

## **Suggested Lesson Procedure**

### **“Araby” by James Joyce**

#### **1. Before Reading (~15 minutes)**

Distribute the anticipation guide to students. Instruct them to circle agree/disagree for each statement. Briefly discuss a few statements as a class to spark curiosity and connect to students’ lives. Tell students they will revisit these statements after reading.

#### **2. Introduce Vocabulary in “Araby” (~15 minutes)**

Have students copy down the definitions and synonyms of each word using the PowerPoint lesson.

#### **3. During Reading (~25 minutes)**

Read the full text together as a class. Pause occasionally to clarify difficult language. Complete the reading check questions during reading.

#### **4. Literary Analysis (~25 minutes)**

Students complete the literary analysis questions independently or in pairs. Once finished, review the answers as a class.

#### **5. Figurative Language Analysis (~20 minutes)**

Students identify examples of figurative language. Have them complete the worksheet by explaining each example in their own words. Review answers as a class.

#### **6. Revisit Anticipation Guide (~20 minutes)**

Students return to their anticipation guide and reflect on the themes of the story.

**Total = ~120 minutes**

The Araby bazaar was a, highly anticipated, annual event in Dublin in the 19th century that introduced foreign concepts such as music, literature, styles, and goods. Joyce's bazaar, Araby, was called "A Grand Oriental Fete: Araby in Dublin" and was held in May, 1894, to benefit a local hospital. The 1894 bazaar was the direct inspiration for James Joyce's short story of the same name.

### "Araby" by James Joyce

NORTH RICHMOND STREET being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: The Abbot, by Walter Scott, The Devout Communicant and The Memoirs of Vidocq. I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

When the short days of winter came dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in and, if she remained, we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a come-all-you about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could

tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: "O love! O love!" many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to Araby. I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar, she said she would love to go.

"And why can't you?" I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

"It's well for you," she said.

"If I go," I said, "I will bring you something."

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word Araby were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised and hoped it was not some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

"Yes, boy, I know."

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I left the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and, when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high cold empty gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs. Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs. Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. My aunt said:

"I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord."

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the hall door. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten.

"The people are in bed and after their first sleep now," he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

"Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is."

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He asked me where I was going and, when I had told him a second time he asked me did I know The Arab's Farewell to his Steed. When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous house and over the twinkling river.

At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girdled at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognised a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words *Cafe Chantant* were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

"O, I never said such a thing!"

"O, but you did!"

"O, but I didn't!"

"Didn't she say that?"

"Yes. I heard her."

"O, there's a ... fib!"

Observing me the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

"No, thank you."

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.



Name:

Date:

**Anticipation Guide**  
(Keep this worksheet in a safe place.)

**Part A: Respond to the following statements by circling whether you agree or disagree.**

- |  |       |          |
|--|-------|----------|
| 1. Love at first sight is real.  | Agree | Disagree |
| 2. It is better to chase after a dream, even if it might disappoint you, than not to try at all. | Agree | Disagree |
| 3. Disappointment is an inevitable part of growing up.   | Agree | Disagree |
| 4. We often idealize others, and imagine them to be more perfect than they really are.           | Agree | Disagree |
| 5. Our own imagination can be harmful.   | Agree | Disagree |
| 6. Your environment strongly shapes who you become.  | Agree | Disagree |
| 7. Romantic pursuits make life more meaningful.  | Agree | Disagree |
| 8. We often mistake attraction for deeper emotional connection.                                  | Agree | Disagree |
| 9. Escaping reality through fantasy is sometimes necessary.                                      | Agree | Disagree |
| 10. It's better to know the truth, even if it hurts.   | Agree | Disagree |
| 11. When we wait a long time for something, it always ends up being worth it.                    | Agree | Disagree |
| 12. Gifts are the best way to show someone love.   | Agree | Disagree |

**Part B: Answer the following questions using complete sentences.**

1) Choose one statement you agreed with and explain why.

2) Choose one statement you disagreed with and explain why.

Name:

Date:

**Vocabulary in "Araby"**

Vocabulary Word	Part of Speech	Defintion	Synonyms
imperturbable	adjective		
litanies	noun		
garrulous	adjective		
summons	noun		
vanity	noun		
derided	verb		
hostile	adjective		
somber	adjective		
bazaar	noun		

Name:

Date:

**“Araby” Reading Check Questions**  
**Answer in 1-2 sentences each.**

1. Where does the story “Araby” take place?

2. Who does the narrator have a crush on? Give a quote that shows this.

3. What promise does the narrator make to Mangan’s sister?

4. Why can’t Mangan’s sister attend the bazaar herself?

5. What delays the narrator’s trip to the bazaar?

6. What happens when the narrator finally arrives at the bazaar?

**Literary Analysis Questions**  
**Answer in 2-4 sentences each.**

1. In the first sentence of “Araby,” Joyce describes North Richmond Street as “being blind.” How does the idea of “blindness” function both literally and figuratively in the story?

2. How does religion play a role in the story?

3. What does the bazaar symbolize?

4. How is light and darkness imagery used throughout the story?

5. How does Joyce portray the theme of “coming of age” in this story?

6. How does the story reflect Dublin life at the time?

7. How does the narrator feel at the end of the story?

8. What might have happened if the narrator had purchased a gift for Mangan’s sister? Would he still have experienced disappointment in the end? Explain.



Name:

Date:

Figurative Language in “Araby”

Directions: Identify the type of figurative language used, then explain its meaning in your own words. One example is already done for you.

Line from text:	Figurative Language:	Explanation:
“The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump.”	Allusion/ symbolism	The apple tree alludes to the biblical Garden of Eden, symbolizing lost innocence and temptation. The abandoned, rusty pump symbolizes the narrator’s own disillusionment that will come later in the story.
“The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns.”		
“When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped.”		
“I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.”		

“Her image accompanied me  
even in places the most hostile  
to romance.”

“I imagined that I bore my  
chalice safely through a throng  
of foes.”

“But my body was like a harp  
and her words and gestures  
were like fingers running upon  
the wires.”

“I saw myself as a creature  
driven and derided by vanity.”

Name:

Date:

After Reading Activity

Take out your **anticipation guide** from before we read the story. Re-read each statement and review the responses you made earlier (agree/disagree). Write a short paragraph connecting one of the statements to a theme in the story. Provide one piece of text evidence (a quote, event, or character action) that shows how the theme is developed in the story. Explain whether you changed your opinion on the statement after reading the story. If your opinion stayed the same, explain why the story confirmed your thinking. If your opinion changed, explain what details in the text made you see it differently.

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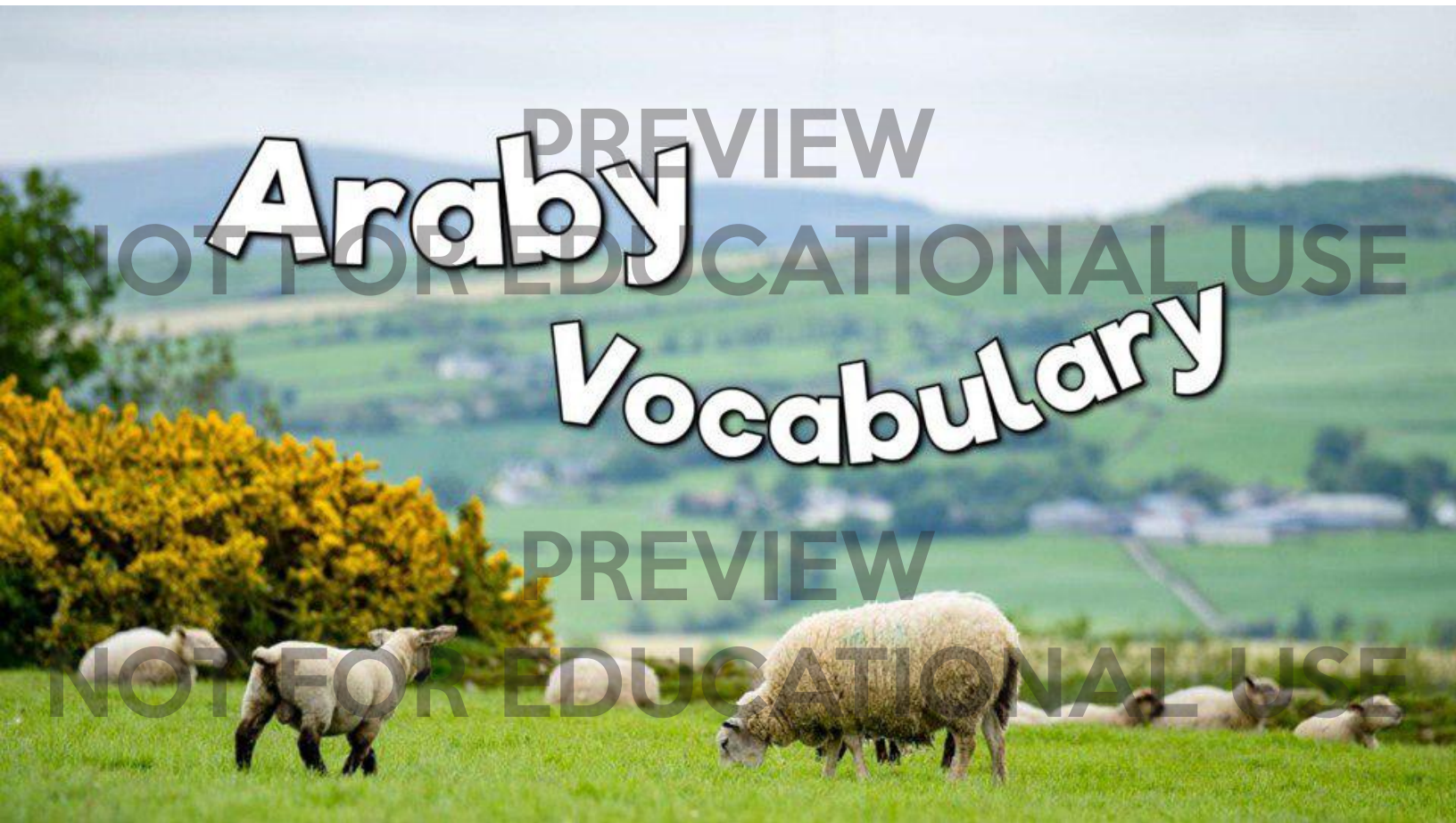
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# Imperturbable

**Part of Speech:** adjective

**Definition:** unable to be upset or excited;  
calm and steady

**Example:** Despite the chaos around her,  
she remained imperturbable and  
continued her work.

**Synonyms:** composed, unflappable



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# Litanies

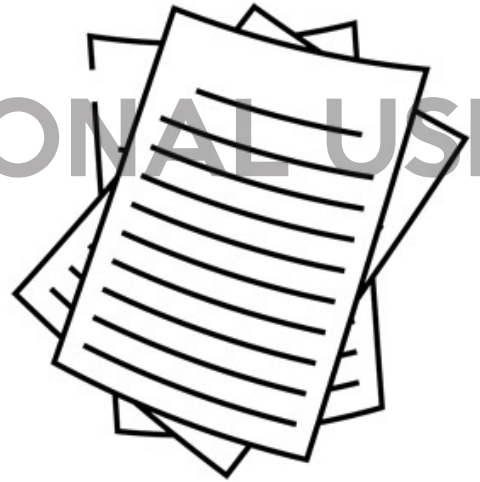
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**Part of Speech:** noun

**Definition:** Long, repetitive lists or recitations  
(originally a series of religious prayers)

**Example:** The teacher listened patiently to the students' litanies of excuses for not doing their homework.

**Synonyms:** recitations, lists



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# Garrulous

PREVIEW

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**Part of Speech:** adjective

**Definition:** Excessively talkative, especially about trivial matters

**Example:** The garrulous neighbor told stories that went on for hours.

**Synonyms:** chatty, loquacious

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# Summons

**Part of Speech:** noun

**Definition:** An urgent call to do something or to be present

**Example:** The ringing phone felt like a summons back to reality.

**Synonyms:** beckoning, invitation



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# Vanity

PREVIEW

**Part of Speech:** noun

**Definition:** Excessive pride in or admiration of one's own appearance or achievements

**Example:** His vanity made it hard for him to admit he was wrong.

**Synonyms:** arrogance, conceit



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**Derided**

PREVIEW

**Part of Speech:** verb (deride)

**Definition:** To express contempt for; to ridicule or mock

**Example:** The critics derided the new play for its weak plot.

**Synonyms:** ridiculed, mocked

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**Hostile**

PREVIEW

**Part of Speech:** adjective

**Definition:** Unfriendly, antagonistic, or opposed

**Example:** The hostile glare made it clear we were not welcome.

**Synonyms:** combative, uncooperative

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**Somber**

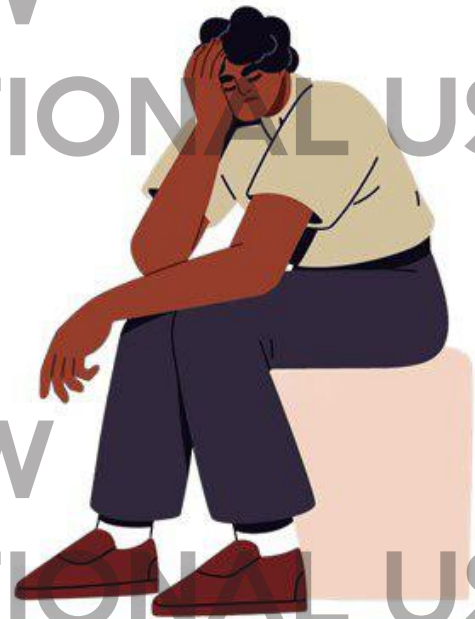
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**Part of Speech:** adjective

**Definition:** Dark, gloomy, or serious in tone

**Example:** The funeral was a somber event filled with quiet reflection.

**Synonyms:** shadowy, solemn



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# Bazaar

PREVIEW

**Part of Speech:** noun

**Definition:** a large market selling miscellaneous goods

**Example:** On our trip to Morocco, we wandered through the bustling bazaar, where vendors sold spices, fabrics, and handmade jewelry.

**Synonyms:** fair, shop



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