Card Sort

| **Speaker** | **Appeals** |
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| **Purpose** | **Tone** |
| **Audience** | Now, Betty, dear… |
| **Context** | Witchery‘s a hangin‘ error |
| **Exigence** | …you‘ll only be whipped for dancin‘ |
| **Choices** | They‘ll be callin‘ us witches, Abby! |

CARD SORT

| It were only sport, Uncle! | …if they be questioning us tell them  we danced |
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| …the Devil‘s touch is heavier than sick, it‘s death, y‘know, it‘s death drivin‘ into them forked and hoofed… | The road past my house is a pilgrimage to Salem all morning. |
| You are not undone. Let you take hold here. Wait for no one to charge you-declare it yourself. | Uncle, the rumor of witchcraft is all about; I think you‘d best go down and deny it yourself. |
| …her eyes open and she walks, and hears naught, sees naught… | You did, you did! You drank a charm to kill John Proctor‘s wife! You drank a charm to kill Goody Proctor!" |
| I will cut off my hand before I‘ll ever reach for you again. | It‘s weirdish, I know not—she seems to walk like a dead one since last night. |
| I pray you, leap not to witchcraft. | Now my ministry‘s at stake; my ministry and perhaps your cousin‘s life.....whatever abomination you have done, give me all of it now… |