

### Review: Ishmael Beah's *A Long Way Gone*

**Note:** the test contains **40 multiple choice** questions and **one reading passage**.

To prepare yourself, review the following after finishing the memoir:

#### Background

Review the background info in the Haikudeck presentation from Tuesday, April 18<sup>th</sup>. Link is here:

<https://haikudeck.com/a-long-way-gone-uncategorized-presentation-c54b7863ff>

1. When did Sierra Leone's civil war take place?
2. At what age did Ishmael Beah become a child soldier?
3. Who were the RUF?
4. Who was Foday Sankoh?
5. What were some of the brutal tactics and human rights abuses the RUF engaged in? How did the Sierra Leonean Army's tactics compare?
6. Who is Foday Sankoh and what role did he play in the war?
7. What's a "blood diamond"?
8. What are some of the problems surrounding the world's diamond industry as discussed in *Time's* article, "Blood Diamonds"?
9. What's the Kimberley Process?
10. According to *Time's* article on "Blood Diamonds," what should consumers do if they want to buy conflict-free diamonds?

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11. In the opening of his memoir, Ishmael recounts the first time he told his American high school about the violence he witnessed in Sierra Leone. How do they respond?
12. What was Ishmael's experience with war before he first encountered the RUF?
13. When the rebels come to Mattru Jong, why does Ishmael say that "as young boys, the risk of staying in town was greater for us than trying to escape" (Beah 24)?
14. One evening, Ishmael and his companions are so hungry that they chase down a five year old boy and steal his corn. How does Ishmael describe his attitude towards his actions?
15. What do the rebels do to the imam<sup>1</sup> in the village of Kamator?
16. How do *most* of the villagers behave towards Ishmael and his companions before they become soldiers?
17. Before Ishmael becomes a soldier and he's on his own, struggling to survive in the forest, he's reminded of one of his grandmother's folktales about...
18. What causes Ishmael to smile and take note of the idyllic beauty "even in the middle of the madness"?
19. How does Ishmael prove to the chief of the fishermen village that he's a child and not a soldier?
20. Musa, one of Ishmael's companions, tells a folk tale about Bra Spider, a Mende trickster character who...
21. One of the most tragic moments of the memoir comes when Ishmael finally reaches the village where he's expecting to reunite with his family, but he's instead faced with flames and bullet-riddled bodies: the remains of a rebel attack.  
How does Ishmael react when he sees the charred house where his family should have been?
22. When Ishmael meets Lieutenant Jabati, he finds that they have a common interest in what famous author's works?
23. How does Lieutenant Jabati intimidate the villagers into staying rather than fleeing?
24. Describe the training Ishmael and the other child soldiers go through. What else do they do with their time? What brutality do they witness and take part in?
25. How does Ishmael escape his life as a soldier?
26. How do the workers at Benin Home attempt to rehabilitate the former child soldiers?
27. How does Ishmael initially respond to their approach?
28. Who's Esther, and what role does she play in Ishmael's transformation from soldier back to child?
29. What responsibility does Ishmael end up taking at Benin Home?

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<sup>1</sup>an Islamic religious leader

30. How does Ishmael end up coming to the United States?
31. Who is Laura Simms and what role does she play in Ishmael's life?
32. What happens to Ishmael when he returns to Sierra Leone? How does he manage to escape?
33. Explain the monkey's riddle. What happens in the anecdote Ishmael tells, and what is his intent in using it to close his memoir?
34. Identify some of the memories and activities Ishmael associates with the happier times of his childhood.
35. Identify some specific symptoms of Ishmael's Posttraumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) from the experiences Ishmael describes in his memoir (**note**: not the events that *cause* it, but rather the evidence of it)

**Reading Passage:**

**“The Danger of a Single Story”**  
By Chimamanda Ngozie Adichie

**Note:** The *TEDTalks* version of this can be seen here:

[https://www.ted.com/talks/chimamanda\\_adichie\\_the\\_danger\\_of\\_a\\_single\\_story](https://www.ted.com/talks/chimamanda_adichie_the_danger_of_a_single_story)

*Nigerian writer Chimamanda Adichie describes the effects that labels can have on how we think about ourselves and others:*

I'm a storyteller. And I would like to tell you a few personal stories about what I like to call “the danger of the single story.” I grew up on a university campus in eastern Nigeria. My mother says that I started reading at the age of two, although I think four is probably close to the truth. So I was an early reader, and what I read were British and American children's books.

I was also an early writer, and when I began to write, at about the age of seven, stories in pencil with crayon illustrations that my poor mother was obligated to read, I wrote exactly the kinds of stories I was reading: All my characters were white and blue-eyed, they played in the snow, they ate apples, and they talked a lot about the weather, how lovely it was that the sun had come out. Now, this despite the fact that I lived in Nigeria. I had never been outside Nigeria. We didn't have snow, we ate mangoes, and we never talked about the weather, because there was no need to . . .

What this demonstrates, I think, is how impressionable and vulnerable we are in the face of a story, particularly as children. Because all I had read were books in which characters were foreign, I had become convinced that books by their very nature had to have foreigners in them and had to be about things with which I could not personally identify. Now, things changed when I discovered African books. There weren't many of them available, and they weren't quite as easy to find as the foreign books.

But because of writers like Chinua Achebe and Camara Laye, I went through a mental shift in my perception of literature. I realized that people like me, girls with skin the color of chocolate, whose kinky hair could not form ponytails, could also exist in literature. I started to write about things I recognized.

Now, I loved those American and British books I read. They stirred my imagination. They opened up new worlds for me. But the unintended consequence was that I did not know that people like me could exist in literature. So what the discovery of African writers did for me was this: It saved me from having a single story of what books are.

I come from a conventional, middle-class Nigerian family. My father was a professor. My mother was an administrator. And so we had, as was the norm, live-in domestic help, who would often come from nearby rural villages. So, the year I turned eight, we got a new house boy. His name was Fide. The only thing my mother told us about him was that his family was very poor. My mother sent yams and rice, and our old clothes, to his family. And when I didn't finish my dinner, my mother would say, “Finish your food! Don't you know? People like Fide's family have nothing.” So I felt enormous pity for Fide's family.

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Then one Saturday, we went to his village to visit, and his mother showed us a beautifully patterned basket made of dyed raffia that his brother had made. I was startled. It had not occurred to me that anybody in his family could actually make something. All I had heard about them was how poor they were, so that it had become impossible for me to see them as anything else but poor. Their poverty was my single story of them.

Years later, I thought about this when I left Nigeria to go to university in the United States. I was 19. My American roommate was shocked by me. She asked where I had learned to speak English so well, and was confused when I said that Nigeria happened to have English as its official language. She asked if she could listen to what she called my “tribal music,” and was consequently very disappointed when I produced my tape of Mariah Carey. She assumed that I did not know how to use a stove. What struck me was this: She had felt sorry for me even before she saw me. Her default position toward me, as an African, was a kind of patronizing, well-meaning pity. My roommate had a single story of Africa: a single story of catastrophe. In this single story, there was no possibility of Africans being similar to her in any way, no possibility of feelings more complex than pity, no possibility of a connection as human equals . . .

So, after I had spent some years in the U.S. as an African, I began to understand my roommate's response to me. If I had not grown up in Nigeria, and if all I knew about Africa were from popular images, I too would think that Africa was a place of beautiful landscapes, beautiful animals, and incomprehensible people, fighting senseless wars, dying of poverty and AIDS, unable to speak for themselves and waiting to be saved by a kind, white foreigner. I would see Africans in the same way that I, as a child, had seen Fide's family . . .

And so, I began to realize that my American roommate must have throughout her life seen and heard different versions of this single story . . .

But I must quickly add that I too am just as guilty in the question of the single story. A few years ago, I visited Mexico from the U.S. The political climate in the U.S. at the time was tense, and there were debates going on about immigration. And, as often happens in America, immigration became synonymous with Mexicans. There were endless stories of Mexicans as people who were fleeing the healthcare system, sneaking across the border, being arrested at the border, that sort of thing.

I remember walking around on my first day in Guadalajara, watching the people going to work, rolling up tortillas in the marketplace, smoking, laughing. I remember first feeling slight surprise. And then, I was overwhelmed with shame. I realized that I had been so immersed in the media coverage of Mexicans that they had become one thing in my mind, the abject immigrant. I had bought into the single story of Mexicans and I could not have been more ashamed of myself. So that is how to create a single story, show a people as one thing, as only one thing, over and over again, and that is what they become.

It is impossible to talk about the single story without talking about power. There is a word, an Igbo [a language spoken in Nigeria] word, that I think about whenever I think about the power structures of the world, and it is “nkali.” It's a noun that loosely translates to “to be greater than another.” Like our economic and political worlds, stories too are defined by the principle of nkali: How they are told, who tells them, when they're told, how many stories are told, are really dependent on power.

Power is the ability not just to tell the story of another person, but to make it the definitive story of that person. The Palestinian poet Mourid Barghouti writes that if you want to dispossess a people, the simplest way to do it is to tell their story and to start with, “secondly.” Start the story with the arrows of the Native Americans, and not with the arrival of the British, and you have an entirely different story. Start the story with the failure of the African state, and not with the colonial creation of the African state, and you have an entirely different story . . .

When I learned, some years ago, that writers were expected to have had really unhappy childhoods to be successful, I began to think about how I could invent horrible things my parents had done to me. But the truth is that I had a very happy childhood, full of laughter and love, in a very close-knit family.

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But I also had grandfathers who died in refugee camps. My cousin Polle died because he could not get adequate healthcare. One of my closest friends, Okoloma, died in a plane crash because our fire trucks did not have water. I grew up under repressive military governments that devalued education, so that sometimes, my parents were not paid their salaries. And so, as a child, I saw jam disappear from the breakfast table, then margarine disappeared, then bread became too expensive, then milk became rationed. And most of all, a kind of normalized political fear invaded our lives.

All of these stories make me who I am. But to insist on only these negative stories is to flatten my experience and to overlook the many other stories that formed me. The single story creates stereotypes, and the problem with stereotypes is not that they are untrue, but that they are incomplete. They make one story become the only story.

Of course, Africa is a continent full of catastrophes: There are immense ones, such as the horrific rapes in Congo and depressing ones, such as the fact that 5,000 people apply for one job vacancy in Nigeria. But there are other stories that are not about catastrophe, and it is very important, it is just as important, to talk about them.

I've always felt that it is impossible to engage properly with a place or a person without engaging with all of the stories of that place and that person. The consequence of the single story is this: It robs people of dignity. It makes our recognition of our equal humanity difficult. It emphasizes how we are different rather than how we are similar.

So what if before my Mexican trip, I had followed the immigration debate from both sides, the U.S. and the Mexican? What if my mother had told us that Fide's family was poor and hardworking? What if we had an African television network that broadcast diverse African stories all over the world? What the Nigerian writer Chinua Achebe calls "a balance of stories."

What if my roommate knew about my Nigerian publisher, Muhtar Bakare, a remarkable man who left his job in a bank to follow his dream and start a publishing house? Now, the conventional wisdom was that Nigerians don't read literature. He disagreed. He felt that people who could read, would read, if you made literature affordable and available to them . . .

Now, what if my roommate knew about my friend Fumi Onda, a fearless woman who hosts a TV show in Lagos, and is determined to tell the stories that we prefer to forget? What if my roommate knew about the heart procedure that was performed in the Lagos hospital last week? What if my roommate knew about contemporary Nigerian music, talented people singing in English and Pidgin, and Igbo and Yoruba and Ijo, mixing influences from Jay-Z to Fela to Bob Marley to their grandfathers[?]

What if my roommate knew about the female lawyer who recently went to court in Nigeria to challenge a ridiculous law that required women to get their husband's consent before renewing their passports? What if my roommate knew about Nollywood, full of innovative people making films despite great technical odds, films so popular that they really are the best example of Nigerians consuming what they produce? What if my roommate knew about my wonderfully ambitious hair braider, who has just started her own business selling hair extensions? Or about the millions of other Nigerians who start businesses and sometimes fail, but continue to nurse ambition?

Every time I am home I am confronted with the usual sources of irritation for most Nigerians: our failed infrastructure, our failed government, but also by the incredible resilience of people who thrive despite the government, rather than because of it. I teach writing workshops in Lagos every summer, and it is amazing to me how many people apply, how many people are eager to write, to tell stories . . .

Stories matter. Many stories matter. Stories have been used to dispossess and to malign, but stories can also be used to empower and to humanize. Stories can break the dignity of a people, but stories can also repair that broken dignity.

The American writer Alice Walker wrote this about her Southern relatives who had moved to the North. She introduced them to a book about the Southern life that they had left behind. "They sat around, reading the book

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themselves, listening to me read the book, and a kind of paradise was regained.” I would like to end with this thought: That when we reject the single story, when we realize that there is never a single story about any place, we regain a kind of paradise.

36. What’s the speaker’s main idea or through line in this speech?
37. Identify some specific ways the author supports her main idea.
38. According to the author, what are the dangers of a single story?
39. Before Ishmael Beah arrives in America, he relates some beliefs about the country that further support Adichie’s claims. What are they?
40. Reread the following excerpt from the end of Adichie’s speech:

Of course, Africa is a continent full of catastrophes: There are immense ones, such as the horrific rapes in Congo and depressing ones, such as the fact that 5,000 people apply for one job vacancy in Nigeria. But there are other stories that are not about catastrophe, and it is very important, it is just as important, to talk about them.

*A Long Way Gone* is, at times, a brutal and violent book. But what are some specific stories and experiences Beah relates that deliver on Adichie’s call to tell “stories [about Africa] that are not about catastrophe”?