

READING 5.2

Short Story: The Nature of Pure Evil

Zsuzsi Gartner (1960–) is an award-winning Canadian author and journalist living in Vancouver. Her first collection of short stories, *All the Anxious Girls on Earth*, was published in 1999. Her short story “The Nature of Pure Evil” was included in this collection.

READING FOR INFORMATION

- Read the short story a first time, underlining the words listed in the chart below and highlighting information essential to understanding the plot. (The vocabulary is listed in order of appearance in the text.)
- Fill in the chart, defining the words according to their contexts. (You may need to refer to a dictionary.)
- In sixty words or fewer, summarize the plot in the space provided.

VOCABULARY	DEFINITION
1. mirth (n.)	
2. impetus (n.)	
3. gridlock (n.)	
4. waifs (n.)	
5. squandering (v.)	

VOCABULARY	DEFINITION
6. gait (n.)	
7. whim (n.)	
8. giddy (adj.)	
9. catatonic (adj.)	
10. bliss (n.)	

[illegible]

The Nature of Pure Evil

by Zsuzsi Gartner

Hedy reaches for the telephone to make another bomb threat. In minutes, from the corner windows of this office on the nineteenth floor of the TD Tower, she will see people empty like ants from the art gallery across the way. Last week it was her own building, the week before an entire city block—including the Hotel Georgia, Albear Jewellers and the Nightcourt Pub—and before that the Four Seasons Hotel. She knows it's illegal, but has convinced herself that it's not wrong, nor even harmful. It's a disruption of commerce, nothing more. Even the city gallery, with its reproductions shop and elegant little café, is a place of commerce. Hedy is like Jesus in the temple, screaming, "Get out!"



Casting out the money-changers
by Giotto (14th century)

CULTURAL NOTE

Louis XIV (1638–1715) was known as the Sun King (*le Roi-Soleil*) and reigned more than seventy-two years, having ascended the throne at the age of four.

Only, Jesus most likely wasn't seized with mirth after ordering the people out of the temple. Although Hedy's major acquaintance with the Saviour is not by way of the Bible, but through the rock opera *Jesus Christ Superstar*, she can well imagine that Jesus didn't shake with uncontrollable laughter after knocking over tables of doves¹ and chasing the money-changers and their customers into the street. And what would Jesus think of the temples of today anyway, some of them as violently rococo² as the court of the Sun King, shamelessly passing their gilded collection plates at every opportunity? Her next target would be Christ Church Cathedral, no question about it.

Hedy has to admit that her original impetus for disrupting daily commerce had not been half so noble as Jesus's. His was the sanctity of prayer. Hers was Stanley.

Hedy ironed the pleats of Stanley's white tuxedo shirt as he stood in the kitchen alcove in his undershirt, shaking Nuts 'n' Bolts into his mouth from the box and trying not to get any onto his freshly creased tuxedo pants. Hedy lifted the iron and it hissed like a small dragon. She pressed it down one more time. Stanley came over and traced her spine lightly with his hand. "That's perfect, honey. Bang-on job."

After Hedy helped adjust Stanley's bow tie, she asked him one more time, "So how come I don't get to come to this wedding with you?"

1. compartmental structures for housing domesticated pigeons

2. style of architecture and decoration originating in eighteenth-century France and characterized by elaborate ornamentation

"Aw, Hedy, come on. Don't start with that again."

"I'm not starting with anything. It just seems funny."

40 Stanley shrugged. "I told you, I'm the only one invited."

"In that case, we'll see who has a better time. I'm going to curl up with a fat novel, my box of Quality Street³ and some Bessie Smith.⁴ I hate borscht, anyways."

"Atta girl," Stanley said and chucked her affectionately under the chin.

45 The next day, Hedy showed up at work with swollen eyes bulging like tennis balls. Tiny blood vessels had burst in her nose from a night of crying. "Allergies," Hedy said brightly in response to the receptionist's concerned look. Brigit, the salesperson at the next desk who had taken it upon herself to become Hedy's best friend, took one look at her and led her into the
50 Ladies. When Hedy told her Stanley had come home after the wedding, packed a suitcase and left because it had been his *own* wedding, Brigit put her hands over her mouth and looked like she'd stopped breathing.

"Oh, Hedy!"

"It's all right," Hedy sniffed.

55 "It's terrible. It's so weird. He must be insane."

Hedy shook her head. "He's quite normal."

"If he's not crazy, then he's pure evil."

Hedy looks to see if there's anyone within hearing distance and then starts to dial. At the time management company she works for, the employees
60 pride themselves on organizing their days effectively, conquering gridlock of the mind. They talk of things like Time Bandits and the Time Crunch Decade. By prioritizing their activities, they are seldom stuck working at their desks through the lunch hour. Instead, they are at liberty to go shop for the perfect wedding gift, pick up their dry cleaning, or stroll the mall,
65 a hot dog in hand, pretending to be free spirits while dodging skateboards piloted by heavily pierced and tattooed waifs. As a result, there is usually no one in the office at the tail end of the lunch hour, except for the substitute receptionist and employees organizing house parties who don't want to be caught squandering company time.

70 The first time Hedy called in a bomb threat, she did it without any forethought. She was on the telephone to a potential client, a paint wholesaler, on the verge of selling him a seminar package for his office staff, when through the big plate-glass windows of the nineteenth floor she saw Stanley walk into the Four Seasons, arm in arm with a woman.

75 She was sure it was Stanley. His red bomber jacket, his bouncy gait. This was one week after she had carefully ironed his white tuxedo shirt and sent him off to his own wedding. The iron had hissed with that reassuring sound she loved. She had even straightened his bow tie.

3. type of sweets

4. American blues singer (1894–1937)

She told the potential client that a colleague had just collapsed—heart
 80 attack, cholesterol, angina, epilepsy, fish bone—it was hard to see from
 where she was sitting, and she had better go. Her St. John Ambulance
 training might be needed. Hedy surprised herself with her quick, bubbly lie.
 She had always been the carefully honest one, the one who admitted to the
 bus driver that her handful of change was a penny short of the fare, the one
 85 who had always come home at least half an hour before curfew.

Her throat tightened at the thought of Stanley taking his bride to lunch
 at Chartwell. They had gone to Chartwell, once, after they first moved in
 together. The tomato-gin soup had tickled her nose and Stanley had made a
 big show of choosing a martini “like Roger Moore would of drunk.” In that
 90 dark room, with fox-hunt wallpaper and sturdy chairs upholstered in tapestry,
 Hedy had imagined they were now legitimately in love. What if Stanley and
 his bride, his *wife*, now sat at the same table, toying with the same cutlery?
 What if his wife put the very same silver fork into her mouth that Hedy had
 used to pierce the crisp skin of her stuffed quail seven years ago?

95 Hedy opened the telephone book, looked up the Four Seasons, and dialled.

She had been surprised how easy it was. People pouring out onto
 Georgia and Howe streets, dodging traffic and then standing, craning their
 necks from across the road, waiting for the explosion. The police cars and
 fire trucks whirring up from all directions, and Hedy standing alongside
 100 her colleagues who anxiously lined the office windows wondering what in
 the world was going on down there. She had pinched her forearms to keep
 from laughing. All those people milling around on the sidewalks, scared,
 excited, all because of her one little phone call. And there was Stanley,
 standing by himself in the crowd, practically right below her window,
 105 goosenecking for a better view, his new bride momentarily forgotten.

The newspapers wrote righteous and relieved editorials about the false
 alarm. But Hedy realized that people had enjoyed the incident. They got to
 go home and say, “You wouldn’t believe what happened today!” People had
 something to discuss while they waited at bus stops and SkyTrain stations.
 110 They were *talking* to each other. By casting them out into the street, Hedy
 had done them all a favour. Like Jesus.

As Hedy’s best friend, Brigit felt compelled to launch a crusade to prove
 Stanley was evil. Whenever Hedy insisted Stanley had never been the
 slightest bit crazy, Brigit said, “Then he must be pure evil. There’s no other
 115 explanation for that kind of behaviour.” Hedy found her friend’s efforts on
 her behalf embarrassing. Brigit would haul her up to a colleague’s desk and
 say, “Tell Tina/Shaffin/Morgan/Pascal, et cetera, exactly what Stanley did.”
 After Hedy finished the *Reader’s Digest* version, with much prodding from
 Brigit, Brigit would say, “Now, don’t you find that insane?” The colleague
 120 would agree, after glancing at Hedy, that yes, Stanley’s actions sounded a
 touch insane. “But if he’s not crazy, then what?” Brigit would ask. “If he’s
 perfectly normal, wouldn’t you say he was pure evil?”

Brigit showed Hedy magazine articles about people without consciences—people who, on a mere whim, crushed children’s heads like melons, sold
 125 fake and fatal remedies to the elderly, or were secretly polygamous. None of them showed any remorse. “It’s not just the deed itself, it’s the lack of remorse that makes them evil,” Brigit said.

It was true Stanley had shown no remorse. “Gotta go, kiddo, Steph’s waiting in the car,” he had said as Hedy handed him his folded shirts, which
 130 he carefully laid into the largest of their burgundy Samsonite bags, along with a handful of the fresh-smelling cedar eggs they kept in the underwear drawer. The luggage was a gift from her mother, who had felt sorry for them when they showed up at the airport one Christmas years ago with their clothes in an old Adidas hockey bag mended with silver duct tape. Hedy
 135 considered the set of luggage theirs as opposed to just hers. That’s what happens with things after you live together for seven years. She had wanted to ask what “their” song had been at the wedding. She needed to know it wasn’t their song, Rod Stewart’s “You’re in My Heart, You’re in My Soul.” She sort of doubted it—Rod Stewart didn’t seem to be held in high regard
 140 these days. Still, some things remain sacred.

She wanted to ask whether Steph—or was it Stephanie?—knew about her, but she realized of course she must; he’s up here packing his clothes and has asked her to wait downstairs. Hedy had felt giddy, almost hurrying him along, thinking, *His wife’s waiting downstairs*, as if she was anxious not
 145 to be labelled the other woman, some dame spread-eagled across the bed in filmy lingerie, cooing B-movie enticements.

Hedy had wanted to ask him why he was doing this. But she believed that if he knew, he probably would have told her.

“Hitler, Clifford Olson, David Koresh, those blond monsters in
 150 St. Catharines, all anonymous albino hitmen everywhere,” Brigit said, “and Stanley.”

Hedy has it all down pat now. If she’s not creepily specific, this may be the time they decide the caller is crying wolf. They might call her bluff. But then, perhaps they can’t afford to take that chance. Not with all those children
 155 in the art gallery, Hedy thinks, the ones there for the regular Wednesday children’s tour.

Last time, she detailed the type of bomb and the group responsible, which resulted in an even quicker evacuation and a SWAT⁵ team—a *SWAT team!* The entire TD Tower and adjoining mall had been emptied out. They
 160 weren’t allowed to take the elevators, for fear that might trigger the bomb, so everyone in the tower trooped down the stairs, some barely concealing their panic, others skeptical and cursing about sales they’d be losing to competitors. As Hedy was jostled down the stairs, she thought of the adulterers who might not be at work that day due to an illicit rendezvous
 165 at Horseshoe Bay or the Reifel Bird Sanctuary. “Bob!” “Sue!” their innocent loves would say when they arrived home. “I was so worried about you

5. acronym for Special Weapons and Tactics

because of that bomb threat. I tried to phone but all the lines kept ringing busy." The adulterers, still in a postcoital haze, would let slip, "Bomb threat? What bomb threat?" And the cat, claws and all, would tumble out of the bag.

170 "Plastic explosives," Hedy says to the hysterical gallery attendant on the other end of the line. "Even trained dogs can't smell them." She knows enough to keep it short so the call can't be traced. Last week the employee who answered the phone at the TD branch downstairs had maintained the presence of mind to try to keep her on the line. "I have two little children," 175 the woman had said. "Louise and Adrienne, two lovely girls. Do you happen to have any children, ma'am?" Hedy had hung up, admiring the woman's outward calm.

But this giddy gallery attendant has already dropped the receiver and is yelling something wildly in the background. Hedy hears the receiver bump 180 against the counter, once, twice, three times, and pictures it dangling on the end of its line, twisting a little like a freshly hooked fish. Someone picks up the receiver and Hedy hears the carefully varnished tones of a Kerrisdale⁶ matron, "Who do you think you are?"

Didn't Jesus say, Let he who is without sin cast the first stone?

185 Everyone knows that from their elementary school catechism. And Hedy, well, she is without sin. She is the lamb.

"It's not like it was the love affair of the century," Hedy told Brigit. "We were just comfortable."

"That's still no excuse to treat you like that."

190 Hedy and Brigit entered the Frog & Peach, a lovely, rustic little French restaurant on the west side of the city.

"These women you're about to meet, they're very good people," Brigit said. "You'll like them. You spend way too much time alone. Women need female friends."

195 "Please promise you won't bring up Stanley."

Brigit made as if she was zipping up her mouth with her fingers and then tossing the key over her shoulder. She made such a show of it that Hedy could almost hear the key tinkle on the restaurant's terra-cotta tiles.

Hedy had finished her trout with persimmon chutney and sweet potato 200 gratin, and was toying with her fudge cake on raspberry coulis when Brigit brought up the subject of evil. To be fair, she didn't exactly bring it up, but grasped the opportunity when it arose. Mary Tam, who was a French immersion teacher, looked at the praline slice she'd ordered and said, "*Oh, c'est diabolique, c'est mauvais, je l'aime.*" Then she automatically translated, 205 out of habit: "It's devilish, it's evil, I love it."

"Would you say that people who do unspeakable things are plain crazy?" Brigit asked as if the thought just happened to descend on her from the pastoral fresco overhead. Her fork swayed dreamily above her lemon

6. a relatively affluent neighbourhood

mousse. "Or is there such a thing as pure evil?" Hedy picked up her knife
210 and made a quick sawing motion across her throat. Brigit ignored her.

"It depends on what you mean by evil," said Donna von something, who
was unbelievably thin despite her seven-month pregnancy. She had attended
university in the States and throughout dinner she fumed about an American
professor of hers named Bloom who had decried moral relativism. He had
215 even published a book on the topic, *The Closing of the American Mind*, or
something like that. When Hedy weakly joked that she thought the American
mind was already closed, Donna had looked at her with pity.

"What's evil in some cultures isn't considered evil in others." Donna's
tone implied she would mentally thrash all dissenters.

220 "By evil, I mean doing something that causes irreparable pain or harm to
innocent people," Brigit said. "I don't think it's relative at all."

"Female circumcision. That's brutal any way you look at it."

"Please, I'm still eating."

Mary put down her fork and took a big swallow of red wine. "Hurting
225 children is evil, rape is evil, eating people is evil."

"What if you eat someone to survive, like those rugby players that crashed
in the Andes? And look at how curious everyone was, wanting to know what
it tasted like." Hedy thought Donna's smile looked wickedly jejune,⁷ as if she
had just scored a point at a high school debating tournament.

230 "When you've come into contact with pure evil, there's no mistaking it,"
Claudia, a practising family therapist, said slowly. She had been rather quiet
all through dinner and now the unexpected sound of her voice commanded
attention. "When I was living in Ottawa a few years ago, I went to an open
house one Sunday. It was a beautiful place in Sandy Hill, right near the
235 University of Ottawa. A three-storey sandstone, with enormous red maple
leaves brushing against the front windows because it was fall."

"Fall in Ottawa is fabulous," Brigit said. Everyone shushed her.

"It was full of people, and the real estate agent had put out a platter of
petits fours and was serving coffee in real china cups. It felt like some
240 exquisite afternoon salon as people wandered in and out of rooms, chatting,
sipping at coffee and nibbling little cakes. But there was this one room on
the third floor, sort of an attic bedroom, that people seemed to walk out
of really quickly. They came hurrying down the stairs, dribbling coffee
and crumbs."

245 Mary refilled the wineglasses. "I don't know if I can listen to this."

"I went up the stairs behind the real estate agent, who seemed almost
hesitant to show me that room. I walked right into it and immediately I felt
the hairs rise on the back of my neck and arms. The real estate agent stood
in the doorway, just outside the room, and tried to direct my view out the
250 window toward the Ottawa River. But something made me look up. The ceiling
was painted black, with thin red lines connected to form a pentagram."

7. childish

"Look, the hairs on my arms are standing up right now!" Mary held her thin arms out over the table. The black hairs glistened silver in the candlelight. The hairs on Hedy's arms were rising, too. She felt like she used
255 to at sleepover parties when the girls tried to outdo each other with horror stories just before falling off to sleep. Maybe that's what evil was, just another party game.

Donna looked disdainful. "I find it really hard to believe they wouldn't have painted the ceiling over before attempting to sell such a prime piece
260 of real estate."

"That's what I thought, too," Claudia said. "But I found out they had tried. They went through half a dozen professional painters and a couple of university students. Nobody could stay in that room more than five minutes. There was something evil in there, I could feel it. I've never come across a
265 feeling like that before or since."

"I was talking about evil people," Brigit said, sounding irritated. "Not *spirits*."

Hedy looked up at the fresco and saw a bucolic scene of little satyrs chasing plump nymphs across faux-distressed plaster. The candlelight flicked shadows across it, creating the illusion that the creatures were
270 moving, darting in and out of flames. She thought of Stanley and his bride, Stephanie, tousling on a king-size brass bed with jungle-motif sheets and decided that if Brigit brought up the subject of Stanley she would be forced to tip a burning candle into her lap.

"What about that person who's been calling in all those fake bomb
275 threats?" Mary asked.

"Oh, that person," Brigit said. "That person's just nuts."

"I think we're talking about someone who desperately craves attention. Someone deprived of adequate affection in childhood."

"Original. I don't think you need a psych degree to figure that one out."

280 "I think it's pretty harmless."

"What if someone gets hurt, gets so scared they have a fatal heart attack right there on the street in front of their building?"

Hedy drifted in and out of the conversation. She thought about her childhood, a textbook case of love and understanding. Pork chops and
285 applesauce, Snakes and Ladders, backyard swing sets, and a mother who hadn't been too embarrassed to hold a snowy white cotton pad in her hand and carefully explain what womanhood had to do with Hedy. She thought about Stanley, her affection for the springy rust-coloured hairs on his chest and his ability to bluster through most awkward social situations in an
290 amiably anti-intellectual manner. But was that love?

"If hurting someone wasn't the intent, I would say it wasn't evil."

"Especially if they're sorry."

"What if they say they're sorry, but they're not."

"It's easy to say you're sorry."

295 "Only God really knows."

“What if you don’t believe in God, or any gods?”

“Right.”

God could really make people scurry, Hedy thought. God of Thunder, God of Lightning. Raining frogs down from the sky, now there was a feat.
 300 Where had she heard that? How could a booming giant like God have had a gentle son like Jesus? But it was always the quiet ones who surprised everyone when they finally opened their mouths to roar, wasn’t it? Or perhaps she was putting too much stock in the Jesus of Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber.⁸

305 “Evil has nothing to do with what’s legal or illegal.”

“I agree, I mean, there are so many unjust laws.”

“Like which ones, for instance?”

“Always the devil’s advocate.”

“There’s that word again.”

310 “What word?”

“Devil.”

“Ha ha.”

Hedy stands at the window across the room from her desk, looking out toward the art gallery. A small person with green hair skateboards down
 315 the granite steps. The Iranians are there, passing out their pamphlets, counting on the milk of human kindness. Others steal a moment from a busy day to sit on the steps and hold their faces to the sun. She feels happy, although she would never tell Brigit that. In Brigit’s judgment, she has every right to feel paralysed with unhappiness, catatonic with indignation.
 320 But Hedy has combed her heart and found no detritus,⁹ no coiled reddish hairs, no rust flakes.

Brigit would find some fault with happiness, anyways. Yesterday, she showed Hedy a magazine article about a British psychiatrist who thinks happiness should be classified as a mental condition—because it’s a highly
 325 *abnormal* state of being. The psychiatrist wasn’t referring to bliss, but a plain, old-fashioned level of contentment and calm. In which case perhaps Stanley is crazy after all, not evil, because he seemed so happy the last time Hedy saw him, unapologetically happy.

She wonders why people haven’t started pouring out of the art gallery
 330 yet. It’s been almost ten minutes since her phone call, yet there are no signs of panic, no sirens piercing the air, no men in stiff black coveralls stealthily slipping through the side entrances of the gallery, their intricate bomb diffusion kits strapped to their belts. Hedy’s mood loses a little of its fine buoyancy. She decides she must make the call again. She glances toward
 335 her telephone, but sees that Brigit is back at the neighbouring desk.

“I was just listening to the CBC news in the car,” Brigit says, as Hedy roots around in her top drawer for a quarter, “and did you know that

8. collaborators on *Jesus Christ Superstar*

9. debris

there's a trend away from accepting pleas of insanity in cases of aggravated assault? It's an acknowledgement of man's baser instincts. I mean men *and* 340 women, of course." Hedy nods as if she's paying attention, and then smiles as her fingers close around a quarter that's been nesting in a pile of paper clips. She tells Brigit that she's forgotten to pay an important bill and has to run down to the bank for a few minutes, just in case anyone asks. Brigit tut tuts, "Oh, those darn Time Bandits!" and waves her off with a 345 conspiratorial wink.

Hedy starts counting as she enters the elevator, needing to know how long it will take to get back upstairs. She wants to be there in time to watch all the people streaming out of the gallery, the panicked milling around with the merely curious, the emergency vehicles dramatically screeching 350 to a halt, the children noisily demanding to be told what's going on. As she walks through the shiny lobby toward the row of pay phones, Hedy feels positively grand. She is the one without sin striding quickly across the burning desert, thin sandals moulded to her calloused feet, the quarter hot and round and flat in the hollow of her hand.

(4038 words)

Source: Gartner, Zsuzsi. "The Nature of Pure Evil." *The Penguin Book of Contemporary Canadian Women's Short Stories*. Ed. Lisa Moore. Toronto: Penguin Canada, 2009. 127–138. Print.

READING FOR MEANING

→ Read the questions below.

→ Read the short story a second and a third time (or more), answering the questions as you do so.

1. In which Canadian city does the story take place? Hint: Research some of the place names referenced in the story.

2. Explain the significance of Hedy's next planned target: Christ Church Cathedral.

3. Who does Hedy blame for her behaviour (calling in bomb threats)? Why does she blame this person?

4. Hedy's first bomb threat was well-planned.

☐ True ☐ False

5. Why did Hedy call in her first bomb threat?

6. Consider the following: "Brigit showed Hedy magazine articles about people without consciences—people who, on a mere whim, crushed children's heads like melons, sold fake and fatal remedies to the elderly, or were secretly polygamous. None of them showed any remorse. 'It's not just the deed itself, it's the lack of remorse that makes them evil,' Brigit said" (lines 123–127). From Brigit's standpoint, would Hedy be considered evil?

7. Which of the following statements is *false*? Circle the correct answer.

- a) After his marriage, Hedy helps Stanley pack, lets him leave with one of her suitcases and rushes him along so that his new wife, who is waiting in the car, doesn't suspect them of adultery.
- b) Hedy thinks Stanley probably doesn't know why he behaved as he did.
- c) Hedy equates Stanley with Hitler and other mass murderers.

8. Explain the significance of Hedy thinking about how adulterers would get caught by their mates as a result of her bomb threat (paragraph 32, lines 157–169).

9. Explain the significance of the following: "And Hedy, well, she is without sin. She is the lamb" (lines 185–186).

10. From Brigit's standpoint, Hedy is a loner.

☐ True ☐ False

11. Why is Brigit so keen on discussing the existence of pure evil?

12. Brigit refocuses the discussion on the nature of evil from spirits (like the evil presence described in Claudia's story) to people.

☐ True ☐ False

13. Hedy blames her childhood for her behaviour (calling in bomb threats).

☐ True ☐ False

14. Explain the significance of the following: "But Hedy has combed her heart and found no detritus, no coiled reddish hairs, no rust flakes" (lines 320–321).

15. Explain the significance of the following: "I [Brigit] was just listening to the CBC news in the car ... and did you know that there's a trend away from accepting pleas of insanity in cases of aggravated assault? It's an acknowledgement of man's baser instincts. I mean men *and* women, of course" (lines 336–340).

READING FOR RHETORIC

→ Answer the following questions.

1. Explain a possible **irony** inherent in the title.

2. The author uses several **similes**, which enhance the story by appealing to the reader's imagination. In the chart below, copy out five such similes, indicating the line number for each.

	SIMILE	LINE
a)		
b)		
c)		
d)		
e)		

3. In paragraph 31 (lines 152–156), an **allusion** is made to a well-known fable by Aesop. What is the fable?
- _____
4. In paragraph 32 (lines 157–169), what **metaphor** (and idiom) is used to describe a secret infidelity revealed?
- _____
5. Explain the **irony** of the following: “Oh, that person [the person calling in fake bomb threats],’ Brigit said. ‘That person’s just nuts” (line 276).
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

EXAMINING AN ELEMENT: Character and Characterization

Working with a partner, examine character and characterization in “The Nature of Pure Evil.” Turn to pages 3 and 8–9 in the *Literary Handbook* for an explanation of character and characterization and a worksheet on it. Complete a copy of the worksheet, applying it to Hedy. Be prepared to discuss your completed worksheet with the rest of the class.

