

CHAPTER 6

Memories Of Childhood

By : Zitkala-Sa and Bama

About the Authors :

Memories of Childhood presents two autobiographical episodes by two women writers – Zitkala Sa and Bama from different parts of the world.

Zitkala Sa



(1876–1938)

Zitkala-Sa, also known as Gertrude Simmons Bonnin, was a Native American writer, teacher, musician, and social activist.

She belonged to the Sioux tribe of America.

Through her writings, she spoke strongly against the discrimination and harsh treatment faced by Native Americans, especially in schools run by white authorities.

In *The Cutting of My Long Hair*, she shares a painful childhood memory from her first day at a boarding school where Native American children were forced to give up their traditions and culture.

Bama



(1958–now)

Bama or Bama Faustina Soosairaj is a well-known Tamil Dalit writer from South India.

She writes about caste discrimination and the everyday struggles faced by Dalits in society. Her writings focus on the lived experiences of Dalits, especially women, and emphasize dignity, resistance, and empowerment.

Her writings are simple, realistic, and direct making her writings widely accessible and impactful.

In *We Too Are Human Beings*, Bama narrates an incident from her childhood that opened her eyes to the cruel practice of untouchability in Indian society.

KEY THEMES IN THE LESSON :

- **Discrimination and Oppression**

How certain communities are treated unfairly because of their race or caste.

- **Resistance and Self-Respect**

Both writers refuse to silently accept injustice. Zitkala-Sa physically resists the cutting of her hair. And Bama develops anger against caste discrimination and chooses education as a way to fight it.

- **Childhood Innocence and Awakening**

Both narrators describe incidents from childhood that made them suddenly aware of the harsh realities of society.

- **Social Inequality**

The paired narratives highlight how societies create divisions based on race, caste, and social status, causing humiliation and suffering to innocent people.

- **Loss of Identity and Culture**

In Zitkala-Sa's story, cutting her hair symbolizes the forceful destruction of Native American identity and traditions.

- **Importance of Education**

Education is presented as a powerful tool for empowerment and dignity, especially in Bama's narrative.

BRIEF SUMMARY :

Memories of Childhood is a paired narrative featuring excerpts from the autobiographical writings of Zitkala-Sa and Bama.

- Both recount childhood experiences shaped by oppression
- Both stories are personal memories, not fictional tales,
- Both girls are young and sensitive observers,
- Both narratives connect emotional pain with larger social issues,
- The writers transform painful experiences into awareness and resistance.

The Cutting of My Long Hair

Zitkala-Sa describes her traumatic experience as a Native American on her first day at a Boarding school. She feels frightened and lonely in the unfamiliar environment. The school authorities force Native American children to follow white customs and traditions. Zitkala-Sa resists when they decide to cut her long hair because, in her culture, short hair is worn only by cowards or mourners. Despite her struggle, her hair is cut, leaving her humiliated and emotionally shaken.

We Too Are Human Beings

Bama presents an incident from her childhood when she saw a man from her community carrying food packets carefully by the strings to avoid "polluting" them for an upper-caste landlord. At first she found it funny, but later her brother explained that the man was behaving this way because he belonged to a lower caste. This realization shocked and angered her. Her brother advised her that education and hard work were the only ways to fight caste discrimination and earn respect. Encouraged by her brother, she recognizes education as the means to resist and overcome caste based discrimination.

Before you read :

This unit presents autobiographical episodes from the lives of two women from marginalised communities who look back on their childhood, and reflect on their relationship with the mainstream culture. The first account is by an American Indian woman born in the late nineteenth century; the second is by a contemporary Tamil Dalit writer.

Gertrude Simmons Bonnin, born in 1876, was an extraordinarily talented and educated Native American woman who struggled and triumphed in a time when severe prejudice prevailed towards Native American culture and women. As a writer, she adopted the pen name 'Zitkala-Sa' and in 1900 began publishing articles criticising the Carlisle Indian school. Her works criticised dogma, and her life as a Native American woman was dedicated against the evils of oppression.

Bama is the pen-name of a Tamil Dalit woman from a Roman Catholic family. She has published three main works: an autobiography, 'Karukku', 1992; a novel, 'Sangati', 1994; and a collection of short stories, 'Kisumbukkaaran', 1996. The following excerpt has been taken from 'Karukku'. 'Karukku' means 'Palmyra' leaves, which with their serrated edges on both sides, are like double-edged swords. By a felicitous pun, the Tamil word 'Karukku', containing the word 'karu', embryo or seed, also means freshness, newness.

I. The Cutting of My Long HairZitkala-Sa

The first day in the land of apples was a bitter-cold one; for the snow still covered the ground, and the trees were bare. A large bell rang for breakfast, its loud metallic voice crashing through the belfry overhead and into our sensitive ears. The annoying clatter of shoes on bare floors gave us no peace. The constant clash of harsh noises, with an undercurrent of many voices murmuring an unknown tongue, made a bedlam within which I was securely tied. And though my spirit tore itself in struggling for its lost freedom, all was useless.

A paleface woman, with white hair, came up after us. We were placed in a line of girls who were marching into the dining room. These were Indian girls, in stiff shoes and closely clinging dresses. The small girls wore sleeved aprons and shingled hair. As I walked noiselessly in my soft moccasins, I felt like sinking to the floor, for my blanket had been stripped from my shoulders. I looked hard at the Indian girls, who seemed not to care that they were even more immodestly dressed than I, in their tightly fitting clothes. While we marched in, the boys entered at an opposite door. I watched for the three young braves who came in our party. I spied them in the rear ranks, looking as uncomfortable as I felt. A small bell was tapped, and each of the pupils drew a chair from under the table. Supposing this act meant they were to be seated, I pulled out mine and at once slipped into it from one side. But when I turned my head, I saw that I was the only one seated, and all the rest at our table remained standing. Just as I began to rise, looking shyly around to see how chairs were to be used, a second bell was sounded. All were seated at last, and I had to crawl back into my chair again. I heard a man's voice at one end of the hall, and I looked around to see him. But all the others hung their heads over their plates. As I glanced at the long chain of tables, I caught the eyes of a paleface woman upon me. Immediately I dropped my eyes, wondering why I was so keenly watched by the strange woman. The man ceased his mutterings, and then a third bell was tapped. Every one picked up his knife and fork and began eating. I began crying instead, for by this time I was afraid to venture anything more. Memories of Childhood.

But this eating by formula was not the hardest trial in that first day. Late in the morning, my friend Judewin gave me a terrible warning. Judewin knew a few words of English; and she had overheard the paleface woman talk about cutting our long, heavy hair. Our mothers had taught us that only unskilled warriors who were captured had their hair shingled by the enemy. Among our people, short hair was worn by mourners, and shingled hair by cowards!

We discussed our fate some moments, and when Judewin said, "We have to submit, because they are strong," I rebelled.

"No, I will not submit! I will struggle first!" I answered.

I watched my chance, and when no one noticed, I disappeared. I crept up the stairs as quietly as I could in my squeaking shoes, — my moccasins had been exchanged for shoes. Along the hall I passed, without knowing whither I was going. Turning aside to an open door, I found a large room with three white beds in it. The windows were covered with dark green curtains, which made the room very dim. Thankful that no one was there, I directed my steps toward the corner farthest from the door. On my hands and knees I crawled under the bed, and huddled myself in the dark corner.

From my hiding place I peered out, shuddering with fear whenever I heard footsteps near by. Though in the hall loud voices were calling my name, and I knew that even Judewin was searching for me, I did not open my mouth to answer. Then the steps were quickened and the voices became excited. The sounds came nearer and nearer. Women and girls entered the room. I held my breath and watched them open closet doors and peep behind large trunks. Some one threw up the curtains, and the room was filled with sudden light. What caused them to stoop and look under the bed I do not know. I remember being dragged out, though I resisted by kicking and scratching wildly. In spite of myself, I was carried downstairs and tied fast in a chair.

I cried aloud, shaking my head all the while until I felt the cold blades of the scissors against my neck, and heard them gnaw off one of my thick braids. Then I lost my spirit. Since the day I was taken from my mother I had suffered extreme indignities. People had stared at me. I had been tossed about in the air like a wooden puppet. And now my long hair was shingled like a coward's! In my anguish I moaned for my mother, but no one came to comfort me. Not a soul reasoned quietly with me, as my own mother used to do; for now I was only one of many little animals driven by a herder.

II. We Too are Human BeingsBama

When I was studying in the third class, I hadn't yet heard people speak openly of untouchability. But I had already seen, felt, experienced and been humiliated by what it is.

I was walking home from school one day, an old bag hanging from my shoulder. It was actually possible to walk the distance in ten minutes. But usually it would take me thirty minutes at the very least to reach home. It would take me from half an hour to an hour to dawdle along, watching all the fun and games that were going on, all the entertaining novelties and oddities in the streets, the shops and the bazaar.

The performing monkey; the snake which the snakecharmer kept in its box and displayed from time to time; the cyclist who had not got off his bike for three days, and who kept pedalling as hard as he could from break of day; the rupee notes that were pinned on to his shirt to spur him on; the spinning wheels; the Maariyaata temple, the huge bell hanging there; the pongal offerings being cooked in front of the temple; the dried fish stall by the statue of Gandhi; the sweet stall, the stall selling fried snacks, and all the other shops next to each other; the street light always demonstrating how it could change from blue to violet; the narikkuravan hunter/gypsy with his wild lemur in cages, selling needles, clay beads and instruments for cleaning out the ears — Oh, I could go on and on. Each thing would pull me to a stand-still and not allow me to go any further.

At times, people from various political parties would arrive, put up a stage and harangue us through their mikes. Then there might be a street play, or a puppet show, or a “no magic, no miracle” stunt performance. All these would happen from time to time. But almost certainly there would be some entertainment or other going on.

Even otherwise, there were the coffee clubs in the bazaar: the way each waiter cooled the coffee, lifting a tumbler high up and pouring its contents into a tumbler held in his other hand. Or the way some people sat in front of the shops chopping up onion, their eyes turned elsewhere so that they would not smart. Or the almond tree growing there and its fruit which was occasionally blown down by the wind. All these sights taken together would tether my legs and stop me from going home.

And then, according to the season, there would be mango, cucumber, sugar-cane, sweet-potato, palm-shoots, gram, palm syrup and palm-fruit, guavas and jack-fruit. Every day I would see people selling sweet and savoury fried snacks, payasam, halva, boiled tamarind seeds and iced lollies.

Gazing at all this, one day, I came to my street, my bag slung over my shoulder. At the opposite corner, though, a threshing floor had been set up, and the landlord watched the proceedings, seated on a piece of sacking spread over a stone ledge. Our people were hard at work, driving cattle in pairs, round and round, to tread out the grain from the straw. The animals were muzzled so that they wouldn't help themselves to the straw. I stood for a while there, watching the fun.

Just then, an elder of our street came along from the direction of the bazaar. The manner in which he was walking along made me want to double up. I wanted to shriek with laughter at the sight of such a big man carrying a small packet in that fashion. I guessed there was something like vadai or green banana bhajji in the packet, because the wrapping paper was stained with oil. He came along, holding out the packet by its string, without touching it. I stood there thinking to myself, if he holds it like that, won't the package come undone, and the vadais fall out?

The elder went straight up to the landlord, bowed low and extended the packet towards him, cupping the hand that held the string with his other hand. The landlord opened the parcel and began to eat the vadais.

After I had watched all this, at last I went home. My elder brother was there. I told him the story in all its comic detail. I fell about with laughter at the memory of a big man, and an elder at that, making such a game out of carrying the parcel. But Annan was not amused. Annan told me the man wasn't being funny when he carried the package like that. He said everybody believed that they were upper caste and therefore must not touch us. If they did, they would be polluted. That's why he had to carry the package by its string.

When I heard this, I didn't want to laugh any more, and I felt terribly sad. How could they believe that it was disgusting if one of us held that package in his hands, even though the vadai had been wrapped first in a banana leaf, and then parcelled in paper? I felt so provoked and angry that I wanted to touch those wretched vadais myself straightaway. Why should we have to fetch and carry for these people, I wondered. Such an important elder of ours goes meekly to the shops to fetch snacks and hands them over reverently, bowing and shrinking, to this fellow who just sits there and stuffs them into his mouth. The thought of it infuriated me.

How was it that these fellows thought so much of themselves? Because they had scraped four coins together, did that mean they must lose all human feelings? But we too are human beings. Our people should never run these petty errands for these fellows. We should work in their fields, take home our wages, and leave it at that.

My elder brother, who was studying at a university, had come home for the holidays. He would often go to the library in our neighbouring village in order to borrow books. He was on his way home one day, walking along the banks of the irrigation tank. One of the landlord's men came up behind him. He thought my Annan looked unfamiliar, and so he asked, “Who are you, appa, what's your name?” Annan told him his name.

Immediately the other man asked, "Thambi, on which street do you live?" The point of this was that if he knew on which street we lived, he would know our caste too.

Annan told me all these things. And he added, "Because we are born into this community, we are never given any honour or dignity or respect; we are stripped of all that. But if we study and make progress, we can throw away these indignities. So study with care, learn all you can. If you are always ahead in your lessons, people will come to you of their own accord and attach themselves to you. Work hard and learn." The words that Annan spoke to me that day made a very deep impression on me. And I studied hard, with all my breath and being, in a frenzy almost. As Annan had urged, I stood first in my class. And because of that, many people became my friends.

Vocabulary :

1. **Autobiographical:** based on a person's own life
The book is **autobiographical**.
2. **Marginalised:** treated as unimportant or pushed to the edge of society
Many **marginalised** communities still struggle for equal opportunities.
3. **Mainstream:** accepted or common in society
Many regional languages are slowly becoming part of **mainstream** media.
4. **Prejudice:** unfair opinion about someone without proper reason
People should not face **prejudice** because of their background.
5. **Dogma:** a belief that people are expected to accept without questioning
The speaker challenged old social **dogma**.
6. **Oppression:** cruel or unfair treatment over a long time
Many leaders fought against social **oppression**.
7. **Belfry:** the part of a tower where bells are kept
The bell rang loudly from the **belfry**.
8. **Clatter:** a loud noise made by hard objects hitting together
The dishes fell with a loud **clatter**.
9. **Undercurrent:** a hidden feeling or influence
There was an **undercurrent** of tension in the room.
10. **Bedlam:** a scene of noisy confusion
The classroom turned into complete **bedlam** after the announcement.
11. **Shingled:** cut short and evenly
She had **shingled** hair that barely touched her shoulders.

12. **Moccasins:** soft leather shoes
He wore old **moccasins** during the journey.
13. **Stripped from:** removed forcefully
The paint was **stripped from** the wall after the rains.
14. **Immodestly:** not socially proper
Some people criticised her for dressing **immodestly**.
15. **Rear ranks:** the people standing or placed at the back
The younger students stood in the **rear ranks**.
16. **Keenly:** strongly or with deep interest
She **keenly** understood the difficulties around her.
17. **Venture:** to dare to do something risky or unfamiliar
Few people would **venture** out during the storm.
18. **Trial:** a difficult experience or test
The family went through a serious **trial**.
19. **Peered out:** looked out carefully or with difficulty
He **peered out** through the small window.
20. **In spite of:** without being affected by something
She continued working **in spite of** her illness.
21. **Gnaw off:** to cut or bite something little by little
The rat tried to **gnaw off** the rope.
22. **Indignities:** actions that cause shame or loss of respect
They suffered many **indignities** because of discrimination.
23. **Anguish:** severe pain or suffering
She cried out in **anguish**.
24. **Untouchability:** the practice of treating some groups as socially inferior and avoiding contact with them
The Constitution of India abolished **untouchability**.
25. **Dawdle:** to waste time or move slowly
Do not **dawdle** when you are getting late.
26. **Novelties and oddities:** unusual and interesting things
The market sold many **novelties and oddities**.

27. **Hunter-gypsy:** a wandering hunting community
The story described the life of a **hunter-gypsy** family.
28. **Harangue:** to speak angrily or loudly for a long time
The coach began to **harangue** the players after the match.
29. **Tether:** to tie something with a rope or chain
They **tether** the goats near the field during the day.
30. **Proceedings:** events or activities happening formally
The meeting **proceedings** lasted for hours.
31. **Sacking:** strong, rough cloth used for bags
They slept on old **sacking**.
32. **Tread out:** to crush or separate crops by stepping on them
The workers **tread out** the wheat.
33. **Muzzled:** covering the mouth
The dog was **muzzled** because it kept biting people.
34. **Shriek:** a loud, sharp cry
A sudden **shriek** came from the crowd.
35. **Come undone:** to fall apart
The bag seemed to **come undone** after it tore.
36. **Meekly:** quietly and without protest
She **meekly** accepted the punishment.
37. **Scraped:** gathered something with difficulty
He **scraped** together enough money for the bus fare.

Listen to the story.

Click on the link below to hear the story being read. Note the pronunciation of the words .

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q5qMQSwZfGY>

NCERT - TEXT-BOOK Q&A

Reading with Insight

1. The two accounts that you read above are based in two distant cultures. What is the commonality of themes found in both of them?
2. It may take a long time for oppression to be resisted, but the seeds of rebellion are sowed early in life. Do you agree that injustice in any form cannot escape being noticed even by children?
3. Bama's experience is that of a victim of the caste system. What kind of discrimination does Zitkala-Sa's experience depict? What are their responses to their respective situations?

BOARD QUESTIONS - PATTERN / MOST REPEATED QUESTIONS – These come again and again in different forms :

1. Theme of Discrimination and Oppression
2. Symbolism of long hair in Zitkala-Sa's Account
3. Bama's Realisation About Caste Discrimination
4. Childhood and Awareness of Injustice
5. Resistance and Self-Respect
6. Education as a Means of Empowerment
7. Contrasting the two accounts
8. Zitkala's and Bama's Characters

QUESTION BANK FOR REVISION :

- ✓ MCQs
- ✓ Extracts based
- ✓ Case-based
- ✓ Short + Long answers
- ✓ Higher-order questions

MCQs :

- 1. What does the boarding school in Zitkala-Sa's account primarily represent ?**
 - A. A place of discipline and education.
 - B. An institution attempting cultural erasure and forced assimilation.
 - C. A shelter for poor Native American children.
 - D. A symbol of equality and modern thinking.

- 2. The title *Memories of Childhood* is significant because:**
 - A. It romanticizes childhood nostalgia
 - B. It underscores how formative childhood experiences reveal injustice and shape resistance
 - C. It suggests that childhood is free from discrimination
 - D. It focuses only on personal family memories

- 3. Which of the following would both Zitkala-Sa and Bama most likely agree with?**
 - A. Silence is the best response to discrimination.
 - B. Traditions should always be abandoned for progress.
 - C. Human dignity should never depend on race or caste.
 - D. Children should not question social systems.

- 4. The phrase "I felt like sinking to the floor" most strongly reflects Zitkala-Sa's:**
 - A. Physical exhaustion.
 - B. Fear of being expelled from school.
 - C. Anger towards other Native American children.
 - D. Emotional humiliation and helplessness.

- 5. Which statement best captures the difference between the responses of Zitkala-Sa and Bama?**
 - A. Zitkala-Sa accepts injustice quietly while Bama openly rebels.
 - B. Zitkala-Sa reacts instinctively, while Bama develops reflective determination.
 - C. Both respond with immediate physical resistance.
 - D. Bama feels helpless, while Zitkala-Sa feels indifferent.

- 6. Bama's realization about caste discrimination begins when she observes:**

- A. Her brother being denied entry into a school
- B. A man carrying food for a landlord without touching it
- C. A teacher humiliating her in class
- D. A festival where Dalits were excluded

7. In both accounts, childhood innocence is lost because the protagonists :

- A. are forced to leave their homes.
- B. fail to understand adult behaviour.
- C. suddenly become aware of deeply rooted prejudice.
- D. are separated from their families permanently.

8. Bama's brother plays an important role because he:

- A. explains the social reality behind the incident and guides her response.
- B. encourages Bama to ignore social discrimination.
- C. advises Bama to protest publicly against the landlord.
- D. warns Bama against questioning society.

9. Which statement best describes the role of education in Bama's narrative?

- A. Education is merely a way to earn money.
- B. Education is presented as a means of reclaiming dignity and equality.
- C. Education helps people forget social injustice.
- D. Education creates distance between communities.

10. Which idea is common to both narratives?

- A. Education always guarantees equality.
- B. Social discrimination survives because people silently accept it.
- C. Children are unaware of social injustice.
- D. Tradition is always harmful to progress.

11. Choose the option that best replaces the underlined word without changing the meaning:

Zitkala-Sa felt *indignant* at the thought of having her hair cut.

- A. delighted
- B. ashamed
- C. angry at unfair treatment
- D. confused

12. Choose the option that best explains the irony in Bama's experience.

- A. The elder carried the packet proudly.
- B. The food meant to be respected became a symbol of humiliation.
- C. Bama enjoyed walking home from school.
- D. The landlord treated everyone equally.

13. Choose the correct meaning of the word "clambered" as used in the chapter.

- A. Walked proudly
- B. Climbed with difficulty
- C. Ran quickly
- D. Jumped carelessly

14. Which literary device is most evident in the phrase:

"Now I was only one of many little animals driven by a herder."

- A. Simile
- B. Hyperbole
- C. Irony
- D. Metaphor

15. Which option best captures the meaning of the phrase "burst out laughing"?

- A. Laughed suddenly and uncontrollably
- B. Smiled politely
- C. Laughed quietly
- D. Pretended to laugh

EXTRACT & CASE BASED

Extract 1 :

1. Read the extract and answer the Questions that follow :

"I cried aloud, shaking my head all the while until I felt the cold blades of the scissors against my neck, and heard them gnaw off one of my thick braids."

- a. Why was Zitkala-Sa crying and resisting?
- b. What do the words "cold blades" suggest to the reader ?
- c. What does this moment reveal about the school authorities?

Extract 2 :

2. Read the extract and answer the Questions that follow :

"Our mothers had taught us that only unskilled warriors who were captured had their hair shingled by the enemy."

- a. Why was hair important in Zitkala-Sa's culture?
- b. What does the word "enemy" suggest in this context?
- c. How does this belief intensify Zitkala-Sa's suffering?

Extract 3 :

3. Read the extract and answer the Questions that follow :

In my anguish I moaned for my mother, but no one came to comfort me. Not a soul reasoned quietly with me, as my own mother used to do; for now I was only one of many little animals driven by a herder.

- a. Identify and explain the Literary device used in the following sentence - "Now I was only one of many little animals driven by a herder."
- b. Why does Zitkala-Sa compare herself and the children to "little animals"?
- c. What emotion dominates this extract?

Extract 4 :

4. Read the extract and answer the Questions that follow :

".... a big man carrying a small packet in that fashion. I guessed there was something like vadai or green banana bhajji in the packet, because the wrapping paper was stained with oil. He came along, holding out the packet by its string, without touching it. I stood there thinking to myself .."

- a. Why does the sight appear unusual and amusing to Bama at first?
- b. What does the phrase "without touching it" reveal to you about the society Bama lives in ?
- c. Why is the contrast between "a big man" and "a small packet" significant?

- d. What does this incident reveal about Bama's stage of understanding at this point in the story?
- e. How does the ordinary nature of the incident make the discrimination more disturbing?

Extract 5 :

5. Read the extract and answer the Questions that follow :

"How could they believe that it was disgusting if one of us held that package in his hands, even though the vadai had been wrapped first in a banana leaf, and then parcelled in paper? I felt so provoked and angry that I wanted to touch those wretched vadais myself straightaway."

- a. What change comes over Bama in this extract? What causes this change?
- b. Why does Bama question the idea of the packet becoming "disgusting"? What does this reveal about her thinking?
- c. Why does Bama suddenly want to "touch those wretched vadais" herself?
- d. How does the author use the emotions of a child to highlight the injustice of caste discrimination?
- e. What is the significance of this moment in Bama's life?

Extract 5 :

4. Read the extract and answer the Questions that follow :

"if we study and make progress, we can throw away these indignities. So study with care, learn all you can. If you are always ahead in your lessons, people will come to you of their own accord and attach themselves to you. Work hard and learn." The words that Annan spoke to me that day made a very deep impression on me."

- a. What does Annan mean by "throw away these indignities"?
- b. Why do Annan's words affect Bama so deeply?
- c. What message about education does the extract convey?
- d. What does the phrase "people will come to you of their own accord" suggest?
- e. How does the extract bring out both the idea of oppression as well as the possibility of empowerment?

SHORT ANSWER Qs :

- i. Why are Zitkala Sa's & Bama's journeys inspiring?.
- ii. Briefly compare the discrimination faced by Zitkala-Sa and Bama.
- iii. Briefly compare the reactions of the two girls to injustice.
- iv. Describe the incident that opened Bama's eyes to caste discrimination.
- v. Describe the incident that exposed Zitkala Sa to cultural discrimination.

- vi. "The seeds of rebellion are sown early." Explain in brief with reference to the stories of the 2 girls.

LONG ANSWER Qs :

1. Discuss : Zitkala Sa and Bama's experiences are very similar yet very different.
2. Compare the role of education in the lives of Zitkala-Sa and Bama. How does the chapter present education as both oppressive and empowering?

HIGHER ORDER Qs

1. In what ways does the chapter show that discrimination damages not only individuals but also communities and cultures?
2. How does the perspective of a child make the impact of discrimination more powerful in the chapter?