

Progressive & Regressive Intelligence Poem

1. Pull out the significant passages that showcase Charlie's progression and regression with intelligence. Rearrange them in a way that makes sense. Come up with a title that emphasizes one of the theme Breaking the Norm from in *Flowers for Algernon*. You must have a clear conclusion.

Significant passages pulled out of the text (highlighted items are used in the final product)

<p>I closed my eyes for a long time to pretend</p> <p>I had good <i>motor-vation</i></p> <p>Eye-q of 68</p> <p>Nothing is happening</p> <p>Pulled a Charlie Gordon</p> <p>I don't understand why he said that</p> <p>Be proud of your job because you do it good</p> <p>The whole thing straightened out in my mind</p> <p>I reached a plateau</p> <p>I felt naked</p> <p>People don't talk to me much anymore</p> <p>Kind of lonely</p> <p>I'm in love</p> <p>Tree of knowledge</p> <p>I'm more alone than ever before</p> <p>Contrary to my earlier impressions. . . I realize</p> <p>I was shocked to learn</p> <p>Not too long ago, I had foolishly played the clown</p>	<p>Peering from a dark room through a keyhole at the dazzling light outside</p> <p>There are so many doors to open</p> <p>Algernon bit me</p> <p>Failure important to the advancement of learning.</p> <p>Mental deterioration</p> <p>Deterioration progressing</p> <p>Algernon dies two days ago</p> <p>Picked up <i>Paradise Lost</i>- I couldn't understand it</p> <p>It's slipping away like sand through my fingers</p> <p>How it hurts</p> <p>Making fun of me the way they all used to</p> <p>Please let me not forget</p> <p>If they laughed at you that doesn't mean anything because they liked you</p> <p>It's good to have friends</p> <p>I forgot</p> <p>It's easy to make friends when you let people laugh at you</p>
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Sample Found Poem:

Peering from a dark room through a keyhole

I closed my eyes for a long time to pretend
the Tree of Knowledge was just a myth,
a lonely plateau,
where nakedness is just a progression
Like peering from a dark room
through a keyhole
peeking at the dazzling light outside.

With *Paradise Lost*,
slipping away like sand through my fingers,
I pretend

I pretend it doesn't hurt
(how it hurts)
I pretend if they laughed at you that doesn't mean
anything
Because they liked you

I pretend
It's easy to make friends when you let people
laugh at you.