

Highlight the subject in yellow; the verb in pink.

When **he** **was** nearly thirteen, my brother **Jem** **got** his arm badly broken at the elbow. When **it** **healed**, and Jem's **fears** of never being able to play football **were** assuaged, **he** **was** seldom self-conscious about his injury. His left **arm** **was** somewhat shorter than his right; when **he** **stood** or **walked**, the **back** of his hand **was** at right angles to his body, his thumb parallel to his thigh. **He** couldn't have **cared** less, so long as **he** could **pass** and **punt**.

When enough **years** **had** **gone** by to enable us to look back on them, **we** sometimes **discussed** the events leading to his accident. **I** **maintain** that **the Ewells** **started** it all, but **Jem**, **who** **was** four years my senior, **said** **it** **started** long before that. **He** **said** **it** **began** the summer **Dill** **came** to us, when **Dill** first **gave** us the idea of making Boo Radley come out. **I** **said** if **he** **wanted** to take a broad view of the thing, **it** really **began** with Andrew Jackson. If General **Jackson** **hadn't** **run** the Creeks up the creek, Simon **Finch** **would** **never** **have** **paddled** up the Alabama, and where **would** **we** **be** if **he** **hadn't**? **We** **were** far too old to settle an argument with a fist-fight, so **we** **consulted** Atticus. Our **father** **said** **we** **were** both right.

Being Southerners, **it** **was** a source of shame to some members of the family that **we** **had** no recorded ancestors on either side of the Battle of Hastings. **All** **we** **had** **was** Simon Finch, a fur-trapping apothecary from Cornwall whose **piety** **was** exceeded only by his stinginess. In England, **Simon** **was** irritated by the persecution of those **who** **called** themselves Methodists at the hands of their more liberal brethren, and as **Simon** **called** himself a Methodist, **he** **worked** his way across the Atlantic to Philadelphia, thence to Jamaica, thence to Mobile, and up the Saint Stephens. Mindful of John Wesley's strictures on the use of many words in buying and selling, **Simon** **made** a pile practicing medicine, but in this pursuit **he** **was** unhappy lest **he** **be** tempted into doing **what** **he** **knew** **was** not for the glory of God, as the putting on of gold and costly apparel. So **Simon**, having forgotten his teacher's dictum on the possession of human chattels, **bought** three slaves and with their aid **established** a homestead on the banks of the Alabama River some forty miles

above Saint Stephens. He returned to Saint Stephens only once, to find a wife, and with her established a line that ran high to daughters. Simon lived to an impressive age and died rich.

It was customary for the men in the family to remain on Simon's homestead, Finch's Landing, and make their living from cotton. The place was self-sufficient: modest in comparison with the empires around it, the Landing nevertheless produced everything required to sustain life except ice, wheat flour, and articles of clothing, supplied by riverboats from Mobile. Simon would have regarded with impotent fury the disturbance between the North and the South, as it left his descendants stripped of everything but their land, yet the tradition of living on the land remained unbroken until well into the twentieth century, when my father, Atticus Finch, went to Montgomery to read law, and his younger brother went to Boston to study medicine. Their sister Alexandra was the Finch who remained at the Landing: she married a taciturn man who spent most of his time lying in a hammock by the river wondering if his trot-lines were full.

(The green denotes a relative conjunction that serves as a subject)