



Instructions to Participants - pick one clip to perform from below:

To Kill A Mockingbird: Miss Caroline went to the blackboard and printed the alphabet, then asked, "Does anybody know what these are?" Everybody did; most of the first grade had failed it last year. I suppose she chose me because she knew my name; as I read the alphabet a faint line appeared between her eyebrows, and after making me read most of My First Reader and the stock-market quotations from The Mobile Register aloud, she discovered that I was literate and looked at me with more than faint distaste.

The Hunger Games: We're on a flat, open stretch of ground. A plain of hard-packed dirt. Behind the tributes across from me, I can see nothing, indicating either a steep downward slope or even a cliff. To my right lies a lake. To my left and back, sparse piney woods. This is where Haymitch would want me to go. Immediately. I hear his instructions in my head: "Just clear out, put as much distance as you can between yourselves and the others, and find a source of water."

The Girl Who Kicked the Hornet's Nest: (*Jonasson is pronounced "YO-nuh-sun"*) Dr. Jonasson was awakened by a nurse five minutes before the helicopter was expected to land. It was just before 1:30 in the morning. "What?" he said, still confused. "Rescue Service Helicopter coming in. Two patients. An injured man and a younger woman. The woman has gunshot wounds." "All right," Jonasson said wearily.

The Lord of the Flies: Piggy and Ralph came to the edge of the grassy platform; and the boys, as they noticed them, fell silent one by one till only the boy next to Jack was talking. Then the silence intruded even there and Jack turned where he sat. For a time he looked at them and the crackle of the fire was the loudest noise over the droning of the reef. Ralph looked away; and Sam, thinking that Ralph had turned to him accusingly, put down his gnawed bone with a nervous giggle.

In Cold Blood: In the earliest hours of that morning in November, a Sunday morning, certain foreign sounds impinged on the normal Holcomb noises—on the keening hysteria of coyotes, the dry scrape of scuttling tumbleweed, the racing, receding wail of locomotive whistles. At the time, not a soul in sleeping Holcomb heard them—four shotgun blasts that, all told, ended six human lives.

Harry Potter: "Well?" Ron said finally, looking up at Harry. "How was it?" Harry considered it for a moment. "Wet," he said truthfully. Ron made a noise that might have indicated jubilation or disgust, it was hard to tell. "Because she was crying," Harry continued heavily. "Oh," said Ron, his smile faded slightly. "Are you that bad at kissing?" "Dunno," said Harry, who hadn't considered this, and immediately felt rather worried. "Maybe I am."

Animal Farm: As soon as the light in the bedroom went out there was a stirring all through the farm buildings. Word had gone 'round during the day that old Major, the prize Middle White boar, had had a strange dream on the previous night and wished to communicate it to the other animals. It had been agreed that they should all meet in the big barn as soon as Mr. Jones was safely out of the way. Old Major was so highly regarded on the farm that everyone was quite ready to lose an hour's sleep in order to hear what he had to say.