

The Red Badge of Courage

A Reading A-Z Level Z2 Leveled Book
Word Count: 2,230

LEVELED BOOK • Z²

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

Part 8

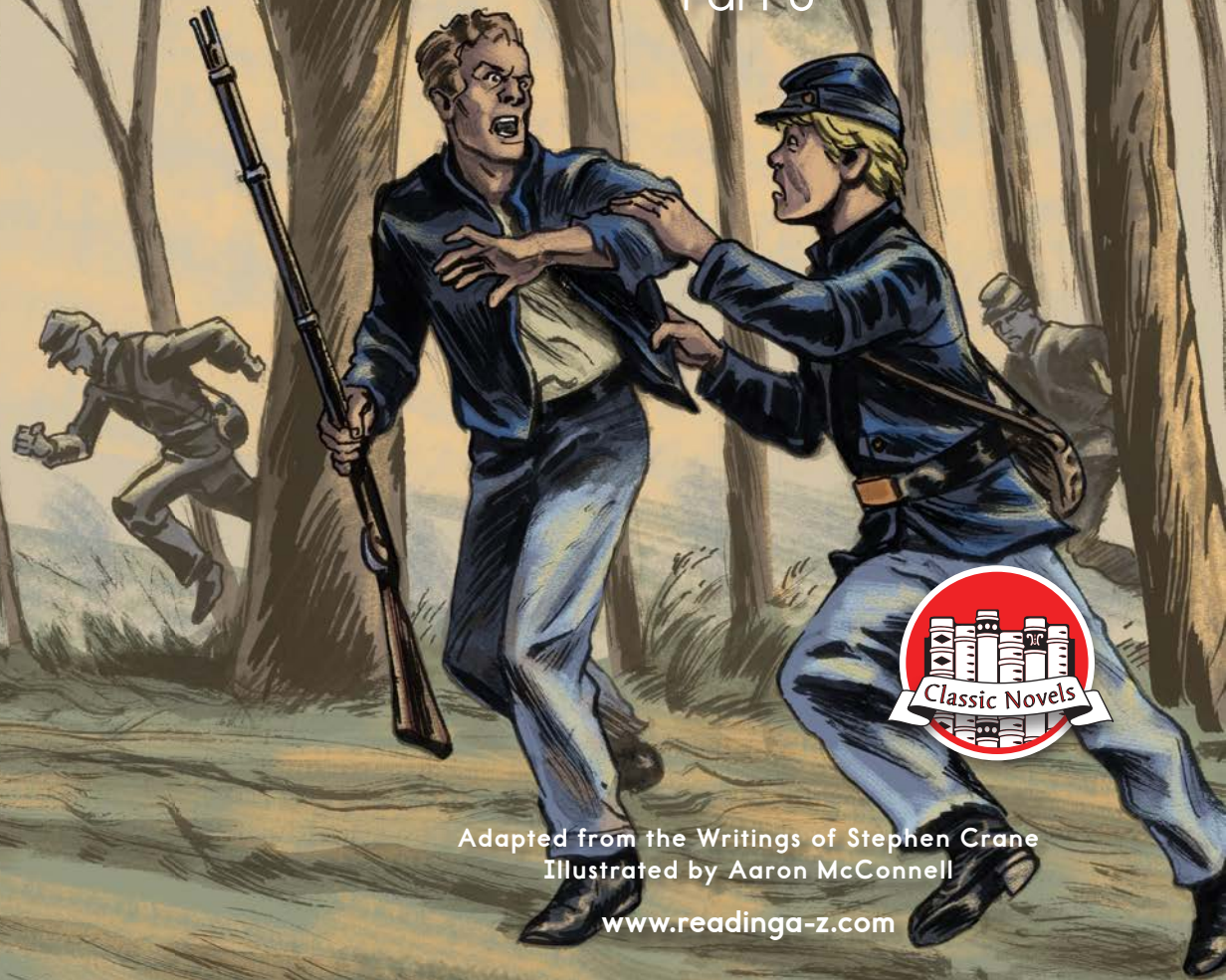
Connections

Writing

Write an essay that describes the red badge of courage Henry finally receives and analyze how this might influence him in the future.

Social Studies

Research the types of medals and honors people received for fighting in the U.S. Civil War. Create a poster that presents information about at least two such awards and share it with your class.



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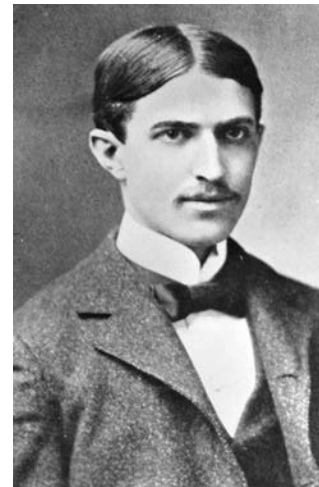
Adapted from the Writings of Stephen Crane
Illustrated by Aaron McConnell

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Glossary	
adroitly (<i>adv.</i>)	skillfully or cleverly (p. 6)
anecdotes (<i>n.</i>)	short accounts of events or incidents that are often entertaining (p. 12)
balking (<i>adj.</i>)	hesitating or refusing to proceed (p. 6)
gamin (<i>n.</i>)	a boy who lives or hangs out on the streets; an urchin (p. 15)
haven (<i>n.</i>)	a place that offers comfort, rest, protection, or shelter (p. 12)
incoherent (<i>adj.</i>)	not clear or understandable; lacking order (p. 5)
interminable (<i>adj.</i>)	endless or seeming to be endless (p. 3)
mutilations (<i>n.</i>)	acts of cutting up, seriously damaging, or disfiguring something (p. 8)
ominously (<i>adv.</i>)	in a threatening or foreboding way (p. 11)
pallor (<i>n.</i>)	a lack of normal color in the face (p. 8)
prominent (<i>adj.</i>)	easily seen, standing out, or important (p. 11)
remonstrance (<i>n.</i>)	a complaint or protest (p. 9)

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

Stephen Crane
(1871–1900)



Stephen Crane was an American writer of poems, short stories, and novels. He wrote *The Red Badge of Courage* in 1895 without ever having been in battle. Following the success of the novel, he worked as a war correspondent in Greece and Cuba. He died of tuberculosis at age twenty-eight.

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Focus Question

How do Henry's interactions with other soldiers in this part affect his emotions and actions?

Words to Know

adroitly	interminable
anecdotes	mutilations
balking	ominously
gamin	pallor
haven	prominent
incoherent	remonstrance

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Correlation

LEVEL Z2	
Fountas & Pinnell	Y–Z
Reading Recovery	N/A
DRA	70+

In encounters with guards and patrols he displayed the keenness of a detective and the valor of a **gamin**. Obstacles fell before him and became of assistance. The youth, with his chin still on his breast, stood woodenly by while his companion beat ways and means out of sullen things.

The forest seemed a vast hive of men buzzing about in frantic circles, but the cheery man conducted the youth without mistakes, until at last he began to chuckle with glee and self-satisfaction. “Ah, there yeh are! See that fire?”

The youth nodded stupidly.

“Well, there’s where your reg’ment is. An’ now, good-by, ol’ boy, good luck t’ yeh.”

A warm and strong hand clasped the youth’s languid fingers for an instant, and then he heard a cheerful and audacious whistling as the man strode away. As he who had so befriended him was thus passing out of his life, it suddenly occurred to the youth that he had not once seen his face.

“Well, I guess we can find it. Yeh know there was a boy killed in my comp’ny t’-day that I thought th’ world an’ all of. Jack was a nice feller. By ginger, it hurt like thunder t’ see ol’ Jack jest git knocked flat.

“We was a-standin’ purty peaceable fer a spell, ’though there was men runnin’ ev’ry way all ’round us, an’ while we was a-standin’ like that, ’long come a big fat feller. He began t’ peck at Jack’s elbow, an’ he ses: ‘Say, where’s th’ road t’ th’ river?’ An’ Jack, he never paid no attention, an’ th’ feller kept on a-peckin’ at his elbow an’ sayin’: ‘Say, where’s th’ road t’ th’ river?’ Jack was a-lookin’ ahead all th’ time tryin’ t’ see th’ Johnnies comin’ through th’ woods, an’ he never paid no attention t’ this big fat feller fer a long time, but at last he turned ’round an’ he ses: ‘Ah, go t’ hell an’ find th’ road t’ th’ river!’ An’ jest then a shot slapped him bang on th’ side th’ head. He was a sergeant, too. Them was his last words. Thunder, I wish we was sure ‘a findin’ our reg’ments t’-night. It’s goin’ t’ be long huntin’. But I guess we kin do it.”

In the search which followed, the man of the cheery voice seemed to the youth to possess a wand of a magic kind. He threaded the mazes of the tangled forest with a strange fortune.

In Part 7 of The Red Badge of Courage, Henry avoids the questions of a wounded soldier. He fears the reception he will receive upon his return to his regiment and hopes that a Union defeat in the larger battle will lessen the shame of his cowardice.

Chapter 12

The column that had butted stoutly at the obstacles in the roadway was barely out of the youth’s sight before he saw dark waves of men come sweeping out of the woods and down through the fields.

He knew at once that the steel fibers had been washed from their hearts. They were bursting from their coats and their equipments as from entanglements. They charged down upon him like terrified buffaloes.

Behind them blue smoke curled and clouded above the treetops, and through the thickets he could sometimes see a distant pink glare. The voices of the cannon were clamoring in **interminable** chorus.

The youth was horrorstricken. He stared in agony and amazement. He forgot that he was engaged in combating the universe.

The fight was lost. The dragons were coming with invincible strides. The army, helpless in the matted thickets and blinded by the overhanging night, was going to be swallowed. War, the red animal, war, the blood-swollen god, would have bloated fill.



“What reg’ment do yeh b’long teh? Eh? What’s that? Th’ 304th N’ York? Why, what corps is that in? Oh, it is? Why, I thought they wasn’t engaged t’-day-they’re ‘way over in th’ center. Oh, they was, eh? Well pretty nearly everybody got their share ‘a fightin’ t’-day.

“By dad, I give myself up fer dead any number ‘a times. There was shootin’ here an’ shootin’ there, an’ hollerin’ here an’ hollerin’ there, in th’ damn’ darkness, until I couldn’t tell t’ save m’ soul which side I was on. Sometimes I thought I was sure ‘nough from Ohier, an’ other times I could ‘a swore I was from th’ bitter end of Florida. It was th’ most mixed up dern thing I ever see. An’ these here hull woods is a reg’lar mess. It’ll be a miracle if we find our reg’ments t’-night.

“Pretty soon, though, we’ll meet a-plenty of guards an’ provost-guards, an’ one thing an’ another. Ho! there they go with an off’cer, I guess. Look at his hand a-draggin’. He’s got all th’ war he wants, I bet. He won’t be talkin’ so big about his reputation an’ all when they go t’ sawin’ off his leg. Poor feller! My brother’s got whiskers jest like that. How did yeh git ‘way over here, anyhow? Your reg’ment is a long way from here, ain’t it?

He was overcome presently by a dragging weariness. His head hung forward and his shoulders were stooped as if he were bearing a great bundle. His feet shuffled along the ground.

He held continuous arguments as to whether he should lie down and sleep at some near spot, or force himself on until he reached a certain **haven**. He often tried to dismiss the question, but his body persisted in rebellion and his senses nagged at him like pampered babies.

At last he heard a cheery voice near his shoulder: "Yeh seem t' be in a pretty bad way, boy?"

The youth did not look up, but he assented with thick tongue. "Uh!"

The owner of the cheery voice took him firmly by the arm. "Well," he said, with a round laugh, "I'm goin' your way. Th' hull gang is goin' your way. An' I guess I kin give yeh a lift." They began to walk like a drunken man and his friend.

As they went along, the man questioned the youth and assisted him with the replies like one manipulating the mind of a child. Sometimes he interjected **anecdotes**.

Within him something bade to cry out. He had the impulse to make a rallying speech, to sing a battle hymn, but he could only get his tongue to call into the air: "Why—why—what—what's th' matter?"

Soon he was in the midst of them. They were leaping and scampering all about him. Their blanched faces shone in the dusk. They seemed, for the most part, to be very burly men. The youth turned from one to another of them as they galloped along. His **incoherent** questions were lost. They were heedless of his appeals. They did not seem to see him.

They sometimes gabbled insanely. One huge man was asking of the sky: "Say, where de plank road? Where de plank road!" It was as if he had lost a child. He wept in his pain and dismay.

Presently, men were running hither and thither in all ways. The artillery booming, forward, rearward, and on the flanks made jumble of ideas of direction. Landmarks had vanished into the gathered gloom. The youth began to imagine that he had got into the center of the tremendous quarrel, and he could perceive no way out of it. From the mouths of the fleeing men came a thousand wild questions, but no one made answers.

The youth, after rushing about and throwing interrogations at the heedless bands of retreating infantry, finally clutched a man by the arm. They swung around face to face.

“Why—why—” stammered the youth struggling with his **balking** tongue.

The man screamed: “Let go me! Let go me!” His face was livid and his eyes were rolling uncontrolled. He was heaving and panting. He still grasped his rifle, perhaps having forgotten to release his hold upon it. He tugged frantically, and the youth being compelled to lean forward was dragged several paces.

“Let go me! Let go me!”

“Why—why—” stuttered the youth.

“Well, then!” bawled the man in a lurid rage. He **adroitly** and fiercely swung his rifle. It crushed upon the youth’s head. The man ran on.

The youth’s fingers had turned to paste upon the other’s arm. The energy was smitten from his muscles. He saw the flaming wings of lightning flash before his vision. There was a deafening rumble of thunder within his head.

His thoughts, as he walked, fixed intently upon his hurt. There was a cool, liquid feeling about it and he imagined blood moving slowly down under his hair. His head seemed swollen to a size that made him think his neck to be inadequate.

The new silence of his wound made much worriment. The little blistering voices of pain that had called out from his scalp were, he thought, definite in their expression of danger. By them he believed he could measure his plight. But when they remained **ominously** silent he became frightened and imagined terrible fingers that clutched into his brain.

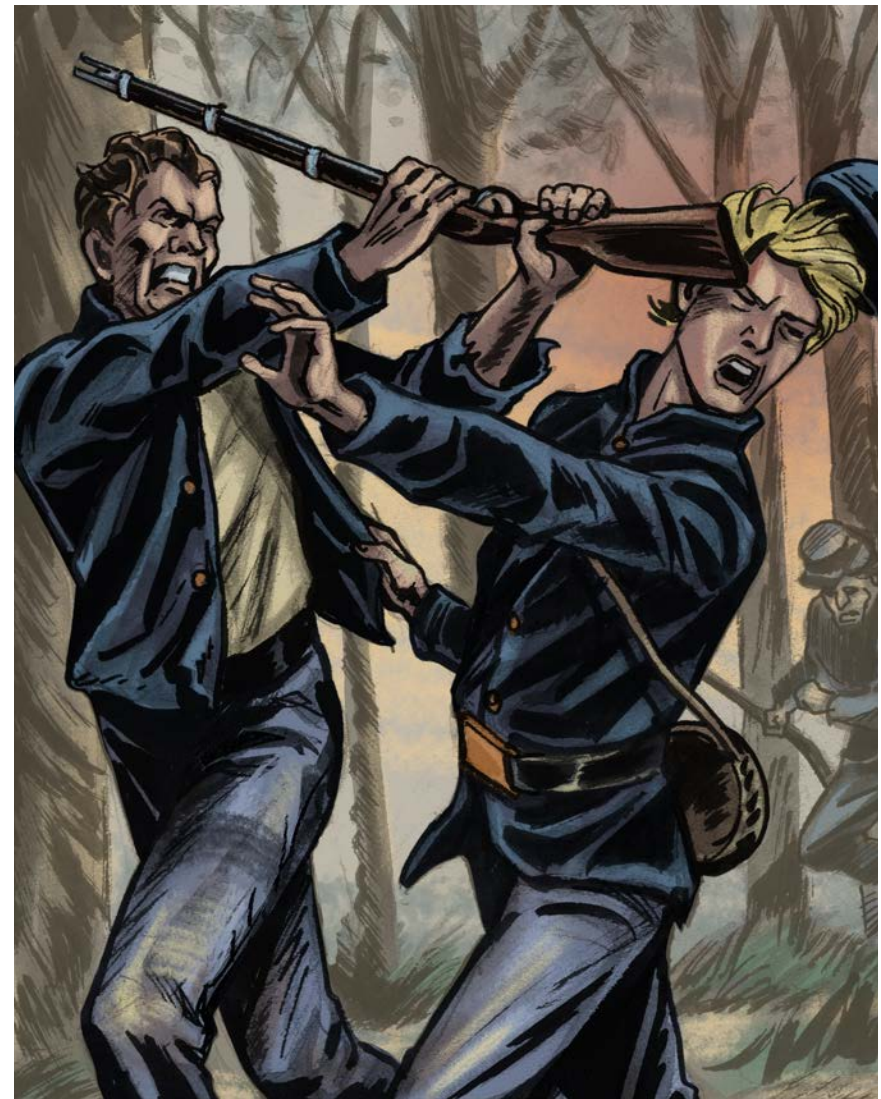
Amid it he began to reflect upon various incidents and conditions of the past. He bethought him of certain meals his mother had cooked at home, in which those dishes of which he was particularly fond had occupied **prominent** positions. He saw the spread table. The pine walls of the kitchen were glowing in the warm light from the stove. Too, he remembered how he and his companions used to go from the school-house to the bank of a shaded pool. He saw his clothes in disorderly array upon the grass of the bank. He felt the swash of the fragrant water upon his body. The leaves of the overhanging maple rustled with melody in the wind of youthful summer.

With it came the shattering peal of opposing infantry. Turning to look behind him, he could see sheets of orange light illumine the shadowy distance. There were subtle and sudden lightnings in the far air. At times he thought he could see heaving masses of men.

He hurried on in the dusk. The day had faded until he could barely distinguish place for his feet. The purple darkness was filled with men who lectured and jabbered. Sometimes he could see them gesticulating against the blue and somber sky. There seemed to be a great ruck of men and munitions spread about in the forest and in the fields.

The little narrow roadway now lay lifeless. There were overturned wagons like sun-dried boulders. The bed of the former torrent was choked with the bodies of horses and splintered parts of war machines.

It had come to pass that his wound pained him but little. He was afraid to move rapidly, however, for a dread of disturbing it. He held his head very still and took many precautions against stumbling. He was filled with anxiety, and his face was pinched and drawn in anticipation of the pain of any sudden mistake of his feet in the gloom.



Suddenly his legs seemed to die. He sank writhing to the ground. He tried to arise. In his efforts against the numbing pain he was like a man wrestling with a creature of the air.

There was a sinister struggle.

Sometimes he would achieve a position half erect, battle with the air for a moment, and then fall again, grabbing at the grass. His face was of a clammy **pallor**. Deep groans were wrenched from him.

At last, with a twisting movement, he got upon his hands and knees, and from thence, like a babe trying to walk, to his feet. Pressing his hands to his temples he went lurching over the grass.

He fought an intense battle with his body. His dulled senses wished him to swoon and he opposed them stubbornly, his mind portraying unknown dangers and **mutilations** if he should fall upon the field. He went tall soldier fashion. He imagined secluded spots where he could fall and be unmolested. To search for one he strove against the tide of pain.

Once he put his hand to the top of his head and timidly touched the wound. The scratching pain of the contact made him draw a long breath through his clinched teeth. His fingers were dabbled with blood. He regarded them with a fixed stare.

Around him he could hear the grumble of jolted cannon as the scurrying horses were lashed toward the front.

Once, a young officer on a besplashed charger nearly ran him down. He turned and watched the mass of guns, men, and horses sweeping in a wide curve toward a gap in a fence. The officer was making excited motions with a gauntleted hand. The guns followed the teams with an air of unwillingness, of being dragged by the heels.

Some officers of the scattered infantry were cursing and railing like fishwives. Their scolding voices could be heard above the din. Into the unspeakable jumble in the roadway rode a squadron of cavalry. The faded yellow of their facings shone bravely. There was a mighty altercation.

The artillery were assembling as if for a conference.

The blue haze of evening was upon the field. The lines of forest were long purple shadows. One cloud lay along the western sky partly smothering the red.

As the youth left the scene behind him, he heard the guns suddenly roar out. He imagined them shaking in black rage. They belched and howled like brass devils guarding a gate. The soft air was filled with the tremendous **remonstrance**.