# HOW TO MAKE BLACKOUT POETRY

#### **FIRST**

## USE YOUR PENCIL

#### TAVRENHEIT 451

of the books. A man had to think them up. A to take a long time to put them down on ad I'd never even thought that thought begot out of bed.

k some man a lifetime maybe to put some of this down, looking around at the world and hen I come along in two minutes and boom!

se alone," said Mildred. "I didn't do any-

about the second providence and bands

ou alone! That's all very well, but how can I self alone? We need not to be let alone. We e really bothered once in a while. How long you were really bothered? About something t, about something real?"

en he shut up, for he remembered last week wo white stones staring up at the ceiling and o-snake with the probing eye and the two d men with the cigarettes moving in their when they talked. But that was another that was a Mildred so deep inside this one, thered, really bothered, that the two women met. He turned away.

d said, "Well, now you've done it. Out front use. Look who's here."

t care."

's a phoenix car just drove up and a man in hirt with an orange snake stitched on his ng up the front walk."

in Beatty?" he said.

in Beatry."

g did not move, but stood looking into the mess of the wall immediately before him.

him in, will you? Tell him I'm sick."

m yourself?" She ran a few steps this way, a that, and stopped, eyes wide, when the

The Hearth and the Salamande

front door speaker called her name, sol Montag. Mrs. Montag, someone here, Mrs. Montag, Mrs. Montag, someone's

Montag made sure the book was we hind the pillow, climbed slowly back ranged the covers over his knees and ac half sitting, and after a while Mildre went out of the room and Captain Bes his hands in his pockets.

"Shut the 'relatives' up," said B around at everything except Montag an

This time, Mildred ran. The yam stopped yelling in the parlor.

Captain Beatty sat down in the mo chair with a peaceful look on his ruddy time to prepare and light his brass pipe great smoke cloud. "Just thought I'd co how the sick man is."

"How'd you guess?"

Beatty smiled his smile which show pinkness of his gums and the tiny cand his teeth. "I've seen it all. You were got night off."

Montag sat in bed.

"Well," said Beatry, "take the night of ined his eternal matchbox, the lid of GUARANTEED ONE MILLION LIGHTS IN and began to strike the chemical match blow out, strike, blow out, strike, speal blow out. He looked at the flame. He b at the smoke. "When will you be well?"

Tomorrow The next day maybe.

Beatty puffed his pipe. "Every firen later, hits this. They only need und know how the wheels run. Need to kn THEN
USE A
MARKER

was stare at them and hold out his arms. Nan and Bert wanted to rush in to rescue him, but Tinky held them back.

"No, no he jed. "You'd be pulled under. Reckon there and the ime to lose, though. Do

just as I say."

Under his guidance the three on children broke down a charle conting by bending over, the jumping on the trunk was through. It we not y, because young see was to it snapped off.

"Use it as a pole," a wered Tinky. But

need two."

"We'll come on, Freddie," called of ...
She tried to and calm, by she as shaking with fear

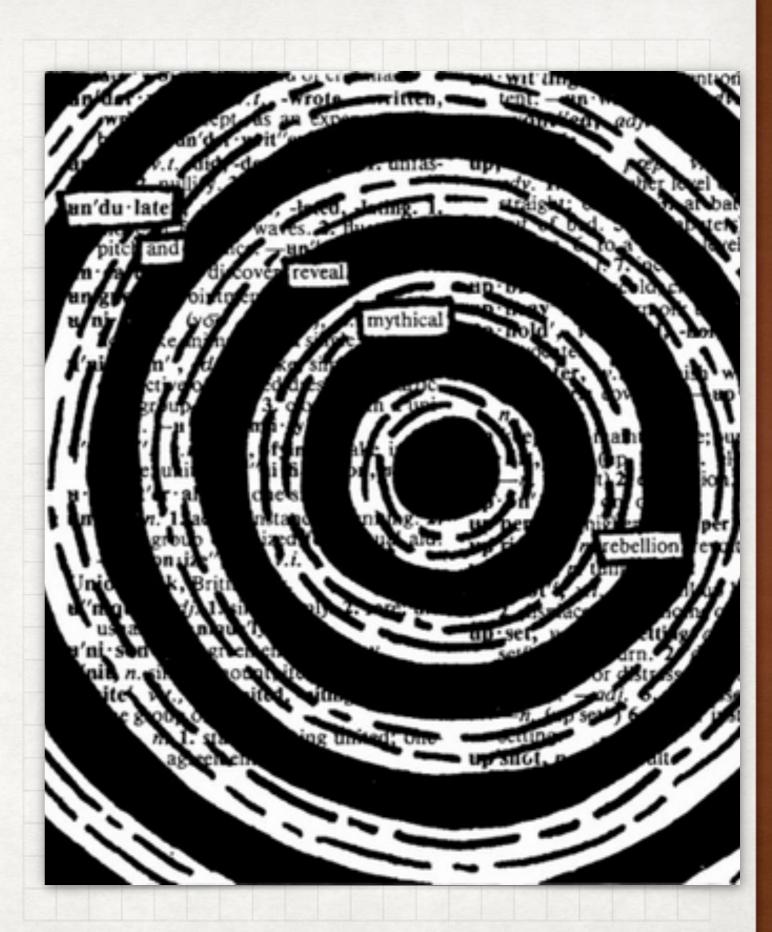
Anor r saplin was broken in the same way.

ready to use the slender trees. Fred was the anno to is waist now, his e es lie with tears.

"Recke of we kin git these poles under his be all right," said Tinky. "Freddie, hold on these," the boy ordered as he and the ends on firm ground.

Freddie did not obey. He wa too frightened to do anything but sob as he san

## GET CREATIVE!



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perceives, affirms, denies, does not will, that imagines also, and which fe not a little, if all these properties belong lut why my nature should they ne being evertheless almost everythm, who do under who wishes those to know and desimany things, ev be deceive himself; in spite of ways to being from thought at one cou underplain it. equally certs does not cease thinking. am -organs said that th dream s are talse and that ing. Let it cast, it is very consult that it seems that I see and fee heat; and this is me is called per and this, taken in this precise sense, is thinking. From this I begin to know little

#### GET CREATIVE!

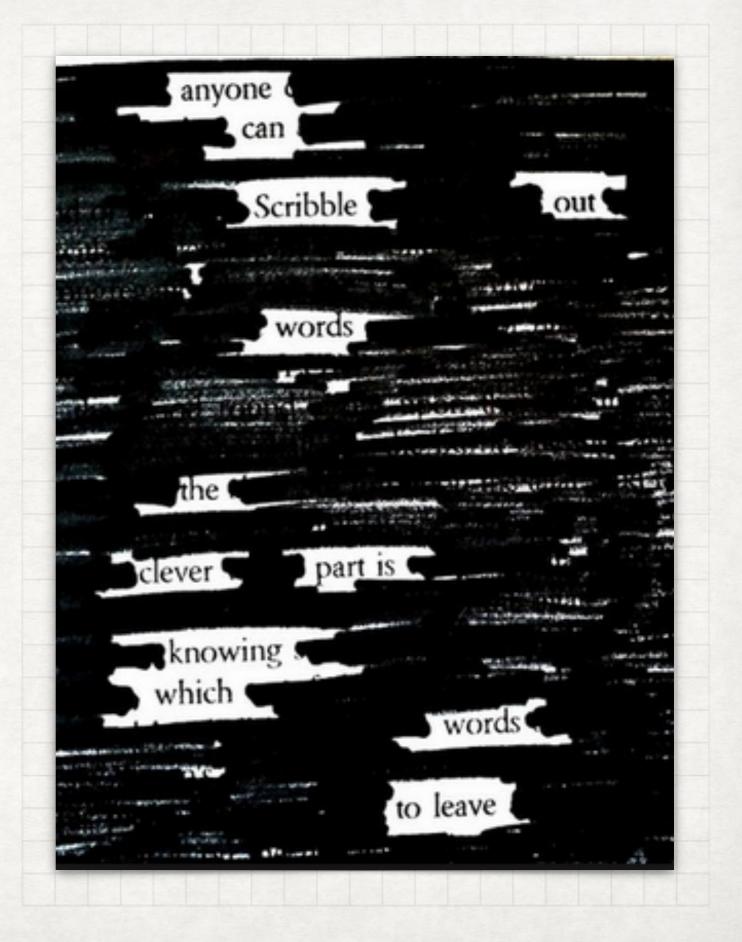
when debt pressures became too ad, John Dickens had a simple habit of ng from home. hus we find Charles writing, "I own that" ent his absence oes not give me great uneasiness, known et out of the way when anythi he net had closed. Charle ouse before going rovide the "Go litton for five ny French en The Dick ohn might his family he best thi is mother vith Fred ecently be tood in th nd cornice His salary ut he was " ossible." He needed all raining his son. hillings to get cash for him om Beard himself at vould listen. At Furnis hillings a week, Char have just returned from accomanuary 1835 he recor ields"-the prison. The gloom was anying father to C Dickens knew that he now had a o doubt all on w; and it was up to that son on capable of a father out of captivity. o pinch

In January 1835 there was a General Election. Charles rushed

## GET CREATIVE!

there." She leaned out of the wir a narrow dirt road, not much more ti some foothill ranch. A wide five-barred gate emp and looked as if it hadn't been shut in ath tall eucalyptus trees and deeply rutted. imply and sunny now, but not yet dusty. The rain It's about time. We got out. dys look dusty; or planci tall eucalyptus trees still looken dusty. The broken off by the wind had fallen over the edge of the sump and the fig leathery leaves dangled in the water. I walked around the sump and looked into the pumphouse. There w some junk in it, nothing that looked like corent activity. Outside a big woods a good place all rig bull wheel was tilted against ing her hair and he I went back to the cast it out in the sun. "Gimme," she said, and held her hand out. I bent down and picks took the gon out and put its t it easy now," I said. "If I'm that square opening in the middle of that big wood ed. She ducked her head, delighted. "That's abq ng until I get back beside you. Okry!"

KEEP IT SIMPLE



OR
KEEPIT
SIMPLE



begin

a new story.

unfold.

find it

in your heart,

THERE'S NO

# WRONG WAY

TO WRITE POETRY!



ALL THE WORDS ARE ALREADY THERE.

JUST CARVE THEM OUT!



help la vague, comforting feeling meone is

Then make their meaning when I can be a partners there nothing the god into my more than The care

Iam

s perfection, smooth and glowing from the arena gone, but those accumulation of hunting have vanished without a trace. I like satin, and when I try to find the there's nothing.

I slip my legs out of bed, ervous about how they will bear my weight, and find the remaining at the foot of the bed is an outer that may be at it as if it had teeth until I remaining that may be, this is what I will wear to greet more

I'm dressed in land and fidgeting in front of the wall where I have there's poor even if I can't see it when suddenly it when the point of the wide, deserted hall that appears to have no other doors on it. But it must. And behind one of them must be Peeta. Now that I'm conscious and moving, I'm growing more and more anxious about him. He must be provided by the provided wouldn't have said so the provided with the provided wouldn't have said so the provided wouldn't him or myself.

"Peeta! I call out ne to ask. I hear my name in response but it's not his voice It's a voice that provokes first irrit ass. Effie.

I turn and see them an waiting in a big chamber at the

meant to be such a baby, that of course she would write him a poem or draw a picture or do anything he wanted. was too late. Everything was spoiled. The day that arted in a wonderful dream had ended in a ha d frenzy over an overgrown pumpkin head

't shake her mood, Dragging Mason domma who not even when ut of her met them d plaid white un thes. jacket. uld Vinni wear wei

#### mother said

ima to try to get a snack tle early, so you and I down him. "I came hom so Mason could t overcould-" she lowered her I heard about place hear. "It's n ly Hallowe ap. Let's just you and me where you can get pumpk Mason." go and get one. We can su aid the echo bouncing

"I\_hate pumpkins," \

round her head. promise. Oh ome on, "You won't have to wo of us?" Vinnie, just for the

He mother was smiling her little. Vinnie looked u crooked "help me" smile Vinnie sighed. 'Okay," she said. rgot the day at school. On the arrive she alm her eyes against Momma was humming a the sun, which was bright a Just like a pump-

"When he we going?"

kin," her nother said.

"I'm not sure." Her mother laughed and glanced over at her. "Worried?"

#### THE WORST MISTAKE

She was flying, skimming the ground with no track under her, not even a hoverboard, keeping he self aloft by sheer willpower and the wind in her outspread jacket. She skirted the edge of a massive cliff that overlooked a huge, black ocean. A flock of seabirds pursued her, their wild screams beating at her ears like Dr. Cable's razor-edged voice.

Suddenly, the tony cliffs beneath her cracked and fissured. A huge rift opened up, the ocean rushing in with a room that drowned the seabirds' cries. She found herself umbling through the air, falling down toward the black water.

The ocean swallowed her, filling her lungs, treezing her neart so that she couldn't cry out. . . .

"No!" Tally shouted, sitting bolt upright.

A cold wind off the sea struck her face, clearing her head. Tally looked around, realizing that she was up on the cliffs, tangled in her sleeping bag. Tired, hungry, and desperate to pee, but not falling into oblivion.

She took a deep breath. The seabirds still cried around her, but in the distance.

#### And a child

chances of your reaching age fifteen without finding Camp

happen. Thalia ran away when she was young. She survived on her own for years. Even took care of me for a while. So a loner too

Annabeth glanced at the tattoos. Clearly, they bothered

been making them since you were three years old. SRQR-

Hamanus, the Senate and the People of Rome Though why you would burn that on your own arm, I don't know Unless you had

Jason was presty sure that wasn't the teason. It also didn't seem possible he'd been on his own his whole life. But what

Half-Blood was the only safe place in the world for demigods, "I, ush . . . had a weird dream last night," he said. It seemed

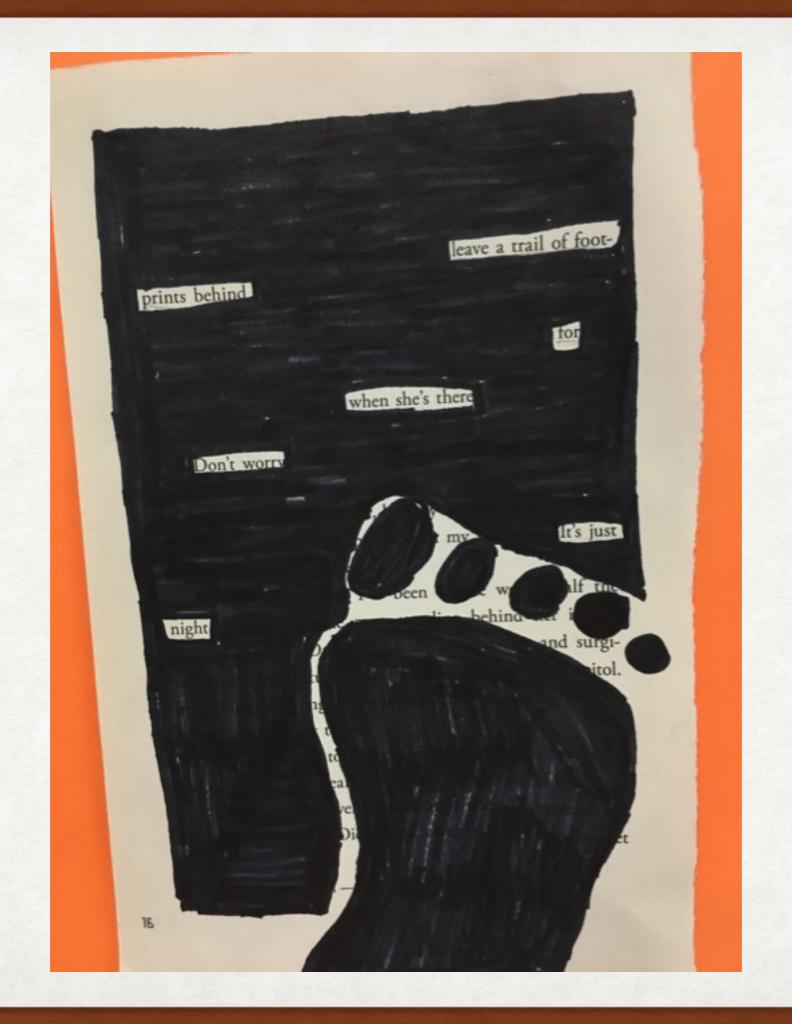
surprised.

"Happens all the time to demigods," she said. What die you see?"

told her about

the two rook spires. As he talked, Annabeth started pacing, looking more and more agitated.

this house



and leeked down. but she didn't She forced ing below her, There way bought dressed in D st suit just beta gernails spo Daddy's pain, ild be nands that he he/ Daddy approve. By then most of the crowd had left, Grandma and Momma, with Vinnie still clinqing to her in the corner talking to the funeral director.

y part of the cheese. "I'm really lon't care, should have oment I caw nee fighting him from above."

nothing but a bad dream. But the Victory Tour makes the almost midway betw impossible horror Capitol's way keeping annuar Gan fresh and vear, Capitol's power to res of e it. stars of the show, vill have the cheering crowds who secretly me, to look down into the faces of the families whose children I have killed, . . . e myself stand. All The

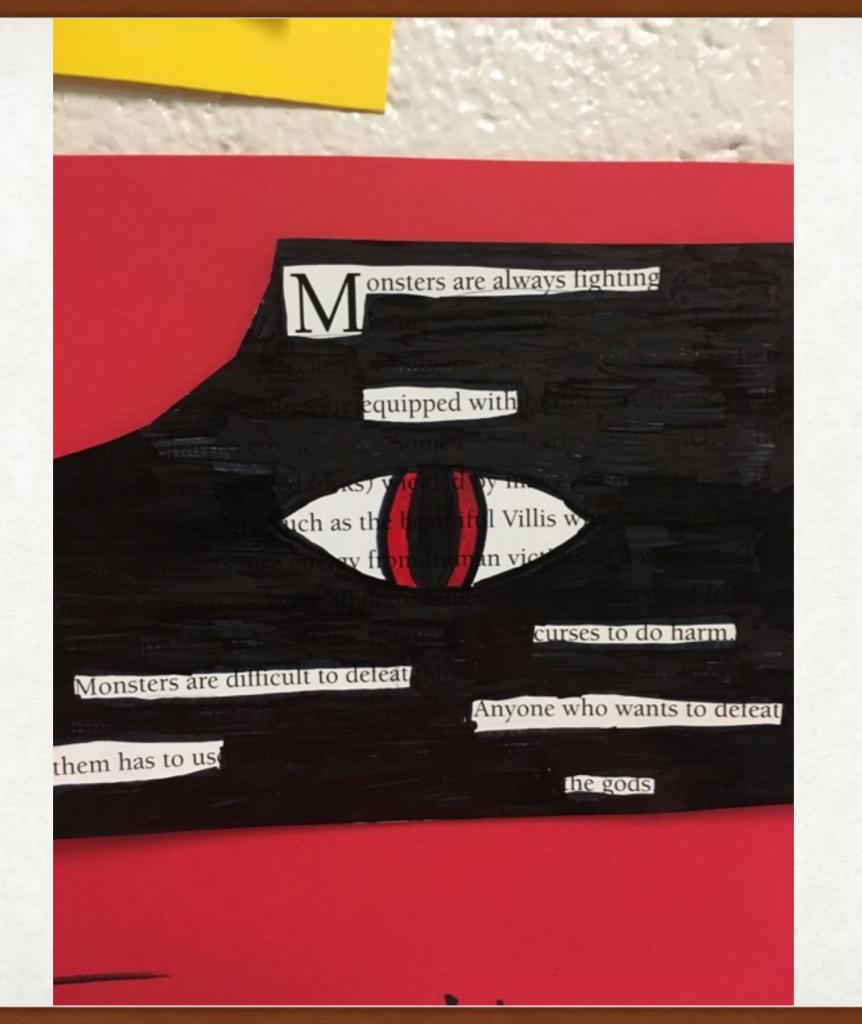
my joints complain

as I meet at ha I have nothing matter for my keep ter, he anymore They can afford to buy butcher meat in town, although none of us likes it any better than fresh game. But my best friend, Company of the property of the

depending the says hauf I can't let them down to work in the lamines—and I have not have day—I've take the ich.

By this tire the store taken the store the earth, are pounding away to be a likely lik

over their work. could see only their le time, it was barely knew at all us for very long did not stav talkative Most But ped his notice, reason Haiwon an and motioned that I Kisa waved from ning looked different with him, so I was n stood few minutes, Kisa hats atop the me to be up on me. She tho s tomorrow, is always to what we might tal I thought o Kisa was. I always felt a little sor ras wrong with the of his legs, clusing him Something ardly. He had a 5 lost a couple of a machine: But he had a his right han while work hich Moth da disome nose, a sign of a generous heart and twinkling eves were unusual for a Korean man. The light danced



"You didn't tell me that," Lily said.

"I don't tell you everything," Paul said sharply. He turned away from her to Jack. "His father makes those big jars almost like the old ones you see in the museum. He sells them on the mainland."

Jack yawned. "Sounds boring," he commented.

"How are you going to let us know when we can row over that sunken village?" Paul asked timidly. "I'd better tell you where we live."

They had reached the crossroads where the stone farmhouse stood.

I know where you live," Jack said. "I've been watching. I'll leave a note under your gate." He paused for a moment. "It might be hard to get a boat. So meanwhile we can meet at the bicycle place."

Quite suddenly, he turned his back on Paul and Lily and strode up the road toward the mountain and Panagia.

"What a pill," she said.

"He is not," Paul whispered fiercely. "You don't know anything about him!"

"What do you know?" she demanded.

Paul looked up at the farmhouse. "You want to wake up everybody?"

"Going into the water like that, with all his clothes on. What was he trying to prove?"

I don't know!" Paul said uncertainly. "But he's not a pill."

Lily sighed. Her shoes were full of sand Come on, let's go home," Paul said.

went to the grocery store. They went to the convenience store. They'd gone a couple of times to Grandma's church, but Mason was so wild and jumpy in his Sunday school class that Momma decided to wait until he got better before she took him back.

The convenience store. Mason liked the convenience store and candy and all the things Momma Why he should go there, she

the had to look somewhere at was cold and almost dusk

He wasn't there She walked on the short aisles.
She looked in the ladies' room,
man at the counter was

bus

A man n a convenience store jacke was

t ind ng over her.

lost my little brother," she managed to stammer

desperation ma

you've seen him?

There was a little kid in here

oman clerk yelled over

I was kird of vatching

them both,

he leave with her?"

"I) the state of t

too:

le race at without en nanking them She

but, in the cold, she was soon out o broth.

It would right though; if he was with Lupe he was are

thought of his peaceful face and the cool touch of his hand and that little chuckling Buddha, my anger, frustration fear, and utter loneliness began to subside.

The star of of the pine tree left cool against me. I rubbed my leg against be sump and left the rughness of the bark. Then, I centered myself on the stump and crossed my legs. I wanted to meditate like Grandfather. I closed my eyes tight. I just had to see that little chuckling Buddha again, and I began to rub my eyes. I started to see stars bursong beneath to evelids but to little Buddha. Instead, worm tears welled up.

Slowly, a feeling of calmness came over me I dried my tears and looked up at the evening sky. A small, faint star was shining in the distance. I felt as though I had been immersed in a cool sea, and the red flames of pain and bitterness had been extinguished. I thought the Buddha's spirit was inside of me Suddenly, I understood what Grandfaths meant when he said. One's life is short, but the life of the spirit is long." The Buddha brought me a little bit of Grandfather's spirit and Grandfather's peace I thought of his lessons on Um and Yang — darkness and light pain and joy, will and good. Grandfather told me mat all mese tension and conflicts were necessary in the struggle for perfect lappaony.

Harmony. That was the word he used. "Harmony will prevail," he used to say. 'After darkness, there will be light. The light cannot come without the darkness. Better days are bound to some now." I got up and went to Mother's now. She sat there rigidly like a statue.

for Lily. She'll catch up. But Paul was close to failing math. Missing those months of school—" Her voice dropped.

Lily couldn't hear her father's reply. She could guess what he'd say. Even though he talked so much about the importance of school, he would declare that living here was the chance of a lifetime. "It is a golden place," he'd told Lily once. Someone less had said that, the only other American she had met on thasos besides Jack Hemmings. He had been a tall, skinny han, like a scarecrow in his crisp summer suit, his skin dry (and brown as a paper bag. He'd been standing in front of the museum looking down the path to a huge stone statue of a youth with a ram slung around his shoulders. As she walked by, he turned and stared at her.

"I can tell by your long yellow braid that you're an American," he'd said in English.

She'd said she could be Finnish.

"Aha! Not with that accent," he'd replied.

He told her he worked for an American company in Istanbul, and always came to Thasos for his letive. "It's a golden island—Eden," he said.

"Except for vipers," Lily remarked.

"Oh, but there was a snake in Eden, too. So you see, it is perfect. For the moment, at least."

Over the edge of the bed to turn off the small shadeless lamp on the door. She sank gently into sleep sinking down through all the villages to a great marble city and waking, in her dream, in another time.

He stopped walking. I pulled up short beside him, my hand still in his, and realized we were in the center of the floor, a bunch of spinning lights over our heads. looked up at them, then at everyone around us, before turning back to him.

"Come on," he said. Then he stepped forward, letting loose of my hand and sliding his arms down to me waist "We've still got a good two minutes."

I smiled at him, in spite of myself and felt my feet step forward, closer. It came so naturally to put my arms around his neck, my fingers finding each other there. And just like that, we were dancing.

"This is insane," I said, looking around me. "It's . . ."

Worth doing once," he finished for me. "But only once."

I smiled and then, in the middle of Tallyho, in the middle of the night in the middle of everything, Eli kissed the. It was not at all how I'd imagined it happening, and yet totally perfect anyway.

When he pulled back moments later, the song was winding down. And yet everyone kept dancing, kept holding on, until the very end. I rested my he dagain it ali's chest, letting it last, knowing that what the DJ had said was true. It was already tomorrow. But I had a feeling it was going to be a really good day.

When I woke up at noon, the house was quiet. No waves, no crying. Nothing, except . . .

"Are you kidding? Of course I'll come. I wouldn't miss it!"

I blinked, rolling over, then got out of bed and made

