

Name: _____

Date: _____

Period: _____

Teacher: _____

To Kill a Mockingbird ~ Jigsaw Excerpts

Chapter 1

“Inside the house lived a malevolent phantom. People said he existed, but Jem and I had never seen him” (9).

“Jem gave a reasonable description of Boo: Boo was about six and a half feet tall, judging from his tracks; he dined on raw squirrels and any cats he could catch. That’s why his hands were bloodstained—if you ate an animal raw, you could never wash the blood off. There was a long jagged scar that ran across his face; what teeth he had were yellow and rotten; his eyes popped, and he drooled most of the time” (13).

Chapter 4

Two live oaks stood at the edge of the Radley lot; their roots reached out into the side-road and made it bumpy. Something about one of the trees attracted my attention.

Some tinfoil was sticking in a knot-hole just above my eye level, winking at me in the afternoon sun. I stood on tiptoe, hastily looked around once more, reached into the hole, and withdrew two pieces of chewing gum minus their outer wrappers.

My first impulse was to get it into my mouth as quickly as possible, but I remembered where I was. I ran home, and on our front porch I examined my loot. The gum looked fresh. I sniffed it and it smelled all right. I licked it and waited for a while. When I did not die I crammed it into my mouth: Wrigley’s Double-Mint.

When Jem came home he asked me where I got such a wad. I told him I found it.

“Don’t eat things you find, Scout.”

“This wasn’t on the ground, it was in a tree.”

Jem growled.

“Well it was,” I said. “It was sticking in that tree yonder, the one comin’ from school.”

“Spit it out right now!”

I spat it out. The tang was fading, anyway. “I’ve been chewin’ it all afternoon and I ain’t dead yet, not even sick” (33).

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Chapter 6 and 7

“Had Jem’s pants been safely on him, we would not have slept much anyway. Every night-sound I heard from my cot on the back porch was magnified three-fold; every scratch of feet on gravel was Boo Radley seeking revenge, every passing Negro laughing in the night was Boo Radley loose and after us; insects splashing against the screen were Boo Radley’s insane fingers picking the wire to pieces; the chinaberry trees were malignant, hovering, alive” (55).

One afternoon when we were crossing the schoolyard toward home, Jem suddenly said: “There’s something I didn’t tell you.”

As this was his first complete sentence in several days, I encouraged him: “About what?”

“About that night.”

“You’ve never told me anything about that night,” I said.

Jem waved my words away as if fanning gnats. He was silent for a while, then he said, “When I went back for my breeches—they were all in a tangle when I was gettin’ out of ’em, I couldn’t get ’em loose. When I went back—” Jem took a deep breath. “When I went back, they were folded across the fence ... like they were expectin’ me.”

“Across—”

“And something else—” Jem’s voice was flat. “Show you when we get home. They’d been sewed up. Not like a lady sewed ’em, like somethin’ I’d try to do. All crooked. It’s almost like—”

“—somebody knew you were comin’ back for ’em” (58).

Chapter 8

It was obvious that he had not followed a word Jem said, for all Atticus said was, “You’re right. We’d better keep this and the blanket to ourselves. Someday, maybe, Scout can thank him for covering her up.”

“Thank who?” I asked.

“Boo Radley. You were so busy looking at the fire you didn’t know it when he put the blanket around you.”

My stomach turned to water and I nearly threw up when Jem held out the blanket and crept toward me. “He sneaked out of the house—turn ’round—sneaked up, an’ went like this!”

Atticus said dryly, “Do not let this inspire you to further glory, Jeremy.”

Jem scowled, “I ain’t gonna do anything to him,” but I watched the spark of fresh adventure leave his eyes. “Just think, Scout,” he said, “if you’d just turned around, you’d a seen him” (72).