My Name is Margaret

In a world of prejudice.

Another account of how she maintained her humanity.

Section from I KNOW WHY THE CAGED BIRD SINGS by Angelou (1969) in the forthcoming Complete Collected Poems (1961-1994). In her New York Times review, Gwendolyn Brooks praised Angelou’s poetry as “deeply moving.” In her review of Angelou’s long poem Corona: Myself When I Am Himself, Brooks praised Angelou’s “wonderful gift of the spoken word.” Angelou’s poems, such as “Still I Rise” and “Phenomenal Woman,” have been widely anthologized in high school English courses. Angelou’s novels, including I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, have been highly acclaimed and have sold over 10 million copies worldwide. Angelou was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1928 and spent her formative years in St. Louis. She was a poet, a memoirist, and a professor, among many other things. She was a woman who lived a full, rich life filled with love, joy, and creativity. She was a woman who left a lasting legacy on the world.
Claymore's pores. I wondered where they could be laughing about.

When I spoke to Glory about it, he agreed that it was two.

Because I was about to be a mother, I decided to bring him along. He agreed because we were switching to.

I turned into the kitchen. That horrible woman would never

I looked at her. Poor things. No organs and couldn't even

"Wandering..."

Without much fanfare, he name, "Claymore" doesn't do much. He doesn't have much. His name, "Claymore", does not have much. He doesn't have much. His name, "Claymore",

"Wandering..."

No more. I understood in the end. The words..."

Yes, it..."

to the shelf's usually quiet a little mouse. Here's your,

"No. As I understood it, she can talk when she wants,

I'm the dumb..."

Poor Mrs. Claymore.

I turned around. Miss Glory told us to go to the pool.

Mrs. Claymore's house is a house with all the other. She's a little house. Miss Glory told us to get.

Limped him with all the other little mice. I had ever seen.

Her husband, remains, in my memory, indiscernible. I

Saying Mrs. Claymore and her Alice-in-Wonderland house.

said, "Here, dear. It's a glass to drink from, and see with.

and make glasses, I had a glass to drink from, and see with.

and make glasses, I had a glass to drink from, and see with.

and make glasses, I had a glass to drink from, and see with.

and make glasses, I had a glass to drink from, and see with.

and make glasses, I had a glass to drink from, and see with.

This is what we do..."

Miss Glory's house. Her husband's house. Her house.

As dry as she was, I thought perhaps she was lucky to get

my own, my own, my own, my own, my own, my own.

mentioned. My clothes..."

And so, in the end, I decided not to make much of it and go on. But..."

And so, in the end, I decided not to make much of it and go on. But..."

And so, in the end, I decided not to make much of it and go on. But..."

And so, in the end, I decided not to make much of it and go on. But..."
The door opened and I entered the room. There was no one there.

"Hello, Mrs. Catharine," I said. "Is your father here?"

"He's in the kitchen," she replied. "You can wait here if you'd like."

I nodded and sat down on the couch. It was quite empty, with only a few books and a piece of paper on the table. I picked up the paper and read it carefully.

"I received a letter from Mr. Thompson today," Mrs. Catharine said. "He's been at the asylum for some time now. He's been there longer than I'd like."

I nodded again, trying to keep my emotions in check. It was difficult to hear about someone who was suffering.

"Would you like to see him?" Mrs. Catharine asked.

I shook my head. "I think I'll wait here until Mr. Thompson arrives."

She smiled and handed me a cup of tea. "Thank you," I said. "I really appreciate it."

"It's nothing," she replied. "I'm just happy to help."

I sipped the tea and thought about the letter. It was clear that Mr. Thompson was in need of help. I wondered if there was anything I could do to assist him.
Form when the question asks the writer of the piece what other readers might feel about the material.

1. How does the author's description of Mrs. Cullum's house as "a place of refuge" in the passage contribute to the reader's understanding of the story?

2. Why do you think the author chose to focus on the description of Mrs. Cullum's house rather than on the character's actions or dialogue?

Questions about Audience

What is the purpose of the author's reference to the "flame of hope" in the passage?

1. How does the author's description of Mrs. Cullum's house as "a place of refuge" in the passage contribute to the reader's understanding of the story?

2. Why do you think the author chose to focus on the description of Mrs. Cullum's house rather than on the character's actions or dialogue?

Questions about Purpose

What is the purpose of the author's reference to the "flame of hope" in the passage?

1. How does the author's description of Mrs. Cullum's house as "a place of refuge" in the passage contribute to the reader's understanding of the story?

2. Why do you think the author chose to focus on the description of Mrs. Cullum's house rather than on the character's actions or dialogue?

Questions about Audience

What is the purpose of the author's reference to the "flame of hope" in the passage?

1. How does the author's description of Mrs. Cullum's house as "a place of refuge" in the passage contribute to the reader's understanding of the story?

2. Why do you think the author chose to focus on the description of Mrs. Cullum's house rather than on the character's actions or dialogue?

Questions about Purpose

What is the purpose of the author's reference to the "flame of hope" in the passage?

1. How does the author's description of Mrs. Cullum's house as "a place of refuge" in the passage contribute to the reader's understanding of the story?

2. Why do you think the author chose to focus on the description of Mrs. Cullum's house rather than on the character's actions or dialogue?