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## The giver chapter 17

Imagine if you were told that, as of age twelve, you had to get a job... and then keep it for the rest of your life. Terrifying? Try this: imagine if you were always been watched over by an obscure governing force. Yikes? It gets worse: imagine if you were told that, as of age twelve, you had to get a job... and then keep it for the rest of your life. Terrifying? Try this: imagine if you were always been watched over by an obscure governing force. Yikes? It gets worse: imagine if you were always been watched over by an obscure governing force. Yikes? It gets worse: imagine if you were always been watched over by an obscure governing force. Yikes? It gets worse: imagine if you were always been watched over by an obscure governing force. Yikes? It gets worse: imagine if you were always been watched over by an obscure governing force. Yikes? It gets worse: imagine if you were always been watched over by an obscure governing force. Yikes? 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But, because two is always better than one, she won a second Newbery for The Giver tells the story of a young boy named Jonas living in a highly controlled community some time in the future. The novel fits into a larger genre of cautionary tales called "dystopian literature." A utopia is a society in which everything is perfect, so a dystopia is the opposite: everything has gone wrong. The novel explores Jonas's encounter with memories of "the past," a time much like ours, in which people still had the freedom of choice. And, because anything intended for young adults that mentions sex or government is often labeled "controversial," it was banned. A lot. That's hilarious, right? A novel about a society that bans seasons, free will, music, colors, emotions and books... was banned. But despite the initial controversy—or maybe, hey: because of it—The Giver is studied even in college-level Philosophy and Political Science classes. So whether you're a lover of YA or a scholar of Kant, a middle-school student or a wise old grandma, you should read The Giver. If only because you can. Life hurts. A lot. We know that statement's a downer, but it's also undeniably true. From the first horrors of childhood (bruised knees, mandatory broccoli, watching Bambi's mother die) to the indignities of adolescence (getting a nosebleed in front of the whole class, forgetting your homework, moving to a new school and having to eat lunch by yourself) the world seems to reinforce the Princess Bride quote "Life is pain." And sometimes you might fantasize about a world without pain. Where you don't have make the hard choices. Or be lonely. Or feel unsure. Or worry about... anything. But before you start wishing too hard for a Shangri-La of perpetual summer and ease, pick up The Giver, that means you don't have to worry about failing... but you also never experience the joy of success and pride. If you're never unsure, you never wait queasily for your crush to text you... but you also never get the elation that comes when that text is "What are you doing? I miss you!" Sure, when you're never lonely you never feel timid and unlovable... but you also never get to experience the warm fuzzies you get when your friend says "You look down. Let's get ice cream and watch all the Adventure Time." And sure, when you never have to make a hard choice, that means you'll never make the wrong choice. But you'll never make the right choice either. (And when we say "right choice" we mean "adopting a tiny kitten named Baby Beluga even though we were broke.") Basically The Giver states that, without clouds, there would be no silver linings. Oh, and don't worry about getting bored—Lois Lowry inserts that oh-so-life-affirming message into a page-turner filled with dystopian horror, doctors that kill babies, young love, and a daring escape plot. Book CoverThe classic Carl Nelson cover image. Documents Newbery Award SpeechRead Lois Lowry's HomepageHere you'll find blogs, info about her other books, and snippy answers to FAQs. Movie or TV Productions The Giver, 2014Fair warning: this adaptation takes a whole lot of liberties with the text. Quotes 1: "For a contributing citizen to be released from the community was a final decision, a terrible punishment, an overwhelming statement of failure." Chapter 1, pg. 2 Quotes 2: "After Twelve, age isn't important. Most of us even lose track of how old we are as time passes, though information is in the Hall of Open Records... What's important is the preparation for adult life, and the training you'll receive in your Assignment." Chapter 3, pg. 20 Quotes 4: "He liked the feeling of safety here in this warm and quiet room; he liked the expression of trust on the woman's face as she lay in the water unprotected, exposed, and free." Chapter 4, pg. 30 Quotes 5: "How could someone not fit in? The community was so meticulously ordered, the choices so carefully made." Chapter 6, pg. 48 Quotes 6: "He hunched his shoulders and tried to make himself smaller in the seat. He wanted to disappear, to fade away, not to exist. He didn't dare to turn and find his parents in the crowd. He couldn't bear to see their faces darkened with shame. Jonas bowed his head and searched through his mind. What had he done wrong?" Chapter 7, pg. 58 Quotes 7: "You will be faced, and searched through his mind. What had he done wrong?" Chapter 3, pg. 58 Quotes 7: "You will be faced, and searched through his mind. What had he done wrong?" Chapter 3, pg. 58 Quotes 7: "You will be faced, and searched through his mind. What had he done wrong?" Chapter 3, pg. 58 Quotes 7: "You will be faced, and searched through his mind. What had he done wrong?" Chapter 3, pg. 58 Quotes 7: "You will be faced, and searched through his mind. What had he done wrong?" 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Chapter 9, pg. 66 Quotes 10: "He was so completely, so thoroughly accustomed to courtesy within the community that the thought of asking another citizen an intimate question, f calling someone's attention to an area of awkwardness, was unnerving." Chapter 9, pg. 69 Quotes 11: "What if others-adults-had, upon becoming Twelves, received in their instructions the same terrifying sentence? What if they had all been instructed: You may lie?" Chapter 9, pg. 71 Quotes 12: "Simply stated, although it's not really simple at all, my job is to transmit to you all the memories I have within me. Memories of the past." Chapter 10, pg. 77 Quotes 13: "Now he became aware of an entirely new sensation: pinpricks? No, because they were soft and without pain. Tiny, cold, featherlike feelings peppered his body and face. He put out his tongue again, and caught one of the dots of cold upon it. It disappeared from his awareness instantly; but he caught another, and another. The sensation made him smile." Chapter 11, pg. 80. Quotes 14: "He was free to enjoy the breathless glee that overwhelmed him: the speed, the clear cold air, the total silence, the feeling of balance and excitement and peace." Chapter 11, pg. 82 Quotes 15: "Always in the dream, it seemed as if there were a destination: a something-he could not grasp what-that lay beyond the place where the thickness of snow brought the sled to a stop. He was left, upon awakening, with the feeling that it was good. That it was welcoming. That it was significant. But he did not know how to get there." Chapter 12, pg. 88 Quotes 16: "Our people made that choice, the choice to go to Sameness. Before my time, before the previous time, back and back. We relinquished color when we relinquished sunshine and did away with difference. We gained control of many things. But we had to let go of others." Chapter 12, pg. 95 Quotes 17: "He found that he was often angry...that they were satisfied with their lives which had none of the vibrance his own was taking on. And he was angry at himself, that he could not change that for them." Chapter 13, pg. 99 Quotes 18: "Now he saw another elephant emerge from the place where it had stood hidden in the trees. Very slowly it walked to the mutilated body and looked down. With its sinuous trunk it struck the huge corpse; then it reached up, broke some leafy branches with a snap, and draped them over the mass of torn thick flesh. Finally it tilted its massive head, raised its trunk, and roared into the empty landscape...It was a sound of rage and grief and it seemed never to end." Chapter 13, pg. 100 Quotes 19: "Sometimes I wish they'd ask for my wisdom more often-there are so many things I could tell them; things I wish they would change. But they don't want change. Life here is so orderly, so predictable-so painless. It's what they've chosen." Chapter 13, pg. 103 Quotes 20: "He wondered what lay in the far distance where he had never gone. The land didn't end beyond those nearby community. Were there hills Elsewhere? Were there vast wind-torn areas like the place he had seen in memory, the place where the elephants died?" Chapter 13, pg. 106 Quotes 21: "The sled hit a bump in the hill and Jonas is jarred loose and thrown violently into the air. He fell with his leg twisted under him, and could hear the crack of bone. His face scraped along jagged edges of ice...Then, the first wave of pain. He gasped. It was as if a hatchet lay lodged in his leg, slicing through each nerve with a hot blade. In his agony, he perceived the word 'fire' and felt flames licking at the torn bone and flesh." Chapter 14, pg. 109 Quotes 22: "Was there someone there, waiting, who would receive the tiny released twin? Would it grow up Elsewhere, not knowing, ever, that in this community lived a being who looked exactly the same? For a moment, he felt a tiny, fluttering hope that it would be Larissa, waiting. Larissa, the old woman he had bathed." Chapter 14, pg. 115 Quotes 23: "Jonas began to remember the wonderful sail that The Giver had given him not long before: a bright, breezy day on a clear turquoise lake, and above him the white sail of the boat billowing as he moved along in the brisk wind." Chapter 14, pg. 116 Quotes 24: "...the half-closed eyes of a boy who seemed not much older than himself. Dirt streaked the boy's face and his matted blond hair. He lay sprawled, his gray uniform glistening with wet, fresh blood. The colors of the carnage were grotesquely bright: the crimson wetness on the rough and dusty fabric, the ripped shred of grass, startlingly green, in the boy's yellow hair. Things could be different. I don't know how, but there must be some way for things to be different. There could be colors. And grandparents. And everybody would have memories. You know about memories. You know about memories. There could be colors. And grandparents are free sense of security-all of these things [seem] to be slipping away. With his new, heightened feelings, he was overwhelmed by sadness at the way the others had laughed and shouted, playing at war. But he knew that they could not feel it back, without the memories. And he could not give them those." Chapter 17, pg. 135 Quotes 27: "Memories are forever." Chapter 18, pg. 144 Quotes 28: "Jonas felt a ripping sensation inside himself, the feeling of terrible pain clawing its way forward to emerge in a cry." Chapter 19, pg. 151 Quotes 29: "It's the way they live. It's the way forward to emerge in a cry." Chapter 19, pg. 151 Quotes 29: "It's the way forward to emerge in a cry." Chapter 19, pg. 151 Quotes 29: "It's the way forward to emerge in a cry." Chapter 20, pg. 153 Quotes 30: If he had stayed in the community, he would not be. It was as simple as that. Once he had yearned for choice, he had made the wrong one: the choice to leave. And now he was starving." Chapter 22, pg. 174 Quote 31: "It was not a grasping of thin and burdensome recollection; this was different. This was something that he could keep. It was a memory of his own" Chapter 23, pg. 178 Quotes 32: "For the first time, he heard something that he knew to be music. He heard people singing. Behind him, across vast distances of space and time, from the place he had left, he thought he heard music too. But perhaps, it was only an echo." Chapter 23, pg. 180

