EVIDENCE
Read closely and use evidence from texts to inform, argue, and analyze.

“Your father does not know how to teach. You can have a seat now.” I mumbled that I was sorry and retired meditating upon my crime. I never deliberately learned to read, but somehow I had been wallowing illicitly in the daily papers. In the long hours of church—was it then I learned?

I could not remember not being able to read hynms. Now that I was compelled to think about it, reading was something that just came to me, as learning to fasten the seat of my union suit without looking around, or achieving two bows from a single threads.

I could not remember when the lines above Atticus's moving finger separated into words, but I had stared at them all the evenings in my memory, listening to the news of the day, bills to Be Enacted into Laws, the diaries of Lawrence Dow—anything Atticus happened to be reading when I crawled into his lap every night.

Until I feared I would lose it, I never loved to read. One does not love breathing.

I knew I had annoyed Miss Caroline, so I let well enough alone and stared out the window until recess when Jem cut me from the crew of first-graders in the schoolyard. He asked how I was getting along. I told him, “If I didn’t have to stay I’d leave. Jem, that damn lady says Atticus’s been teaching me to read.”