SLEEPING BEAUTY

Once upon a time there lived a good king and his queen. They had no children for many years and were very sad.

Then one day, the queen gave birth to a lovely baby girl and the whole kingdom was happy. There was a grand celebration and all the fairies in the kingdom were invited. But the king forgot to invite an old fairy. She came to the celebrations but was very angry. Soon it was time to gift the baby with special wishes. The good fairies wished her well and said, "May she grow to be the most beautiful girl in the world! She will sing sweetly and dance so well! She will live happily!" All the fairies blessed the baby and gave her beautiful gifts.

When it was the old fairy's turn, she said, "When the baby is sixteen she will touch a spindle, and die!" The king and queen were shocked and begged the fairy to forgive them and take her words back but the fairy refused to do so. When the other fairies saw the king and queen crying, they said, "We cannot undo what the old fairy has spoken. But we certainly can make it different. Your child shall not die when she touches the spindle. But she will fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years. Then, a prince will come along and wake her up." Hearing this, the king and the queen were relieved. The king forbade everyone from spinning so that the princess would never touch a spindle.

The princess grew up to be a kind girl and helped people in need. Everybody loved her. Years passed. When the princess was sixteen years old, she was walking in the woods when she saw an old lady spinning. "What is this? May I try?" she asked The old lady said, "Of course, my pretty little child!" And the princess sat down to spin. But the moment she touched the spindle, she fell to the floor in a deep slumber. The old lady took her back to the palace and the king and queen laid her on her bed and tucked her in. They were very sad and called the good fairies. The fairies felt sorry for them and cast a spell over the whole kingdom so that when the princess woke up after a hundred years, she would not be alone in the palace. Everyone, including the guards and the servants and the animals were now fast asleep. For a hundred years, they all slept soundly.

A hundred years passed. There came a prince from a far off land. He, along with his servants, went deep into the forest and crossed many rivers. Once the prince lost his way and was separated from the rest of the travellers. He came to the sleeping kingdom and was amazed. The guards, the servants, the cats and the cows were all fast asleep and snoring.

The prince reached the palace and entered it. No one moved. The prince then found the sleeping princess. She was such a beautiful girl that the prince kissed her. By that time, a hundred years had passed by and everyone was waking up, one by one. The princess yawned and opened her eyes. She saw the prince and smiled. She asked him "Are you my prince?" He was happy to hear her speak. The prince and the princess fell in love with each other. The prince wanted to marry the princess so they went to ask for permission from their parents.

The king and the queen arranged for a royal wedding. All the clothes the bride wore were a hundred years old, but she looked beautiful. Soon, they were married and then they rode away to the prince's kingdom far, far away.

CINDERELLA

Once upon a time there was a beautiful girl called Cinderella and she had two ugly step sisters who were very unkind who made her do all the hard work. She had to sweep the floors, do all the dishes, while they dressed up in fine clothes and went to lots of parties.

One day a special invitation arrived at Cinderella's house. It was from the royal palace. The king's only son was a truly handsome prince who was going to have a grand ball. Three girls were invited to come. Cinderella knew she wouldn't be allowed to go to the ball. But the ugly sisters were excited. They couldn't talk about anything else.

When the day of the ball came, they made such a fuss. Poor Cinderella had to rush about upstairs and downstairs. She fixed their hair in fancy waves and curls. She helped them put on their expensive new dresses. And she arranged their jewels just so. As soon as they had gone, Cinderella sat down by the fire and she said. "Oh I do wish I could go to the ball". The next moment, standing beside her was a lovely old lady with a silver wand in her hand. "Cinderella, she said "I am your fairy godmother and you shall go to the ball. But first you must go into the garden and pick a golden pumpkin, then bring me six mice from the mousetraps, a whiskered rat from the rat trap, and six lizards. You'll find the lizards behind the watering can. So Cinderella fetched a golden pumpkin, six grey mice, a whiskered rate and six lizards. The fairy godmother touched them with her wand and the pumpkin became a golden coach, the mice became six grey horses, the rat became a coachman with the most enormous moustache, and the lizards became six footmen dressed in green and yellow, then the fairy godmother touched Cinderella with the wand and her old dress became a golden dress sparkling with jewels while on her feet was the prettiest pair of glass slippers ever seen. "Remember" said the fairy godmother; "you must leave the ball before the clock strikes twelve because at midnight the magic ends." "Thank you fairy godmother" said Cinderella and she climbed into the coach.

When Cinderella arrived at the ball she looked so beautiful that everyone wondered who she was! Even the ugly sisters. The Prince of course asked her to dance with him and they danced all evening. He would not dance with anyone else. Now Cinderella was enjoying the ball so much that she forgot her fairy godmother's warning until it was almost midnight and the clock began to strike. One. Two. Three. She hurried out of the ballroom. Four. Five. Six. As she ran down the palace steps, one of her glass slippers fell off. Seven. Eight. Nine. She ran on toward the golden coach. Ten. Eleven. Twelve. Then there was Cinderella in her old dress. The golden pumpkin lay in her feet, and scampering down off down the road were six grey mice, a whiskered rat and six green lizards. So Cinderella had to walk home and by the time the ugly sisters returned home was sitting quietly by the fire.

Now when Cinderella ran from the palace, the prince tried to follow her and he found the glass slipper. He said, "I shall marry the beautiful girl whose foot fits this slipper and only her. In the morning the prince went from house to house with the glass slipper and every young lady tried to squeeze her foot into it. But it didn't fit any of them.

At last the prince came to Cinderella's house. First ugly sister tried to squash her foot into the slipper, but her foot was too wide and fat. Then the other ugly sister tried but her foot was too long and thin. "Please" said Cinderella, "let me try." "The slipper won't fit you", said the ugly sisters. "You didn't go to the ball!" But Cinderella slipped her foot into the glass slipper and it fit perfectly. The next moment standing beside her was the fairy godmother. She touched Cinderella with the wand and there she was in a golden dress sparkling with jewels and on her feet was the prettiest pair of glass slippers ever seen. The ugly sisters were so surprised that, for once they couldn't think of anything to say. But the Prince knew what to say. He asked Cinderella to marry him.

And then there was a happy wedding. Everyone who had gone to the ball was invited, even the ugly sisters. There was wonderful food, lots of music and dancing. And the Prince of course danced every dance with Cinderella. He would not dance with anyone else.

EXCERPT FROM THE "A DOLL'S HOUSE"

Nora: Ah, Torvald, you are not the man to teach me to be a good wife for you.
Helmer: How can you say that?
Nora: And what sort of qualifications have I to teach the children?
Helmer: Nora!
Nora: Didn't you say yourself, a minute or two ago, that you couldn't trust me with that job.
Helmer: In the heat of the moment! You shouldn't pay any attention to that.
Nora: On the contrary, you were quite right. I'm not up to it. There's another problem needs solving first. I must take steps to educate myself. You are not the man to help me there. That's something I must do on my own. That's why I'm leaving you.
Helmer (jumps up): What did you say?
Nora: If I'm ever to reach any understanding of myself and the things around me, I must learn to stand alone. That's why I can't stay here with you any longer.
Helmer: Nora! Nora!
Nora: I'm leaving here at once. I dare say Kristine will put me up for tonight. . . .
Helmer: You are out of your mind! I won't let you! I forbid you!
Nora: It's no use forbidding me anything now. I'm taking with me my own personal belongings. I don't want anything of yours, either now or later.
Helmer: This is madness!
Nora: Tomorrow I'm going home—to what used to be my home, I mean. It will be easier for me to find something to do there.
Helmer: Oh, you blind, inexperienced . . .
Nora: I must set about *getting* experience, Torvald.
Helmer: And leave your home, your husband and your children? Don't you care what people will say?
Nora: That's no concern of mine. All I know is that this is necessary for *me*.
Helmer: This is outrageous! You are betraying your most sacred duty.
Nora: And what do you consider to be my most sacred duty?
Helmer: Does it take me to tell you that? Isn't it your duty to your husband and your children?
Nora: I have another duty equally sacred.
Helmer: You have not. What duty might *that* be?
Nora: My duty to myself.
Helmer: First and foremost, you are a wife and mother.
Nora: That I don't believe any more. I believe that first and foremost I am an individual, just as much as you are—or at least I'm going to try to be. I know most people agree with you, Torvald, and that's also what it says in books. But I'm not content any more with what most people say, or with what it says in books. I have to think things out for myself, and get things clear.
Helmer: Surely you are clear about your position in your own home? Haven't you an infallible guide in questions like these? Haven't you your religion?
Nora: Oh, Torvald, I don't really know what religion is.
Helmer: What do you say!
Nora: All I know is what Pastor Hansen said when I was confirmed. He said religion was this, that and the other. When I'm away from all this and on my

Marks

My husband gives me an A

for last night's supper,

an incomplete for my ironing,

a B plus in bed.

My son says I am average,

an average mother, but if

I put my mind to it

I could improve.

My daughter believes

in Pass/Fail and tells me

I pass. Wait 'til they learn

I'm dropping out.

By Linda Pastan

(born 1932-)

Woman Work

I've got the children to tend
The clothes to mend
The floor to mop
The food to shop
Then the chicken to fry
The baby to dry
I got company to feed
The garden to weed
I've got shirts to press
The tots to dress
The can to be cut
I gotta clean up this hut
Then see about the sick
And the cotton to pick.

Shine on me, sunshine
Rain on me, rain
Fall softly, dewdrops
And cool my brow again.

Storm, blow me from here
With your fiercest wind
Let me float across the sky
'Til I can rest again.

Fall gently, snowflakes
Cover me with white
Cold icy kisses and
Let me rest tonight.

Sun, rain, curving sky
Mountain, oceans, leaf and stone
Star shine, moon glow
You're all that I can call my own.

by Maya Angelou (1928-2014)

GENDER IDEOLOGY

- Gender ideology refers to "**attitudes** regarding the appropriate roles, rights and responsibilities of men and women in society."
- **Traditional gender ideologies** emphasize the value of distinctive roles for women and men where **men fulfill their family roles** through breadwinning activities, and **women fulfill their roles** through homemaker and parenting activities.

- **BINARY OPPOSITIONS**

  the system by which, in language and thought, **two theoretical opposites** are strictly defined and set off against one another.

  White – Black
  Culture – Nature
  Man - Woman
  Mind - Body
  High – Low
  Rational - Emotional
  .....
  Superior – Inferior

Key Terms

abolition
African-American
American Civil War (1861–1865)
emancipation
feminist movement
Liberia
Underground Railroad
women's suffrage movement

"Ain't I a Woman?"

Sojourner Truth

Well, children, where there is so much **racket** there must be something out of **kilter**. I think that **'twixt** the negroes of the South and the women at the North, all talking about rights, the white men will be in a **fix** pretty soon. But what's all this here talking about? 1

That man over there says that women need to be helped into carriages, and lifted over **ditches**, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helps me into carriages, or over mud-puddles, or gives me any best place! And **ain't** I a woman? Look at me! Look at my arm! I have **plowed** and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could **head** me! And ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it—and **bear** the **lash** as well! And ain't I a woman? I have **borne** thirteen children, and seen them most all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And ain't I a woman? 2

Figure 15 • Sojourner Truth (d. 1883) *(Sophia Smith Collection, Smith College)*

Then they talk about this thing in the head; what's this they call it? [Intellect, someone whispers.] That's it, honey. What's that got to do with women's rights or negroes' rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint, and yours holds a quart, wouldn't you be **mean** not to let me have my little half-measure full? 3

Then that little man in black there, he says women can't have as much rights as men, 'cause Christ wasn't a woman! Where did your Christ come from? Where did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothing to do with Him. 4

If the first woman God ever made was strong enough to turn the world upside down all alone, these women together ought to be able to turn it back, and get it right side up again! And now they is asking to do it, the men better let them. 5

Obliged to you for hearing me, and now old Sojourner ain't got nothing more to say. 6

TED – We should all be feminists – by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie at TEDxEuston

Posted on December 30, 2013

So I would like to start by telling you about one of my greatest friends, Okoloma Maduewesi. Okoloma lived on my street and looked after me like a big brother. If I liked a boy, I would ask Okoloma's opinion. Okoloma died in the notorious Sosoliso plane crash in Nigeria in December of 2005, almost exactly 7 years ago. Okoloma was a person I could argue with, laugh with and truly talk to. He was also the first person to call me **a feminist**. I was about 14, we were in his house, arguing, both of us bristling with half-bit knowledge from books that we had read. I don't remember what this particular argument was about, but I remember that as I argued and argued, Okoloma looked at me and said, "**You know, you're a feminist**." It was not a compliment. I could tell from his tone, the same tone that you would use to say something like, "You're a supporter of terrorism." I did not know exactly what this word "feminist" meant and I did not want Okoloma to know that I did not know. So I brushed it aside and continued to argue. And the first thing that I planned to do when I got home was to look up "feminist" in the dictionary.....

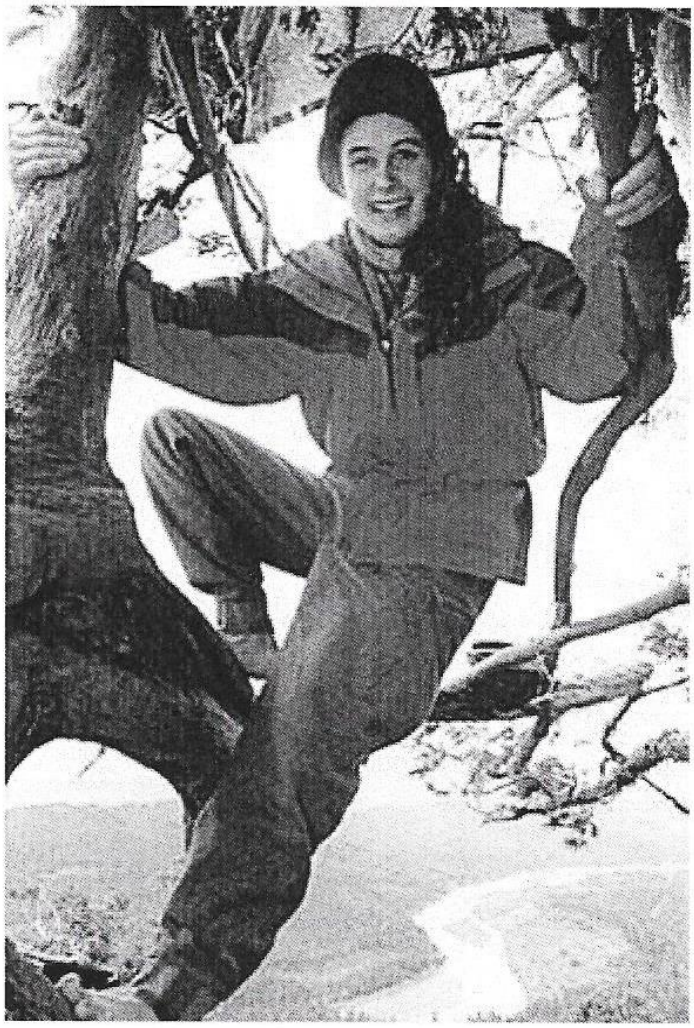
Now, here's **a story from my childhood**. When I was in primary school, my teacher said at the beginning of term that she would give the class a test, and whoever got the highest code would **be the class monitor**. Now, class monitor was a big deal. If you were a class monitor, you got to write down the names of noise-makers, which was heady enough power in its own. But my teacher would also give you a cane to hold in your hand while you walked around and patrolled the class for noise-makers. Now, of course you were not actually allowed to use the cane, but it was an exciting prospect for the 9-year-old me. I very much wanted to be the class monitor, and I got the highest score on the test. Then to my surprise my teacher said that **the monitor had to be a boy.** She had forgotten to make that clear earlier because she assumed it was obvious. A boy had the second highest score on the test and he would be monitor. Now what was even more interesting about this is that the boy was a sweet gentle soul who had no interest in patrolling the class with a cane while I was full of ambition to do so. **But I was female and he was male, and so he became the class monitor.** And I've never forgotten that incident.

.....

Gender matters everywhere in the world, but I want to focus on Nigeria, and on Africa in general, because it is where I know and because it is where my heart is. And I would like today to ask that we begin to dream about and plan for a different world. A fairer world. A world of happier men and happier women who are truer to themselves. **And this is how to start. We must raise our daughters differently. We must also raise our sons differently. We do a great disservice to boys in how we raise them. We stifle the humanity of boys. We define masculinity in a very narrow way. Masculinity becomes this hard small cage and we put boys inside the cage. We teach boys to be afraid of fear. We teach boys to be afraid of weakness, of vulnerability.** We teach them to mask their true selves because they have to be, in Nigeria speak, "hard man."

Julia Butterfly Hill

Born February 18, 1974



On Dec. 10, 1997, a 23-year-old woman named Julia "Butterfly" Hill climbed into a 55-meter (180 foot) tall California Coast Redwood tree. Her aim was to prevent the destruction of the tree and of the forest where it had lived for a millennium. Her action epitomized the tradition of Mahatma Ghandi. She put her own life on the line to save the life of a forest that was under immediate threat of destruction.

She came down December 18, 1999. During the two years she spent in Luna, she attracted world-wide attention for her non-violent action in defense of the forest. She went up the tree an unknown campaigner. She came down an international symbol, the inspiration for thousands of people around the world. Her actions, both during her time in the tree and since then, in her continuing efforts to heal the rift between humans and the natural environment, entitle her to be the youngest person thus far inducted into the Ecology Hall of Fame.

http://ecotopia.org/ecology-hall-of-fame/julia-butterfly-hill/

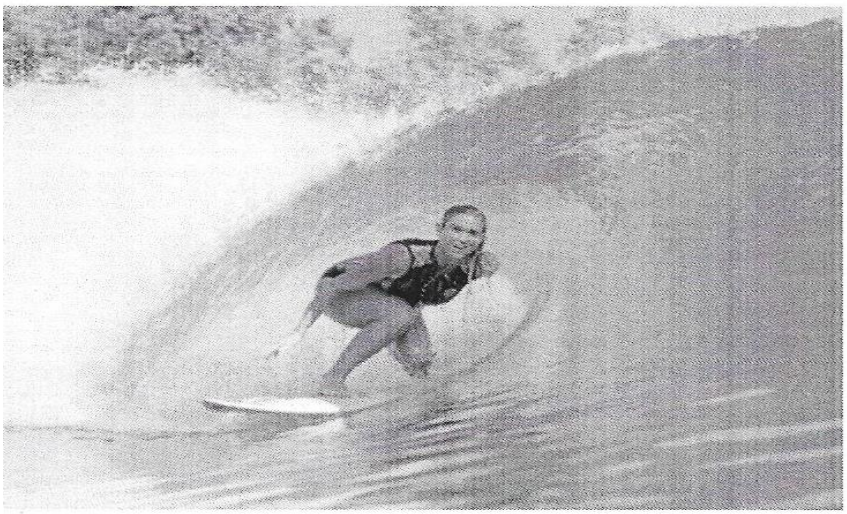
Autobiography

Soul Surfer:
A True Story of Faith, Family, and Fighting to Get Back on the Board

written by
Bethany Hamilton

Bethany Hamilton

- born on February 8, **1990**
- an American **professional surfer**
- survived a 2003 shark attack in which her left arm was bitten off



Lizzie Velasquez

Lizzie Velasquez is a global motivational speaker, anti-bullying activist, social media personality, and author. Lizzie was born with a rare syndrome. At this time there are only 2 other people in the world that are known to be living with this rare syndrome. In December 2013, she took the stage at the inaugural TEDx AustinWomen, and gave a talk titled "How Do You Define Yourself?" that has garnered over 13 million views across the web.

How Do YOU Define Yourself?

Lizzie Velasquez at TEDxAustinWomen

I'm really, really, really excited to be here. I kind of want to tell you little bit more of the – I don't want to say basics, because we don't really know anything about my syndrome. I was born with this very, very rare syndrome that only two other people in the world, including myself thought we know of have. Basically, what this syndrome causes is that I cannot gain weight. Yes, it does sound as good as it is. I can eat absolutely whatever I want, whenever I want and I won't really gain any weight. I'm going to be 25 in March and I've never weighed over about 64 pounds in my entire life. When I was in college I hid, well I didn't hide – it was – everyone knew I was there, but it was a giant tub of Twinkies, donuts, chips, skittles and my roommate would say, I could hear you at 12:30 reaching under your bed to get food. But I'm like you know what, it's all right, I can do these things, because there are benefits to this syndrome, there are benefits to not being able to gain weight, there are benefits to being visually impaired, there are benefits to being kind of really small. A lot of people think Lizzie, how in world are you saying there is benefits when you can only see out of one eye? Well, let me tell you what the benefits are, because they are great. I wear contacts, contact, half off contacts, when I wear my reading glasses half up prescription. If somebody is annoying me, being rude, stand on my right side, it's like you are not even there, I don't even know you were standing there.

Right now, if I stand like this, I have no clue that there is this whole side of the room. Also being small, I am very willing to volunteer myself to go to Weight Watchers, go to some gym and say, hi I'm Lizzie, I will be your poster child. Put my face whenever you need and I will say, hi I used this program, look how well it worked. Even though there are really amazing things that have come from this syndrome, there are also things that have been very, very difficult as you can imagine. Growing up I was raised 150% normally. When – I was my parents' first child and when I was born the doctors told my mom, your daughter has no amniotic fluid around her, at all. So when I was born, it was a miracle that I came out screaming. The doctors told my parents, we just want to warn you, expect your daughter to never be able to talk, walk, crawl, think or do anything by herself.

Now as first parents you could – first time parents you could think that my parents would say, oh no, why? Why – why are we getting our first child to have all these unknown problems? That's not what they did. The first thing they told the doctor was, we want to see her and we are going to take her home and love her and raise her to the best of our abilities and that's what they did. I credit pretty much everything that I've done in my life to my parents. My dad is here with me today and my mom is at home watching, hi mom. She is recovering from a surgery and she has been the glue that's held our family together and giving me the strength to see that she is going through so much, because she has this fighting spirit that she has

instilled in me, that I have so proudly been able to stand in front of people and say "you know what, I've had a really difficult life but that's okay" that's okay.

Things have been scary, things have been tough, one of the biggest things that I had to deal with growing up was something that I'm pretty sure every single one of us in this room has dealt with before. Can you guess what that is? Starts with a "B", can you guys guess it?

[Female Speaker:]Boys. Boys; [Lizzie Velasquez] Boys; [Female Speaker:]Bullying.

[Lizzie Velasquez] Boys? Boys? Bullying. I know what ya'll are thinking. I should have come – why couldn't I sit here with them?

I had to deal with bullying a lot, but as I said I was raised very normally, so when I started kindergarten, I had absolutely no idea that I looked different, no clue. I couldn't see that I looked different from other kids. I think of it kind of as a big slap of reality for a five year old, because I went into school first day, decked out and Pocahontas gear, I was ready. I went in with my backpack that looked like a turtle shell, because it was bigger than me and I walked up to a little girl, I smiled at her, she looked up at me like I was a monster, like I was the scariest thing she had ever seen in her life.

My first reaction was, she is really rude. I am a fun kid and she is the one missing out. So I'll just go over here and play with blocks or boys. I thought the day was going to get better and unfortunately it didn't, the day kind of got worse and worse and a lot of people just wanted to have absolutely nothing to do with me and I couldn't understand why. Why? What did I do? I didn't do anything to them. In my mind I was still a really cool kid. So I had to go home and ask my parents, what's wrong with me, what did I do, why don't they like me? And they sat me down and they said, Lizzie the only thing that's different about you, is that you are smaller than the other kids. You have this syndrome, but it's not going to define who you are. They said, go to school, pick your head up, smile, continue to be yourself and people will see that you're just like them. And so that's what I did.

I want you think and ask yourself this in your head right now. What defines you? Who are you? Is it where you come from? Is it your background? Is it your friends? What is it? What defines who you are as a person? It's taken me a very long time to figure out what defines me. For so long, I thought what defined me was my outer appearance. I thought that my little tiny legs, and my little arms and my little face, was ugly, I thought I was disgusting. I hated when I would wake up in the morning when I was going to middle school and looking in the mirror getting ready and thinking can I just scrub this syndrome off. It would make my life so much easier if could just scrub it off. I could look like the other kids, I wouldn't have to buy cloths that had Dora the Explorer on it. I wouldn't have to buy stuff that was bedazzled when I was trying to be like the cool kids. I would wish, and pray, and hope and do whatever I could to pray, that I would wake up in the morning and I would be different and I wouldn't have to deal with these struggles, it's what I wanted every single day and every single day I was disappointed. I have an amazing, amazing support system around me, who never pitied me, who are there to pick me up if I'm sad, who are there to laugh with me during the good times and they taught me that even though, even though I have this syndrome, even though things are hard, I can't let that define me.

My life was put into my hands just like your lives are put into yours. You are the person in the front seat of your car. You are the one who decides whether your car goes down a bad path or a good path. You are the one that decides what defines you. And let me tell you, it could be really easy to, I mean really hard to figure out what defines – you, because there

are times where I would just get so annoyed and frustrated, I don't care what defines me. When I was in high school I found a video, unfortunately that somebody posted of me, labeling me the world's ugliest woman. There were four million views to this video, eight seconds long, no sound, thousands of comments. People saying, Lizzie, please, please just a do the world of favor, put a gun to your head and kill yourself.

Think, think about that. If people did – if people told you that, strangers told you this. I cried in my eyes out of course and I was ready to kind of fight back and something kind of clicked in my head and I thought, I'm just going to leave it alone. I kind of started realizing that my life is in my hands. I could either choose to make this really good or I can choose to make this really bad. I could either be grateful and open my eyes and realize the things that I do have and make those the things that define me. I can't see out of one eye, but I can see out of the other. I might get sick a lot, but I have really nice hair.

[Audience:]You do, you do. [Lizzie Velasquez]Thanks. You guys are like the best little section right here. [I lost my train of thought thought.] Okay, where was I? [Audience:]Your hair. [Lizzie Velasquez] Hair, hair. Okay thank you, thank you, thank you. Okay, so I could either choose to be happier, I could choose to kind of be upset with what I have and still kind of complain about it. But then I started realizing, am I going to let the people who called me a monster, define me. Am I going to let the people who said, kill it with fire, define me. No. I'm going to let my goals and my success and my accomplishments be the things that define me, not my outer appearance, not the fact that I'm visually impaired, not the fact that have this syndrome that nobody knows what it is.

So I told myself I'm going work my butt off and do whatever I could to I make myself better, because in my mind, the best way that I could get back at all those people who made fun of me, who teased me, who called me ugly, who called me a monster, was to make myself better and to show them you know what, tell those negative things, I'm going to turn them around and I'm going to use them as a ladder to climb up to my goals. That's what I did.

I told myself I wanted to be a motivational speaker, I want to write a book, graduate college, have my own family, my own career. Eight years later, I'm standing in front of you still doing motivational speaking. First thing, I accomplished it I wanted to write a book. In a couple of weeks I will be submitting the manuscript for my third book. [Applause] I wanted to graduate college and I've just finished college. [Applause] I'm getting a degree – I'm getting a degree in communication studies from Texas State University in San Marcos. And I have a minor in English I really, really tried to use real life experience. While I was getting my degree and my professors were not having it. But I wanted to have lastly my own family and my own career. And family part is kind of down the line, and my career part, I feel like I'm really dealing well with it, considering the fact that when I decided I wanted to be a motivational speaker, I went home, I sat in front of my laptop, went to Google, typed in, how to be a motivational speaker. I'm not even joking. I worked my butt off. I used the people who were telling me that I couldn't do this – to motivate me. I used their negativity to light my fire to keep going, use that, use that, use that negativity that you have in your life to make yourself better, because I guarantee you, guarantee you, you will win.

Now I want to end with asking you again, I want you leave here and ask yourself, **what defines you? But remember brave starts here**. Thank you.