Learning Targets

- Analyze a story for archetypal structure and narrative techniques.
- Draft the opening of an original Hero’s Journey narrative.

The Departure

Joseph Campbell describes the first stage of the Hero’s Journey as the hero’s departure or separation. The Departure Stage consists of three steps: the Call to Adventure, Refusal of the Call, and the Beginning of the Adventure.

Preview

In this activity, you will read a story about a hero’s departure and begin creating a hero of your own.

Setting a Purpose for Reading

- As you read, think about the stages of a hero’s journey. Put a star next to parts of this story that show the stages of Joby’s journey.
- Circle unknown words and phrases. Try to determine the meaning of the words by using context clues, word parts, or a dictionary.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ray Bradbury (1920–2012) authored the novel Fahrenheit 451, which was first published in 1953. Bradbury called his books fantasy rather than science fiction because he wrote stories that could not happen in real life. Other well-known works by Bradbury include The Martian Chronicles and Something Wicked This Way Comes. Bradbury also authored hundreds of short stories and even wrote and published his own fan magazine.

Short Story

“The Drummer Boy of Shiloh”

by Ray Bradbury

1 In the April night, more than once, blossoms fell from the orchard trees and lit with rustling taps on the drumskin. At midnight a peach stone left miraculously on a branch through winter flicked by a bird fell swift and unseen struck once like panic, which jerked the boy upright. In silence he listened to his own heart ruffle away away—at last gone from his ears and back in his chest again.

2 After that, he turned the drum on its side, where its great lunar face peered at him whenever he opened his eyes.

3 His face, alert or at rest, was solemn. It was indeed a solemn night for a boy just turned fourteen in the peach field near the Owl Creek not far from the church at Shiloh.¹

¹ Shiloh (n.): site of a Civil War battle in 1862; now a national military park in southwest Tennessee
“…thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three…”

Unable to see, he stopped counting.

Beyond the thirty-three familiar shadows, forty thousand men, exhausted by nervous expectation, unable to sleep for romantic dreams of battles yet unfought, lay crazily askew in their uniforms. A mile yet farther on, another army was strewn helter-skelter, turning slow, basting themselves with the thought of what they would do when the time came: a leap, a yell, a blind plunge their strategy, raw youth their protection and benediction.

Now and again the boy heard a vast wind come up, that gently stirred the air. But he knew what it was—the army here, the army there, whispering to itself in the dark. Some men talking to others, others murmuring to themselves, and all so quiet it was like a natural element arisen from South or North with the motion of the earth toward dawn.

What the men whispered the boy could only guess, and he guessed that it was: “Me, I’m the one, I’m the one of all the rest who won’t die. I’ll live through it. I’ll go home. The band will play. And I’ll be there to hear it.”

Yes, thought the boy, that’s all very well for them, they can give as good as they get!

For with the careless bones of the young men harvested by the night and bindled around campfires were the similarly strewn steel bones of their rifles, with bayonets fixed like eternal lightning lost in the orchard grass.

Me, thought the boy, I got only a drum, two sticks to beat it and no shield.

There wasn’t a man-boy on the ground tonight who did not have a shield he cast, riveted or carved himself on his way to his first attack, compounded of remote but nonetheless firm and fiery family devotion, flag-blown patriotism and cocksure immortality strengthened by the touchstone of very real gunpowder; ramrod, Minié ball and flint. But without these last the boy felt his family move yet farther off away in the dark, as if one of those great prairie-burning trains had chanted them away never to return—leaving him with this drum which was worse than a toy in the game to be played tomorrow or some day much too soon.

The boy turned on his side. A moth brushed his face, but it was peach blossom. A peach blossom flicked him, but it was a moth. Nothing stayed put. Nothing had a name. Nothing was as it once was.

If he lay very still when the dawn came up and the soldiers put on their bravery with their caps, perhaps they might go away, the war with them, and not notice him lying small here, no more than a toy himself.

“Well … now,” said a voice.

The boy shut up his eyes to hide inside himself, but it was too late. Someone, walking by in the night, stood over him.

“Well,” said the voice quietly, “here’s a soldier crying before the fight. Good. Get it over. Won’t be time once it all starts.”

And the voice was about to move on when the boy, startled, touched the drum at his elbow. The man above, hearing this, stopped. The boy could feel his eyes, sense him slowly bending near. A hand must have come down out of the night, for there was a little rat-tat as the fingernails brushed and the man’s breath fanned his face.

**Minié ball:** a type of rifle bullet that became prominent during the Civil War.
“Why, it’s the drummer boy, isn’t it?”

The boy nodded not knowing if his nod was seen. “Sir, is that you?” he said.

“I assume it is.” The man’s knees cracked as he bent still closer.

He smelled as all fathers should smell, of salt sweat, ginger, tobacco, horse, and boot leather, and the earth he walked upon. He had many eyes. No, not eyes—brass buttons that watched the boy.

He could only be, and was, the general.

“What’s your name, boy?” he asked.

“Joby,” whispered the boy, starting to sit up.

“All right Joby, don’t stir.” A hand pressed his chest gently and the boy relaxed.

“How long you been with us, Joby?”

“Three weeks, sir.”

“Run off from home or joined legitimately, boy?”

Silence.

“. . . Fool question,” said the general. “Do you shave yet, boy? Even more of a . . . fool. There’s your cheek, fell right off the tree overhead. And the others here not much older. Raw, raw, the lot of you. You ready for tomorrow or the next day, Joby?”

“I think so, sir.”

“You want to cry some more, go on ahead. I did the same last night.”

“You, sir?”

“It’s the truth. Thinking of everything ahead. Both sides figuring the other side will just give up, and soon, and the war done in weeks, and us all home. Well, that’s not how it’s going to be. And maybe that’s why I cried.”

“Yes, sir,” said Joby.

The general must have taken out a cigar now, for the dark was suddenly filled with the smell of tobacco unlit as yet, but chewed as the man thought what next to say.

“It’s going to be a crazy time,” said the general. “Counting both sides, there’s a hundred thousand men, give or take a few thousand out there tonight, not one as can spit a sparrow off a tree, or knows a horse clop from a Minié ball. Stand up, bare the breast, ask to be a target, thank them and sit down, that’s us, that’s them. We should turn tail and train four months, they should do the same. But here we are, taken with spring fever and thinking it blood lust, taking our sulfur with cannons instead of with molasses, as it should be, going to be a hero, going to live forever. And I can see all of them over there nodding agreement, save the other way around. It’s wrong, boy, it’s wrong as a head put on hindside front and a man marching backward through life… More innocents will get shot out of pure . . . enthusiasm than ever got shot before. Owl Creek was full of boys splashing around in the noonday sun just a few hours ago. I fear it will be full of boys again, just floating, at sundown tomorrow, not caring where the tide takes them.”

The general stopped and made a little pile of winter leaves and twigs in the darkness, as if he might at any moment strike fire to them to see his way through the coming days when the sun might not show its face because of what was happening here and just beyond.
The boy watched the hand stirring the leaves and opened his lips to say something, but did not say it. The general heard the boy's breath and spoke himself.

"Why am I telling you this? That's what you wanted to ask, eh? Well, when you got a bunch of wild horses on a loose rein somewhere somehow you got to bring order, rein them in. These lads, fresh out of the milkshed, don't know what I know, and I can't tell them: men actually die in war. So each is his own army. I got to make one army of them. And for that, boy, I need you.

"Me!" The boy's lips barely twitched.

"Now, boy," said the general quietly, "you are the heart of the army. Think of that. You're the heart of the army. Listen, now."

And, lying there, Joby listened. And the general spoke on.

If he, Joby, beat slow tomorrow, the heart would beat slow in the men. They would lag by the wayside. They would drowse in the fields on their muskets. They would sleep for ever, after that, in those same fields—their hearts slowed by a drummer boy and stopped by enemy lead.

But if he beat a sure, steady, ever faster rhythm, then, then their knees would come up in a long line down over that hill, one knee after the other, like a wave on the ocean shore! Had he seen the ocean ever? Seen the waves rolling in like a well-ordered cavalry charge to the sand? Well, that was it that's what he wanted, that's what was needed! Joby was his right hand and his left. He gave the orders, but Joby set the pace!

So bring the right knee up and the right foot out and the left knee up and the left foot out. One following the other in good time, in brisk time. Move the blood up the body and made the head proud and the spine stiff and the jaw resolute. Focus the eye and set the teeth, flare the nostrils and tighten the hands, put steel armor all over the men, for blood moving fast in them does indeed make men feel as if they'd put on steel. He must keep at it, at it! Long and steady, steady and long! The men, even though shot or torn, those wounds got in hot blood—in blood he'd helped stir—would feel less pain. If their blood was cold, it would be more than slaughter, it would be murderous nightmare and pain best not told and no one to guess.

The general spoke and stopped, letting his breath slack off. Then after a moment, he said, "So there you are, that's it. Will you do that, boy? Do you know now you're general of the army when the general's left behind?"

The boy nodded mutely.

"You'll run them through for me then boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. And maybe, many nights from tonight, many years from now, when you're as old or far much older than me, when they ask you what you did in this awful time, you will tell them—one part humble and one part proud—'I was the drummer boy at the battle of Owl Creek,' or the Tennessee River, or maybe they'll just name it after the church there. 'I was the drummer boy at Shiloh.' Who will ever hear those words and not know you, boy, or what you thought this night, or what you'll think tomorrow or the next day when we must get up on our legs and move!"

The general stood up. "Well then … Bless you, boy. Good night."

"Good night, sir." And tobacco, brass, boot polish, salt sweat and leather, the man moved away through the grass.
Joby lay for a moment, staring but unable to see where the man had gone. He swallowed. He wiped his eyes. He cleared his throat. He settled himself. Then, at last, very slowly and firmly, he turned the drum so that it faced up toward the sky.

He lay next to it, his arm around it, feeling the tremor, the touch, the muted thunder as, all the rest of the April night in the year 1862, near the Tennessee River, not far from the Owl Creek, very close to the church named Shiloh, the peach blossoms fell on the drum.

**Second Read**

- Reread the excerpt to answer these text-dependent questions.
- Write any additional questions you have about the text in your Reader/Writer Notebook.

1. **Key Ideas and Details:** What textual evidence in the beginning of the story shows that the boy is afraid?

2. **Craft and Structure:** The word “harvested” is used figuratively in paragraph 10. How do you know it is used figuratively, and why did the author choose this word?

3. **Craft and Structure:** Consult reference materials to find the meanings of “ramrod” and “flint.” Relate these words to the meaning of the sentence in paragraph 12. How does the sentence convey the boy’s mood?

4. **Key Ideas and Details:** How did Joby join the army? What is significant about that?

5. **Craft and Structure:** Consult reference material to find the meaning of the word “drowse.” How does that word create a contrast in paragraph 44?
6. **Key Ideas and Details:** What shift happens in paragraphs 44, 45, and 46? Use textual evidence in your answer.

7. **Key Ideas and Details:** How does the general’s comment, “Do you know now you’re general of the army when the general’s left behind?” prove to be a decisive moment in the conversation between him and Joby?

**Working from the Text**

8. The author establishes a setting and point of view in the opening of the narrative. Using evidence from the text, summarize the setting and point of view.

9. Summarize the Departure Stage of the Hero’s Journey as it relates to Joby in “The Drummer Boy of Shiloh.” Which stage is Joby in? Embed at least one direct quotation in your summary to strengthen your response.

**Literary Terms**

- **Setting** is the time and place in which a narrative occurs. Point of view is the perspective from which a story is told. In **first-person point of view**, a character tells the story from his or her own perspective. In **third-person point of view**, a narrator (not a character) tells the story.
### The Departure

10. Reread a chunk of the text to identify and evaluate the narrative elements listed in the graphic organizer.

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<tr>
<th>Structure: Exposition</th>
<th>What descriptive detail does the author provide?</th>
<th>How effective is the description?</th>
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<td>Setting</td>
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<th>Techniques</th>
<th>How does the author use each element to develop the story?</th>
<th>How effective is the author's technique?</th>
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<td>Description</td>
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**Check Your Understanding**

Now that you have identified and evaluated the narrative elements of the story, determine its central idea. Write a summary of the central idea, supporting your interpretation using evidence from the text. Explain how the author communicates the idea that Joby is now ready to start his journey.
11. Use your imagination to create an original hero. In your Reader/Writer Notebook, sketch your image of a hero. Label unique characteristics and give him or her a meaningful name. In the right column, use the prompting questions to brainstorm ideas for a story.

**The Hero:** __________________

*(name)*

**The Story Exposition**

*Use these questions to spark ideas.*

**Setting:** (In what kind of place does your hero live? Does he or she live in the past, present, or future?)

**Character:** (What are the hero’s strengths and weaknesses? Who are the hero’s family and friends? What does the hero do every day? What does the hero want in life? What do others want from the hero?)

**Conflicts:** (What challenges might the hero experience? How might the hero transform into someone stronger?)

**Drafting the Embedded Assessment**

Think about the hero you just envisioned. What might the hero experience in the Departure Stage of his or her journey? Draft the beginning of a narrative using the three steps in this stage (The Call, The Refusal, and The Beginning) to guide your structure and development. Be sure to:

- Establish a context (exposition) and point of view (first person or third person).
- Use narrative techniques such as dialogue, pacing, and description to develop experiences, events, and/or characters.
- Use details and imagery to create mood.

**INDEPENDENT READING LINK**

Read and Connect

What kinds of challenges has the hero of your independent reading text encountered? What do these challenges or obstacles reveal about the character? Write your response in your Reader/Writer Notebook.