

# Mark Twain and Manipulation in His Texts

3-4 Days

Gifted Classroom- Middle School

## DESIRED RESULTS

What are the “big ideas” that drive this lesson?

- ❖ Mark Twain’s writing is a good example of how effectively an author can manipulate a reader, and an awareness of it can aid gifted students in improving their own writing. Students will read, study, and discuss Mark Twain’s use of manipulation in excerpts from *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Court*, and *Roughing It*.

What are the “essential questions” that students must answer in order to understand the “big ideas?”

- ❖ How do authors trick or manipulate readers?
- ❖ Why do authors trick or manipulate readers?
- ❖ How can the art of manipulation be used to create positive outcomes? Negative outcomes?
- ❖ What are some effective outcomes of manipulation in writing and our own personal lives?

## CORE UNDERSTANDINGS

Identify what students will know and/or be able to do.

- ❖ Students will be able to identify literary techniques Mark Twain used to manipulate his readers.
- ❖ Students will be able to assess their awareness of the gifted characteristics of manipulation in personal relationships.
- ❖ Students will be able to demonstrate their understanding of manipulation in texts through the creation of their own text.

## LIST SUGGESTED ASSESSMENT(S)

- ❖ Pre-Assessment:
- ❖ Students will take a pre-assessment to determine whether they can define manipulation accurately. The students will be given an index card and will be asked to define manipulation. The teacher will collect the exit cards and assess the student’s understanding.
  
- ❖ Performance Assessments:
- ❖ The teacher will ask the students if they manipulate others including children and adults on a scale of 1 to 10, 10 being the highest manipulation.

- ❖ The teacher will circulate throughout the classroom to determine if the students are accurately highlighting the correct sections of Twain's short stories, excerpts from novels, and hoaxes.
- ❖ Students will participate and contribute accurate and appropriate information during the class discussion after the reading of the two hoaxes.
- ❖ Students will be able to accurately locate passages that contain evidence of manipulation in an excerpt from Mark Twain.
- ❖ Students will be able to self-reflect and openly share incidents in their lives in which they have manipulated other people. The students will complete the self-reflection handout honestly and understand that manipulation can have positive and negative outcomes.

## LEARNING EXPERIENCES AND "COMMON CORE" CONNECTIONS

What are the specific activities and sequence of instruction that will be used to engage students in this lesson?

Procedure:

1. Students will take a pre-assessment to find out their prior knowledge about the definition of the word "manipulation". The teacher will hand students an index card and have them write his or her name at the top and then write the word "manipulation" below their name. The students will write the definition of the word and hand it to the teacher. The teacher will be able to see how much prior knowledge the students have in regards to "manipulation" and plan instruction accordingly.
2. Students will be given a copy of the definitions of "manipulation" (see handout). Students will read the definitions and teacher will clarify any questions or misunderstandings in reference to the handout.
3. The teacher will point out that Mark Twain has developed a scene focusing on Tom's ability to manipulate the neighborhood boys to complete Tom's work of whitewashing the fence and making the boys think that it was play. He also manipulated the boys to giving him small trinkets so the boys could whitewash the fence. Tom Sawyer, like Clemens, avoids work at all costs. Explain to the students that you are going to give them an excerpt from the novel *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (see handouts). There are two copies of the excerpt. One is a teacher resource with the manipulation lines underlined and the other is a student copy. This is a famous scene from the novel. Have the children read the excerpt and highlight the examples of manipulation. The students should come to the conclusion that this particular passage is filled with many examples of manipulation. Meet with a partner and share what lines were highlighted and discuss any differences. As the students are sharing, walk around room and assess which students are understanding and not understanding.

Then have students share with whole group and construct a list of examples to be displayed in the classroom. (If time allows, you may want the students to role play this famous scene.)

4. The teacher should then emphasize that this lesson will help gifted students identify with Mark Twain's characteristics so the students will increase their self-awareness of manipulating others, especially adults. The students need to know that this is not respectful and that gifted students may be prone to do this. The students should also understand that there are times when writers use manipulation to play with their audiences and develop more complex characters, plots, and themes. In this case the use of manipulation can have positive effects. The students need to differentiate between the positive and negative uses of manipulation.
5. Ask them to complete a plus/delta chart in reference to the positive and negative uses of manipulation (see handout). Students keep this handout for tomorrow's lesson.
6. Have the students read the "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County". Then ask them to complete the handout called "The Jumping Frog Debate." This will be collected by your teacher.
7. Remind the students that one of the objects of this lesson is to help the gifted and talented students to make connection that one of the characteristics of being very bright is manipulating adults and other students for that matter. Explain to the gifted students that they need to think about times Twain has manipulated the reader's mind and/or chose to incorporate characters, plots, and themes. Ask students to get out the plus/delta chart from yesterday. Have them share some of their thinking about the plus/deltas in regards to manipulation. Record students' thinking on a piece of large paper. Are any conclusions drawn in regards to manipulation? This should open a rich discussion about the good and bad points of manipulation.

National Association of Gifted Children Program Standards:

- **Standard 1: Development and Characteristics of Learners**
  - Education of gifted learners demonstrates respect for their students as unique human beings.
  - Teachers of gifted students understand variations in character traits and development between and among individuals with and without needs and capacities.

- Standard 3: Individual Learning Differences
  - Teachers will select, adapt and use these strategies to promote challenging learning opportunities in general and specific curriculum to modify learning environments to enhance self-awareness and self-efficacy for individuals with gifted behaviors.
  
- Standard 5: Learning Environment and Social Interactions
  - Educators of the gifted actively create learning environments for individuals with gifts and talents that foster cultural understanding safe and emotional well-being, positive social interactions, and active engagement.
  - Educators of the gifted shape environments to encourage independence, motivation, and self-advocacy of individuals with gifted behaviors.

#### MATERIALS AND ATTACHMENTS

- ❖ Twain reading excerpts (included)
- ❖ Student handouts (included)
- ❖ Highlighters
- ❖ Paper
- ❖ Index cards
- ❖ Pens, pencils

#### SUGGESTED LESSON EXTENSIONS TO ENHANCE STUDENT LEARNING

After studying the hoaxes in Twain's writing, the students can write an original version of a hoax, utilizing the art of manipulation and utilizing Twain's writing as a model.

Students could look at the media today and complete write ups about hoaxes being shown in particular movies, television shows, magazines or newspaper articles.

# Student Resource: Definitions of Manipulation

## Definition for manipulation :

exerting shrewd or devious influence especially for one's own advantage; "his manipulation of his friends was scandalous". [More »](#)

[wordnetweb.princeton.edu/perl/webwn](http://wordnetweb.princeton.edu/perl/webwn) [Source](#)

[Dictionary.com](#) - [Answers.com](#) - [Merriam-Webster](#)

## [Definition of manipulation by the Free Online ...](#)

[www.thefreedictionary.com/manipulation](http://www.thefreedictionary.com/manipulation) - [Cached](#)

ma-nip-u-la-tion (m -n p y -l sh n). n. 1. a. The act or practice of manipulating. b. The state of being manipulated. 2. Shrewd or devious management , ...



## Definition of manipulation:

behaviour that influences someone or controls something in a clever or dishonest way

## [Manipulation: Definition from Answers.com](#)

[www.answers.com](http://www.answers.com) > [Library](#) > [Business & Finance](#) - [Cached](#)

*manipulation* n. The act or practice of manipulating. The state of being manipulated. Shrewd or devious management, especially for one's own benefit.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Read the following selection from Mark Twain's novel **The Adventures of Tom Sawyer** as your teacher reads it aloud. After reading the selection, highlight locations in the stories where you find manipulation.

## Student Resource for Whitewashing the Fence Scene

### **Tom Sawyer Whitewashing the Fence, *Tom Sawyer***

From Mark Twain, *Tom Sawyer*, Chapter Two, 1876.

Saturday morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face and a spring in every step. The locust-trees were in bloom and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air. Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged. Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, and singing Buffalo Gals. Bringing water from the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's eyes, before, but now it did not strike him so. He remembered that there was company at the pump. White, mulatto, and negro boys and girls were always there waiting their turns, resting, trading playthings, quarrelling, fighting, skylarking. And he remembered that although the pump was only a hundred and fifty yards off, Jim never got back with a bucket of water under an hour – and even then somebody generally had to go after him. Tom said:

“Say, Jim, I'll fetch the water if you'll whitewash some.”

Jim shook his head and said:



**Illustration from *Tom Sawyer***

Courtesy The Mark Twain House, Hartford

“Can’t, Mars Tom. Ole missis, she tole me I got to go an’ git dis water an’ not stop foolin’ roun’ wid anybody. She say she spec’ Mars Tom gwine to ax me to whitewash, an’ so she tole me go ‘long an’ ‘tend to my own business – she ‘lowed *she’d* ‘tend to de whitewashin’.”

“Oh, never you mind what she said, Jim. That’s the way she always talks. Gimme the bucket – I won’t be gone only a a minute. *She* won’t ever know.”

“Oh, I dasn’t, Mars Tom. Ole missis she’d take an’ tar de head off’n me. ‘Deed she would.”

“*She!* She never licks anybody – whacks ‘em over the head with her thimble – and who cares for that, I’d like to know. She talks awful, but talk don’t hurt – anyways it don’t if she don’t cry. Jim, I’ll give you a marvel. I’ll give you a white alley!”

Jim began to waver.

“White alley, Jim! And it’s a bully taw.”

“My! Dat’s a mighty gay marvel, *I* tell you! But Mars Tom I’s powerful ‘fraid ole missis – ”

“And besides, if you will I’ll show you my sore toe.”

Jim was only human – this attraction was too much for him. He put down his pail, took the white alley, and bent over the toe with absorbing interest while the bandage was being unwound. In another moment he was flying down the street with his pail and a tingling rear, Tom was whitewashing with vigor, and Aunt Polly was retiring from the field with a slipper in her hand and triumph in her eye. But Tom’s energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work – the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it – bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of *work*, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.



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He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently – the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben’s gait was the hop-skip-and-jump – proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong - dong, ding- dong- dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near, he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to star-board and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance – for he was personating the Big Missouri, and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat and captain and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane-deck giving the orders and executing them:

“Stop her, sir! Ting -a-ling-ling!” The headway ran almost out, and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk.

“Ship up to back! Ting-a-ling-ling!” His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides.

“Set her back on the stabboard! Ting-a- ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-wow! Chow!” His right hand, meantime, describing stately circles – for it was representing a forty-foot wheel.

“Let her go back on the labboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!” The left hand began to describe circles.

“Stop the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the labboard! Come ahead on the stabboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head-line! *Lively* now! Come – out with your spring-line – what’re you about there! Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage, now – let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling! *Sh’t! s’h’t! sh’t!*” (trying the gauge-cocks).

Tom went on whitewashing – paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said: “Hi- *yi!* *You’re* up a stump, ain’t you!”

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom’s mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

“Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?”

Tom wheeled suddenly and said:

“Why, it’s you, Ben! I warn’t noticing.”

“Say – *I’m* going in a-swimming, *I* am. Don’t you wish you could? But of course you’d druther *work* – wouldn’t you? Course you would!”



Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

“What do you call work?”

“Why, ain’t *that* work?”

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

“Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain’t. All I know, is, it suits Tom Sawyer.”

“Oh come, now, you don’t mean to let on that you *like* it?”

The brush continued to move.

“Like it? Well, I don’t see why I oughtn’t to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?”

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth – stepped back to note the effect – added a touch here and there – criticised the effect again – Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

“Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little.”

Tom considered, was about to consent; but he altered his mind:

“No – no – I reckon it wouldn’t hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly’s awful particular about this fence – right here on the street, you know – but if it was the back fence I wouldn’t mind and *she* wouldn’t. Yes, she’s awful particular about this fence; it’s got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain’t one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it’s got to be done.”

“No – is that so? Oh come, now – lemme, just try. Only just a little – I’d let *you*, if you was me, Tom.”

“Ben, I’d like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly – well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn’t let him; Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn’t let Sid. Now don’t you see how I’m fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it – ”

“Oh, shucks, I’ll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say – I’ll give you the core of my apple.”

“Well, here – No, Ben, now don’t. I’m afeard – ”

“I’ll give you *all* of it!”

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer Big Missouri worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite, in good repair; and when *he* played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with – and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had besides the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jews-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn’t unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door - knob, a dog-collar – but no dog – the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated

old window sash.

He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while – plenty of company – and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it – namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that Work consists of whatever a body is *obliged* to do, and that Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do. And this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a tread-mill is work, while rolling ten-pins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement. There are wealthy gentlemen in England who drive four-horse passenger-coaches twenty or thirty miles on a daily line, in the summer, because the privilege costs them considerable money; but if they were offered wages for the service, that would turn it into work and then they would resign.

The boy mused awhile over the substantial change which had taken place in his worldly circumstances, and then wended toward headquarters to report.

The [full transcript](#) of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* is available from The University of Virginia.

# Teacher Resource for Locations of Manipulation References in Tom Sawyer:

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Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_


### Plus /Delta Chart for Manipulation

Directions: Think about the positives (Plus) and negatives (Deltas) of manipulation. Record your

Plus



Delta



old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that Leonidas W. Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous Jim Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named Leonidas W. Smiley Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley a young minister of the Gospel,



who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but *all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in finesse. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd.* As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of '49 or maybe it was the spring of '50 I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, *if he could get anybody to bet on the other side*; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. *Any way that suited the other man would suit him any way just so's he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solitary thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and -take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush, or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him.* Why, it never made no difference to him he would bet on anything the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn's going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better thank the Lord for his infnity mercy and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Providence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two- and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare the boys called her the fifteen- minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate- like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and

sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan's worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his underjaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully- rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson which was the name of the pup Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze on it not chew, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they thronged up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet bolt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peered sur- prised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take bolt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom- cats, and all of them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most any thing and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightforward as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley

was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller a stranger in the camp, he was come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, may be, but it an't it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm so 'tis. Well, what's he good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "He's good enough for one thing, I should judge he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"May be you don't," Smiley says. "May be you understand frogs, and may be you don't understand 'em; may be you've had experience, and may be you an't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I an't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right that's all right if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a tea- spoon and filled him full of quail shot filled him pretty near up to his chin and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore- paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One two three jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders so like a Frenchman, but it wan's no use he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders this way at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for I wonder if there an't something the matter with him he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketchd him. And-

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy I an't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond Jim Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he button- holed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yeller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and "

"Oh! hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.



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Your friend,

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Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

## Roughing It: Chapter 23: Lake Tahoe Adventure



*Map of Nevada in 1860s from the  
Dave Thomson collection.*



Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

## Manipulation Post Assessment

Read the following passage from Mark Twain's novel Roughing It. Highlight the parts that show evidence of manipulation in the writing.

It was a delicious supper—hot bread, fried bacon, and black coffee. It was a delicious solitude we were in, too. Three miles away was a saw- mill and some workmen, but there were not fifteen other human beings throughout the wide circumference of the lake. As the darkness closed down and the stars came out and spangled the great mirror with jewels, we smoked meditatively in the solemn hush and forgot our troubles and our pains. In due time we spread our blankets in the warm sand between two large boulders and soon feel asleep, careless of the procession of ants that passed in through rents in our clothing and explored our persons. Nothing could disturb the sleep that fettered us, for it had been fairly earned, and if our consciences had any sins on them they had to adjourn court for that night, anyway. The wind rose just as we were losing consciousness, and we were lulled to sleep by the beating of the surf upon the shore.

It is always very cold on that lake shore in the night, but we had plenty of blankets and were warm enough. We never moved a muscle all night, but waked at early dawn in the original positions, and got up at once, thoroughly refreshed, free from soreness, and brim full of friskiness. There is no end of wholesome medicine in such an experience. That morning we could have whipped ten such people as we were the day before—sick ones at any rate. But the world is slow, and people will go to "water cures" and "movement cures" and to foreign lands for health. Three months of camp life on Lake Tahoe would restore an Egyptian mummy to his pristine vigor, and give him an appetite like an alligator. I do not mean the oldest and driest mummies, of course, but the fresher ones. The air up there in the clouds is very pure and fine, bracing and delicious. And why shouldn't it be?—it is the same the angels breathe. I think that hardly any amount of fatigue can be gathered together that a man cannot sleep off in one night on the sand by its side. Not under a roof, but under the sky; it seldom or never rains there in the summer time. I know a man who went there to die. But he made a failure of it. He was a skeleton when he came, and could barely stand. He had no appetite, and did nothing but read tracts and reflect on the future. Three months later he was sleeping out of doors regularly, eating all he could hold, three times a day, and chasing game over mountains three thousand feet high for recreation. And he was a skeleton no longer, but weighed part of a ton. This is no fancy sketch, but the truth. His disease was consumption. I confidently commend his experience to other skeletons.

I superintended again, and as soon as we had eaten breakfast we got in the boat and skirted along the lake shore about three miles and disembarked. We liked the appearance of the place, and so we claimed some three hundred acres of it and stuck our "notices" on a tree. It was yellow pine timber land—a dense forest of trees a hundred feet high and from one to five feet through at the butt. It was necessary to fence our property or we could not hold it. That is to say, it was necessary to cut down trees here and there and make them fall in such a way as to form a sort



of enclosure (with pretty wide gaps in it). We cut down three trees apiece, and found it such heart-breaking work that we decided to "rest our case" on those; if they held the property, well and good; if they didn't, let the property spill out through the gaps and go; it was no use to work ourselves to death merely to save a few acres of land. Next day we came back to build a house— for a house was also necessary, in order to hold the property.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

### Reflection

Directions: You have spent some time discussing the topic of **“manipulation”** and how Mark Twain used it in his literature. Please take a look at the following questions and write your thoughts and ideas down.

1. Tell about a time when you have manipulated another person/s. Give a detailed description of what you did, why you did it, and how you manipulated that person/s.
2. How did it make you feel to manipulate this person/s?

3. What are some advantages (+) of manipulating people, characters, readers, etc.?
  
4. What are some of the disadvantages (-) of manipulating people, characters, readers, etc.?
  
5. How does Mark Twain use manipulation in his writing?

