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Label © Ask 3 questions. Label (?) Highlight 3 quotes that reveal characterization. O-/-< --Discuss what each quote says about the narrator. Define the vocabulary on the line.  Write a summary of this chapter. Label (S) When the fog clears to where I can see, I'm sitting in the day room. They didn't take me to the Shock Shop this time. I  remember they took me out of the shaving room and locked me in Seclusion. I don't remember if I got breakfast or not.  Probably not. I can call to mind some mornings locked in Seclusion the black boys keep bringing seconds of  everything—supposed to be for me, but they eat it instead—till all three of them get breakfast while I lie there on that  pee-stinking mattress, watching them wipe up egg with toast. I can smell the grease and hear them chew the toast. Other  mornings they bring me cold mush and force me to eat it without it even being salted.  This morning I plain don't remember. They got enough of those things they call pills down me so I don't know a thing till  I hear the ward door open. That ward door opening means it's at least eight o'clock, means there's been maybe an hour and  a half I was out cold in that Seclusion Room when the technicians could of come in and installed anything the Big Nurse  ordered and I wouldn't have the slightest ***notion*** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ what.  I hear noise at the ward door, off up the hall out of my sight. That ***ward*** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ door starts opening  at eight and opens and closes a thousand times a day, kashash, click. Every morning we sit lined up on each side of the day  room, mixing jigsaw puzzles after breakfast, listen for a key to hit the lock, and wait to see what's coming in. There's not  a whole lot else to do. Sometimes, at the door, it's a young resident in early so he can watch what we're like Before  Medication. BM, they call it. Sometimes it's a wife visiting there on high heels with her purse held tight over her belly.  Sometimes it's a clutch of grade-school teachers being led on a tour by that fool Public Relation man who's always clapping  his wet hands together and saying how overjoyed he is that mental hospitals have eliminated all the old-fashioned cruelty.  “What a cheery atmosphere, don't you agree?” He'll bustle around the schoolteachers, who are bunched together for safety,  clapping his hands together. “Oh, when I think back on the old days, on the filth, the bad food, even, yes, brutality, oh,  I realize, ladies, that we have come a long way in our campaign!” Whoever comes in the door is usually somebody  disappointing, but there's always a chance otherwise, and when a key hits the lock all the heads come up like there's  strings on them.  This morning the lockworks rattle strange; it's not a regular visitor at the door. An Escort Man's voice calls down, edgy  and impatient, “Admission, come sign for him,” and the black boys go.  Admission. Everybody stops playing cards and Monopoly, turns toward the day-room door. Most days I'd be out sweeping  the hall and see who they're signing in, but this morning, like I explain to you, the Big Nurse put a thousand pounds down  me and I can't budge out of the chair. Most days I'm the first one to see the Admission, watch him creep in the door and  slide along the wall and stand scared till the black boys come sign for him and take him into the shower room, where they  strip him and leave him shivering with the door open while they all three run grinning up and down the halls looking for  the Vaseline. “We need that Vaseline,” they'll tell the Big Nurse, “for the thermometer.” She looks from one to the other:  “I'm sure you do,” and hands them a jar holds at least a gallon, “but mind you boys don't group up in there.” Then I see  two, maybe all three of them in there, in that shower room with the Admission, running that thermometer around in the  grease till it's coated the size of your finger, crooning, “Tha's right, mothah, that's right,” and then shut the door and turn  all the showers up to where you can't hear anything but the vicious hiss of water on the green tile. I'm out there most days,  and I see it like that.  But this morning I have to sit in the chair and only listen to them bring him in. Still, even though I can't see him, I know  he's no ordinary Admission. I don't hear him slide scared along the wall, and when they tell him about the shower he don't  just submit with a weak little yes, he tells them right back in a loud, ***brassy*** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ voice that he's  already plenty damn clean, thank you.  “They showered me this morning at the courthouse and last night at the jail. And I swear I believe they'd of washed my ears  for me on the taxi ride over if they coulda found the vacilities. Hoo boy, seems like everytime they ship me someplace I  gotta get scrubbed down before, after, and during the operation. I'm gettin' so the sound of water makes me start gathering  up my belongings. And get back away from me with that thermometer, Sam, and give me a minute to look my new home  over; I never been in a Institute of Psychology before.”  The patients look at one another's puzzled faces, then back to the door, where his voice is still coming in. Talking louder'n  you'd think he needed to if the black boys were anywhere near him. He sounds like he's way above them, talking down, like  he's sailing fifty yards overhead, hollering at those below on the ground. He sounds big. I hear him coming down the hall,  and he sounds big in the way he walks, and he sure don't slide; he's got iron on his heels and he rings it on the floor like  horseshoes. He shows up in the door and stops and hitches his thumbs in his pockets, boots wide apart, and stands there  with the guys looking at him.  “Good mornin', buddies.”  There's a paper Halloween bat hanging on a string above his head; he reaches up and flicks it so it spins around.  “Mighty nice fall day.”  He talks a little the way Papa used to, voice loud and full of hell, but he doesn't look like Papa; Papa was a full-blood  Columbia Indian—a chief—and hard and shiny as a ***gunstock***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. This guy is redheaded with  long red sideburns and a tangle of curls out from under his cap, been needing cut a long time, and he's broad as Papa was  tall, broad across the jaw and shoulders and chest, a broad white devilish grin, and he's hard in a different kind of way from  Papa, kind of the way a baseball is hard under the scuffed leather. A seam runs across his nose and one cheekbone where  somebody laid him a good one in a fight, and the stitches are still in the seam. He stands there waiting, and when nobody  makes a move to say anything to him he commences to laugh. Nobody can tell exactly why he laughs; there's nothing funny  going on. But it's not the way that Public Relation laughs, it's free and loud and it comes out of his wide grinning mouth and  spreads in rings bigger and bigger till it's lapping against the walls all over the ward. Not like that fat Public Relation laugh.  This sounds real. I realize all of a sudden it's the first laugh I've heard in years.  He stands looking at us, rocking back in his boots, and he laughs and laughs. He laces his fingers over his belly without  taking his thumbs out of his pockets. I see how big and beat up his hands are. Everybody on the ward, patients, staff, and  all, is stunned dumb by him and his laughing. There's no move to stop him, no move to say anything. He laughs till he's  finished for a time, and he walks on into the day room. Even when he isn't laughing, that laughing sound hovers around  him, the way the sound hovers around a big bell just quit ringing—it's in his eyes, in the way he smiles and swaggers,  in the way he talks.  “My name is McMurphy, buddies, R. P. McMurphy, and I'm a gambling fool.” He winks and sings a little piece of a  song: “‘…and whenever I meet with a deck a cards I lays… my money… down,’” and laughs again.  He walks to one of the card games, tips an Acute's cards up with a thick, heavy finger, and squints at the hand and shakes  his head.  “Yessir, that's what I came to this establishment for, to bring you birds fun an' entertainment around the gamin' table.  Nobody left in that Pendleton Work Farm to make my days interesting any more, so I requested a transfer, ya see.  Needed some new blood. Hooee, look at the way this bird holds his cards, showin' to everybody in a block; man! I'll trim  you babies like little lambs.”  Cheswick gathers his cards together. The redheaded man sticks his hand out for Cheswick to shake.  “Hello, buddy; what's that you're playin'? ***Pinochle***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_? Jesus, no wonder you don't care nothin'  about showing your hand. Don't you have a straight deck around here? Well say, here we go, I brought along my own  deck, just in case, has something in it other than face cards—and check the pictures, huh? Every one different. Fifty-two  positions.”  Cheswick is pop-eyed already, and what he sees on those cards don't help his condition.  “Easy now, don't smudge 'em; we got lots of time, lots of games ahead of us. I like to use my deck here because it takes  at least a week for the other players to get to where they can even see the suit…”  He's got on work-farm pants and shirt, sunned out till they're the color of watered milk. His face and neck and arms are the  color of ***oxblood*** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ leather from working long in the fields. He's got a primer-black motorcycle  cap stuck in his hair and a leather jacket over one arm, and he's got on boots gray and dusty and heavy enough to kick a  man half in two. He walks away from Cheswick and takes off the cap and goes to beating a dust storm out of his thigh.  One of the black boys circles him with the thermometer, but he's too quick for them; he slips in among the Acutes and  starts moving around shaking hands before the black boy can take good aim. The way he talks, his wink, his loud talk,  his swagger all remind me of a car salesman or a stock auctioneer—or one of those ***pitchmen*** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  you see on a sideshow stage, out in front of his flapping banners, standing there in a striped shirt with yellow buttons,  drawing the faces off the sawdust like a magnet.  “What happened, you see, was I got in a couple of hassles at the work farm, to tell the pure truth, and the court ruled that  I'm a psychopath. And do you think I'm gonna argue with the court? Shoo, you can bet your bottom dollar I don't. If it gets  me outta those damned pea fields I'll be whatever their little heart desires, be it psychopath or mad dog or werewolf,  because I don't care if I never see another weedin' hoe to my dying day. Now they tell me a psychopath's a guy fights too  much and fucks too much, but they ain't wholly right, do you think? I mean, whoever heard tell of a man gettin' too much  poozle? Hello, buddy, what do they call you? My name's McMurphy and I'll bet you two dollars here and now that you  can't tell me how many spots are in that pinochle hand you're holding don't look. Two dollars; what d'ya say? God damn,  Sam! can't you wait half a minute to prod me with that damn thermometer of yours?”  Literary Analysis  “Most days I'm the first one to see the Admission, watch him creep in the door and  slide along the wall and stand scared till the black boys come sign for him and take him into the  shower room, where they strip him and leave him shivering with the door open while they all  three run grinning up and down the halls looking for the Vaseline.” Literary Elements: *Connotation* Definition: Connotations are the associations people make with words that go beyond the literal or  dictionary definition. Many words have connotations that create emotions or feelings in the  reader.  **Example:** And once again, the ***autumn*** leaves were falling.  This phrase uses ‘autumn’ to **signify** something coming to an end.  List the words you highlighted from the sentence above. Next to each write down the  connotation of that word.  1  2  3 |
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