NAME	
1.	Identify, comment on, and compare the following passages.
A)	He had, of course, dreamed of battles all his lifeof vague and bloody conflicts that had thrilled him with their sweep and fire. In visions he had seen himself in many struggles. He had imagined peoples secure in the shadow of his eagle-eyed prowess. But awake he had regarded battles as crimson blotches on the pages of the past. He had put them as things of the bygone with his thought-images of heavy crowns and high castles. There was a portion of the world's history which he had regarded as the time of wars, but it, he thought, had been long gone over the horizon and had disappeared forever.
B)	And, furthermore, how could they kill him who was the chosen of gods and doomed to greatness? He remembered how some of the men had run from the battle. As he recalled their terror-struck faces he felt a scorn for them. They had surely been more fleet and more wild than was absolutely necessary. They were weak mortals. As for himself, he had fled with discretion and dignity.

2.	Identify, comment on, and compare the following passages.
Δ)	I loafe and invite my soul,
.,	I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.
B١	A child said, What is the grass? fetching it to me with full hands;
	How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.
	I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.
	Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
	A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropped,
	Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark,
	and say Whose?
	Or I guess the grass is itself a child the produced babe of the vegetation.
	Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
	And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,
	Growing among black folks as among white, Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I
	give them the same, I receive them the same.
	And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

3. Identify and comment on the following passage focusing on the narrator's attitude
towards the world of adults.
There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth. That is nothing. I never
seen anybody but lied one time or another, without it was Aunt Polly, or the widow, or maybe Mary. [] Pretty soon I wanted to smoke, and asked the widow to let me. But she
wouldn't. She said it was a mean practice and wasn't clean, and I must try to not do it any
more. That is just the way with some people. They get down on a thing when they don't know
nothing about it. [] And she took snuff, too; of course that was all right, because she done it
herself.
