

Chapter 1 : Louisa May Alcott - Wikipedia

*An Alcott Family Christmas [Alexandra Wallner] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. When a neighbor comes to the Alcott home on Christmas and tells them that his wife and child are sick.*

Development history[edit] In , Thomas Niles, the publisher of Louisa May Alcott, recommended that she write a book about girls that would have widespread appeal. Alcott wrote, "they are the best critics, so I should definitely be satisfied. Each of the March sister heroines had a harrowing experience that alerted her and the reader that "childhood innocence" was of the past, and that "the inescapable woman problem" was all that remained. Having lost all his money, their father is acting as a pastor , miles from home, involved in the American Civil War. The women face their first Christmas without him. Meg and Jo March, the elder two, have to work in order to support the family: Meg teaches a nearby family of four children; Jo assists her aged great-aunt March, a wealthy widow living in a mansion , Plumfield. Beth, too timid for school is content to stay at home and help with housework; Amy is still at school. Meg is beautiful and traditional, Jo is a tomboy who writes; Beth is a peacemaker and a pianist; Amy is an artist who longs for elegance and fine society. Jo is impulsive and quick to anger. One of her challenges is trying to control her anger, a challenge that her mother experiences. She advises Jo to speak with forethought before leaving to travel to Washington , where her husband has pneumonia. Their neighbour, Mr Laurence, who is charmed by Beth, gives her a piano. Beth contracts scarlet fever after spending time with a poor family where three children die. Jo tends Beth in her illness. Beth recovers, but never fully. As a precaution, Amy is sent to live with Aunt March, replacing Jo, while Beth was ill and still infectious. Jo has success earning money with her writing. Meg spends two weeks with friends, where there are parties for the girls to dance with boys and improve social skills. Brooke goes to Washington to help Mr. While with the March parents, Brooke confesses his love for Meg. They are pleased but consider Meg too young to be married. Brooke agrees to wait but enlists and serves a year or so in the war. After he is wounded, he returns to find work so he can buy a house ready for when he marries Meg. Laurie goes off to college, having become smitten by Jo. When they have twins, Meg is a devoted mother but John begins to feel left out. He realises that he has fallen in love with Jo. Sensing his feelings, Jo confides in Marmee, telling her that she loves Laurie but as she would love a brother and that she could not love him romantically. Laurie proposes marriage to her and she turns him down. Jo decides she needs a break, and spends six months with a friend of her mother in New York City, serving as governess for her two children. The family runs a boarding house. She takes German lessons with Professor Bhaer, who lives in the house. He has come to America from Berlin to care for the orphaned sons of his sister. For extra money, Jo writes stories without a moral, which disappoints Bhaer. Amy goes on a European tour with her aunt. Laurie and his grandfather also go to Europe. Jo devotes her time to the care of her dying sister. Laurie encounters Amy in Europe. On his last day, he proposes to Jo. Aunt March dies, leaving Plumfield to Jo. She and Bhaer turn the house into a school for boys. They have two sons of their own, and Amy and Laurie have a daughter. At apple-picking time, Marmee celebrates her 60th birthday at Plumfield, with her husband, her three surviving daughters, their husbands, and her six grandchildren. Characters[edit] Margaret "Meg" March[edit] Meg, the eldest sister, is 16 when the story starts. She is referred to as a beauty, and manages the household when her mother is absent. Meg fulfills expectations for women of the time; from the start, she is already a nearly perfect "little woman" in the eyes of the world. Meg is based in the domestic household; she does not have significant employment or activities outside it. Meg marries John Brooke, the tutor of Laurie. The sequel, Little Men, mentions a baby daughter, Josephine "Josy" Brooke, [15] who is 14 at the beginning of the final book. According to Sarah Elbert, "democratic domesticity requires maturity, strength, and above all a secure identity that Meg lacks". Jo has a "hot" temper that often leads her into trouble. With the help of her own misguided sense of humor, her sister Beth, and her mother, she works on controlling it. It has been said that a lot of Louisa May Alcott shows through in these characteristics of Jo. She composes plays for her sisters to perform and writes short stories. She initially rejects the idea of marriage and romance, feeling that it would break up her family and separate her from the sisters whom she adores. Jo also writes the first part of Little

Women during the second portion of the novel. According to Elbert, "her narration signals a successfully completed adolescence". She is the shyest March sister. She is especially close to Jo: Beth recovers from the acute disease but her health is permanently weakened. As she grows, Beth begins to realize that her time with her loved ones is coming to an end. Finally, the family accepts that Beth will not live much longer. They make a special room for her, filled with all the things she loves best: She is never idle; she knits and sews things for the children who pass by on their way to and from school. But eventually she puts down her sewing needle, saying it grew "heavy. The main loss during *Little Women* is the death of beloved Beth. Her "self-sacrifice" is ultimately the greatest in the novel. She gives up her life knowing that it has had only private, domestic meaning. Interested in art, she is described as a "regular snow-maiden" with curly golden hair and blue eyes, "pale and slender" and "always carrying herself" like a proper young lady. She is the artist of the family. She encounters "Laurie" Laurence and his grandfather during the extended visit. Amy is the least inclined of the sisters to sacrifice and self-denial. She behaves well in good society, at ease with herself. Ultimately, Amy is shown to work very hard to gain what she wants in life, and to make the most of her success while she has it.: A scholar and a minister, he serves as a chaplain in the Union Army during the Civil War and is wounded in December After the war he becomes minister to a small congregation. Professor Friedrich Bhaer " A middle-aged, "philosophically inclined", and penniless German immigrant in New York City who was a noted professor in Berlin, also known as Fritz. He initially lives in Mrs. He encourages her to become a serious writer instead of writing "sensation" stories for weekly tabloids. John Brooke " During his employment as a tutor to Laurie, he falls in love with Meg. March to Washington D. When Laurie leaves for college, Brooke continues his employment with Mr. Laurence as a bookkeeper. Eventually Meg admits her feelings to Brooke, they defy Aunt March who ends up accepting the marriage , and they are engaged. Brooke serves in the Union Army for a year and is sent home as an invalid when he is wounded. Brooke marries Meg a few years later when the war has ended and she has turned twenty. She develops a passion for acting as she grows up. Uncle and Aunt Carrol " Sister and brother-in-law of Mr. They take Amy to Europe with them, where Uncle Carrol frequently tries to be like an English gentleman. Chester " A well-to-do family with whom the Marches are acquainted. Miss Crocker " An old and poor spinster who likes to gossip and who has few friends. Dashwood " Publisher and editor of the *Weekly Volcano*. He punishes Amy for bringing pickled limes to school by striking her palm and making her stand on a platform in front of the class. She is withdrawn from the school by her mother. The Hummels " A poor German family consisting of a widowed mother and six children. Marmee and the girls help them by bringing food, firewood, blankets and other comforts. They help with minor repairs to their small dwelling. Three of the children die of scarlet fever and Beth contracts the disease while caring for them. The Kirkes " Mrs.

Chapter 2 : The March Sisters at Christmas (TV Movie) - IMDb

An Alcott Family C The Alcotts are poor and Louisa and her sisters can't buy Marmee and Pa presents. But Louisa, who plans to be a famous writer someday, has written a play that the girls will perform.

What happened to him? He hated Christmas until a strange dream showed him how dear and beautiful it was, and made a better man of him. I always find heaps of goodies in my stocking. We always have a great dinner, and I eat too much, and feel ill next day. Then there is a Christmas tree somewhere, with a doll on top, or a stupid old Santa Claus, and children dancing and screaming over bonbons and toys that break, and shiny things that are of no use. Her mother laughed at her despair, but was sorry to see her little girl so discontented, when she had everything to make her happy, and had known but ten Christmas days. If I could only get a new idea to start with! I wish I was a beggar-girl. She goes paddling along, laughing at the rain, and eating a cold potato as if it tasted nicer than the chicken and ice-cream I had for dinner. Yes, I do think poor children are happier than rich ones. At the Orphan Asylum today I saw two dozen merry little souls who have no parents, no home, and no hope of Christmas beyond a stick of candy or a cake. I wish you had been there to see how happy they were, playing with the old toys some richer children had sent them. Nothing more was said then; and wandering off to the library, Effie found "A Christmas Carol," and curling herself up in the sofa corner, read it all before tea. Some of it she did not understand; but she laughed and cried over many parts of the charming story, and felt better without knowing why. All the evening she thought of poor Tiny Tim, Mrs. Cratchit with the pudding, and the stout old gentleman who danced so gayly that "his legs twinkled in the air. So Nurse told her best tales; and when at last the child lay down under her lace curtains, her head was full of a curious jumble of Christmas elves, poor children, snow-storms, sugarplums, and surprises. So it is no wonder that she dreamed all night; and this was the dream, which she never quite forgot. She found herself sitting on a stone, in the middle of a great field, all alone. The snow was falling fast, a bitter wind whistled by, and night was coming on. She felt hungry, cold, and tired, and did not know where to go nor what to do. But the more she thought about it, the more bewildered she felt. Faster fell the snow, colder blew the wind, darker grew the night; and poor Effie made up her mind that she was quite forgotten and left to freeze alone. The tears were chilled on her cheeks, her feet felt like icicles, and her heart died within her, so hungry, frightened, and forlorn was she. Laying her head on her knees, she gave herself up for lost, and sat there with the great flakes fast turning her to a little white mound, when suddenly the sound of music reached her, and starting up, she looked and listened with all her eyes and ears. Far away a dim light shone, and a voice was heard singing. She tried to run toward the welcome glimmer, but could not stir, and stood like a small statue of expectation while the light drew nearer, and the sweet words of the song grew clearer. From our happy home Through the world we roam One week in all the year, Making winter spring With the joy we bring, For Christmas-tide is here. Now the eastern star Shines from afar To light the poorest home; Hearts warmer grow, Gifts freely flow, For Christmas-tide has come. Now gay trees rise Before young eyes, Abloom with tempting cheer; Blithe voices sing, And blithe bells ring, For Christmas-tide is here. Oh, happy chime, Oh, blessed time, That draws us all so near! A rosy, smiling creature, wrapped in white fur, with a wreath of green and scarlet holly on its shining hair, the magic candle in one hand, and the other outstretched as if to shower gifts and warmly press all other hands. Effie forgot to speak as this bright vision came nearer, leaving no trace of footsteps in the snow, only lighting the way with its little candle, and filling the air with the music of its song. Will you come and see how we work? That is what we love to do. You are cold, and you shall be warm, hungry, and I will feed you; sorrowful, and I will make you gay. Bells were ringing so merrily that it was hard to keep from dancing. Green garlands hung on the walls, and every tree was a Christmas tree full of toys, and blazing with candles that never went out. In one place many little spirits sewed like mad on warm clothes, turning off work faster than any sewing-machine ever invented, and great piles were made ready to be sent to poor people. Other busy creatures packed money into purses, and wrote checks which they sent flying away on the wind,--a lovely kind of snow-storm to fall into a world below full of poverty. Older and graver spirits were looking over piles of little books, in which the records of the past year were kept, telling how different people had

spent it, and what sort of gifts they deserved. Some got peace, some disappointment, some remorse and sorrow, some great joy and hope. The rich had generous thoughts sent them; the poor, gratitude and contentment. Children had more love and duty to parents; and parents renewed patience, wisdom, and satisfaction for and in their children. No one was forgotten. See, these are the saints just setting off; for some have far to go, and the children must not be disappointed. Now, show me more. Baby-houses were in full blast, with dolls of all sorts going on like live people. Waxen ladies sat in their parlors elegantly dressed; black dolls cooked in the kitchens; nurses walked out with the bits of dollies; and the streets were full of tin soldiers marching, wooden horses prancing, express wagons rumbling, and little men hurrying to and fro. Shops were there, and tiny people buying legs of mutton, pounds of tea, mites of clothes, and everything dolls use or wear or want. But presently she saw that in some ways the dolls improved upon the manners and customs of human beings, and she watched eagerly to learn why they did these things. Another interesting china lady took off her comfortable red cloak and put it round a poor wooden creature done up in a paper shift, and so badly painted that its face would have sent some babies into fits. A little bell rang as she looked, and away scampered the children into the red-and-green school-house with the roof that lifted up, so one could see how nicely they sat at their desks with mites of books, or drew on the inch-square blackboards with crumbs of chalk. We make a great racket at our school, and get bad marks every day. I shall tell the girls they had better mind what they do, or their dolls will be better scholars than they are," said Effie, much impressed, as she peeped in and saw no rod in the hand of the little mistress, who looked up and shook her head at the intruder, as if begging her to go away before the order of the school was disturbed. Effie retired at once, but could not resist one look in at the window of a fine mansion, where the family were at dinner, the children behaved so well at table, and never grumbled a bit when their mamma said they could not have any more fruit. Come away, and remember what you see to-night. It was far away from the gayer places, where every store was brilliant with lights and full of pretty things, and every house wore a festival air, while people hurried to and fro with merry greetings. It was down among the dingy streets where the poor lived, and where there was no making ready for Christmas. Hungry women looked in at the shabby shops, longing to buy meat and bread, but empty pockets forbade. Topsy men drank up their wages in the bar-rooms; and in many cold dark chambers little children huddled under the thin blankets, trying to forget their misery in sleep. No nice dinners filled the air with savory smells, no gay trees dropped toys and bonbons into eager hands, no little stockings hung in rows beside the chimney-piece ready to be filled, no happy sounds of music, gay voices, and dancing feet were heard; and there were no signs of Christmas anywhere. Let me show you our best workers. Some slipped money into the empty pockets, and sent the happy mothers to buy all the comforts they needed; others led the drunken men out of temptation, and took them home to find safer pleasures there. Fires were kindled on cold hearths, tables spread as if by magic, and warm clothes wrapped round shivering limbs. Flowers suddenly bloomed in the chambers of the sick; old people found themselves remembered; sad hearts were consoled by a tender word, and wicked ones softened by the story of Him who forgave all sin. I wish I could make merry Christmases as these good people do, and be loved and thanked as they are," said Effie, softly, as she watched the busy men and women do their work and steal away without thinking of any reward but their own satisfaction. I have shown you the way. Try it, and see how happy your own holiday will be hereafter. Did you hear the bells? Tell me what was so splendid," said mamma, smoothing the tumbled hair and lifting up the sleepy head. Then, while she was being dressed, Effie told her dream, and Nursey thought it very wonderful; but mamma smiled to see how curiously things the child had thought, read, heard, and seen through the day were mixed up in her sleep. We will do it! You must tell me, mamma," cried Effie, dancing after her, and ready to believe anything possible when she remembered the adventures of the past night. A splendid one, if I can only carry it out! You and Nursey will go out shopping, and get heaps of things, while I arrange matters behind the scenes. All that morning Effie trotted after Nursey in and out of shops, buying dozens of barking dogs, woolly lambs, and squeaking birds; tiny tea-sets, gay picture-books, mittens and hoods, dolls and candy. Parcel after parcel was sent home; but when Effie returned she saw no trace of them, though she peeped everywhere. As for mamma, she was quite invisible all day, and came in at night so tired that she could only lie on the sofa to rest, smiling as if some very pleasant thought made her happy in spite of weariness. I know you will like it, dear, and long

remember this new way of making Christmas merry. The next day was a very strange one; for when she woke there was no stocking to examine, no pile of gifts under her napkin, no one said "Merry Christmas! Mamma vanished again, and Nurse kept wiping her eyes and saying: No one but your blessed ma could have done it. The longed-for hour arrived at last, and the child was too excited to ask questions when Nurse put on her cloak and hood, led her to the carriage, and they drove away, leaving their house the one dark and silent one in the row. They drove into a dark yard, and Effie was led through a back door to a little room, where Nurse coolly proceeded to take off not only her cloak and hood, but her dress and shoes also. Effie stared and bit her lips, but kept still until out of the box came a little white fur coat and boots, a wreath of holly leaves and berries, and a candle with a frill of gold paper round it. Now whist, while I blind your eyes and put you in your place. Music began as soon as Nurse clapped her hands, the voices outside sounded nearer, and the tramp was evidently coming up the stairs. Twelve on a side, in two rows down the room, stood the little pines, each on its low table; and behind Effie a taller one rose to the roof, hung with wreaths of popcorn, apples, oranges, horns of candy, and cakes of all sorts, from sugary hearts to gingerbread Jumbos. On the smaller trees she saw many of her own discarded toys and those Nurse bought, as well as heaps that seemed to have rained down straight from that delightful Christmas country where she felt as if she was again. Who is it for? What is that noise? Before Nurse could answer, the doors at the lower end flew open, and in marched twenty-four little blue-gowned orphan girls, singing sweetly, until amazement changed the song to cries of joy and wonder as the shining spectacle appeared. While they stood staring with round eyes at the wilderness of pretty things about them, mamma stepped up beside Effie, and holding her hand fast to give her courage, told the story of the dream in a few simple words, ending in this way: She likes surprises, and we planned this for you all. She shall play the good fairy, and give each of you something from this tree, after which every one will find her own name on a small tree, and can go to enjoy it in her own way. March by, my dears, and let us fill your hands. Then each was led to her own tree by the good ladies who had helped mamma with all their hearts; and the happy hubbub that arose would have satisfied even Santa Claus himself,--shrieks of joy, dances of delight, laughter and tears for some tender little things could not bear so much pleasure at once, and sobbed with mouths full of candy and hands full of toys. How they ran to show one another the new treasures!

Chapter 3 : @ Baptist TV-Armoire By Alcott Hill

A (fictional) Alcott Family Christmas An Alcott Family Christmas - cover Christmas in my office is a lot of fun (I work for an independent Real Estate firm, Rutledge Properties, doing their marketing).

She was the daughter of transcendentalist and educator Amos Bronson Alcott and social worker Abby May and the second of four daughters: The three years they spent at the rented Hosmer Cottage were described as idyllic. They moved into the home they named " Hillside " on April 1, , but moved in , selling to Nathaniel Hawthorne who renamed it The Wayside. Moving 22 times in 30 years, the Alcotts returned to Concord once again in and moved into Orchard House , a two-story clapboard farmhouse, in the spring of Most of the education she received though, came from her father who was strict and believed in "the sweetness of self-denial. She later described these early years in a newspaper sketch entitled "Transcendental Wild Oats. Her sisters also supported the family, working as seamstresses, while their mother took on social work among the Irish immigrants. Only the youngest, May, was able to attend public school. Due to all of these pressures, writing became a creative and emotional outlet for Alcott. In , she and her family served as station masters on the Underground Railroad , when they housed a fugitive slave for one week and had discussions with Frederick Douglass. At one point in , unable to find work and filled with such despair, Alcott contemplated suicide. This felt, to Alcott, to be a breaking up of their sisterhood. In , Alcott began writing for the Atlantic Monthly. Her letters homeâ€”revised and published in the Boston anti-slavery paper Commonwealth and collected as Hospital Sketches , republished with additions in [6] â€”brought her first critical recognition for her observations and humor. Her main character, Tribulation Periwinkle, showed a passage from innocence to maturity and is a "serious and eloquent witness". Her protagonists for these books are strong and smart. She also produced stories for children, and after they became popular, she did not go back to writing for adults. Other books she wrote are the novelette A Modern Mephistopheles , which people thought Julian Hawthorne wrote, and the semi-autobiographical novel Work Alcott became even more successful with the first part of Little Women: Part two, or Part Second, also known as Good Wives , followed the March sisters into adulthood and marriage. But whereas Jo marries at the end of the story, Alcott remained single throughout her life. A reviewer of Eclectic Magazine called it "the very best of books to reach the hearts of the young of any age from six to sixty". With the success of Little Women, Alcott shied away from the attention and would sometimes act as a servant when fans would come to her house. Alcott suffered chronic health problems in her later years, [20] including vertigo. During her American Civil War service, Alcott contracted typhoid fever and was treated with a compound containing mercury. Moreover, a late portrait of Alcott shows a rash on her cheeks , which is a characteristic of lupus. Lulu, her niece was only 8 years old when Louisa died. She challenged the social norms regarding gender by encouraging her young female readers to run as well.

Chapter 4 : Louisa May Alcott: her life, her times and her literature

An Alcott Family Christmas by Alexandra Wallner To help put the right book in each reader's hands, consider the following comprehensive text complexity analyses within your instructional plans.

Share via Email Little comfort PR We meet the March family just before Christmas of Mother March "Marmee" works sewing Union Army uniforms. Her year-old daughter Meg is a governess to a wealthy family and her year-old sister Jo is a companion for a rich old relative. Beth, who is 13, has severe social anxiety and is home-schooled, while year-old Amy attends a school of modern mean-girlness. The family employs a cook who does all kinds of household work, but the Marches share the chores. The house is big enough, though shabby, for the family has been genteelly poor since Mr March lost all his money in an unwise loan to a friend; moreover he has volunteered as a chaplain in the Civil War, and is far away in camp. There are a few glimpses of a harsher world outside, as in the opening, when Marmee inspires the girls to give their Christmas breakfast to the children of a destitute immigrant three of whom later die of scarlet fever offstage, but Alcott pulled a quilt of coziness "a comforter, as the Americans say" over the Marches. This story for adults is based on her struggle to earn a living in a precarious economy, and describes how she was reduced to suicidal despair by alternating spells of drudgery and unemployment. Bronson Alcott was painted as an undereducated educational reformer who followed Rousseau-esque progressive notions, but was unable to manage a school. An abolitionist and extreme vegetarian, he even abjured manuring arable land, wearing wool and eating root vegetables, because they ignobly grew downwards. Affecting to live without money, he borrowed it whenever possible. His voice was loud, his word law. When Abigail came into a small inheritance Bronson took out another loan and bought the first of two houses in Concord, Massachusetts on which Alcott based the March home. He continued to teach, preaching selfless perfection while being both selfish and a failure, and giving TED-type talks which tended to charismatic, new agey nonsense "not for nothing had he started out as a travelling salesman. Abigail was appointed as a social worker in Boston, offering food, fire and moral homilies to Irish incomers fleeing the potato famine. By the time she was in her thirties, Alcott was supporting the family with earnings from journalism and pseudonymous sensational fiction. Despite her frank essay, Alcott never denied or defied Bronson. She continued, unmarried, as his financial and emotional mainstay until his death, dying herself two days after him. Though Alcott thought it dull to write and read, Little Women is never cynical, always an honest commercial sell. I wish my family had given me Work instead, a story of how to get by "if not on" that would have been really comforting. But there was no cheap edition of that in Woolworths.

Chapter 5 : An Alcott Family Christmas by Alexandra Wallner

Get this from a library! An Alcott family Christmas. [Alexandra Wallner] -- Louisa May Alcott and her family not only give away their much anticipated Christmas dinner, but they also celebrate the holiday by sharing in many other ways.

Chapter 6 : A Merry Christmas by Louisa May Alcott | www.nxgvision.com

Christmas is coming and Louisa May and her family are very excited. The Alcotts are poor and Louisa and her sisters can't buy Marmee and Pa presents. But Louisa, who plans to be a famous writer someday, has written a play that the girls will perform.

Chapter 7 : www.nxgvision.com | An Alcott Family Christmas

*An Alcott Family Christmas [Alexandra Wallner] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Frustrated that their reduced circumstances have prevented them from buying gifts for their parents, the Alcott sisters stage a Christmas play.*

Chapter 8 : Top shelves for An Alcott Family Christmas

*This book could easily be titled *Little Women: The Prequel*, as it recasts young Louisa May Alcott and her family as virtual counterparts to the main characters from that classic novel.*

Chapter 9 : Little Women - Wikipedia

*Louisa May Alcott took up her pen in May of , wrote "Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents," and the classic American novel, *Little Women*, was born. The book has since been translated into 50 languages and transformed into countless stage plays, musicals, films, television series, opera, ballet, and even anime.*