

CARD SORT

Speaker	Appeals
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

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

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...