

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

## Annotation Bookmark

While reading, annotate your text with the symbols below:

☆ Use a star if something you read seems interesting.

❓ Use one question mark if something you read raises a question in your mind.

❓❓ Use two question marks if something you read seems confusing.

⊕ Use a plus sign when you have a connection to something you're reading.

🌀 Use a spiral when you think of a prediction to make about what you're reading.

✓ Use a check mark when what you're reading confirms the prediction you made.

X Use an X when what you're reading contradicts the prediction you made.

! use an exclamation point when what you're reading seems important.  
(Hint: information you might need later.)

Build vocabulary by boxing all words that:

- Get repeated
- Seem important or
- Are unknown.

## excerpt from 'Fahrenheit 451' by Ray Bradbury

May 31, 2009 by [TheWild Webster](#)

*Oh there are so many good parts that stretch for entire pages! I highly recommend this book even if some parts are hard to wade through. Here's a large portion edited a bit down to try to fit more succinctly where Montag is questioning his purpose as a 'fireman' and is confronted by his station chief Beatty:*

"When did it all start, you ask, this job of ours, how did it come about, where, when? Well, I'd say it really got started around about a thing called the Civil War. Even though our rule-book claims it was founded earlier. The fact is we didn't get along well until photography came into its own. Then — motion pictures in the early twentieth century. Radio. Television. Things began to have mass."

Montag sat in bed, not moving.

"And because they had mass, they became simpler," said Beatty. "Once, books appealed to a few people, here, there, everywhere. They could afford to be different. The world was roomy. But then the world got full of eyes and elbows and mouths. Double, triple, quadruple population. Films and radios, magazines, books levelled down to a sort of paste pudding norm, do you follow me?"

"I think so."

Beatty peered at the smoke pattern he had put out on the air. "Picture it.

Nineteenth-century man with his horses, dogs, carts, slow motion. Then, in the twentieth century, speed up your camera. Books cut shorter.

Condensations. Digests. Tabloids. Everything boils down to the gag, the snap ending."

"Classics cut to fit fifteen-minute radio shows, then cut again to fill a two-minute book column, winding up at last as a ten- or twelve-line dictionary resume. I exaggerate, of course. The dictionaries were for reference. But many were those whose sole knowledge of Hamlet (you know the title certainly, Montag; it is probably only a faint rumour of a title to you, Mrs. Montag) whose sole knowledge, as I say, of Hamlet was a one-page digest in

Annotate by using the annotation bookmark - summarize paragraphs on this side.

a book that claimed: 'now at least you can read all the classics; keep up with your neighbours.' Do you see? Out of the nursery into the college and back to the nursery; there's your intellectual pattern for the past five centuries or more."

"Speed up the film, Montag, quick. Click? Pic? Look, Eye, Now, Flick, Here, There, Swift, Pace, Up, Down, In, Out, Why, How, Who, What, Where, Eh? Uh! Bang! Smack! Wallop, Bing, Bong, Boom! Digest-digests, digest-digest-digests. Politics? One column, two sentences, a headline! Then, in mid-air, all vanishes! Whirl man's mind around about so fast under the pumping hands of publishers, exploiters, broadcasters, that the centrifuge flings off all unnecessary, time-wasting thought!"

"School is shortened, discipline relaxed, philosophies, histories, languages dropped, English and spelling gradually neglected, finally almost completely ignored. Life is immediate, the job counts, pleasure lies all about after work. Why learn anything save pressing buttons, pulling switches, fitting nuts and bolts?"

"The zipper displaces the button and a man lacks just that much time to think while dressing at dawn, a philosophical hour, and thus a melancholy hour."

"Life becomes one big pratfall, Montag; everything bang, boff, and wow!"

"Empty the theatres save for clowns and furnish the rooms with glass walls and pretty colours running up and down the walls like confetti or blood or sherry or sauterne. You like baseball, don't you, Montag?"

"Baseball's a fine game."

Beatty went on, "You like bowling, don't you, Montag?"

"Bowling, yes."

"And golf?"

"Golf is a fine game."

"Basketball?"

"A fine game."

"Billiards, pool? Football?"

"Fine games, all of them."

“More sports for everyone, group spirit, fun, and you don’t have to think, eh? Organize and organize and superorganize super-super sports. More cartoons in books. More pictures. The mind drinks less and less. Impatience. Highways full of crowds going somewhere, somewhere, somewhere, nowhere. The gasoline refugee. Towns turn into motels, people in nomadic surges from place to place, following the moon tides, living tonight in the room where you slept this noon and I the night before.”

“Now let’s take up the minorities in our civilization, shall we? Bigger the population, the more minorities. Don’t step on the toes of the dog-lovers, the cat-lovers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, Mormons, Baptists, Unitarians, second-generation Chinese, Swedes, Italians, Germans, Egyptians, Kenyans, Texans, Brooklynites, Irishmen, people from Oregon or Mexico. The people in this book, this play, this TV serial are not meant to represent any actual painters, cartographers, mechanics anywhere. The bigger your market, Montag, the less you handle controversy, remember that! All the minor minor minorities with their navels to be kept clean. Authors, full of evil thoughts, lock up your typewriters. They did. Magazines became a nice blend of vanilla tapioca. Books, so the snobbish critics said, were dishwater. No wonder books stopped selling, the critics said. But the public, knowing what it wanted, spinning happily, let the comic books survive. There you have it, Montag. It didn’t come from the Government down. There was no declaration, no censorship, to start with, no! Technology, mass exploitation, and pressure carried the trick, thank God. Today, thanks to them, you can stay happy all the time, you are allowed to read comics, the good old confessions, or trade journals.”

“Yes, but what about the firemen, then?” asked Montag.

“Ah.” Beatty leaned forward in the faint mist of smoke from his pipe. “What more easily explained and natural? With school turning out more runners, jumpers, racers, tinkerers, grabbers, snatchers, fliers, and swimmers instead of examiners, critics, knowers, and imaginative creators, the word

'intellectual,' of course, became the swear word it deserved to be. You always dread the unfamiliar. Surely you remember the boy in your own school class who was exceptionally 'bright,' did most of the reciting and answering while the others sat like so many leaden idols, hating him. And wasn't it this bright boy you selected for beatings and tortures after hours? Of course it was. We must all be alike. Not everyone born free and equal, as the Constitution says, but everyone made equal. Each man the image of every other; then all are happy, for there are no mountains to make them cower, to judge themselves against. **So! A book is a loaded gun in the house next door. Burn it. Take the shot from the weapon.** Breach man's mind. Who knows who might be the target of the well-read man? Me? I won't stomach them for a minute. And so when houses were finally fireproofed completely, all over the world (you were correct in your assumption the other night) there was no longer need of firemen for the old purposes. They were given the new job, as custodians of our peace of mind, the focus of our understandable and rightful dread of being inferior; official censors, judges, and executors. That's you, Montag, and that's me."

Beatty knocked his pipe into the palm of his pink hand, studied the ashes as if they were a symbol to be diagnosed and searched for meaning.

"You must understand that our civilization is so vast that we can't have our individuals upset and stirred. Ask yourself, What do we want in this country, above all? People want to be happy, isn't that right? Haven't you heard it all your life? I want to be happy, people say. Well, aren't they? Don't we keep them moving, don't we give them fun? That's all we live for, isn't it? For pleasure, for excitement? And you must admit our culture provides plenty of these."

"Yes."

"Non-religious people don't like the Bible. Burn it. Southerners don't feel good about Uncle Tom's Cabin. Burn it. Someone's written a book on tobacco and cancer of the lungs? The cigarette people are weeping? Burn the book. Serenity, Montag. Peace, Montag. Take your fight outside. Better yet,

into the incinerator. Funerals are unhappy and pagan? Eliminate them, too. Five minutes after a person is dead he's on his way to the Big Flue, the Incinerators serviced by helicopters all over the country. Ten minutes after death a man's a speck of black dust. Let's not quibble over individuals with memoriams. Forget them. Burn them all, burn everything. Fire is bright and fire is clean."

"There was a girl next door," he said, slowly. "She's gone now, I think, dead. I can't even remember her face. But she was different. How — how did she happen?"

Beatty smiled. "Here or there, that's bound to occur. Clarisse McClellan? We've a record on her family. We've watched them carefully. Heredity and environment are funny things. You can't rid yourselves of all the odd ducks in just a few years. The home environment can undo a lot you try to do at school. That's why we've lowered the kindergarten age year after year until now we're almost snatching them from the cradle. We had some false alarms on the McClellans, when they lived in Chicago. Never found a book. Uncle had a mixed record; anti-social. The girl? She was a time bomb. The family had been feeding her subconscious, I'm sure, from what I saw of her school record. She didn't want to know how a thing was done, but why. That can be embarrassing. You ask Why to a lot of things and you wind up very unhappy indeed, if you keep at it. The poor girl's better off dead."

"Luckily, odd ones like her don't happen, often. We know how to nip most of them in the bud, early. You can't build a house without nails and wood. If you don't want a house built, hide the nails and wood. If you don't want a man unhappy politically, don't give him two sides to a question to worry him; give him one. Better yet, give him none. Let him forget there is such a thing as war. If the Government is inefficient, top-heavy, and tax-mad, better it be all those than that people worry over it. Peace, Montag. Give the people contests they win by remembering the words to more popular songs or the names of state capitals or how much corn Iowa grew last year. Cram them full of non-combustible data, chock them so full of 'facts' they feel stuffed,

but absolutely 'brilliant' with information. Then they'll feel they're thinking, they'll get a sense of motion without moving. And they'll be happy, because facts of that sort don't change. Don't give them any slippery stuff like philosophy or sociology to tie things up with. That way lies melancholy. Any man who can take a TV wall apart and put it back together again, and most men can nowadays, is happier than any man who tries to slide-rule, measure, and equate the universe, which just won't be measured or equated without making man feel bestial and lonely. I know, I've tried it; forget about it. So bring on your clubs and parties, your acrobats and magicians, your dare-devils, jet cars, motor-cycle helicopters, your drugs and heroin, more of everything to do with automatic reflex. If the drama is bad, if the film says nothing, if the play is hollow, sting me with the theremin, loudly. I'll think I'm responding to the play, when it's only a tactile reaction to vibration. But I don't care. I just like solid entertainment."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_ Period \_\_\_\_\_ Fahrenheit 451 q's

NEXT TO EACH PARAGRAPH SUMMARIZE THE PARAGRAPH. UNDERLINE IMPORTANT ASPECTS; CIRCLE WORDS THAT ARE CHALLENGING. ANSWER EACH QUESTION IN A SENTENCE OR 2.

1. What do you think it means when it says "Radio. Television. Things began to have mass.... And because they had mass they became simpler."?
2. What is the meaning of this phrase, " Out of the nursery into the college and back to the nursery; there's your intellectual pattern for the past few centuries or more."?
3. What is the meaning of this, " Whirl man's mind around about so fast... that the centrifuge flings off all unnecessary, time- wasting thought"?
4. Do you believe that this statement is true about the future, " Discipline relaxed.... English and spelling gradually neglected.... Life is immediate, the job counts.... Why learn anything save pressing buttons, pulling switches, fitting nuts and bolts?"
5. What does it mean when it says, "the mind drinks less and less"? Write down one piece of evidence in that paragraph that tells you this.
6. What does the author mean by "Magazines became a nice blend of vanilla tapioca"?
7. How did this future society decide that only comics, confessions (think TMZ), and trade journals (writings that have to do with particular jobs) are allowed?
8. Why did the word intellectual become a swear word?
9. Why would a book be a loaded gun to a society that highlights that everyone is made equal through government?

10. What do firefighters do in this future society?
  
11. What do people live for in the fictional society?
  - a. Is it true of this current society?
  
12. Besides books, what else is eliminated in the future society?
  
13. What happened with Clarisse?
  
14. Why is Clarisse and her family different from society?
  
15. Write a metaphor that is in the paragraph on Clarisse.
  
16. What types of entertainment is offered in the future society?
  
17. What is the difference between the type of "thinking" that is encouraged in the future society and the type of "thinking" that Clarisse was accused of?
  
18. Why would this future society encourage clubs, parties, acrobats, magicians, daredevils, drugs, heroin, and everything that has to do with automatic reflex?
  
19. Do you think that this future is a possibility for America?