**Zone 9 Grade 10 Writing Prompt**

**Prompt:**

Julia Buttery Hill delivers a speech titled “Fear is Simple and Profound” in which she develops a central ideal/theme through the use of a metaphor. In “The Road Not Taken”, by Robert Frost, the author develops a theme through the use of imagery. Write an essay that analyzes how both passages address a common theme.

Develop your essay by providing textual evidence from both passages.

Passage #1

*Fear is Simple and Profound: A speech by Julia Butterfly Hill*

*Date:1999*

*Julia Butterfly Hill is an environmental activist. She wrote The Legacy of Luna and co-wrote One Makes the Difference. Hill founded Circle of Life, a non-profit organization dedicated to sustainability, restoration, and preservation of life.*As you read, notice how the speech uses metaphor.

When I think about how we've gotten to this place of being so separated from the earth and from each other and from our choices, it seems like there's many prongs that have gotten us to this point.

I think one of the core elements, though, is actually quite simple, which is fear. And fear is simple and profound, just like love is simple and profound. And fear will drive us to make choices that our hearts don't long to make, that our spirits don't long to make. Fear will shut down the voice of the heart and spirit and collapse us into beings without meaning and without value.

I see in this culture in particular how that manifests are our addiction to comfortability. We are birthing an addict society. I went through a time in my life where I was a major drug and alcohol addict, and so I know on a very real level what addiction is. And as a society, we are being birthed into an addiction culture where you need consumerism, you need comfortability, and you go through the same withdrawals and all these same things that you go through as a drug addict or an alcoholic. I see even the most conscious among us making the most unconscious choices out of our addiction to comfortability.

I love using the example of the caterpillar becoming the butterfly because the caterpillar's got a pretty cool life, you know? It's chill, it lives on its food source, doesn't have too many threats, it's usually camouflaged so that whatever birds or things might come after it, it's slightly safe, and then it has this weird calling that defies description that says, "There's something more for you." [Laughs] And there's no rationale or reasoning, and in many ways,  we are that caterpillar going, "Man, I don't want to leave this leaf. This is cool. I've got it made here."

And yet there's this deeper calling that tells the caterpillar, "There's something more for you." And then the caterpillar has to trust this great unknown, this great mystery. And fear keeps us from trusting the great mystery within ourselves.

For me the divine is the great mystery, that we are all manifestations of this great mystery. I take a breath, and I am amazed at the great mystery that just allowed me to breathe and everything that happened for that magic to happen.

But this caterpillar follows the great mystery. And then it pulls the cocoon from within itself. It goes into its deepest depths and pulls this cocoon out and then wraps itself in it. And we are afraid of what's inside of ourselves.

When something comes up that we don't like, click on the television, go out to eat, go party with friends, go shopping, whatever it is that we don't have to take a good, hard look at what's inside of ourselves. But the caterpillar knows that there's something more, even though there's no reason for it and goes, "Okay, I'm going to do this work. It's uncomfortable, but I'm going to do this work." And then it wraps itself in there, and it's tight and it's dark, and there's nowhere to run and there's no way to sidetrack itself. It's just dealing with its innermost depths. And that process liquefies it. That's not a comfortable, touchy-feely kind of thing. [Laughs] That's not like, ohm, and it's all going to be better. That's some hardcore work.

There's the point, though, where that cocoon gets comfortable too. It might be a little cramped and dark in there, and I see that happening in our evolution as people. It gets a little cramped and dark in there, but it's also comfortable and safe now. We've created this little world around us that we can just call ourselves enlightened and stay there versus taking that enlightenment and having the courage to take it out into a world that's not like anything we can imagine.

The last thing that happens after the caterpillar begins to liquefy is its head pops off. And then its head absorbs into this liquid being that it's becoming. And if you take a cell from that liquid before its head pops off, it only reproduces part of a butterfly. After its head incorporates into its entire soupy being, you can take any cell and it recreates an entire new butterfly.

Then the caterpillar has to push through the barriers of comfortability again and trust that whatever is outside that space is going to be a magical world. And then it takes a moment of grace to fan its wings, and then it takes a leap.

I think that our fear consistently keeps us from that process, whether it's at the leaf stage or in the cocoon stage or where we get out and we flap our wings and say, "That edge looks a little scary. I'm just going to chill here." [Laughs]

Passage #2

**The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost**

*Robert Frost (1874-1963) was one of the most popular and critically respected American poets in recent history. His poems often discuss rural scenes from the New England countryside. “The Road Not Taken” is one of Frost’s most frequently cited poems. As you read the poem, notice the imagery the speaker uses to describe the setting.*

1    Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
      And sorry I could not travel both
      And be one traveler, long I stood
      And looked down one as far as I could
      To where it bent in the undergrowth;

6    Then took the other, as just as fair,
      And having perhaps the better claim,
      Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
      Though as for that the passing there
      Had worn them really about the same,

11    And both that morning equally lay
       In leaves no step had trodden black.
      Oh, I kept the first for another day!
      Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
       I doubted if I should ever come back.

16   I shall be telling this with a sigh
       Somewhere ages and ages hence:
       Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
       I took the one less traveled by,
       And that has made all the difference