

Respond to the text: annotations  
- 2 examples -

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|---|---|---|
| Class Notes—<br>first person<br>point of view           | <b>"BREAD"</b>  | Weird title.  |
| Class Notes—<br>setting                                 | <b>By Sandra Cisneros</b>   |   |
| Class Notes—<br>grammar/<br>punctuation<br>errors       | "We were hungry. We went into a bakery on Grand Avenue and bought bread <u>filled</u> the backseat. The whole car smelled of bread. Big sourdough loaves shaped like a fat ass. Fat-ass bread, I said in <u>Spanish</u> , <i>Nalgona</i> bread. Fat-ass bread, he said in <u>Italian</u> , but I forget how he said it.   | Why "filled" ??<br>She speaks Spanish.<br>He speaks Italian.<br>Violent?<br>Sexy? |
| Class Notes—<br>pearl blue/<br>symbol                   | We <u>ripped</u> big chunks with our hands and ate. The car a pearl blue like my heart that afternoon. Smell of warm bread, bread in both fists, a tango on the tape player loud, loud, loud, because me and him, we're the only ones who can stand it like that, like if the bandoneón, violin, piano, guitar, bass, were inside us, like <u>when he wasn't married</u> like before his kids, like if all the pain hadn't passed between us. | Jerk!<br>Bigger Jerk!   |
| Class Notes—<br>detail of<br>setting/70s/tape<br>player | Driving down streets with buildings that remind him he says, how charming this city is. And me remembering when I was little, a cousin's baby who died from swallowing rat poison in a building like these.   |   |
| Class Notes—new<br>info about<br>setting                | <u>That's just how it is</u> And that's how we drove. With all his new city memories and all my old. Him kissing me between big bites of bread.   | That comment makes me sick!   |

One of Woolf's most popular works is *A Room of One's Own* (1929), an extended analysis of the subject of women and creativity. In this selection, taken from that volume, Woolf creates a hypothetical argument to demonstrate the limitations encountered by women in Shakespeare's time.

## Shakespeare's Sister

It is a perennial puzzle why no woman wrote a word of that extraordinary [Elizabethan] literature when every other man, it seemed, was capable of song or sonnet. What were the conditions in which women lived, I asked myself, for fiction, imaginative work that is, is not dropped like a pebble upon the ground, as science may be; fiction is like a spider's web, attached ever so lightly perhaps, but still attached to life at all four corners. Often the attachment is scarcely perceptible; Shakespeare's plays, for instance, seem to hang there complete by themselves. But when the web is pulled askew, hooked up at the edge, torn in the middle, one remembers that these webs are not spun in mid-air by incorporeal creatures, but are the work of suffering human beings, and are attached to grossly material things, like health and money and the house we live in.

But what I find . . . is that nothing is known about women before the eighteenth century. I have no model in my mind to turn about this way and that. Here am I asking why women did not write poetry in the Elizabethan age, and I am not sure how they were educated; whether they were taught to write; whether they had sitting-rooms to themselves; how many women had children before they

Why didn't women write?

Why has no one reserach these questi before?