

Initiation Week 5

Name:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Period:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Packet due: December 2, 2014

**Quote Analysis**

Explain how the quote is significant (important to the book). What does it reveal about character, theme, or plot? How does it make you feel and why?

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| **Quote** | **Significance** |
| “Why do you care, anyway?” I say, “You can be either cruel instructor or concerned boyfriend.”...”Did I just hear you call me your boyfriend, Tris?” (365-366) | Answer in *four* sentences. |

**Using Literary Devices:**

Change each quote to match the literary device.

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| **Quote from Book (page number)** | **Literary Device** | **New Quote** |
| 1. “I hear the train horn.” (347) | Onomatopoeia |  |
| 1. “My legs shudder with the force of my landing, and I run a few steps to regain my balance.” (348) | 3rd person point of view |  |
| 1. “...You are choosing to ignore what we’ve known all our lives- these people are arrogant and greedy and they will lead you nowhere.” (354) | Metaphor |  |
| 1. “When she pulls the door open, a moth flutters out, its white wings carrying it toward her face.” (371) | Personification |  |
| 1. “The initiates, who spend thirty days performing community service before they can become full members, sit side by side on a bench.” (378) | Simile |  |
| 1. “I realize that I chose a plain chicken breast, a scoop of peas, and a piece of brown bread.” (379) | Imagery |  |

Chapter 28-29 Questions

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| Question: | Answer: |
| 1. What is the main Erudite building and why is it so fitting? |  |
| 1. Draw what you think the main Candor(the building would be and explain your reasoning. (355) |  |
| 1. a. What two things did Four explain that Tris should know about him? (375)   b. What are two things that people should know about you? |  |

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| **CHAPTER THIRTY**   I am ready.  I step into the room, armed not with a gun or a knife, but with the plan I made the night before.  Tobias said that stage three is about mental preparation- coming up with strategies to overcome my fears.  I wish I knew what order the fears would come in.  I bounce on the balls of my feet as I wait for the first fear to appear.  I am already short of breath.  The ground beneath me changes.  Grass rises from the concrete and sways in a wind I cannot feel.  A green sky replaces the exposed pipes above me.  I listen for the birds and feel my fear as a distant thing, a hammering heart and a squeezed chest, but not something that exists in my mind.  Tobias told me to figure out what this simulation means.  He was right; it isn't about the birds.  It's about control.   Wings flap next to my ear, and the crow's talons dig into my shoulder.  This time, I do not hit the bird as hard as I can.  I crouch, listening to the thunder of the wings behind me, and run my hand through the grass, just above the ground.  What combats powerlessness? Power. And the first time I felt powerful in the Dauntless compound was when I was holding a gun.  A lump forms in my throat and I want the talons *off*. The bird squawks and my stomach clenches, but then I feel something hard and metal in the grass.  My gun.  I point the gun at the bird on my shoulder, and it detaches from my shirt in an explosion of blood and feathers.  I spin on my heel, aiming the gun at the sky, and see the cloud of dark feathers descending.  I squeeze the trigger, firing again and again into the sea of birds above me, watching their dark bodies drop into the grass.  As I aim and shoot, I feel the same rush of power I felt the first time I held a gun.  My heart stops racing and the field, gun and birds fade away.  I stand in the dark again.  I shift my weight, and something squeaks beneath my foot.  I crouch down and slide my hand along a cold, smooth panel- glass.  I press my hands to glass on either side of my body.  The tank again.  I'm not afraid of drowning.  This is not about the water; it is about my inability to escape the tank.  It is about weakness.  I just have to convince myself that I am strong enough to break the glass.  The blue lights come on and water slips over the floor, but I don't let the simulation get that far.  I slam my palm against the wall in front of me, expecting the pane to break.  My hand bounces off, causing no damage.  My heartbeat speeds up.  What if what worked in the first simulation doesn't work here?  What if I can't break the glass unless I'm under duress?  The water laps over my ankles, flowing faster by the second.  I have to calm down.  Calm down and focus.  I lean against the wall behind me and kick as heard as I can.  And again.  My toes throb, but nothing happens.  I have another option.  I can wait for the water to fill the tank- and it's already at my knees- and try to calm down as I drown.  I brace myself against the wall, shaking my head. No. I can't let myself drown.  I can't.    I ball my hands up into fists and pound on the wall.  I am stronger than the glass.  The glass is as thin as newly formed ice.  My mind will make it so. I close my eyes.  The glass is ice.  The glass is ice. The glass is-  The glass shatters under my hand and water spills onto the floor.  And then dark returns. I shake out my hands.  that should have been an easy obstacle to overcome.  I've faced it before in simulations.  I can't afford to lose time like that again.  What feels like a solid wall hits me from the side, forcing the air from my lungs, and I fall hard, gasping.  I can't swim: I've only seen bodies of water this large, this powerful, in pictures.  Beneath me is a rock with a jagged edge, slick with water.  The water pulls at my legs and I cling to the rock tasting salt on my lips.  Out of the corner of my eye, I see a dark sky and a blood red moon.  Another wave hits, slamming against my back.  I hit my chin against the stone and wince.  The sea is cold, but my blood is hot, running down my neck.  I stretch my arm and find the edge of the rock.  The water pulls at my legs with irresistible force.  I cling as hard as I can, but I am not strong enough- the water pulls me and the wave throws my body back.  It flings my legs over my head and my arms to each side, and I collide with the stone, my back pressed against it, water gushing over my face.  My lungs scam for air.  I twist and grab the edge of the rock, pulling myself above the water.  I gasp and another wave hits me, this one harder than the first, but I have a better hold.  I must not be really afraid of the water.  I must be afraid of being out of control.  To face it, I have to regain control.    With a scream of frustration, I throw my hand forward and find a hole in the rock.  My arms shake violently as I drag myself forward, and I pull my feet up under me before the wave can take me with it.  Once my feet are free, I get up and throw my body into a run, into a sprint, my feet quick on the stone, the red moon in front of me, the ocean gone.  Then everything is gone, and my body is still. Too still.  I try to move my arms, but they are bound tightly to my sides.  I look down and see rope wrapped around my chest, my arms, my legs.  A stack of logs rises around my feet, and I see a pole behind me.  I am high above the ground.  People creep out of the shadows, and their faces are familiar.  They are the initiates, carrying torches, and Peter is at the front of the pack.  His eyes look like black pits and he wears a smirk that spreads too wide across his face, forcing wrinkles into his cheeks. A laugh starts somewhere in the center of the crowd and rises as voice after voice joins it.  Cackling is all I hear.  As the cackling grows louder, Peter lowers his torch to the wood, and flames leap up near the ground.  They flicker at the edges of each log and then creep over the bark.  I don't struggle against the ropes, as I did the first time I faced this fear.  Instead, I close my eyes and gulp as much air as I can.  This is a simulation. It can't hurt me. The heat from the flames rises around me.  I shake my head.  "Smell that, Stiff?" Peter says, his voice louder than even the cackling.  "No," I say. The flames are getting higher.  He sniffs. "That's the smell of your burning flesh."  When I open my eyes, my vision is blurry with tears.  "Know what I smell?" My voice strains to be louder than the laughter all around me, the laughter that oppresses me as much as the heat.  My arms twitch and I want to fight against the ropes, but I won't.  I won't struggle pointlessly, I won't panic.  I stare through the flames at Peter, the heat bringing blood to the surface of my skin, flowing through me, melting the toes of my shoes.  "I smell rain," I say.  Thunder roars above my head and I scream as a flame touches my fingertips and pain shrieks over my skin.  I tilt my head back and focus on the clouds gathering above my head, dark with rain, heavy with rain.  A line of lightening sprawls over the sky and I feel the first drop on my forehead. *Faster, faster!* The drop rolls down the side of my nose and the second drop hits my shoulder, so big it feels like it's made of ice or rock instead of water.  Sheets of rain fall all around me and I hear sizzling over the laughter.  I smile, relieved, as the rain puts out the fire and soothes the burns on my hands.  The ropes fall away, and I push my hands through my hair.  I wish I was like Tobias and only had four fears to face, but I am not that fearless.  I smooth my shirt down, and when I look up, I stand in my bedroom in the Abnegation sector of the city.  I have never had this fear before.  The lights are off, but the room is lit by the moonlight coming through the windows.  One of my walls is covered in mirrors. I turn toward it, confused.  That isn't right.  I am not allowed to have mirrors.  I look at the reflection in the mirror: my wide eyes, my bed with the grey sheets pulled taut, the dresser that holds my clothes, the bookcase, the bare walls.  My eyes skip to the window behind me.  And to the man standing just outside.  Cold drops down my spine like a bead of sweat, and my body goes rigid.  I recognize him.  He is the man with the scarred face from the aptitude test.  He wears black and stands as still as a statue.  I blink, and two men appear at his left and right, just as still as he is, but their faces are featureless- skin-covered skulls.  I whip my body around, and they stand in my room.  I press my shoulders to the mirror.  For a moment the room is silent, then fists pound against my window, not just two or four or six, but dozens of fists with dozens of fingers, slamming into the glass.  The noise vibrates in my rib cage, it is so loud, and then the scarred man and his two companions begin to walk with slow, careful movements toward me.  They are here to take me, like Peter and Drew and Al; to kill me.  I know it. Simulation.  This is just a simulation.  My heart hammering in my chest, I press my palm to the glass behind me and slide it to the left.  It is not a mirror but a closet door.  I tell myself where the weapon would be.  It will be hanging against the right wall, just inches from my hand.   I don't shift my eyes from the scarred man, but I find the gun with my fingertips and wrap my hands around the handle.  I bite my lip and fire at the scarred man.  I don't wait to see if the bullet hits him- I aim at each featureless man in turn, as fast as I can.  My lip aches from biting it so hard.  The pounding on the window stops, but a screeching sound replaces it, and the fists turn into hands with bent fingers, scratching at the glass, fighting to get in.  The glass creaks under the pressure of their hands, and then cracks, and then shatters.  I scream.  I don't have enough bullets in my gun.  Pale bodies- human bodies, but mangled, arms bent at odd angles, too-wide mouths with needle teeth, empty eye sockets- topple into my bedroom, one after the other and scramble to their feet, scramble toward me.  I pull back into the closet and shut the door in front of me. A solution.  I need a solution.  I sink into a crouch and press the side of the gun to my head.  I can't fight them off. I can’t fight them off, so I have to calm down.  The fear landscape will register my slowing heartbeat and my even breath and it will move onto the next obstacle.  I sit down on the floor of the closet.  The wall behind me creaks.  I hear pounding- the fists are at it again, hitting the closet door- but I turn and peer through the dark at the panel behind me.  It is not a wall but another door.  I fumble to push it aside and reveal the upstairs hallway.  Smiling, I crawl through the hole and stand.  I smell something baking.  I am home. Taking a deep breath, I watch my house fade.  I forgot for a second, that I was in Dauntless headquarters.  And then Tobias, my mother, my father and Caleb are in front of me at a long dinner table.  But I'm not afraid of the people I care about. How could they be part of my fear landscape?  My mother gives me a warm look, "Are you ready for the first question?"  Next to her, Tobias smiles.  *What is going on?*   I nod and all of a sudden a nervous feeling overcomes me.  It still isn't fear though.  "Tell me what you feel about Tobias," my father requests in a quiet tone.  "What is your innermost fear, Tris?" prods Caleb.  "Why did you leave abnegation?" my mother asks.  Tobias walks closer, his eyes only on me, waiting for my answers.  He holds his hand out to me.  My heart starts beating faster- now I understand.  My fear is being with him, having him know everything about me.  I am afraid of *intimacy*. I have been wary of affection my entire life, but I didn't know how deep that wariness went.   Tobias squeezes my hand.  I look up at him and his eyes are full of questions for me. My family continues verbally firing intimate and personal questions at me, expecting me to answer and reveal myself to Tobias.  "Why did you choose Dauntless?" my father says in a softly pained voice.  "Do you love Tobias?" inquires Caleb.  "Are you happy?" my mother asks gently with tears shining in her eyes.  I have been attacked by crows and men with grotesque faces; I have been set on fire by the boy who almost threw me off a ledge; I have almost drowned- twice- and this is what I can't cope with?  Sharing my innermost thoughts with Tobias? Of being intimate with someone? But this obstacle doesn't feel the same as the others.  It is a different kind of fear- nervous panic rather then blind terror.  I try to think.  I have to face the fear.  I have to take control of the situation and find a way to make it less frightening.  I look simulation Tobias in the eye and say, "I am not keeping anything from you.  I will give you the answers to any of your questions about me…. in good time. Just trust me."  I look at my family, slowly fading away now and smile at them.  Tobias leans down to kiss my cheek and then is gone.  A trigger clicks in my ear.  I almost forgot about this one.   I feel the heft of a gun in my hand and curl my fingers around it, slipping my index finger over the trigger.  A spotlight shines from the ceiling, it's source unknown, and standing inn the center of the circle of light are my mother, father and brother**.**  "Do it," hisses a voice next to me.  It is female, but harsh, like it's cluttered with rocks and broken glass.  It sounds like Jeanine.  The barrel of the gun presses to my temple, a cold circle against my skin.  The cold travels across my body, making the hair on the back of my neck stand on end.  I wipe my sweaty palms on my pants and look at the woman through the corner of my eye.  It is Jeanine.  Her glasses are askew, and her eyes are empty of feeling.  My worst fear: that my family will die and that I I'll be responsible.  "Do it," she says again, more insistent this time.  "Do it or I'll kill you."  I stare at Caleb.  He nods, his eyebrows tugged in, sympathetic. "Go ahead, Tris," he says softly. "I understand. It's okay."  My eyes burn. "No," I say, my throat so tight that it aches.  I shake my head.  "I'll give you ten seconds!" the woman shouts. "Ten! Nine!"  My eyes skip from my brother to my father.  His eyes are wide and soft.  I've never seen him wear that expression in real life.  "Tris," my mother says. She smiles.  She has a sweet smile.  "We love you."  "Seven!"  "Shut up!" I shout, holding up the gun.  I can do it.  I can shoot them.  They understand.  They're asking me to. They wouldn't want me to sacrifice myself for them. They aren't even real.  This is all a simulation.  "Six!"  It isn't real.  It doesn't mean anything.  My brother’s kind eyes feel like two drills boring a hole in my head.  My sweat makes the gun slippery.  "Five!"  I have no other option. I close my eyes.  Think.  I have to think.  The urgency making my heart race depends on one thing, and one thing only: the threat to my life.  "Four! Three!"   What did Tobias tell me?  *Selflessness and bravery aren't that different.*  "Two!"  I release the trigger of my gun and drop it.  Before I can lose my nerve, I turn and press my forehead to the barrel of the gun behind me.  *Shoot me instead*.     "One!"  I hear a click, and a bang. | ***In the text*:**  (underline) = Main Ideas or Important Details  = Characters  = Setting (when and where)  (squiggly underline) = Unfamiliar Words  **Background Knowledge Connections:**  *Have you ever felt trapped like this?*  **Visualize:** *Draw a picture or describe what you see after reading this scene.*  **Prediction:** *What will Tris’s next fear landscape be in Abegnation?*  **Questions:** *What questions do you have about Tris’s fear landscape so far?*  **Make sure you are doing this….**  ***In the text*:**  (underline) = Main Ideas or Important Details  = Characters  = Setting (when and where)  (squiggly underline) = Unfamiliar Words  **Summarize:** *Paraphrase the underlined text.*  **Clarify and Comment:** *Which fear do you think was the toughest for Tris to deal with?* |

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| **CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE**  THE LIGHTS COME on. I stand alone in the empty room with the concrete walls, shaking. I sink to my knees, wrapping my arms around my chest. It wasn’t cold when I walked in, but it feels cold now. I rub my arms to get rid of the goose bumps.  I have never felt relief like this before. Every muscle in my body relaxes at once and I breathe freely again. I can’t imagine going through my fear landscape in my spare time, like Tobias does. It seemed like bravery to me before, but now it seems more like masochism.  The door opens, and I stand. Max, Eric, Tobias, and a few people I don’t know walk into the room in a line, standing in a small crowd in front of me. Tobias smiles at me.  “Congratulations, Tris,” says Eric. “You have successfully completed your final evaluation.”  I try to smile. It doesn’t work. I can’t shake the memory of the gun against my head. I can still feel the barrel between my eyebrows.  “Thanks,” I say.  “There is one more thing before you can go and get ready for the welcoming banquet,” he says. He beckons to one of the unfamiliar people behind him. A woman with blue hair hands him a small black case. He opens it and takes out a syringe and a long needle.  I tense up at the sight of it. The orange-brown liquid in the syringe reminds me of what they inject us with before simulations. And I am supposed to be finished with those.  “At least you aren’t afraid of needles,” he says. “This will inject you with a tracking device that will be activated only if you are reported missing. Just a precaution.”  “How often do people go missing?” I ask, frowning.  “Not often.” Eric smirks. “This is a new development, courtesy of the Erudite. We have been injecting every Dauntless throughout the day, and I assume all other factions will comply as soon as possible.”  My stomach twists. I can’t let him inject me with anything, especially not anything developed by Erudite— maybe even by Jeanine. But I also can’t refuse. I can’t refuse or he will doubt my loyalty again.  “All right,” I say, my throat tight.  Eric approaches me with the needle and syringe in hand. I pull my hair away from my neck and tilt my head to the side. I look away as Eric wipes my neck with an antiseptic wipe and eases the needle into my skin. The deep ache spreads through my neck, painful but brief. He puts the needle back in its case and sticks an adhesive bandage on the injection site.  “The banquet is in two hours,” he says. “Your ranking among the other initiates, Dauntless-born included, will be announced then. Good luck.”  The small crowd files out of the room, but Tobias lingers. He pauses by the door and beckons for me to follow him, so I do. The glass room above the Pit is full of Dauntless, some of them walking the ropes above our heads, some talking and laughing in groups. He smiles at me. He must not have been watching.  “I heard a rumor that you only had seven obstacles to face,” he says. “Practically unheard of.”  “You… you weren’t watching the simulation?” “Only on the screens. The Dauntless leaders are the only ones who see the whole thing,” he says. “They seemed impressed.”  “Well, seven fears isn’t as impressive as four,” I reply, “but it will suffice.”  “I would be surprised if you weren’t ranked first,” he says.  We walk into the glass room. The crowd is still there, but it is thinner now that the last person— me— has gone.  People notice me after a few seconds. I stay close to Tobias’s side as they point, but I can’t walk fast enough to avoid some cheers, some claps on the shoulder, some congratulations. As I look at the people around me, I realize how strange they would look to my father and brother, and how normal they seem to me, despite all the metal rings in their faces and the tattoos on their arms and throats and chests. I smile back at them.  We descend the steps into the Pit and I say, “I have a question.” I bite my lip. “How much did they tell you about my fear landscape?”  “Nothing, really. Why?” he says.  “No reason.” I kick a pebble to the side of the path.  “Do you have to go back to the dormitory?” he asks. “Because if you want peace and quiet, you can stay with me until the banquet.”  My stomach twists.  “What is it?” he asks.  I don’t want to go back to the dormitory, and I don’t want to be afraid of him. “Let’s go,” I say.  \*\*\*  He closes the door behind us and slips off his shoes.  “Want some water?” he says.  “No thanks.” I hold my hands in front of me.  “You okay?” he says, touching my cheek. His hand cradles the side of my head, his long fingers slipping through my hair. He smiles and holds my head in place as he kisses me. Heat spreads through me slowly. And fear, buzzing like an alarm in my chest.  His lips still on mine, he pushes the jacket from my shoulders. I flinch when I hear it drop, and push him back, my eyes burning. I don’t know why I feel this way. I didn’t feel like this when he kissed me on the train. I press my palms to my face, covering my eyes.  “What? What’s wrong?”  I shake my head.  “Don’t tell me it’s nothing.” His voice is cold. He grabs my arm. “Hey. Look at me.”  I take my hands from my face and lift my eyes to his. The hurt in his eyes and the anger in his clenched jaw surprise me.  “Sometimes I wonder,” I say, as calmly as I can, “what’s in it for you. This… whatever it is.”  “What’s in it for me,” he repeats. He steps back, shaking his head. “You’re an idiot, Tris.”  “I am not an idiot,” I say. “Which is why I know that it’s a little weird that, of all the girls you could have chosen, you chose me. I am not the prettiest, not desirable. I keep you at a distance most of the time.”  “You know, if I was looking for a pretty face, you probably wouldn’t be the first person I’d come to.”  I press my hands to my abdomen and look away, fighting off tears. I am not the crying type. Nor am I the yelling type. I blink a few times, lower my hands, and stare up at him.  “I’m going to leave now,” I say quietly. And I turn toward the door.  “No, Tris.” He grabs my wrist and wrenches me back. I push him away, hard, but he grabs my other wrist, holding our crossed arms between us.  “I’m sorry I said that,” he says. “What I meant was that you aren’t superficial like that. You are more than just looks and you know what really matters in life. Which I knew when I met you, even without you telling me everything about you.”  “You were an obstacle in my fear landscape.” My lower lip wobbles. “Did you know that?”  “What?” He releases my wrists, and the hurt look is back. “You’re afraid of me?”  “Not you,” I say. I bite my lip to keep it still. “Being with you… Opening up to you… doing that with anyone. I’ve never been involved with someone before, and I never tell people my true thoughts…. I keep people at a distance so I don’t get hurt.... or I don’t know…. Call it intimacy issues.”  “Tris,” he says sternly, “I don’t know what delusion you’re operating under, but this is all new to me, too.”  “Delusion?” I repeat. “You mean you haven’t been in a relationship before?” I raise my eyebrows. “Oh. Oh. I just assumed…” That because I am so absorbed by him, everyone else must be too. “Um. You know.”  “Well, you assumed wrong.” He looks away. His cheeks are bright, like he’s embarrassed. “You can tell me anything, you know,” he says. He takes my face in his hands, his fingertips cold and his palms warm. “I am kinder than I seemed in training. I promise.”  I believe him. But this has nothing to do with his kindness.  He kisses me between the eyebrows, and on the tip of my nose, and then carefully fits his mouth to mine. He pulls back and looks at me as if expecting something. I am on edge. I have electricity coursing through my veins instead of blood. I want him to kiss me, I want to share my thoughts and secrets and be close to him; I want him to know me. But, I am afraid of where it might go.  His hands shift to my shoulders, and his fingers brush over the edge of my bandage. He pulls back with a puckered brow.  “Are you hurt?” he asks.  “No. It’s another tattoo. It’s healed, I just… wanted to keep it covered up.”  “Can I see?”  I hesitate. Uh oh, intimacy. Do I want him to know how much I still care about abnegation? How much I still care about my family? Do I want him to know how I still wonder, despite my successes in Dauntless Initiation, if I made the right choice? Do I? Can I share this part of myself? What will he think? What will I think?  Slowly, I nod, my throat tight. I pull my sleeve down and slip my shoulder out of it. He stares down at my shoulder for a second, and then runs his fingers over it. They rise and fall with my bones, which stick out farther than I’d like. When he touches me, I feel like everywhere his skin meets mine is changed by the connection. It sends a thrill through me. Not just fear.  He peels the corner of the bandage away. His eyes roam over the symbol of Abnegation, and he smiles.  “I have the same one,” he says, laughing. “On my back.”  What? I think.  “Really? Can I see it?”  He presses the bandage over the tattoo and pulls my shirt back over my shoulder.  “It is only fair. You shared something intimate with me. I will share something personal and intimate with you. This is part of what a relationship means. You trust others enough *to share* intimate details about us.  A nervous laugh gurgles from my throat. “Yeah…. I think I am starting to.”  He nods, his smile suddenly fading. He lifts his eyes to mine and unzips his sweatshirt. It slides from his shoulders, and he tosses it onto the desk chair. I don’t feel like laughing now. All I can do is stare at him.  His eyebrows pull to the center of his forehead, and he grabs the hem of his T-shirt. In one swift motion, he pulls it over his head.  A patch of Dauntless flames covers his right side, but other than that, his chest is unmarked. He averts his eyes.  “What is it?” I ask, frowning. He looks… uncomfortable.  “I don’t invite many people to look at me,” he says. “Any people, actually.”  “I can’t imagine why,” I say softly. “I mean, look at you.”  “Lets… just call it intimacy issues.”  I nod. I understand completely. I walk slowly around him. On his back is more ink than skin. The symbols of each faction are drawn there— Dauntless at the top of his spine, Abnegation just below it, and the other three, smaller, beneath them. For a few seconds I look at the scales that represent Candor, the eye that stands for Erudite, and the tree that symbolizes Amity. It makes sense that he would tattoo himself with the symbol of Dauntless, his refuge, and even the symbol of Abnegation, his place of origin, like I did. But the other three?  “I think we’ve made a mistake,” he says softly. “We’ve all started to put down the virtues of the other factions in the process of bolstering our own. I don’t want to do that. I want to be brave, and selfless, and smart, and kind, and honest.” He clears his throat. “I continually struggle with kindness.”  “No one’s perfect,” I whisper. “It doesn’t work that way. One bad thing goes away, and another bad thing replaces it.”  I traded cowardice for cruelty; I traded weakness for ferocity.  I brush over Abnegation’s symbol with my fingertips.  “We have to warn them, you know. Soon.”  “I know,” he says. “We will.” He turns toward me. I suddenly feel relieved. We shared some of our most intimate thoughts, and nothing happened. I didn’t explode. Tobias didn’t run away screaming…. He doesn’t think less of me. Actually, now I feel closer to him. Like we have a connection, something in common. We are closer now…. And I actually think it's a good thing.  “Is this scaring you, Tris?” “No,” I croak. I clear my throat. “Not really. I’m only… afraid of what I want.”  “What do you want?” Then his face tightens. “To be with me?”  Slowly I nod.  He nods too, and takes my hands in his gently.  I smile a little and wrap my arms around him, pressing the side of my face to his chest. I feel his heartbeat against my cheek, as fast as my own.  “Are you afraid of me, too, Tobias?”  “Terrified,” he replies with a smile.  I turn my head and kiss the hollow beneath his throat.  “Maybe you won’t be in my fear landscape anymore,” I murmur.  He bends his head and kisses me slowly.  “Then everyone can call you Six.”  “Four and Six,” I say.  We kiss again, and this time, it feels familiar. I know exactly how we fit together, his arm around my waist, my hands on his chest, the pressure of his lips on mine. We have each other memorized. | ***In the text*:**  (underline) = Main Ideas or Important Details  = Characters  = Setting (when and where)  (squiggly underline) = Unfamiliar Words  **Questions:** *What questions do you have about the tracking device?*    **Clarify and Comment:** *Why do you think Tris is hesitant to go talk to Tobias?*  **Background Knowledge Connections:**  *Do you tell people your true thoughts or do you keep people at a distance? Explain.*  **Prediction:** *Do you think Tris will be able to get over her intimacy fears and share some personal details about herself?*  **Visualize:** *Draw a picture of what you think Tobias’ tattoo looks like.*  **Summarize:** *What was the theme of the chapter?* |

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| **CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO**  I WATCH TOBIAS’S face carefully as we walk to the dining hall, searching for any sign of disappointment. We spent the two hours lying on his bed, talking and kissing and eventually dozing until we heard shouts in the hallway— people on their way to the banquet.  If anything, he seems lighter now than he was before. He smiles more, anyway.  When we reach the entrance, we separate. I go in first, and run to the table I share with Will and Christina. He enters second, a minute later, and sits down next to Zeke, who hands him a dark bottle. He waves it away.  “Where did you go?” asks Christina. “Everyone else went back to the dormitory.”  “I just wandered around,” I say. “I was too nervous to talk to everyone else about it.”  “You have no reason to be nervous,” Christina says, shaking her head. “I turned around to talk to Will for one second, and you were already done.”  I detect a note of jealousy in her voice, and again, I wish I could explain that I was well prepared for the simulation, because of what I am. Instead I just shrug.  “What job are you going to pick?” I ask her.  “I’m thinking I might want a job like Four’s. Training initiates,” she says. “Scaring the living daylights out of them. You know, fun stuff. What about you?”  I was so focused on getting through initiation that I barely thought about it. I could work for the Dauntless leaders— but they would kill me if they discover what I am. What else is there?  “I guess… I could be an ambassador to the other factions,” I say. “I think being a transfer would help me.”  “I was so hoping you would say Dauntless-leader-in-training,” sighs Christina. “Because that’s what Peter wants. He couldn’t shut up about it in the dorm earlier.”  “And it’s what I want,” adds Will. “Hopefully I ranked higher than him… oh, and all the Dauntless-born initiates. Forgot about them.” He groans. “Oh God. This is going to be impossible.”  “No, it isn’t,” she says. Christina reaches for his hand and laces her fingers with his, like it’s the most natural thing in the world. Will squeezes her hand.  “Question,” says Christina, leaning forward. “The leaders who were watching your fear landscape… they were laughing about something.”  “Oh?” I bite my lip hard. “I’m glad my terror amuses them.” “Any idea which obstacle it was?” she asks.  “No.”  “You’re lying,” she says. “You always bite the inside of your cheek when you lie. It’s your tell.”  I stop biting the inside of my cheek.  “Will’s is pinching his lips together, if it makes you feel better,” she adds.  Will covers his mouth immediately.  “Okay, fine. I was afraid of… intimacy,” I say.  “Intimacy,” repeats Christina incredulously.  I tense up. And force myself to nod. Even if it was just Christina, and no one else was around, I would still want to strangle her right now. I go over a few ways to inflict maximum injury with minimum force in my head. I try to throw flames from my eyes.  Will laughs. “What was that like?” she says. “I mean, did someone just… try to get really close to you? Who was it?”  “Oh, you know. Faceless… unidentifiable male,” I say. “How were your moths?”  “You promised you would never tell!” cries Christina, smacking my arm.  “Moths,” repeats Will. “You’re afraid of moths?”  “Not just a cloud of moths,” she says, “like… a swarm of them. Everywhere. All those wings and legs and…” She shudders and shakes her head.  “Terrifying,” Will says with mock seriousness. “That’s my girl. Tough as cotton balls.”  “Oh, shut up.”  A microphone squeals somewhere, so loud I clap my hands over my ears. I look across the room at Eric, who stands on one of the tables with the microphone in hand, tapping it with his fingertips. After the tapping is done and the crowd of Dauntless is quiet, Eric clears his throat and begins.  “We aren’t big on speeches here. Eloquence is for Erudite,” he says. The crowd laughs. I wonder if they know that he was an Erudite once; that under all the pretense of Dauntless recklessness and even brutality, he is more like an Erudite than anything else. If they did, I doubt they would laugh at him. “So I’m going to keep this short. It’s a new year, and we have a new pack of initiates. And a slightly smaller pack of new members. We offer them our congratulations.”  At the word “congratulations” the room erupts, not into applause, but into the pounding of fists on tabletops. The noise vibrates in my chest, and I grin.  “We believe in bravery. We believe in taking action. We believe in freedom from fear and in acquiring the skills to force the bad out of our world so that the good can prosper and thrive. If you also believe in those things, we welcome you.”  Even though I know Eric probably doesn’t believe in any of those things, I find myself smiling, because I believe in them. No matter how badly the leaders have warped the Dauntless ideals, those ideals can still belong to me.  More pounding fists, this time accompanied by whoops.  “Tomorrow, in their first act as members, our top ten initiates will choose their professions, in the order of how they are ranked,” Eric says. “The rankings, I know, are what everyone is really waiting for. They are determined by a combination of three scores— the first, from the combat stage of training; the second, from the simulation stage; and the third, from the final examination, the fear landscape. The rankings will appear on the screen behind me.”  As soon as the word “me” leaves his mouth, the names appear on the screen, which is almost as large as the wall itself. Next to the number one is my picture, and the name “Tris.”  A weight in my chest lifts. I didn’t realize it was there until it was gone, and I didn’t have to feel it anymore. I smile, and a tingling spreads through me. First. Divergent or not, this faction is where I belong.  I forget about war; I forget about death. Will’s arms wrap around me and he gives me a bear hug. I hear cheering and laughing and shouting. Christina points at the screen, her eyes wide and filled with tears.  1. Tris  2. Uriah  3. Lynn  4. Marlene  5. Peter  Peter stays. I suppress a sigh. But then I read the rest of the names.  6. Will  7. Christina  I smile, and Christina reaches across the table to hug me. I am too distracted to protest against the affection. She laughs in my ear.  Someone grabs me from behind and shouts in my ear. It’s Uriah. I can’t turn around, so I reach back and squeeze his shoulder.  “Congratulations!” I shout.  “You beat them!” he shouts back. He releases me, laughing, and runs into a crowd of Dauntless-born initiates.  I crane my neck to look at the screen again. I follow the list down.  Eight, nine, and ten are Dauntless-borns whose names I barely recognize.  Eleven and twelve are Molly and Drew.  Molly and Drew are cut. Drew, who tried to run away while Peter held me by the throat over the chasm, and Molly, who fed the Erudite lies about my father, are factionless.  It isn’t quite the victory I wanted, but it’s a victory nonetheless.  Will and Christina kiss, a little too sloppily for my taste. All around me is the pounding of Dauntless fists. Then I feel a tap on my shoulder and turn to see Tobias standing behind me. I get up, beaming.  “You think giving you a hug would give away too much?” he says.  “You know,” I say, “I really don’t care.”  I stand on my tiptoes and press my lips to his.  It is the best moment of my life.  A moment later, Tobias’s thumb brushes over the injection site in my neck, and a few things come together at once. I don’t know how I didn’t figure this out before.  One: Colored serum contains transmitters.  Two: Transmitters connect the mind to a simulation program.  Three: Erudite developed the serum.  Four: Eric and Max are working with the Erudite.  I break away from the kiss and stare wide-eyed at Tobias.  “Tris?” he says, confused. I shake my head.  “Not now.” I meant to say not here. Not with Will and Christina standing a foot away from me— staring with open mouths, probably because I just kissed Tobias— and the clamor of the Dauntless surrounding us. But he has to know how important it is.  “Later,” I say. “Okay?”  He nods. I don’t even know how I’ll explain it later. I don’t even know how to think straight.  But I do know how Erudite will get us to fight. | ***In the text*:**  (underline) = Main Ideas or Important Details  = Characters  = Setting (when and where)  (squiggly underline) = Unfamiliar Words  **Background Knowledge Connections:**  *What are some of your greatest fears?*  **Prediction:** *What do you think the rankings will be out of Tris, Christina, Will, Molly, Drew, Peter, Marlene, Uriah, and Lynn?*  **1.**  **2.**  **3.**  **4.**  **5.**  **6.**  **7.**  **8.**  **9.**  **Clarify and Comment:** *Was your prediction correct? How did your predicted ranking compared to the actual rankings?*  **Visualize:** *Draw a picture or describe what you see after reading this scene.* |

**Chapter 33-36 Questions**

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| Question: | Answer: |
| 1. You are the marketing director of the company that invented the serum. Come up with a name and slogan for the serum that will help your company sell it. (416-417) | Name of serum: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  Slogan: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ |
| 1. What is Jeanine’s plan? How would you stop her plan? (429) |  |
| 1. How does the new serum affect Tobias? (434-435) |  |
| 1. How are the actions of Tris’s mom similar to the actions of her grandmother? (439-443) |  |
| 1. What do they have to do to wake up the Dauntless soldiers? (452) |  |

Cliques in Divergent

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| Do Now  Write a list of all of your friends in your friendship group.  What do you have in common with these friends? |

A clique is a group of friends that has the following characteristics:

* Extreme control of the members of the group.

Example: “We only wear brand-name clothing.”

* Strict rules about who is allowed into the group

Example: “We don’t hang out with people like THAT.”

* Inflexible exit form the group

Example: “If she hangs out with THAT girl, we’re not going to be friends with her.”

How do you feel about the results of the survey? Explain.

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Make a list of the cliques at your school.

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| Clique in school | Divergent faction equivalent |
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Do the factions in Divergent share the same characteristics as cliques? Explain.

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For one of the cliques that you listed, provide the following information:

Clique name : \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Positive thing about that clique: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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What you could learn from that clique: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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Way you could reach out to that clique: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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Why should we avoid being in cliques?

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What can you do to avoid being in a clique?

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