hours: you will sponge the blood as I do when it returns: if he feels faint, you will put the glass of water on that stand to his lips, and your salts to his nose. You will not speak to him on any pretext—and—Richard, it will be at the peril of your life if you speak to her: open your lips—agitate yourself—and I'll not answer for the consequences."

Again the poor man groaned; he looked as if he dared not move; fear, either of death or of something else, appeared almost to paralyze him. Mr. Rochester put the now bloody sponge into my hand, and I proceeded to use it as he had done. He watched me a second, then saying,

"Remember!—No conversation," he left the room. I experienced a strange feeling as the key grated in the lock, and the sound of his retreating step ceased to be heard.

Here then I was in the third storey, fastened into one of its mystic cells; night around me; a pale and bloody spectacle under my eyes and ears; a murderess hardly separated from me by a single door: yes—that as appalling—the rest I could bear; but I shuddered at the thought of Grace Poole bursting out upon me...

Then my own thoughts worried me. What crime was this that lived incarnate in this sequestered mansion, and could neither be expelled nor subdued by the owner?—what mystery, that broke out now in fire and now in blood, at the deadest hours of night? What creature was it, that, masked in an ordinary woman's face and shape, uttered the voice, now of a mocking demon, and anon of a carrion-seeking bird of prey?

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:30 AM

#### Comment [1]: Character:

Mr. Mason is Richard Mason, Antoinette/Bertha's brother.

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:30 AM

#### Comment [2]: Plot:

Mr. Mason has been stabbed. In *Jane Eyre*, Jane encounters him after she sees Bertha. Compare this to Bertha/Antoinette learning of the stabbing from Grace Poole.

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:30 AM

#### Comment [3]: Point of View:

*Jane Eyre* is told from Jane's point of view. *Wide Sargasso Sea* is told from Bertha/Antoinette and Mr. Rochester's perspectives.



And this man I bent over—this commonplace, quiet stranger—how had he become involved in the web of horror? and why had the Fury flown at him? What made him seek this quarter of the house at an untimely season, when he should have been asleep in bed? I had heard Mr. Rochester assign him an apartment below—what brought him here! And why, now, was he so tame under the violence or treachery done him? Why did he so quietly submit to the concealment Mr. Rochester enforced? Why did Mr. Rochester enforce this concealment? His guest had been outraged, his own life on a former occasion had been hideously plotted against; and both attempts he smothered in secrecy and sank in oblivion! Lastly, I saw Mr. Mason was submissive to Mr. Rochester; that the impetuous will of the latter held complete sway over the inertness of the former: the few words which had passed between them assured me of this. It was evident that in their former intercourse, the passive disposition of the one had been habitually influenced by the active energy of the other: whence then had arisen Mr. Rochester's dismay when he heard of Mr. Mason's arrival? Why had the mere name of this unresisting individual—whom his word now sufficed to control like a child—fallen on him, a few hours since, as a thunderbolt might fall on an oak?

**Excerpt from *Wide Sargasso Sea* (Bloomsbury, 1992), page 184**

One morning when I woke I ached all over. Not the cold, another sort of ache. I saw that my wrists were red and swollen. Grace said, 'I suppose you're going to tell me that you don't remember anything about last night.'

'When was last night?' I said.

'Yesterday.'

'I don't remember yesterday.'

'Last night a gentleman came to see you,' she said...

'He said he was your brother.'

A long long way my mind reached back.

'Was his name Richard?...'

'This gentleman arrived suddenly and insisted on seeing you and that was all the thanks he got. You rushed at him with a knife and she he got the knife you bit his arm. You won't see him again...'

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:30 AM

**Comment [4]: Plot:**

Jane wonders why Mr. Mason has come to Thornfield. *Wide Sargasso Sea* reveals he came to see his sister.

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:30 AM

**Comment [5]: Plot**

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:30 AM

**Comment [6]: Character**



Grace Poole said, 'So you don't remember that you attacked this gentleman with a knife? I said that you would be quiet. "I must speak with her," he said. Oh he was warned but he wouldn't listen. I was in the room but I didn't hear all he said except "I cannot interfere legally between your self and your husband..."'

I remember now that he did not recognize me...He looked at me and spoke to me as though I were a stranger...

I said, 'If I had been wearing my red dress Richard would have known me.'

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:30 AM

**Comment [7]:** Plot

**Text Pair 2****Excerpt from *Jane Eyre*, page 268-272**

"Well, Jane, being so, it was his resolution to keep the property together; he could not bear the idea of dividing his estate and leaving me a fair portion: all, he resolved, should go to my brother, Rowland. Yet as little could he endure that a son of his should be a poor man. I must be provided for by a wealthy marriage. He sought me a partner betimes. **Mr. Mason**, a West India planter and merchant, was his old acquaintance. He was certain his possessions were real and vast: he made inquiries. Mr. Mason, he found, had a son and daughter; and he learned from him that he could and would give the latter a fortune of thirty thousand pounds: that sufficed. When I left college, I was sent out to **Jamaica**, to espouse a bride already courted for me. My father said nothing about her money; but he told me Miss Mason was the boast of Spanish Town for her beauty: and this was no lie. I found her a fine woman, in the style of Blanche Ingram: tall, dark, and majestic. Her family wished to secure me because I was of a good race; and so did she. They showed her to me in parties, splendidly dressed. I seldom saw her alone, and had very little private conversation with her. She flattered me, and lavishly displayed for my pleasure her charms and accomplishments. All the men in her circle seemed to admire her and envy me. I was dazzled, stimulated: my senses were excited; and being ignorant, raw, and inexperienced, I thought I loved her. There is no folly so besotted that the idiotic rivalries of society, the prurience, the rashness, the blindness of youth, will not hurry a man to its commission. Her relatives encouraged me; competitors piqued me; she allured me: a marriage was achieved almost before I knew where I was. Oh, I have no respect for myself when I think of that act!—an agony of inward contempt masters me. I never loved, I never esteemed, I did not even know her. I was not sure of the existence of one virtue in her nature: I had marked neither modesty, nor benevolence, nor candour, nor refinement in her mind or manners—and, I married her:—gross, grovelling, mole-eyed blockhead that I was! With less sin I might have—But let me remember to whom I am speaking."

**Excerpt from *Wide Sargasso Sea*, page 95-98**

Dear Father, we have arrived **from Jamaica** after an uncomfortable few days. This little estate in the Windward Islands is a part of the family property and Antoinette is very much attached to it. She wished to get here as soon as possible. All is well and has gone according to your plans and wishes. **I dealt of course with Richard Mason. His father died soon after I left for the West Indies as you probably know. He is a good fellow, hospitable and friendly; he seemed to become attached to me and trusted me completely...**

\*

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:30 AM

**Comment [8]: Character:**

The characters of Rochester, Bertha, and Mr. Mason are in both works.

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:31 AM

**Comment [9]: Setting:**

Rochester recounts his life with Bertha/Antoinette in Jamaica. *Wide Sargasso Sea* takes place entirely in the Caribbean.

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:31 AM

**Comment [10]: Plot and Character:**

Rochester recounts his courtship and marriage of Bertha/Antoinette in *Jane Eyre* and in *Wide Sargasso Sea*. However, in *Jane Eyre*, Bronte makes Rochester seem to be more of a victim of circumstance. In *Wide Sargasso Sea*, he is more calculating.

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:31 AM

**Comment [11]: Plot**

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:31 AM

**Comment [12]: Character**



It was all very brightly colored, very strange, but it meant nothing to me. Nor did she, the girl I was to marry. When at last I met her I bowed, smiled kissed her hand, danced with her. I played the part I was expected to play. She never had anything to do with me at all. Every movement I made was an effort of will and sometimes I wondered that no one else noticed this...But I must have given a faultless performance.

I remember little of the actual ceremony.

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:31 AM

**Comment [13]:** Plot and Character

**Text Pair 3****Excerpt from *Jane Eyre*, page 272**

"To England, then, I conveyed her; a fearful voyage I had with such a

monster in the vessel. Glad was I when I at last got her to Thornfield, and saw her safely lodged in that third-storey room, of whose secret inner cabinet she has now for ten years made a wild beast's den—a goblin's cell. I had some trouble in finding an attendant for her, as it was necessary to select one on whose fidelity dependence could be placed; for her ravings would inevitably betray my secret: besides, she had lucid intervals of days—sometimes weeks—which she filled up with abuse of me. At last I hired Grace Poole from the Grimbsy Retreat. She and the surgeon, Carter (who dressed Mason's wounds that night he was stabbed and worried), are the only two I have ever admitted to my confidence. Mrs. Fairfax may indeed have suspected something, but she could have gained no precise knowledge as to facts. Grace has, on the whole, proved a good keeper; though, owing partly to a fault of her own, of which it appears nothing can cure her, and which is incident to her harassing profession, her vigilance has been more than once lulled and baffled. The lunatic is both cunning and malignant; she has never failed to take advantage of her guardian's temporary lapses; once to secrete the knife with which she stabbed her brother, and twice to possess herself of the key of her cell, and issue therefrom in the night-time."

**Excerpt from *Wide Sargasso Sea*, page 223**

In this room I wake early and lie shivering for it is very cold. At last, Grace Poole, the woman who looks after me, lights a fire with paper and sticks and lumps of coal. She kneels to blow it with bellows. The paper shrivels, the sticks crackle and spit, the coal smoulders and glowers...I get out of bed and go close to watch them and to wonder why I have been brought here...The woman Grace sleeps in my room. At night I sometimes see her sitting at the table counting money. She holds a gold piece in her hand and smiles...She drinks from a bottle on the table, her hand on her arms, and sleeps...When night comes, and she has several drinks and sleeps, it is easy to take the keys. I know now where she keeps them. Then I open the door and walk into their world...They tell me I am in England but I don't believe them. We lost our way to England. When? Where? I don't remember, but we lost it. Was it that evening in the cab when he found me talking to the young man who brought me my food?...This cardboard house where I walk at night is not England.

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:31 AM

**Comment [14]: Plot, Diction and Point of View:**

Rochester's description of the voyage and England parallels Bertha's description.

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:31 AM

**Comment [15]: Setting:**Compare Rochester's description of the 3<sup>rd</sup> story room with Bertha/Antoinette's description of the cold room.

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:31 AM

**Comment [16]: Character:**

Grace appears in both passages.

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:31 AM

**Comment [17]: Plot and Character:**

Bronte hints at Grace's "temporary lapses"; Rhys makes it clear that Grace drinks heavily. Notice the stealing of the keys is repeated in both.

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:32 AM

**Comment [18]: Setting**

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:32 AM

**Comment [19]: Character**

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:32 AM

**Comment [20]: Character and Plot**

FloresAn 5/27/09 11:32 AM

**Comment [21]: Plot and Setting**



# Inspired Highlighter

## *Jane Eyre* & *Wide Sargasso Sea*

### Text Pairs / Student Copy

#### Directions

For this activity, you will compare a source text, *Jane Eyre*, with an “inspired-by” text, *Wide Sargasso Sea*.

- 1. Step 1:** Read the Background information below.
- 2. Step 2:** Read the passages from the source text, *Jane Eyre*, and the “inspired-by” text, *Wide Sargasso Sea*. Using the “Authorship Tools” Glossary as a reference, highlight the text pairs for the use of *similar* authorship tools. For example, you could highlight the use of the same characters.
- 3. Step 3:** Highlight (in another color) the ways in which the inspired-by author used *different* authorship tools from those used in the original work. For example, highlight if the story is told from a different point of view.
- 4. Step 4:** Next, fill out the Authors’ Inspiration Grid for each text pair. For each key authorship tool, note the similarities and differences between the original and inspired-by work. (Note: Not all Authorship Tools will be relevant to the text passages provided.) Finally, indicate whether or not the “inspired-by” work is plagiarism or inspiration, and your reasoning for your choice.

#### Background

Charlotte Brontë’s novel *Jane Eyre* was published in 1847. Set in England, the novel tells the story of a talented orphan girl who becomes a governess for the wealthy Rochester family. She and her employer, Edward Rochester, fall in love. Once his secret marriage to the insane Bertha is revealed, Jane does not pursue her plans of marriage with Rochester and leaves. Jane eventually returns, and Bertha’s fate determines Jane’s future.



Written by Jean Rhys, *Wide Sargasso Sea*, is a “prequel” to *Jane Eyre*. The book provides a backstory for the character known in *Jane Eyre* as Bertha/Antoinette, Rochester's insane wife. *Wide Sargasso Sea* retells the story of Rochester's and Antoinette's marriage from Antoinette's perspective which offers a unique point of view. Rhys, a white creole from Dominica, comes from a similar background as Antoinette; her book provides an insider's perspective on post-slavery relationships between former slaves and slaveholders in the Caribbean.



## Text Pair I

### Excerpt from *Jane Eyre* (Norton, 1987), page 241

"Is there immediate danger?" murmured Mr. Mason.

"Pooh! No—a mere scratch. Don't be so overcome, man: bear up! I'll fetch a surgeon for you now, myself: you'll be able to be removed by morning, I hope. Jane," he continued.

"Sir?"

"I shall have to leave you in this room with this gentleman, for an hour, or perhaps two hours: you will sponge the blood as I do when it returns: if he feels faint, you will put the glass of water on that stand to his lips, and your salts to his nose. You will not speak to him on any pretext—and—Richard, it will be at the peril of your life if you speak to her: open your lips—agitate yourself—and I'll not answer for the consequences."

Again the poor man groaned; he looked as if he dared not move; fear, either of death or of something else, appeared almost to paralyse him. Mr. Rochester put the now bloody sponge into my hand, and I proceeded to use it as he had done. He watched me a second, then saying,

"Remember!—No conversation," he left the room. I experienced a strange feeling as the key grated in the lock, and the sound of his retreating step ceased to be heard.

Here then I was in the third storey, fastened into one of its mystic cells; night around me; a pale and bloody spectacle under my eyes and hands; a murderess hardly separated from me by a single door: yes—that was appalling—the rest I could bear; but I shuddered at the thought of

Grace Poole bursting out upon me...

Then my own thoughts worried me. What crime was this that lived incarnate in this sequestered mansion, and could neither be expelled nor subdued by the owner?—what mystery, that broke out now in fire and now in blood, at the deadest hours of night? What creature was it, that, masked in an ordinary woman's face and shape, uttered the voice, now of a mocking demon, and anon of a carrion-seeking bird of prey?

And this man I bent over—this commonplace, quiet stranger—how had he become involved in the web of horror? and why had the Fury flown at him? What made him seek this quarter of the house at an untimely season, when he should have been asleep in bed? I had heard Mr. Rochester assign him an



apartment below—what brought him here! And why, now, was he so tame under the violence or treachery done him? Why did he so quietly submit to the concealment Mr. Rochester enforced? Why did Mr. Rochester enforce this concealment? His guest had been outraged, his own life on a former occasion had been hideously plotted against; and both attempts he smothered in secrecy and sank in oblivion! Lastly, I saw Mr. Mason was submissive to Mr. Rochester; that the impetuous will of the latter held complete sway over the inertness of the former: the few words which had passed between them assured me of this. It was evident that in their former intercourse, the passive disposition of the one had been habitually influenced by the active energy of the other: whence then had arisen Mr. Rochester's dismay when he heard of Mr. Mason's arrival? Why had the mere name of this unresisting individual—whom his word now sufficed to control like a child—fallen on him, a few hours since, as a thunderbolt might fall on an oak?

**Excerpt from *Wide Sargasso Sea* (Bloomsbury, 1992), page 184**

One morning when I woke I ached all over. Not the cold, another sort of ache. I saw that my wrists were red and swollen. Grace said, "I suppose you're going to tell me that you don't remember anything about last night."

"When was last night?" I said.

"Yesterday."

"I don't remember yesterday."

"Last night a gentleman came to see you," she said...

"He said he was your brother."

A long long way my mind reached back.

"Was his name Richard?..."

"This gentleman arrived suddenly and insisted on seeing you and that was all the thanks he got. You rushed at him with a knife and she he got the knife you bit his arm. You won't see him again..."

Grace Poole said, "So you don't remember that you attacked this gentleman with a knife? I said that you would be quiet. 'I must speak with her,' he said. Oh he was warned but he wouldn't listen. I was in the room but I didn't hear all he said except 'I cannot interfere legally between your self and your husband...'"



I remember now that he did not recognize me...He looked at me and spoke to me as though I were a stranger...

I said, "If I had been wearing my red dress Richard would have known me."



### Text Pair 2

<p>Excerpt from <i>Jane Eyre</i>, pages 268-272</p>	<p>Excerpt from <i>Wide Sargasso Sea</i>, pages 95-98</p>
<p>"Well, Jane, being so, it was his resolution to keep the property together; he could not bear the idea of dividing his estate and leaving me a fair portion: all, he resolved, should go to my brother, Rowland. Yet as little could he endure that a son of his should be a poor man. I must be provided for by a wealthy marriage. He sought me a partner betimes. Mr. Mason, a West India planter and merchant, was his old acquaintance. He was certain his possessions were real and vast: he made inquiries. Mr. Mason, he found, had a son and daughter; and he learned from him that he could and would give the latter a fortune of thirty thousand pounds: that sufficed. When I left college, I was sent out to Jamaica, to espouse a bride already courted for me. My father said nothing about her money; but he told me Miss Mason was the boast of Spanish Town for her beauty: and this was no lie. I found her a fine woman, in the style of Blanche Ingram: tall, dark, and majestic. Her family wished to secure me because I was of a good race; and so did she. They showed her to me in parties, splendidly dressed. I seldom saw her alone, and had very little private conversation with her. She flattered me, and lavishly displayed for my pleasure her charms and accomplishments. All the men in her circle seemed to admire her and envy me. I was dazzled, stimulated: my senses were excited; and being ignorant, raw, and inexperienced, I thought I loved her. There is no folly so besotted that the idiotic rivalries of society, the prurience, the rashness, the blindness of youth, will not hurry a man to its commission. Her relatives encouraged me; competitors piqued me; she allured me: a marriage was achieved almost before I knew where I was. Oh, I have no respect for myself when I think of that act!—an agony of inward contempt masters me. I never loved, I never esteemed, I did not even know her. I was not sure of the existence of one virtue in her nature: I had marked neither modesty, nor benevolence, nor candour, nor refinement in her mind or manners—and, I married her:—gross, grovelling, mole-eyed blockhead that I was! With less sin I might have—But let me remember to whom I am speaking."</p>	<p>Dear Father, we have arrived from Jamaica after an uncomfortable few days. This little estate in the Windward Islands is a part of the family property and Antoinette is very much attached to it. She wished to get here as soon as possible. All is well and has gone according to your plans and wishes. I dealt of course with Richard Mason. His father died soon after I left for the West Indies as you probably know. He is a good fellow, hospitable and friendly; he seemed to become attached to me and trusted me completely...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>It was all very brightly colored, very strange, but it meant nothing to me. Nor did she, the girl I was to marry. When at last I met her I bowed, smiled kissed her hand, danced with her. I played the part I was expected to play. She never had anything to do with me at all. Every movement I made was an effort of will and sometimes I wondered that no one else noticed this...But I must have given a faultless performance.</p> <p>I remember little of the actual ceremony.</p>



### Text Pair 3

Excerpt from <i>Jane Eyre</i> , page 272	Excerpt from <i>Wide Sargasso Sea</i> , page 223
<p>"To England, then, I conveyed her; a fearful voyage I had with such a monster in the vessel. Glad was I when I at last got her to Thornfield, and saw her safely lodged in that third-storey room, of whose secret inner cabinet she has now for ten years made a wild beast's den—a goblin's cell. I had some trouble in finding an attendant for her, as it was necessary to select one on whose fidelity dependence could be placed; for her ravings would inevitably betray my secret: besides, she had lucid intervals of days—sometimes weeks—which she filled up with abuse of me. At last I hired Grace Poole from the Grimby Retreat. She and the surgeon, Carter (who dressed Mason's wounds that night he was stabbed and worried), are the only two I have ever admitted to my confidence. Mrs. Fairfax may indeed have suspected something, but she could have gained no precise knowledge as to facts. Grace has, on the whole, proved a good keeper; though, owing partly to a fault of her own, of which it appears nothing can cure her, and which is incident to her harassing profession, her vigilance has been more than once lulled and baffled. The lunatic is both cunning and malignant; she has never failed to take advantage of her guardian's temporary lapses; once to secret the knife with which she stabbed her brother, and twice to possess herself of the key of her cell, and issue therefrom in the night-time."</p>	<p>In this room I wake early and lie shivering for it is very cold. At last, Grace Poole, the woman who looks after me, lights a fire with paper and sticks and lumps of coal. She kneels to blow it with bellows. The paper shrivels, the sticks crackle and spit, the coal smoulders and glowers...I get out of bed and go close to watch them and to wonder why I have been brought here...The woman Grace sleeps in my room. At night I sometimes see her sitting at the table counting money. She holds a gold piece in her hand and smiles...She drinks from a bottle on the table, her head on her arms, and sleeps...When night comes, and she has several drinks and sleeps, it is easy to take the keys. I know now where she keeps them. Then I open the door and walk into their world...They tell me I am in England but I don't believe them. We lost our way to England. When? Where? I don't remember, but we lost it. Was it that evening in the cab when he found me talking to the young man who brought me my food?... This cardboard house where I walk at night is not England.</p>



# Inspired Highlighter

## *Gone with the Wind & The Wind Done Gone*

### Text Pairs / Facilitator Copy

#### **Directions** (Grades 9-12)

For this activity, you will compare a source text, *Gone with the Wind*, with an “inspired-by” work, *The Wind Done Gone*.

- **Step 1:** Read the Background information below.
- **Step 2:** Read the passages from the source text. Using the “Authorship Tools” Glossary, highlight the text for the use of *similar* authorship tools. For example, you could highlight the use of the same characters.
- **Step 3:** Highlight (in another color) the ways in which the film adaptation uses *different* authorship tools from those used in the original work. For example, highlight if the story is told from a different point of view.
- **Step 4:** Next, fill out the Authors’ Inspiration Grid for each text pair. For each authorship tool, note the ways similarities and differences between the original and “inspired-by” work. Finally, indicate whether or not the “inspired-by” work is plagiarism or inspiration, and your reasoning for your choice.

#### **Background**

*Gone with the Wind*, by Margaret Mitchell, tells the story of headstrong Scarlett O’Hara, Rhett Butler, and life on the plantation Tara during and after the Civil War. *The Wind Done Gone*, by Alice Randall, tells a parallel story—that of the former slaves of Tara, or as it is renamed in the book, “Tata” and “Cotton Farm.” Randall creates a new heroine—a freed slave named Cynara, the half sister of Scarlett O’Hara. *The Wind Done Gone* tells the story of Cynara’s life and struggles, as a young black woman



during the Civil War and Reconstruction periods. In her story, Cynara refers to Scarlett (Other), Rhett (R.), Tara (Tata), the plantation Twelve Oaks (Twelve Slaves as Strong as Trees), as well as famous scenes from *Gone With the Wind*. Randall uses some specific words to reference Mitchell's character descriptions as well; however, Randall's retelling is more nuanced and complicated than Mitchell's simplified portrait of the former slaves, and even Scarlett O'Hara.

Margaret Mitchell's estate sued Alice Randall and her publisher for copyright infringement—stating that *The Wind Done Gone* was too similar to *Gone with the Wind*. The suit was eventually settled. Randall's defense was that her work was a parody; as such, it was protected from suit. For more information, see: <http://www.freedomforum.org/templates/document.asp?documentID=16230>.

### **Authors' Inspiration Grid Answer Key**

In this pair, diction, character, plot, setting, point of view, and theme are the key authorship tools students should have identified.

#### **Diction/Style:**

- Randall references some of the same diction (repetition of “elephants”); however, she uses dialect.

#### **Character:**

- Some characters are the same (Other and Scarlett, Dreamy Gentleman and Ashley). Randall introduces a new character, Cynara.

#### **Plot:**

- Randall uses some of the same plots.

#### **Setting:**

- The settings are the same (Tara and Tata) refer to the same places. However, Randall characterizes the plantation as a “field of sorrows,” highlighting the legacy of slavery.

#### **Point of View:**

- Randall uses first person; Mitchell uses third person.

#### **Theme:**

- Randall's themes deal more with the legacy of slavery, whereas *Gone with the Wind* does not.



### Inspiration or Plagiarism?:

- This is a good example of **inspiration**. In Mini-unit 4, students will learn more about the controversy surrounding Randall's fair-use case.

### Notes for Teacher/Facilitator

The passages on the following pages have been highlighted with embedded comments, serving as a “cheat sheet” of what students might highlight. The comments provide more in-depth discussion of the Authorship Tools—and point to some keys issues that could be included in class discussion.

### Text Pair I

#### Excerpt from *Gone with the Wind* (Scribner, 2007), page 25

Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were. In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father. But it was an arresting face, pointed of chin, square of jaw. Her eyes were pale green without a touch of hazel, starred with bristly black lashes and slightly tilted at the ends. Above them, her thick black brows slanted upward, cutting a startling oblique line in her magnolia-white skin—that skin so prized by Southern women and so carefully guarded with bonnets, veils and mittens against hot Georgia suns.

#### Excerpt from *The Wind Done Gone* (Houghton Mifflin, 2001), page 1

I was born May 25, 1845, at half-past seven in the morning into slavery on a cotton farm a day's ride from Atlanta. My Father, Planter, was the master of the place; my mother was the Mammy. My half-sister, Other, was the belle of five counties. She was not beautiful, but men seldom recognized this, caught up in the cloud of commotion and scent in which she moved. R. certainly didn't; he married her. But then again, he just left her. Maybe that means something to me. Maybe he's just the unseldom one who do recognize.

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:45 AM

**Comment [1]:** Diction and Character.

Other/Scarlett is mentioned to be “not beautiful” in both.

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:46 AM

**Comment [2]:** Diction and Point of View :

Randall refers to the “unseldom” man, R. Though some phrases are almost identical, Randall uses a first person Point of View with a distinctive set of themes and tone.

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:46 AM

**Comment [3]:** Character:

Scarlett's Irish Father is Planter.

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:46 AM

**Comment [4]:** Point of View

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:46 AM

**Comment [5]:** Character

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:46 AM

**Comment [6]:** Character

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:46 AM

**Comment [7]:** Diction

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:46 AM

**Comment [8]:** Diction



### Text Pair 2

#### Excerpt from *Gone with the Wind*, page 42

Scarlett heard Mammy's lumbering tread shaking the floor of the hall and she hastily untucked her foot and tried to rearrange her face in more placid lines. It would never do for Mammy to suspect that anything was wrong. Mammy felt that she owned the O'Haras, body and soul, that their secrets were her secrets; and even a hint of a mystery was enough to set her upon the trail as relentlessly as a bloodhound. Scarlett knew from experience that, if Mammy's curiosity were not immediately satisfied, she would take up the matter with Ellen, and then Scarlett would be forced to reveal everything to her mother, or think up some plausible lie.

Mammy emerged from the hall, a huge old woman with the small, shrewd eyes of an elephant. She was shining black, pure African, devoted to her last drop of blood to the O'Haras, Ellen's mainstay, the despair of her three daughters, the terror of the other house servants. Mammy was black, but her code of conduct and her sense of pride were as high as or higher than those of her owners. She had been raised in the bedroom of Solange Robillard, Ellen O'Hara's mother, a dainty, cold, high-nosed French-woman, who spared neither her children nor her servants their just punishment for any infringement of decorum. She had been Ellen's mammy and had come with her from Savannah to the up-country when she married. Whom Mammy loved, she chastened. And, as her love for Scarlett and her pride in her were enormous, the chastening process was practically continuous.

#### Excerpt from *The Wind Done Gone*, page 6

They called her Mammy. Always. Some days I like that. Some days when it was kind of like we—she and me—had a secret against them, the planting people, I like it. Different days, when it feels she wasn't big enough to have a name, I hate it. I heard tell down the years they compared her to an elephant. They shouted down to their ancestors: she was as big as an elephant with tiny dark round eyes. But she wasn't big enough to own a name. To me she was as big as a house. Big as two houses. I'd be scared to be that.

Scared to be bigger than a minute and a snap of dark fingers. "She's no bigger than a minute, Mammy would say, snapping her thick, strong-as-branches, fingers, stealing words from him whose watch Garlic inherited. Him who was my Daddy and never gave her or me nothing like time, Planter...

Even Other called Mammy out of her name, Other, who loved my mother; Other who ran to her Mammy like I never seen nobody run to anybody, or anything, for the more significant matter, ran to

FloresAn 3/6/11 8:28 PM  
**Comment [9]:** Character:

These two passages give alternate descriptions of Mammy. Notice how *Gone with the Wind* provides a mostly physical description.

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:49 AM  
**Comment [10]:** Point of View:

The 3<sup>rd</sup> person narration of *Gone with the Wind* regarding Mammy contrasts what Cynara says about Other owning Mammy.

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:49 AM  
**Comment [11]:** Character, Diction, Themes, and Tone:

Randall uses the elephant description in her sketch of Mammy. However, her tone and themes ("Not big enough to own a name") problematize Mitchell's description.

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:38 AM  
**Comment [12]:** Character

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:38 AM  
**Comment [13]:** Point of View

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:38 AM  
**Comment [14]:** Character, Diction, themes, tone



Mammy like she was couch and pillow, blanket and mattress, prayer and God...Other owns Mother by more than ink and law.

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:49 AM

**Comment [15]:** Character and Theme



**Text Pair 3:**

**Excerpt from *Gone with the Wind*, pages 126-128**

"What is it?" he repeated. "A secret to tell me?"

Suddenly she found her tongue and just as suddenly all the years of Ellen's teachings fell away, and the forthright Irish blood of

Gerald spoke from his daughter's lips.

"Yes—a secret. I love you."...

"Ashley, do you care—you do, don't you?"

"Yes," he said dully. "I care."

If he had said he loathed her, she could not have been more frightened. She plucked at his sleeve, speechless.

"Scarlett," he said, "can't we go away and forget that we have ever said these things?"

"No," she whispered. "I can't. What do you mean? Don't you want to—to marry me?"

He replied, "I'm going to marry Melanie."

**Excerpt from *The Wind Done Gone*, pages 44-46**

I'm trying to remember about that time and get it straight. R. had gone to the picnic barbeque at Twelve Slaves Strong as trees, gone to do a little business he told me. I believe now that he went there to see her. Other had gone in the hopes of getting Dreamy Gentleman to ask for her hand in marriage. But that was not to be, and everybody but Other had seen it a long time coming.

Dreamy Gentleman had made up his mind to marry his cousin, Mealy Mouth, a flat-chested slip of a girl who would never ask more from marriage than family...

If Other could have seen how tenderly Dreamy Gentleman valued loyalty and silence and how roughly he disdained feminine hunger and passion, she would not have made the drive to Twelve Slaves Strong as Trees.

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:49 AM  
**Comment [16]: Plot:**  
The plots are identical.

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:49 AM  
**Comment [17]: Character:**  
Ashley/Dreamy Gentleman is marrying Melanie/Mealy Mouth.

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:49 AM  
**Comment [18]: Plot and Character**

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:49 AM  
**Comment [19]: Character**



## Text Pair 4

### Excerpt from *Gone with the Wind*, page 958

She had gone back to Tara once in fear and defeat and she had emerged from its sheltering walls strong and armed for victory. What she had done once, somehow—please God, she could do again! How, she did not know. She did not want to think of that now. All she wanted was a breathing space in which to hurt, a quiet place to lick her wounds, a haven in which to plan her campaign. She thought of Tara and it was as if a gentle cool hand were stealing over her heart. She could see the white house gleaming welcome to her through the reddening autumn leaves, feel the quiet hush of the country twilight coming down over her like a benediction, feel the dew falling on the acres of green bushes starred with fleecy white, see the raw color of the red earth and the dismal dark beauty of the pines on the rolling hills...

She stood for a moment remembering small things, the avenue of dark cedars leading to Tara, the banks of cape jessamine bushes, vivid green against the white walls, the fluttering white curtains. And

Mammy would be there. Suddenly she wanted Mammy desperately, as she had wanted her when she was a little girl, wanted the broad bosom on which to lay her head, the gnarled black hand on her hair. Mammy, the last link with the old days.

### Excerpt from *The Wind Done Gone*, page 167

I Have tried to forget the place I was sent from, Cotton Farm, and the house in which I was born, Tata. If Sherman had burned it down to the ground, I believed I would not have labored in vain...

Tata rises from the middle of Cotton Farm surrounded by its fields of sorrow. It is hard to get out of the carriage in this territory of truth and illusion.

The wide front doors are flanked by window—side-lights, we call them. Over the door is the half-circle of a red Ventian glass fanlight; the diamond-shaped muntins surrounding the front door hold blue glass. “Muntins;” Lady taught me that word. I was born in a world of colored light and flickering shadows. I was born in the kitchen of a great house.

FloresAn 3/6/11 8:28 PM

**Comment [20]:** Setting and Theme:

Contrast this description of the plantation “Tara” with “Tata” and “Cotton Farm.” *Gone with the Wind* describes its land as “dark beauty” whereas Randall calls it “fields of sorrows,” in reference to the sorrows of the slaves.

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:38 AM

**Comment [21]:** Setting

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:50 AM

**Comment [22]:** Setting, Theme, Diction

FloresAn 5/27/09 10:50 AM

**Comment [23]:** Point of View, Theme



# Inspired Highlighter

## *Gone with the Wind & The Wind Done Gone*

### Text Pairs / Student Copy

#### Directions

For this activity, you will compare a source text, *Gone with the Wind* with an “inspired-by” text, *The Wind Done Gone*.

- 1. Step 1:** Read the Background information below.
- 2. Step 2:** Read the passages from *Gone with the Wind* and *The Wind Done Gone*. Using the “Authorship Tools” Glossary as a reference, highlight the text pairs for the use of *similar* authorship tools. For example, you could highlight the use of the same characters.
- 3. Step 3:** Highlight (in another color) the ways in which *The Wind Done Gone* used *different* authorship tools from those used *Gone with the Wind*. For example, highlight if the story is told from a different point of view
- 4. Step 4:** Next, fill out the Authors’ Inspiration Grid for each text pair. For each key authorship tool, note the similarities and differences between the original and “inspired-by” work. (NOTE: Not all Authorship Tools will be relevant to the text passages provided.) Finally, indicate whether or not the “inspired-by” work is plagiarism or inspiration, and your reasoning for your choice.

#### Background

*Gone with the Wind*, by Margaret Mitchell, tells the story of headstrong Scarlett O’Hara, Rhett Butler, and life on the plantation Tara during and after the Civil War. *The Wind Done Gone*, by Alice Randall, tells a parallel story—that of the former slaves of Tara, or as it is renamed in the book, “Tata” and “Cotton Farm.” Randall creates a new heroine—a freed slave named Cynara, the half sister of Scarlett O’Hara. *The Wind Done Gone* tells the story of Cynara’s life and struggles, as a young black woman



during the Civil War and Reconstruction periods. In her story, Cynara refers to Scarlett (Other), Rhett (R.), Tara (Tata), the plantation Twelve Oaks (Twelve Slaves as Strong as Trees), as well as famous scenes from *Gone With the Wind*. Randall uses some specific words to reference Mitchell's character descriptions as well; however, Randall's retelling is more nuanced and complicated than Mitchell's simplified portrait of the former slaves, and even Scarlett O'Hara.

Margaret Mitchell's estate sued Alice Randall and her publisher for copyright infringement—stating that *The Wind Done Gone* was too similar to *Gone with the Wind*. The suit was eventually settled. Randall's defense was that her work was a parody; as such, it was protected from suit. For more information, see <http://www.freedomforum.org/templates/document.asp?documentID=16230>.



## Text Pair 1

<p>Excerpt from <i>Gone with the Wind</i> (Scribner, 2007), page 25</p>	<p>Excerpt from <i>The Wind Done Gone</i> (Houghton Mifflin, 2001), page 1</p>
<p>Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were. In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father. But it was an arresting face, pointed of chin, square of jaw. Her eyes were pale green without a touch of hazel, starred with bristly black lashes and slightly tilted at the ends. Above them, her thick black brows slanted upward, cutting a startling oblique line in her magnolia-white skin—that skin so prized by Southern women and so carefully guarded with bonnets, veils and mittens against hot Georgia suns</p>	<p>I was born May 25, 1845, at half-past seven in the morning into slavery on a cotton farm a day's ride from Atlanta. My Father, Planter, was the master of the place; my mother was the Mammy. My half-sister, Other, was the belle of five counties. She was not beautiful, but men seldom recognized this, caught up in the cloud of commotion and scent in which she moved. R. certainly didn't; he married her. But then again, he just left her. Maybe that means something to me. Maybe he's just the unseldom one who do recognize.</p>

**Text Pair 2**

Excerpt from <i>Gone with the Wind</i> , page 42	Excerpt from <i>The Wind Done Gone</i> , page 6
<p>Scarlett heard Mammy's lumbering tread shaking the floor of the hall and she hastily untucked her foot and tried to rearrange her face in more placid lines. It would never do for Mammy to suspect that anything was wrong. Mammy felt that she owned the O'Haras, body and soul, that their secrets were her secrets; and even a hint of a mystery was enough to set her upon the trail as relentlessly as a bloodhound. Scarlett knew from experience that, if Mammy's curiosity were not immediately satisfied, she would take up the matter with Ellen, and then Scarlett would be forced to reveal everything to her mother, or think up some plausible lie.</p> <p>Mammy emerged from the hall, a huge old woman with the small, shrewd eyes of an elephant. She was shining black, pure African, devoted to her last drop of blood to the O'Haras, Ellen's mainstay, the despair of her three daughters, the terror of the other house servants. Mammy was black, but her code of conduct and her sense of pride were as high as or higher than those of her owners. She had been raised in the bedroom of Solange Robillard, Ellen O'Hara's mother, a dainty, cold, high-nosed French-woman, who spared neither her children nor her servants their just punishment for any infringement of decorum. She had been Ellen's mammy and had come with her from Savannah to the up-country when she married. Whom Mammy loved, she chastened. And, as her love for Scarlett and her pride in her were enormous, the chastening process was practically continuous.</p>	<p>They called her Mammy. Always. Some days I like that. Some days when it was kind of like we—she and me—had a secret against them, the planting people, I like it. Different days, when it feels she wasn't big enough to have a name, I hate it. I heard tell down the years they compared her to an elephant. They shouted down to their ancestors: she was as big as an elephant with tiny dark round eyes. But she wasn't big enough to own a name. To me she was as big as a house. Big as two houses. I'd be scared to be that.</p> <p>Scared to be bigger than a minute and a snap of dark fingers. "She's no bigger than a minute," Mammy would say, snapping her thick, strong-as-branches, fingers, stealing words from him whose watch Garlic inherited. Him who was my Daddy and never gave her or me nothing like time, Planter...</p> <p>Even Other called Mammy out of her name, Other, who loved my mother; Other who ran to her Mammy like I never seen nobody run to anybody, or anything, for the more significant matter, ran to Mammy like she was couch and pillow, blanket and mattress, prayer and God...Other owns Mother by more than ink and law.</p>



### Text Pair 3

<p>Excerpt from <i>Gone with the Wind</i>, pages 126-128</p>	<p>Excerpt from <i>The Wind Done Gone</i>, pages 44-46</p>
<p>"What is it?" he repeated. "A secret to tell me?"</p> <p>Suddenly she found her tongue and just as suddenly all the years of Ellen's teachings fell away, and the forthright Irish blood of Gerald spoke from his daughter's lips.</p> <p>"Yes—a secret. I love you."...</p> <p>"Ashley, do you care—you do, don't you?"</p> <p>"Yes," he said dully. "I care."</p> <p>If he had said he loathed her, she could not have been more frightened. She plucked at his sleeve, speechless.</p> <p>"Scarlett," he said, "can't we go away and forget that we have ever said these things?"</p> <p>"No," she whispered. "I can't. What do you mean? Don't you want to—to marry me?"</p> <p>He replied, "I'm going to marry Melanie."</p>	<p>I'm trying to remember about that time and get it straight. R. had gone to the picnic barbeque at Twelve Slaves Strong as trees, gone to do a little business he told me. I believe now that he went there to see her. Other had gone in the hopes of getting Dreamy Gentleman to ask for her hand in marriage. But that was not to be, and everybody but Other had seen it a long time coming.</p> <p>Dreamy Gentleman had made up his mind to marry his cousin, Mealy Mouth, a flat-chested slip of a girl who would never ask more from marriage that family...</p> <p>If Other could have seen how tenderly Dreamy Gentleman valued loyalty and silence and how roughly he disdained feminine hunger and passion, she would not have made the drive to Twelve Slaves Strong as Trees</p>



### Text Pair 4

<p>Excerpt from <i>Gone with the Wind</i>, page 958</p>	<p>Excerpt from <i>The Wind Done Gone</i>, page 167</p>
<p>She had gone back to Tara once in fear and defeat and she had emerged from its sheltering walls strong and armed for victory. What she had done once, somehow—please God, she could do again! How, she did not know. She did not want to think of that now. All she wanted was a breathing space in which to hurt, a quiet place to lick her wounds, a haven in which to plan her campaign. She thought of Tara and it was as if a gentle cool hand were stealing over her heart. She could see the white house gleaming welcome to her through the reddening autumn leaves, feel the quiet hush of the country twilight coming down over her like a benediction, feel the dews falling on the acres of green bushes starred with fleecy white, see the raw color of the red earth and the dismal dark beauty of the pines on the rolling hills...</p> <p>She stood for a moment remembering small things, the avenue of dark cedars leading to Tara, the banks of cape jessamine bushes, vivid green against the white walls, the fluttering white curtains. And</p> <p>Mammy would be there. Suddenly she wanted Mammy desperately, as she had wanted her when she was a little girl, wanted the broad bosom on which to lay her head, the gnarled black hand on her hair. Mammy, the last link with the old days.</p>	<p>I Have tried to forget the place I was sent from, Cotton Farm, and the house in which I was born, Tata. If Sherman had burned it down to the ground, I believed I would not have labored in vain...</p> <p>Tata rises from the middle of Cotton Farm surrounded by its fields of sorrow. It is hard to get out of the carriage in this territory of truth and illusion.</p> <p>The wide front doors are flanked by window—side-lights, we call them. Over the door is the half-circle of a red Venetian glass fanlight; the diamond-shaped muntins surrounding the front door hold blue glass. “Muntins;” Lady taught me that word. I was born in a world of colored light and flickering shadows. I was born in the kitchen of a great house.</p>



# Inspired Highlighter

## *Moby Dick*

## Novel & Adaptation

## Text Pairs / Facilitator Copy

### Directions (Grades 9-12)

For this activity, you will compare a source text, *Moby Dick*, with an “inspired-by” work, “*Moby Dick*,” a stage adaptation

- **Step 1:** Read the Background information below.
- **Step 2:** Read the passages from the source text. Using the “Authorship Tools” Glossary, highlight the text for the use of *similar* authorship tools. For example, you could highlight the use of the same characters.
- **Step 3:** Highlight (in another color) the ways in which the film adaptation uses *different* authorship tools from those used in the original work. For example, highlight if the story is told from a different point of view.
- **Step 4:** Next, fill out the Authors’ Inspiration Grid for each text pair. For each authorship tool, note the ways similarities and differences between the original and “inspired-by” work. Finally, indicate whether or not the “inspired-by” work is plagiarism or inspiration, and your reasoning for your choice.

### Background

Published in 1851, Herman Melville's classic novel follows sailor Ishmael's journeys aboard a whaling ship. In the book, Captain Ahab leads his crew on a quest to kill the white whale Moby Dick, which took his leg in an earlier voyage. As it has been read over the years, the whale in the story has been seen as symbolic of different things, ranging from individual goals and struggles to broader social issues. The passage below is from the opening monologue by Ishmael, who tells the story from his perspective. In



the passages from the stage adaptation, the playwright, Ricardo Pitts-Wiley, switches between a word-for-word retelling of the original story with a parallel telling of the story set in the present day and in the inner city. The present-day cast is made up of a gang of teens that has just lost one of its members, Pip, to a drug-related killing. It becomes clear that their white whale is the cocaine trade that they are a part of, and several of the characters mirror those in the book.

### **Authors' Inspiration Grid Answer Key**

In this pair, character, plot, setting, form, theme, and diction are the key authorship tools students should have identified.

#### **Characters:**

- Ahab and Alba are similar names, their dialogue is interspersed, their roles in the story are similar, etc.

#### **Plot:**

- The plots are similar.

#### **Setting:**

- *Moby Dick* is set on a whaling ship at sea in the mid-19th century. The stage adaptation is partially set in an urban, contemporary context.

#### **Form:**

- *Moby Dick* is a novel; the adaptation is a play.

#### **Theme:**

- While elements such as setting have changed, the themes are consistent across both texts. Ask the students to consider how that compares to the use of new themes to transform a text.

#### **Diction:**

- The adaptation uses modern slang.

#### **Inspiration or Plagiarism?:**

- This is a good example of **inspiration**. This source text is in the public domain.

### **Notes for Teacher/Facilitator**

The passages on the following pages have been highlighted with embedded comments, serving as a “cheat sheet” of what students might highlight. The comments provide more in-depth discussion of the Authorship Tools—and point to some key issues that could be included in class discussion.



## Text Pair

Excerpt from *Moby Dick* by Herman Melville (Bantam Books, 1981), pages 17-18, 20-21

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs—commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme downtown is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see?—Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some looking over the bulwarks of ships from China; some high aloft in the rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep. But these are all landmen; of week days pent up in lath and plaster—tied to counters, nailed to benches, clinched to desks. How then is this? Are the green fields gone? What do they here?

But look! here come more crowds, pacing straight for the water, and seemingly bound for a dive. Strange! Nothing will content them but the extremest limit of the land; loitering under the shady lee of yonder warehouses will not suffice. No. They must get just as nigh the water as they possibly can without falling in. And there they stand—miles of them—leagues. Inlanders all, they come from lanes and alleys, streets and avenues—north, east, south, and west. Yet here they all unite. Tell me, does the magnetic virtue of the needles of the compasses of all those ships attract them thither?

[...]

Stephen Schultze 5/27/09 11:46 AM

**Comment [1]: Diction:**

Note the direct copying of this text in the adaptation below.

Stephen Schultze 3/6/11 8:45 PM

**Comment [2]: Plot and Setting:**

Melville foreshadows the obsession of Ishmael and Ahab here. The movement here is from city to ocean. Note the altered pattern in the adaptation.



Again, I always go to sea as a sailor, because they make a point of paying me for my trouble, whereas they never pay passengers a single penny that I ever heard of. On the contrary, passengers themselves must pay. And there is all the difference in the world between paying and being paid. The act of paying is perhaps the most uncomfortable infliction that the two orchard thieves entailed upon us. But **BEING PAID**,—what will compare with it? The urbane activity with which a man receives money is really marvellous, considering that we so earnestly believe money to be the root of all earthly ills, and that on no account can a monied man enter heaven. Ah! how cheerfully we consign ourselves to perdition!

Finally, I always go to sea as a sailor, because of the wholesome exercise and pure air of the fore-castle deck. For as in this world, head winds are far more prevalent than winds from astern (that is, if you never violate the Pythagorean maxim), so for the most part the Commodore on the quarter-deck gets his atmosphere at second hand from the sailors on the fore-castle. He thinks he breathes it first; but not so. In much the same way do the commonalty lead their leaders in many other things, at the same time that the leaders little suspect it. But wherefore it was that after having repeatedly smelt the sea as a merchant sailor, I should now take it into my head to go on a whaling voyage; this the invisible police officer of the Fates, who has the constant surveillance of me, and secretly dogs me, and influences me in some unaccountable way—he can better answer than any one else. And, doubtless, my going on this whaling voyage, formed part of the grand programme of Providence that was drawn up a long time ago. It came in as a sort of brief interlude and solo between more extensive performances. I take it that this part of the bill must have run something like this:

"GRAND CONTESTED ELECTION FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

"WHALING VOYAGE BY **ONE** ISHMAEL.

"BLOODY BATTLE IN AFFGHANISTAN."

---

Excerpt from "Moby Dick, Adapted for the Stage" by Ricardo Pitts-Wiley (2007)

***The lights rise on Ahab of old. One of his legs has disappeared below the floor of the upper stage. With a knife he stabs helplessly at something that is large and alive. He continues to stab at the unseen things amid his screams and the sound of breaking bones and cloth ripping.***

Stephen Schultze 3/6/11 8:45 PM

**Comment [3]: Diction:**

The diction is very different than the modern speech in the adaptation.

Stephen Schultze 5/27/09 11:46 AM

**Comment [4]: Diction:**

Note that most of this text is also repeated in the adaptation.

Stephen Schultze 10/15/10 9:51 AM

**Comment [5]: Form:**

This opening differ from the original book. It relate to his goals for this version's story structure and the unique abilities of the stage compared to a novel.



***On the lower stage a young man enters. He is running, but seems to be in slow motion. Something large and alive is chasing him. He draws a handgun and fires in all directions. The young man empties his clip. There is silence. Then suddenly shots ring out from all directions. The man falls dead.***

***The lights rise again on Ahab. The stump of his severed leg is now wrapped and bloody. He screams.***

**Ahab**

There she blows. Thar she blows. Now die, die, die

***Six young pall bearers enter carrying a figure covered with a color flag. The word ONE is embroidered on the flag. A young woman follows. The young woman goes to the fallen man and holds him weeping. She is inconsolable.***

**Alba**

I should have never left you by yourself Pip. I couldn't save you, but I will avenge you. I'll make him pay...

***The lights rise on Que***

**Que**

In my world nobody expects to live a long time. So me and my goons, we call ourselves the **ONE**, we live hard and fast and try to never be bored. Time is too short to give up any of it to being bored. A while back I started to write down some of the wild stuff that happens to the ONE. The things we have to go through to protect our section of the city, our hood. We are young and thug, well organized and well strapped. We make our way dealing. We make enough cake to live like we want to for as long as we can. None of us are forced to flip burgers or work like a slaves for somebody else and still live from paycheck to paycheck. We try not to get too close to anything but the hood, which we love. We don't get close to anybody but each other. Which is all that we have most of the time. Everything was cool, until Pip, the crew leaders little brother decided to take some our product and sell it himself, to show Alba, his big sister, that he belonged. He didn't belong. But WhiteThing didn't know that and he didn't care...

**The lights rise on Ishmael reading a newspaper**

FloresAn 10/15/10 9:51 AM

**Comment [6]:** Character

Stephen Schultze 3/6/11 8:45 PM

**Comment [7]:** Character:

The author of this adaptation setting us up to see parallels between Ahab and Alba. We see similar names, their dialogue is interspersed, their roles in the story are similar, etc.

Christina McCarroll 3/6/11 8:45 PM

**Deleted:** .

Stephen Schultze 10/15/10 9:51 AM

**Comment [8]:** Theme:

This "one" may be related to the "ONE ISHMAEL" in the book.

**Ishmael**

'Grand Contested Election for the Presidency of the United States

'BLOODY BATTLE IN AFFGHANISTAN'

**The lights rise on Stu reading a newspaper****Stu**

'Grand Contested Election for the Presidency of the United States

'BLOODY BATTLE IN AFFGHANISTAN'

If it wasn't for the sports section, I swear, the news would be the same everyday.

Stephen Schultze 3/6/11 8:45 PM

**Comment [9]: Diction:**

The author of this adaptation has removed the one line of the original text that read "Whaling voyage by one Ishmael". If you were creating this adaptation and wanted to include but adapt that headline, what would it say?

Stephen Schultze 10/15/10 9:51 AM

**Comment [10]: Setting:**

Is it important that it occurs this early in the story, and that Stu explicitly comments that there are such strong parallels between present and past?



# Inspired Highlighter

## *Moby Dick*

### Novel & Adaptation

### Text Pairs / Student Copy

#### Directions

For this activity, you will compare a source text, *Moby Dick*, with an “inspired-by” work—a stage adaptation of the novel.

- **Step 1:** Read the Background information below.
- **Step 2:** Read the passages from the source text, *Moby Dick*, and from the script for the stage adaptation. Using the “Authorship Tools” Glossary as a reference, highlight the text pairs for the use of *similar* authorship tools. For example, you could highlight the use of the same characters.
- **Step 3:** Highlight (in another color) the ways in which the “inspired-by” author used *different* authorship tools from those used in the original work. For example, highlight if the story is told from a different point of view.
- **Step 4:** Next, fill out the Authors’ Inspiration Grid for the text pair. For each key authorship tool, note the similarities and differences between the original and “inspired-by” work. (NOTE: Not all Authorship Tools will be relevant to the text passages provided.) Finally, indicate whether or not the “inspired-by” work is plagiarism or inspiration, and your reasoning for your choice.

#### Background

Published in 1851, Herman Melville's classic novel follows sailor Ishmael's journeys aboard a whaling ship. In the book, Captain Ahab leads his crew on a quest to kill the white whale Moby Dick, which took his leg in an earlier voyage. As it has been read over the years, the whale in the story has been seen as symbolic of different things, ranging from individual goals and struggles to broader social issues. The passage below is from the opening monologue by Ishmael, who tells the story from his perspective.



In the passages from the stage adaptation, the playwright, Ricardo Pitts-Wiley, switches between a word-for-word retelling of the original story with a parallel telling of the story set in the present-day and in the inner city. The present-day cast is made up of a gang of teens that has just lost one of its members, Pip, to a drug-related killing. It becomes clear that their white whale is the cocaine trade that they are a part of, and several of the characters mirror those in the book.



## Text Pair

### Excerpt from *Moby Dick* by Herman Melville (Bantam Books, 1981), pages 17-18, 20-21

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs—commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme downtown is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see?—Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some looking over the bulwarks of ships from China; some high aloft in the rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep. But these are all landsmen; of week days pent up in lath and plaster—tied to counters, nailed to benches, clinched to desks. How then is this? Are the green fields gone? What do they here?

But look! here come more crowds, pacing straight for the water, and seemingly bound for a dive. Strange! Nothing will content them but the extremest limit of the land; loitering under the shady lee of yonder warehouses will not suffice. No. They must get just as nigh the water as they possibly can without falling in. And there they stand—miles of them—leagues. Inlanders all, they come from lanes and alleys, streets and avenues—north, east, south, and west. Yet here they all unite. Tell me, does the magnetic virtue of the needles of the compasses of all those ships attract them thither?

[...]



Again, I always go to sea as a sailor, because they make a point of paying me for my trouble, whereas they never pay passengers a single penny that I ever heard of. On the contrary, passengers themselves must pay. And there is all the difference in the world between paying and being paid. The act of paying is perhaps the most uncomfortable infliction that the two orchard thieves entailed upon us. But BEING PAID,—what will compare with it? The urbane activity with which a man receives money is really marvellous, considering that we so earnestly believe money to be the root of all earthly ills, and that on no account can a monied man enter heaven. Ah! how cheerfully we consign ourselves to perdition!

Finally, I always go to sea as a sailor, because of the wholesome exercise and pure air of the fore-castle deck. For as in this world, head winds are far more prevalent than winds from astern (that is, if you never violate the Pythagorean maxim), so for the most part the Commodore on the quarter-deck gets his atmosphere at second hand from the sailors on the fore-castle. He thinks he breathes it first; but not so. In much the same way do the commonalty lead their leaders in many other things, at the same time that the leaders little suspect it. But wherefore it was that after having repeatedly smelt the sea as a merchant sailor, I should now take it into my head to go on a whaling voyage; this the invisible police officer of the Fates, who has the constant surveillance of me, and secretly dogs me, and influences me in some unaccountable way—he can better answer than any one else. And, doubtless, my going on this whaling voyage, formed part of the grand programme of Providence that was drawn up a long time ago. It came in as a sort of brief interlude and solo between more extensive performances. I take it that this part of the bill must have run something like this:

"GRAND CONTESTED ELECTION FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

"WHALING VOYAGE BY ONE ISHMAEL.

"BLOODY BATTLE IN AFFGHANISTAN."

---

**Excerpt from “*Moby Dick*, Adapted for the Stage” by Ricardo Pitts-Wiley (2007)**

***The lights rise on Ahab of old. One of his legs has disappeared below the floor of the upper stage. With a knife he stabs helplessly at something that is large and alive. He continues to stab at the unseen things amid his screams and the sound of breaking bones and cloth ripping.***



***On the lower stage a young man enters. He is running, but seems to be in slow motion. Something large and alive is chasing him. He draws a handgun and fires in all directions. The young man empties his clip. There is silence. Then suddenly shots ring out from all directions. The man falls dead.***

***The lights rise again on Ahab. The stump of his severed leg is now wrapped and bloody. He screams.***

**Ahab**

There she blows. Thar she blows. Now die, die, die

***Six young pall bearers enter carrying a figure covered with a color flag. The word ONE is embroidered on the flag. A young woman follows. The young woman goes to the fallen man and holds him weeping. She is inconsolable.***

**Alba**

I should have never left you by yourself Pip. I couldn't save you, but I will avenge you. I'll make him pay...

***The lights rise on Que***

**Que**

In my world nobody expects to live a long time. So me and my goons, we call ourselves the ONE, we live hard and fast and try to never be bored. Time is too short to give up any of it to being bored. A while back I started to write down some of the wild stuff that happens to the ONE. The things we have to go through to protect our section of the city, our hood. We are young and thug, well organized and well strapped. We make our way dealing. We make enough cake to live like we want to for as long as we can. None of us are forced to flip burgers or work like a slaves for somebody else and still live from paycheck to paycheck. We try not to get to close to anything but the hood, which we love. We don't get close to anybody but each other. Which is all that we have most of the time. Everything was cool, until Pip, the crew leaders little brother decided to take some our product and sell it himself, to show Alba, his big sister, that he belonged. He didn't belong. But WhiteThing didn't know that and he didn't care...

**The lights rise on Ishmael reading a newspaper**

**Ishmael**

'Grand Contested Election for the Presidency of the United States

'BLOODY BATTLE IN AFFGHANISTAN'

**The lights rise on Stu reading a newspaper****Stu**

'Grand Contested Election for the Presidency of the United States

'BLOODY BATTLE IN AFFGHANISTAN'

If it wasn't for the sports section, I swear, the news would be the same everyday.



# Inspired Highlighter

## *Sloppy Firsts and Second Helpings and How Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild, and Got a Life*

### Text Pairs / Facilitator Copy

#### **Directions** (Grades 9-12)

For this activity, you will compare the source text, *Sloppy Firsts and Second Helpings*, with an “inspired-by” text, *How Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild and Got a Life*.

- **Step 1:** Read the Background information below.
- **Step 2:** Read the passages from *Sloppy Firsts and Second Helpings* and those from *Opal Mehta*. Using the “Authorship Tools” Glossary as a reference, highlight the text pairs for the use of *similar* authorship tools. For example, you could highlight the use of the same characters.
- **Step 3:** Highlight (in another color) the ways in which *Opal Mehta* uses *different* authorship tools from those used in *Sloppy Firsts and Second Helpings*. For example, highlight if the story is told from a different point of view
- **Step 4:** Next, fill out the Authors’ Inspiration Grid for each text pair. For each key authorship tool, note the similarities and differences between the original and “inspired-by” works. (NOTE: Not all Authorship Tools will be relevant to the text passages provided.) Finally, indicate whether or not the “inspired-by” work is plagiarism or inspiration, and your reasoning for your choice.



## Background

*Sloppy Firsts* is narrated by 16 year old Jessica Darling, whose best friend moves away from her hometown in New Jersey. With her best friend gone, Jessica has to adapt on her own to her school and to classmates with very different personalities from hers. The events of the novel take place during the year 2000. *Second Helpings* continues Jessica's story through her senior year of high school. (Adapted from Wikipedia:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/How\\_Opal\\_Mehta\\_Got\\_Kissed,\\_Got\\_Wild,\\_and\\_Got\\_a\\_Life](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/How_Opal_Mehta_Got_Kissed,_Got_Wild,_and_Got_a_Life))

*Opal Mehta* tells the story of an academically oriented Indian-American girl who, after being told by a Harvard admissions person that she isn't well rounded, works hard to become a typical American teen—ultrasocial, shopping- and boy-obsessed, and carelessly hip. (Adapted from Wikipedia:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaavya\\_Viswanathan](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaavya_Viswanathan))

## Authors' Inspiration Grid Answer Key:

In this pair, character, diction/style, and point of view are the key authorship tools students should have identified.

### Character:

- The main characters' names are different, but Bridget and Priscilla seem very similar in other ways.

### Diction/style:

- The diction and style are very similar.

### Point of View:

- The points of view are the same.

### Inspiration or Plagiarism?:

- Opal Mehta is an example of plagiarism. The author, Kaavya Viswanathan, was accused of plagiarizing portions of her novel from both of McCafferty's novels as well as other sources.
- Opal Mehta is also in copyright violation to the source. Unlike the other text pairs, Viswanathan's work does not acknowledge similarities between her work and McCafferty's books; rather, Viswanathan uses McCafferty's authorship tools without major changes or acknowledgement. Ask the students how this differs from other cases, i.e. Alice Randall's acknowledgement of her source in her author notes.
- For more information about the case, please see the following sources:  
<http://www.thecrimson.com/article.aspx?ref=512948>



[http://www.nytimes.com/2006/04/25/books/25book.html?\\_r=1&oref=slogin](http://www.nytimes.com/2006/04/25/books/25book.html?_r=1&oref=slogin)  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaavya\\_Viswanathan#Plagiarism](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaavya_Viswanathan#Plagiarism)

### Notes for Teacher/Facilitator

The passages on the following pages have been highlighted with embedded comments, serving as a “cheat sheet” of what students might highlight. The comments provide more in-depth discussion of the Authorship Tools— and point to some keys issues that could be included in class discussion.

### Text Pairs

(From Wikipedia: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaavya\\_Viswanathan](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaavya_Viswanathan).)

**NOTE:** Because Opal Mehta was pulled by its publisher after accusations of plagiarism surfaced, the book is no longer in general circulation. The passages below represent a direct comparison of McCafferty’s and Viswanathan’s texts, which make the case for plagiarism quite compelling.

Excerpts from <i>Sloppy Firsts</i> and <i>Second Helpings</i>	Excerpts from <i>How Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild and Got a Life</i>
"Bridget is my age and lives across the street. For the first twelve years of my life, these qualifications were all I needed in a best friend. But that was before Bridget's braces came off and her boyfriend Burke got on, before Hope and I met in our seventh grade Honors classes."	"Priscilla was my age and lived two blocks away. For the first fifteen years of my life, those were the only qualifications I needed in a best friend. We had bonded over our mutual fascination with the abacus in a playgroup for gifted kids. But that was before freshman year, when Priscilla's glasses came off, and the first in a long string of boyfriends got on."
"Though I used to see him sometimes at Hope's house, Marcus and I had never, ever acknowledged each other's existence before. So I froze, not knowing whether I should (a) laugh (b) say something (c) ignore him and keep on walking."	"Though I had been to school with him for the last three years, Sean Whalen and I had never acknowledged each other's existence before. I froze, unsure of (a) what he was talking about and (b) what I was supposed to do about it."
"He's got dusty reddish dreads that a girl could never run her hands through. His eyes are always half-shut. His lips are usually curled in a semi-smile, like he's in on a big joke that's being played on you but you don't know it yet."	"He had too-long shaggy brown hair that fell into his eyes, which were always half shut. His mouth was always curled into a half smile, like he knew about some big joke that was about to be played on you."
"Tanning was the closest that Sara came to having a hobby, other than gossiping, that is. Even the webbing between her fingers was the color of coffee without cream. Even for someone with her Italian heritage and dark coloring, it was unnatural and	"It was obvious that next to casual hookups, tanning was her extracurricular activity of choice. Every visible inch of skin matched the color and texture of her Louis Vuitton backpack. Even combined with her dark hair and Italian heritage,

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**Comment [1]:** Character:

Does changing a character's name constitute real literary change?

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**Comment [2]:** Diction, character.

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**Comment [3]:** Style, Diction

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**Comment [4]:** Style, Diction



alienlike."	she looked deep-fried."
"He was invading my personal space, as I had learned in Psych. class, and I instinctively sunk back into the seat. That just made him move in closer. I was practically one with the leather at this point, and unless I hopped into the backseat, there was nowhere else for me to go."	"He was definitely invading my personal space, as I had learned in Human Evolution class last summer, and I instinctively backed up till my legs hit the chair I had been sitting in. That just made him move in closer, until the grommets in the leather embossed the backs of my knees, and he finally tilted the book toward me."
"Finally, four major department stores and 170 specialty shops later, we were done."	"Five department stores, and 170 specialty shops later, I was sick of listening to her hum along to Alicia Keys..."
"Throughout this conversation, Manda acted like she couldn't have been more bored. She lazily skimmed her new paperback copy of Reviving Ophelia—she must have read the old one down to shreds. She just stood there, popping another piece of Doublemint, or reapplying her lip gloss, or slapping her ever-present pack of Virginia Slims against her palm. (Insert oral fixation jokes, here, here and here.) Her hair—usually dishwater brown and wavy—had been straightened and bleached the color of sweet corn since the last time I saw her...Just when I thought she had maxed out on hooter hugeness, it seemed that whatever poundage Sara had lost over the summer had turned up in Manda's bra."	"The other HBz acted like they couldn't be more bored. They sat down at a table, lazily skimmed heavy copies of Italian Vogue, popped pieces of Orbit, and reapplied layers of lip gloss. Jennifer, who used to be a bit on the heavy side, had dramatically slimmed down, no doubt through some combination of starvation and cosmetic surgery. Her lost pounds hadn't completely disappeared, though; whatever extra pounds she'd shed from her hips had ended up in her bra. Jennifer's hair, which I remembered as dishwater brown and riotously curly, had been bleached Clairol 252: Never Seen in Nature Blonde. It was also so straight it looked washed, pressed and starched."
"But then he tapped me on the shoulder, and said something so random that I was afraid he was back on the junk."	"...he tapped me on the shoulder and said something so random I worried that he needed more expert counseling than I could provide."
"He smelled sweet and woody, like cedar shavings."	"...I had even begun to recognize his cologne (sweet and woody and spicy, like the sandalwood key chains sold as souvenirs in India.)"
"...but in a truly sadomasochistic dieting gesture, they chose to buy their Diet Cokes at Cinnabon."	"In a truly masochistic gesture, they had decided to buy Diet Cokes from Mrs. Fields..."
"'Omigod!' shrieked Sara, taking a pink tube top emblazoned with a glittery Playboy bunny out of her shopping bag."	"...I was sick of listening to her hum along to Alicia Keys, and worn out from resisting her efforts to buy me a pink tube top emblazoned with a glittery Playboy bunny."
"By the way, Marcus wore a T-shirt that said THURSDAY yesterday, and FRIDAY today."	"He was wearing an old, faded gray sweatshirt that said 'Tuesday' on it. Except that today was Thursday."

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Comment [5]: Style, Diction

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Comment [6]: Diction

FloresAn 5/27/09 12:11 PM  
Comment [7]: Diction

FloresAn 5/27/09 12:11 PM  
Comment [8]: Style, diction

FloresAn 5/27/09 12:11 PM  
Comment [9]: Diction

FloresAn 5/27/09 12:11 PM  
Comment [10]: Diction

FloresAn 5/27/09 12:11 PM  
Comment [11]: Diction

FloresAn 5/27/09 12:12 PM  
Comment [12]: Diction:

Here, Viswanathan borrows a phrase, but uses it in a new context, which is not that different from the other examples where the entire context is the same.

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Comment [13]: Diction

FloresAn 5/27/09 12:12 PM  
Comment [14]: Diction



# Inspired Highlighter

## *Sloppy Firsts and Second Helpings and How Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild, and Got a Life*

### Text Pairs / Student Copy

#### Directions

For this activity, you will compare the source texts, *Sloppy Firsts and Second Helpings*, with an “inspired-by” text, *How Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild, and Got a Life*.

- **Step 1:** Read the Background information below.
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- **Step 3:** Highlight (in another color) the ways in which *Opal Mehta* uses *different* authorship tools from those used in *Sloppy Firsts and Second Helpings*. For example, highlight if the story is told from a different point of view
- **Step 4:** Next, fill out the Authors’ Inspiration Grid for each text pair. For each key authorship tool, note the similarities and differences between the original and “inspired-by” works. (NOTE: Not all Authorship Tools will be relevant to the text passages provided.) Finally, indicate whether or not the “inspired-by” work is plagiarism or inspiration, and your reasoning for your choice.



## Background

*Sloppy Firsts* is narrated by 16-year-old Jessica Darling, whose best friend moves away from her hometown in New Jersey. With her best friend gone, Jessica has to adapt on her own to her school and to classmates with very different personalities from hers. The events of the novel take place during the year 2000. *Second Helpings* continues Jessica's story through her senior year of high school. (Adapted from Wikipedia:

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*Opal Mehta* tells the story of an academically oriented Indian-American girl who, after being told by a Harvard admissions person that she isn't well rounded, works hard to become a typical American teen— ultrasocial, shopping- and boy-obsessed, and carelessly hip. (Adapted from Wikipedia:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaavya\\_Viswanathan](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaavya_Viswanathan).)



## Text Pairs

(From Wikipedia: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaavya\\_Viswanathan.](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaavya_Viswanathan.))

Excerpts from <i>Sloppy Firsts</i> and <i>Second Helpings</i>	Excerpts from <i>How Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild and Got a Life</i>
"Bridget is my age and lives across the street. For the first twelve years of my life, these qualifications were all I needed in a best friend. But that was before Bridget's braces came off and her boyfriend Burke got on, before Hope and I met in our seventh grade Honors classes."	"Priscilla was my age and lived two blocks away. For the first fifteen years of my life, those were the only qualifications I needed in a best friend. We had bonded over our mutual fascination with the abacus in a playgroup for gifted kids. But that was before freshman year, when Priscilla's glasses came off, and the first in a long string of boyfriends got on."
"Though I used to see him sometimes at Hope's house, Marcus and I had never, ever acknowledged each other's existence before. So I froze, not knowing whether I should (a) laugh (b) say something (c) ignore him and keep on walking."	"Though I had been to school with him for the last three years, Sean Whalen and I had never acknowledged each other's existence before. I froze, unsure of (a) what he was talking about and (b) what I was supposed to do about it."
"He's got dusty reddish dreads that a girl could never run her hands through. His eyes are always half-shut. His lips are usually curled in a semi-smile, like he's in on a big joke that's being played on you but you don't know it yet."	"He had too-long shaggy brown hair that fell into his eyes, which were always half shut. His mouth was always curled into a half smile, like he knew about some big joke that was about to be played on you."
"Tanning was the closest that Sara came to having a hobby, other than gossiping, that is. Even the webbing between her fingers was the color of coffee without cream. Even for someone with her Italian heritage and dark coloring, it was unnatural and alienlike."	"It was obvious that next to casual hookups, tanning was her extracurricular activity of choice. Every visible inch of skin matched the color and texture of her Louis Vuitton backpack. Even combined with her dark hair and Italian heritage, she looked deep-fried."
"He was invading my personal space, as I had learned in Psych. class, and I instinctively sunk back into the seat. That just made him move in closer. I was practically one with the leather at this point, and unless I hopped into the backseat, there was nowhere else for me to go."	"He was definitely invading my personal space, as I had learned in Human Evolution class last summer, and I instinctively backed up till my legs hit the chair I had been sitting in. That just made him move in closer, until the grommets in the leather embossed the backs of my knees, and he finally tilted the book toward me."
"Finally, four major department stores and 170 specialty shops later, we were done."	"Five department stores, and 170 specialty shops later, I was sick of listening to her hum along to Alicia Keys..."
"Throughout this conversation, Manda acted like she couldn't have been more bored. She lazily skimmed her new paperback copy of Reviving	"The other HBz acted like they couldn't be more bored. They sat down at a table, lazily skimmed heavy copies of Italian Vogue, popped pieces of



<p>Ophelia—she must have read the old one down to shreds. She just stood there, popping another piece of Doublemint, or reapplying her lip gloss, or slapping her ever-present pack of Virginia Slims against her palm. (Insert oral fixation jokes, here, here and here.) Her hair—usually dishwater brown and wavy—had been straightened and bleached the color of sweet corn since the last time I saw her...Just when I thought she had maxed out on hooter hugeness, it seemed that whatever poundage Sara had lost over the summer had turned up in Manda’s bra.”</p>	<p>Orbit, and reapplied layers of lip gloss. Jennifer, who used to be a bit on the heavy side, had dramatically slimmed down, no doubt through some combination of starvation and cosmetic surgery. Her lost pounds hadn’t completely disappeared, though; whatever extra pounds she’d shed from her hips had ended up in her bra. Jennifer’s hair, which I remembered as dishwater brown and riotously curly, had been bleached Clairol 252: Never Seen in Nature Blonde. It was also so straight it looked washed, pressed and starched.”</p>
<p>“But then he tapped me on the shoulder, and said something so random that I was afraid he was back on the junk.”</p>	<p>“...he tapped me on the shoulder and said something so random I worried that he needed more expert counseling than I could provide.”</p>
<p>“He smelled sweet and woody, like cedar shavings.”</p>	<p>“...I had even begun to recognize his cologne (sweet and woody and spicy, like the sandalwood key chains sold as souvenirs in India.)”</p>
<p>“...but in a truly sadomasochistic dieting gesture, they chose to buy their Diet Cokes at Cinnabon.”</p>	<p>“In a truly masochistic gesture, they had decided to buy Diet Cokes from Mrs. Fields...”</p>
<p>“‘Omigod!’ shrieked Sara, taking a pink tube top emblazoned with a glittery Playboy bunny out of her shopping bag.”</p>	<p>“...I was sick of listening to her hum along to Alicia Keys, and worn out from resisting her efforts to buy me a pink tube top emblazoned with a glittery Playboy bunny.”</p>
<p>“By the way, Marcus wore a T-shirt that said THURSDAY yesterday, and FRIDAY today.”</p>	<p>“He was wearing an old, faded gray sweatshirt that said ‘Tuesday’ on it. Except that today was Thursday.”</p>



# Inspired Highlighter

## Authorship Tools Glossary

### Point of View

The perspective or vantage point from which a story is told. Three commonly used Point of Views are first person, omniscient 3rd person, and limited 3rd person. In stories told in the first person point of view, the narrator is a character in the story and makes references to himself or herself with the 1st person pronoun 'I.' In the two kinds of 3rd person, the narrator uses 3rd person pronouns and there is no 'I' telling the story. In stories told from the omniscient point of view, the narrator knows and tells what the characters know and think. In stories with the limited 3rd person point of view, the narrator relates the inner thoughts and feelings of only one character and everything is viewed from this character's perspective. (Literature, Bronze Edition. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1989.)

### Theme

Central message of a work that reveals insight into life. (Literature, Bronze Edition. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1989.)

### Character

Person or animal who takes part in the action of literary work. (Literature, Bronze Edition. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1989.)

### Setting

Time and place of the action. The time includes not only the historical period—the past, present, or future—but also the year, the season, the time of day, and even the weather. The place may be a specific country, state, region, community, neighborhood, building, institution or home. Details such as dialect, clothing, customs, and modes of transportation are often used to establish setting. (Literature, Bronze Edition. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1989.)



## Plot

The sequence of events in a literary work. In most novels, dramas, short stories, and narrative poems the plot involves both characters and a central conflict. (Literature, Bronze Edition. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice Hall , 1989.)

## Form

This refers to the type of creative work. Forms include: poems, plays, short stories, or novels, film, music.

## Diction

Word choice. A writer's diction can be a major determinant of his/her style. Diction can be described as formal or informal, abstract or concrete, plain or ornate, ordinary or technical. (The English Tradition. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1991.)

## Style

A writer's style is his/her typical way of writing. Determinants of a writer's style include his/her formality, use of figurative language, use of rhythm, typical grammatical patterns, typical sentences length, and typical methods of organization. (The English Tradition. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1991.)



# Inspired Highlighter

## Authors' Inspiration Grid

### Directions

Each participant should complete his/her own grid. Using the Authorship Tools Glossary sheet as a reference, **compare the source text with the inspired-by work in terms of the Authorship Tools.** (Note: Not all authorship tools will be relevant to the text passages provided.)



**Text Pair:**

**Authorship Tools**

**What are the similarities in how each authorship tool is used?**

**What are the differences?**

Point of View:

Theme:

Character:

Setting:

Plot:

Form:

Diction:

Style:

**Is this a case of Inspiration or Plagiarism? Why?**



# Inspired Highlighter Facilitator's Simulation

## Simulation Model

**Comparison of Character and Diction** in Sloppy Firsts and Second Helpings by Megan McCafferty and How Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild and Got a Life by Kaavya Viswanathan.

*Megan McCafferty*

"Bridget is my age and lives across the street. For the first twelve years of my life, these qualifications were all I needed in a best friend. But that was before Bridget's braces came off and her boyfriend Burke got on, before Hope and I met in our seventh grade Honors classes."

*Kaavya Viswanathan*

"Priscilla was my age and lived two blocks away. For the first fifteen years of my life, those were the only qualifications I needed in a best friend. We had bonded over our mutual fascination with the abacus in a playgroup for gifted kids. But that was before freshman year, when Priscilla's glasses came off, and the first in a long string of boyfriends got on."

FloresAn 5/19/11 1:15 PM

**Comment [1]:** The **character** names are different, but are very similar in their background and actions.

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**Comment [2]:** The **diction** is almost identical in this sentence.

FloresAn 5/19/11 1:15 PM

**Comment [3]:** The **Diction** is very similar.

**Text Pair:**

*Sloppy Firsts and Second Helpings* by Megan McCafferty, and *How Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild and Got a Life* by Kaavya Viswanathan.

Authorship Tools	What are the <u>similarities</u> in how each authorship tool is used?	What are the <u>differences</u> ?
Point of View:		
Theme:		
Character:	The main characters, Bridget and Priscilla, seem very similar.	Some characters' names are different.
Setting:		
Plot:		
Form:		
Diction:	The Diction is very similar.	
Style:		

**Is this a case of Inspiration or Plagiarism? Why?**

Plagiarism. Viswanathan only changes minor details and uses the ideas and structure of McCafferty's work.



# Inspired Highlighter Student Simulation

**Text Pairs** (from Wikipedia: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaavya\\_Viswanathan](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaavya_Viswanathan))

Megan McCafferty, *Sloppy Firsts*

"Bridget is my age and lives across the street. For the first twelve years of my life, these qualifications were all I needed in a best friend. But that was before Bridget's braces came off and her boyfriend Burke got on, before Hope and I met in our seventh grade Honors classes."

Kaavya Viswanathan, *How Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild and Got a Life*

"Priscilla was my age and lived two blocks away. For the first fifteen years of my life, those were the only qualifications I needed in a best friend. We had bonded over our mutual fascination with the abacus in a playgroup for gifted kids. But that was before freshman year, when Priscilla's glasses came off, and the first in a long string of boyfriends got on."



**Text Pair:**  
McCafferty and Viswanathan

<b>Authorship Tools</b>	<b>What are the similarities in how each authorship tool is used?</b>	<b>What are the <u>differences</u>?</b>
Point of View:		
Theme:		
Character:		
Setting:		
Plot:		
Form:		
Diction:		
Style:		

**Is this a case of Inspiration or Plagiarism? Why?**



# Inspired Highlighter Supplementary Text Pair Questions

**NOTE:** The following questions address sub-themes related to inspiration—such as cultural re-appropriation, elements of fan fiction, and the meaning of adaptation. These questions can be used to supplement the basic discussion questions.

## ***Jane Eyre and Wide Sargasso Sea***

1. Caribbean post-slavery society is not a theme in *Jane Eyre*. What does a fuller treatment of this theme add to the story and the characters of Jane Eyre, Rochester, and Bertha?
2. Jane herself is a formidable female character written by a famous female author. Does Rhys's Bertha align with Bronte's original depictions of women? How do you think Bronte would feel about Rhys' perspective on Bronte's characterizations? Does the original author's intent for their work and their characters matter when creating an inspired-by text?
3. Instead of writing a book about her own family's experiences in her native Dominica, Rhys chose to overlay her narrative on the iconic *Jane Eyre*. Would a novel of her family's story be as powerful? Why or why not? What are the advantages of creating an inspired text of a famous work? What are the disadvantages?
4. Rhys writes from Bertha's (and sometimes Mr. Rochester's) perspective. How does a change in perspective transform the inspiration? How does telling the story from a different perspective change your thoughts about the characters?

## ***Gone with the Wind and The Wind Done Gone***

1. Randall's book, while referencing the characters and plot from *Gone with the Wind*, tells a new story—the story of Cynara, a freed slave. What is powerful about retelling, and re-imagining, this famous story from a different perspective? How does telling the story from a different perspective change your thoughts about the original characters and story?



2. Randall, in her afterword, acknowledges *Gone with the Wind* "for making me think." Does her retelling inspire more thought? Is it important to rethink the value and perspectives of original works, even iconic works like *Gone with the Wind*, through inspired-by texts?
3. Do you think the fame of *Gone with the Wind*, and its romantic portrait of the American South, affected how readers felt about *The Wind Done Gone*?
4. At the time of the copyright controversy, Michael Eric Dyson, a communications professor at DePaul University, told CNN: "I think African-American people have the right to write their own history...A literary myth needs another literary myth to supplant it." Do cultural groups who have been marginalized in classic creative works have a right to create inspired-by works that address their culture?
5. Twenty famous artists and intellectuals took Alice Randall's side stating: "The discussion of the painful legacy of slavery is ongoing among American citizens across the nation...Now is the time for the American public to hear another perspective on this legend." How should the original creation be weighed against larger social and community concerns?

### **Cross Comparison: *The Wind Done Gone* and *Wide Sargasso Sea***

1. *The Wind Done Gone* and *Wide Sargasso Sea* tell parallel stories to those found in the iconic source texts, both focusing on marginal groups—women and African Americans. How should the intent, narrative, and author of the original text be considered when the inspired-by text addresses the important considerations of important social issues, such as race, gender, and class? How should the fact that marginal voices are often ignored in iconic literature be considered?
2. Randall is an African American and Rhys is a Creole white Caribbean (with much the same heritage as Bertha/Antoinette). Does knowing their racial and ethnic backgrounds change your perspectives on their rights to create an inspired by text? Why or why not?

### ***Moby Dick* and *Moby Dick* (Stage Adaptation)**

1. When the author of the *Moby Dick* stage adaptation quotes directly from Melville's book, is this plagiarism?
2. Is it more or less plagiarism when it's a direct copying of the text vs. copying story structure or other elements?



3. Melville's text is old enough that it is no longer protected under copyright and is considered free to use and in the "public domain." If it were still within its copyright term, should the adaptation's uses be permissible? What if Melville didn't agree?
4. Melville built upon many older stories, themes, and characters. Does that have implications for what uses he permits of his own work?
5. Is plagiarism an accurate term when describing adaptations, or is the genre of adaptation immune from that critique?
6. In adaptations is there an obligation to stay true, in at least some respect, to the original text and author?
7. When does an adaptation become simply "inspired by" another text, or is there a line between adaptation and re-envisioning?

### **Emma and Clueless**

1. What do you think is the intent/purpose of Heckerling's adaptation? (Entertainment? Criticism? Parody?) How (well) does she accomplish her purpose? How well does it coincide with the intent and purpose of Austen's *Emma*?
2. What responsibility, if any, does Heckerling have to Austen's original text? To the author?
3. Is plagiarism an accurate term when describing adaptations, or is the genre of adaptation immune from that critique?
4. In adaptations is there an obligation to stay true, in at least some respect, to the original text and author? Does "Clueless" stay close enough to Austen's original text? Does it stray too far?
5. When does an adaptation become simply "inspired by" another text, or is there a line between adaptation and re-envisioning? How far towards re-envisioning *Emma* does Heckerling go?
6. Does "Clueless" add anything new to Austen's work? Are any new insights/perspectives offered to the viewer?

### **Cross Comparison: Moby Dick (Stage Adaptation) and Clueless**

Both adaptations move the setting of their source texts. *Clueless* shifts in setting from 1800's England to 1990s Los Angeles, CA. *Moby Dick* shifts in setting from an 1800's whaling boat to modern-day urban America. While they retain many of the same themes, how does a change in setting affect the adaptation and story it tells?



## **How *Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild and Got a Life and Sloppy Firsts and Second Helpings***

1. Kaavya Viswanathan, author of *Opal Mehta*, was a student at Harvard University when the plagiarism scandal broke. She was allowed to continue attending the university, despite its strict expulsion policy regarding plagiarism, because the plagiarism was not related to her academic work. Is this fair?
2. Does plagiarism affect the original author? Does it change the value of their authorship?
3. Author Malcolm Gladwell wrote a defense of Viswanathan on his blog, arguing that teen lit is a genre that borrows from lots of preexisting teen lit books. Does the quality of the plagiarized source matter? (For the blog post see:  
<http://gladwell.typepad.com/gladwellcom/2006/04/viswanathangate.html>)