Incomplete assignment package for English 10

**ALL OF THE ASSIGNMENTS MUST BE COMPLETED, AT A SATISFACTORY LEVEL (MINIMALLY MEETING EXPECTATIONS) WITH ALL REQUIRED STEPS, AND HANDED IN BY JUNE 13, 2014 OTHERWISE YOUR INCOMPLETE GRADE ASSIGNED AT MIDTERM WILL CHANGE TO A FAIL. YOU MUST HAND THE PACKAGE IN ALL AT ONCE.**

1. Narrative Essay- Students must write a narrative essay, following all the steps in the writing process.

***Topic choices***

* 1. The lessons we learn affect our future.
  2. People learn from a variety of sources.
  3. Satisfaction comes from helping others.
  4. We learn from the mistakes we make in life.
  5. Sometimes you don’t know what you’ve got until it’s gone.
  6. Choices are often difficult to make in life.
  7. Family and friends provide support for you in hard times.
  8. Success takes hard work.
  9. Sometimes you need to take your time and do things right.
  10. You should never give up on your dreams.

1. Persuasive Essays Students must write a narrative essay, following all the steps in the writing process.

***Topic choices***

1. Social media sites should not be allowed at school or at work.
2. Video games, television, movies and the internet have a negative influence on teenagers.
3. Technology has made people lazy and they have become too dependent on it.
4. Textbooks, newspapers, magazines and libraries have become obsolete in todays’ world.
5. Post secondary education should be free.
6. All citizens should be required by law to vote.
7. Students should have more holidays and longer vacations.
8. The production and sale of cigarettes should be made illegal.
9. Censorship is sometimes justified.
10. To encourage healthy eating, higher taxes should be imposed on soft drinks and junk food.
11. Students should not be required to take physical education courses.
12. Cell phones should not be allowed in school.
13. Post Secondary Education should be free.
14. Textbooks and library books should be replaced with E-books.
15. Fast food restaurants should be forced to have healthy options.
16. Current laws about alcohol promote underage drinking.
17. Short stories and Creative writing

Read the story “Peas in a Pod” and “You Can’t Take it With you” and do the assignments given. There are general story questions and a creative writing assignment for each story.

1. Poetry

a. Read the poems **Sleep** By Annie Matheson and **The Dawn’s Awake** By Otto Leland Bohanan. Answer the questions given in full sentences with reasons, examples and explanations.

b. Answer the poetic device practice questions.

5. The Hunger Games

Write a review of the novel that includes your opinion, backed up with reasons, examples, and explanation, of the following aspects of the novel: The plot, the characters, the theme, and the symbols used in the book. You should have one paragraph explaining your thoughts on each aspect. Lastly you should end with a paragraph giving your recommendation as to whether the book is worth reading or not. You should follow the writing steps.

**MAKE SURE YOU COMPLETE ALL OF THE ASSIGNMENTS GIVEN AND THAT YOU HAND IN ALL OF THE REQUIRED STEPS AND COMPONENTS. THE ENTIRE PACKAGE MUST BE HANDED IN TOGETHER AND IS *DUE ON OR BEFORE JUNE 13, 2014.***

"Peas in a Pod" by Michael Bracken

Twist #325 - September 2011

Jack Scranton couldn't understand why any woman would have so many photographs of herself scattered throughout her home, but he didn't really have time to worry about whatever form of narcissism the dead woman had been into.

He hadn't meant to kill her, but he hadn't expected her to be home. He'd been so careful about timing her movements and he knew she never returned home before nine on Thursdays. That's why he'd been so startled, when he opened her bedroom door and saw her standing there in her robe and slippers. She'd screamed, so he'd backhanded her and sent her flying backward against the sharp corner of a dresser. Her head had hit it with a sickening thud and then bent at an unnatural angle as she'd slid to the floor.

He'd never killed anyone before, never even come close, and his hands shook unceasingly as he rooted through her dresser drawers. He kept glancing furtively over at the body, not knowing what to expect, and hurried through the bedroom as quickly as possible. He opened the bottom drawer on each dresser, then worked his way up. Only amateurs started at the top, having to close each drawer before opening the next. He found a jewelry box and dumped its contents into the leather satchel he carried with him. Before leaving the bedroom, he glanced at the body, wondering if he should pull the diamond from her finger. But the thought of touching the body made his stomach churn like a washing machine and he gave up the idea.

He knew he should abandon this job, but it had been months since his last successful score and his cash reserve had almost disappeared. He'd spent weeks casing this woman's house after Al Witherspoon-- an insurance agent who took ten percent of every successful score he turned Jack onto-- had given him the details.

"Her name's Annie Rivers. She's a vice-president for Cooper Industries, lives alone, and must keep a good hundred to two hundred thousand in cash and jewels in the house at any one time," Al had told him when they'd met under the neon beer sign in the back booth at the Malibu Bar and Grill.

Al described the security system-- a good one, but one that Jack had cracked many times in the past.

"She's got some relative, Fannie Albright, lives in Arizona, named in her life insurance policy," Al explained. "When I talked to her about her homeowner's policy, she told me there's no other relatives, no husbands, ex-husbands, or boyfriends."

"What about her schedule?" Jack asked.

"That's up to you to figure out. I've done everything I can." Al gathered up his papers and stuffed them into his briefcase. He'd shown Jack her entire file, including a rough layout of the house and Polaroids of the security system and many of the rooms. Everything he'd shown Jack went back into his briefcase so he could return it to the office. The two wouldn't talk again until Jack delivered Al's ten percent.

Jack had spent the three weeks following his meeting with Al watching Annie Rivers' home, tracking her arrival and departure times until he felt certain of a time when she would be away from the house long enough for him to ransack it. Most evenings she returned home between six and seven, but each Thursday she played racquetball with one of the company's other vice presidents. On those nights she never returned home before nine.

The time between eight and nine seemed best. By then the sun would have gone down and her nearest neighbors would be unable to see him prowling around outside. He could be inside her house within ten minutes, could ransack the place within fifty minutes, and be back in his car and pulling away moments before she arrived home from her game.

Jack shook his head, trying to forget all the events that had led to his current, untenable situation. He needed to finish and get out. He needed to get away from the house as quickly as possible, but he couldn't leave until he'd gotten all the cash and everything he could pawn. He would need to leave town as soon as possible. He tried to keep his attention on the task at hand, tried to concentrate on his desire for cash and not on the body in the other bedroom.

Still, the photos spooked him. It was like the dead woman watched his every move.

He finished the room and moved on to the next, then the next. At a quarter of nine he finished with the upstairs and at two minutes past nine he finished with the downstairs. He'd made quite a haul and felt sure he would have enough to leave town, perhaps even to disappear for a long, long time.

As he crossed the foyer from the den to the living room, Jack heard a key in the front door and stopped. Annie Rivers lived alone and never had unexpected visitors. He'd made sure of it.

When the dead woman opened the door, stepped into the foyer, and snapped on the light, Jack was so startled he stood dumbly, caught like a deer in a car's headlights. Annie saw him and instinctively swung her racquetball racquet, connecting with his face and sending him flying backward. He hit his head on the banister of the staircase and tumbled to the ground in a heap, obviously knocked cold. The leather satchel in his hands dropped to the floor and popped open, spilling her collection of jewelry and two tightly banded stacks of twenty dollar bills to the floor.

Annie phoned 911. Within minutes, her home swarmed with police. After Jack had been roused, handcuffed, and escorted away, white-faced and shaking, in the rear seat of a squad car, Annie stood with a police lieutenant trying to maintain her composure. Two men in white uniforms wheeled a gurney containing her sister's body past them. "My sister had just arrived this morning," Annie explained as she dabbed at her tears with corner of her sweatshirt sleeve. "All the way from Phoenix. I had already taken tomorrow off so we could go shopping."

Annie bit her lip and stared at the photo of her twin on the fireplace mantel.

**Questions and writing assignment for- “Peas in a Pod”-English 10**

General story questions for Peas in a Pod

1. The main character is…
2. The story is about…
3. The story takes place in…
4. The main theme (message) of this story is… I think this because…
5. Two things the main character did in the story were… I think he did these things because…
6. The climax of the story was…
7. Other characters in the story \_\_\_\_\_\_ the main character because…
8. The title of the story does/doesn’t suit it because…
9. I would/wouldn’t recommend reading this story because…
10. On a scale of 1-10 I give this story a \_\_\_ because…
11. I think the main character is/isn’t believable because…
12. This story teaches us ….
13. One example of suspense in the story is when…
14. I did/didn’t like the end of the story because…
15. My favourite character is the story was \_\_\_\_\_ because… My least favourite character was \_\_\_\_\_ because…
16. This story made me feel \_\_\_\_\_ because…
17. This story would have been better if…
18. One thing I would have done differently in the story would have been \_\_\_\_\_\_ because…
19. This story made me wonder about \_\_\_\_\_ because…
20. The most interesting thing about this story was \_\_\_\_\_\_ because…

Writing Assignment for Peas in a Pod

Pretend you are one of the characters in the story. Write a journal explaining what happened to you in the story and how you felt about it. Pick 5 things that happened and explain what happened. Then explain how you felt and why. Also explain how you felt at the end of the story and why. Lastly explain if you are still going to be friends or not and why. The journal should be at least 1 ½ to 2 pages long and single spaced. It needs to be written in full sentences. Make sure you follow the writing process.

[**You Can't Take It With You**](http://shorts2remember.blogspot.ca/2009/05/you-cant-take-it-with-you.html)

by Eva-lis Wuorio  
  
 There was no denying two facts. Uncle Basil was rich. Uncle Basil was a miser. The family were unanimous about that. They had used up all the words as their temper and their need of ready money dictated. Gentle Aunt Clotilda, who wanted a new string of pearls because the one she had was getting old, had merely called him Scrooge Basil. Percival, having again smashed his Aston Martin for which he had not paid, had declared Uncle Basil a skinflint, a miser, Tightwad, churl, and usurer with colorful adjectives added. The rest had used up all the other words in the dictionary.  
 "He doesn't have to be so stingy, that's true, with all he has," said Percival's mother. "But you shouldn't use rude words, Percival. They might get back to him."  
 "He can't take it with him," said Percival's sister Letitia, combing her golden hair. "I need a new fur but he said, 'Why? It's summer.' Well! He's **mangy1**, that's what he is."  
 "He can't take it with him" was a phrase the family used so often it began to slip out in front of Uncle Basil as well.  
 "You can't take it with you, Uncle Basil," they said. "Why don't you buy a sensible house out in the country, and we could all come and visit you? Horses. A swimming pool. The lot. Think what fun you'd have, and you can certainly afford it. You can't take it with you, you know."  
 Uncle Basil had heard all the words they called him because he wasn't as deaf as he made out. He knew he was a mangy, stingy, penny-pinching screw, scrimp, scraper, pinchfist, hoarder, and **curmudgeon2** (just to start with). There were other words, less gentle, he'd also heard himself called. He didn't mind. What galled him was the oft repeated warning, "You can't take it with you." After all, it was all his.  
 He'd gone to Africa when there was still gold to be found if one knew where to look. He'd found it. They said he'd come back too old to enjoy his fortune. What did they know? He enjoyed simply having a fortune. He enjoyed also saying no to them all. They were like circus animals, he often thought, behind the bars of their thousand demands of something for nothing.  
 Only once had he said yes. That was when his sister asked him to take on Verner, her somewhat slow-witted eldest son. "He'll do as your secretary," his sister Maud had said. Verner didn't do at all as a secretary, but since all he wanted to be happy was to be told what to do, Uncle Basil let him stick around as an all around handyman.  
 Uncle Basil lived neatly in a house very much too small for his money, the family said, in an unfashionable suburb. It was precisely like the house where he had been born. Verner looked after the small garden, fetched the papers from the corner tobacconist, and filed his nails when he had time. He had nice nails. He never said to Uncle Basil, "You can't take it with you," because it didn't occur to him.  
 Uncle Basil also used Verner to run messages to his man of affairs, the bank, and such, since he didn't believe either in the mails or the telephone. Verner got used to carrying thick envelopes back and forth without ever bothering to question what was in them. Uncle Basil's lawyers, accountants, and bank managers also got used to his somewhat unorthodox business methods. He did have a fortune, and he kept making money with his investments. Rich men have always been allowed their oddities.  
 Another odd thing of Uncle Basil's was that, while he still was in excellent health he had Verner drive him out to an old-fashioned carpenter shop where he had himself measured for a coffin. He wanted it roomy, he said.  
 The master carpenter was a dour countryman of the same generation as Uncle Basil, and he accepted the order matter-of-factly. They consulted about woods and prices, and settled on a medium-price, unlined coffin. A lined one would have cost double.  
 "I'll line it myself," Uncle Basil said. "Or Verner can. There's plenty of time. I don't intend to pop off tomorrow. It would give the family too much satisfaction. I like enjoying my fortune."  
 Then one morning, while in good humor and sound mind, he sent Verner for his lawyer. The family got to hear about this and there were in-fights, out-fights, and general quarreling while they tried to find out to whom Uncle Basil had decided to leave his money. To put them out of their miser, he said, he'd tell them the truth. He didn't like scattering money about. He liked it in a lump sum. Quit bothering him about it.  
  
 That happened a good decade before the morning his housekeeper, taking him his tea, found him peacefully asleep forever. It had been a good decade for him. The family hadn't dared to worry him, and his investments had risen steadily.  
 Only Percival, always pressed for money, had threatened to put arsenic in his tea, but when the usual proceedings were gone through Uncle Basil was found to have died a natural death. "A happy death," said the family. "He hadn't suffered."  
 They began to remember loudly how nice they'd been to him and argued about who had been the nicest. It was true too. They had been attentive, the way families tend to be to rich and stubborn elderly relatives. They didn't know he'd heard all they'd said out of his hearing, as well as the flattering drivel they'd spread like soft butter on hot toast in his hearing. Everyone, recalling his own efforts to be thoroughly nice, was certain that he and only he would be the heir to the Lump Sum.  
 They rushed to consult the lawyer. He said that he had been instructed by Uncle Basil in sane and precise terms. The cremation was to take place immediately after the death, and they would find the coffin ready in the garden shed. Verner would know where it was.  
 "Nothing else?"  
 "Well," said the lawyer in the way lawyers have, "he left instructions for a funeral meal to be sent in from the local bakery and butcher. Everything of the best. Goose and turkey, venison and beef, oysters and lobsters, and wines of good vintage plus plenty of whiskey. He liked to think of a good send-off, curmudgeon though he was, he'd said."  
 The family was a little shaken by the use of the word "curmudgeon." How did Uncle Basil know about that? But they were relieved to hear that the lawyer also had an envelope, the contents of which he did not know, to read to them at the feast after the cremation.  
 They all bought expensive black clothes, since black was the color of that season anyway, and whoever inherited would share the wealth. That was only fair.  
 Only Verner said that couldn't they buy Uncle Basil a nicer coffin? The one in the garden shed was pretty ratty, since the roof leaked. But the family hardly listened to him. After all, it would only be burned, so what did it matter? So, duly and with proper sorrow, Uncle Basil was cremated.  
 The family returned to the little house as the housekeeper was leaving. Uncle Basil had given her a generous amount of cash, telling her how to place it so as to have a fair income for life. In gratitude she'd spread out the extravagant dinner goodies, but she wasn't prepared to stay to do the dishes.  
 They were a little surprised, but not dismayed, to hear from Verner that the house was now in his name. Uncle Basil had also given him a small sum of cash and told him how to invest it. The family harassed him about it, but the amount was so nominal they were relieved to know Verner would be off their hands. Verner himself, though mildly missing the old man because he was used to him, was quite content with his lot. He wasn't used to much, so he didn't need much.  
 The storm broke when the lawyer finally opened the envelope. There was only one line in Uncle Basil's scrawl. "I did take it with me."  
 Of course there was a great to-do. What about the fortune? The millions and millions! Yes, said the men of affairs, the accountants, and even the bank managers, who finally admitted, yes, there had been a very considerable fortune. Uncle Basil, however, had drawn large sums in cash, steadily and regularly, over the past decade. What had he done with it? That the men of affairs, the accountants, and the bank managers did not know. After all, it had been Uncle Basil's money, therefore, his affair.  
 Not a trace of the vast fortune ever came to light.  
 No one thought to ask Verner, and it didn't occur to Verner to volunteer that for quite a long time he had been lining the coffin, at Uncle Basil's request, with thick envelopes he brought back from the banks. First he'd done a thick layer of these envelopes all around the sides and bottom of the coffin. Then, as Uncle Basil wanted, he'd tacked on blue satiny cloth.  
 He might not be so bright in his head, but he was smart with his hands. He'd done a neat job.

*1mangy-contemptible or mean*

*2 curmudgeon-a bad tempered person full of stubborn notions and ways*

## Comprehension Questions for You Can’t Take it with you

## Answer all of these questions with a reason, example and explanation when necessary. They must be answered in full sentences.

1. How did Uncle Basil make his fortune?  
2. What instructions does Uncle Basil leave for his funeral?  
3. Uncle Basil refuses all requests for luxuries. What does this say about him?  
4. Why can Uncle Basil trust Verner?  
5. What is Uncle Basil's attitude toward the rest of his family?  
6. Explain how Uncle Basil arranged to spend his last years in peace.  
7. Although Uncle Basil was a miser, he provides well for Verner and for his housekeeper. Why does he treat these two people with consideration? Give a reason, example and explanation for each person.  
8. You often enjoy a humorous situation more if you know that it is coming. Find THREE examples of how you know Uncle Basil has some surprises in store for his family.  
9. Find THREE examples of **foreshadowing** that prepares you for the ending.  
10. What is **ironic** in the story?

Writing assignment for You Cant take it with you

Pretend you are one of the characters in the story. Write a journal explaining what happened to you in the story and how you felt about it. Pick 5 things that happened and explain what happened. Then explain how you felt and why. Also explain how you felt at the end of the story and why. Lastly explain if you are still going to be friends or not and why. The journal should be at least 1 ½ to 2 pages long and single spaced. It needs to be written in full sentences. Make sure you follow the writing process.

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| **Sleep**  By Annie Matheson  SOFT silence of the summer night! Alive with wistful murmurings, Enfold me in thy quiet might: Shake o’er my head thy slumb’rous wings, So cool and light:  Let me forget all earthly things  In sleep to-night! Tired roses, passionately sweet, Are leaning on their cool green leaves, The mignonette1 about my feet A maze of tangled fragrance weaves, Where dewdrops meet:  Kind sleep the weary world bereaves  Of noise and heat. White lilies, pure as falling snow, And redolent 2 of tenderness, Are gently swaying to and fro, Lulled by the breath of evening less  Than by the low Music of sleepy winds, that bless The buds that grow. | The air is like a mother’s hand  Laid softly on a throbbing brow,  And o’er the darksome, dewy land  The peace of heaven is stealing now,  While, hand in hand,  Young angels tell the flowers how  Their lives are planned.  From yon deep sky the quiet stars  Look down with steadfast eloquence,  And God the prison-door unbars  That held the mute world’s inmost sense  From all the wars  Of day’s loud hurry and turbulence;  And nothing now the silence mars  Of love intense.  1. A plant with spikes of small fragrant flowers  2. Strongly reminiscent or suggestive of something |

**Directions:** Respond to these questions to the best of your ability. Answer the questions in complete sentences and explain your answers when necessary.

1. Identify three examples of **personification**: explain each example.

2. Identify two examples of **simile**: explain which two things are being compared in each simile.

3. Identify two examples of **metaphor**: explain which two things are being compared.

4. What is the **mood** of this poem? How does this poem make you feel? Refer to text in your response.

5. What is the subject of this poem? What is it about? Explain your response.

6. What is the **tone** of this poem? How does the speaker treat the subject of the poem? Refer to text.

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| **The Dawn’s Awake**  By Otto Leland Bohanan  The Dawn's awake! A flash of smoldering flame and fire Ignites the East. Then, higher, higher, O'er all the sky so gray, forlorn1, The torch of gold is borne. The Dawn's awake! The dawn of a thousand dreams and thrills. And music singing in the hills A paean2 of eternal spring Voices the new awakening. The Dawn's awake! Whispers of pent-up harmonies, With the mingled fragrance of the trees; Faint snatches of half-forgotten song-- Fathers! torn and numb,-- The boon of light we craved, awaited long, Has come, has come! | 1. Pitifully sad and abandoned or lonely:  2. A song of praise or triumph. |

**Directions:** Respond to these questions to the best of your ability. Answer the questions completely. If you need more space, use the back or a separate sheet.

1. Identify two examples of **personification**: explain what is being personified & how in each example.

2. Identify an example of **hyperbole**: explain how it is exaggerated.

3. Identify an example of **metaphor**: explain which two things are being compared.

4. Find three examples of **imagery** in the poem that access three different senses. Explain which senses are called on by the speaker for each example.

5. Contrast the **tone** of this line “Fathers! torn and numb,--” with the **tone** of the rest of the poem. How is this line different and why do you think that it is?

6. This poem was written by an African American poet during the Harlem Renaissance. Knowing this, how might one interpret the “Dawn” beyond its literal meaning? What might the “Dawn” represent?

Poetic device practice: For the following lines of poetry, explain how that line of poetry is an example of each of the poetic devices listed.

# 1. THE DOG LAUGHED AND GIGGLED AS HE DANCED. (personification)

# 2. THE SWING WAS HEARD FROM A MILE AWAY. (hyperbole)

# 3. I JUST LOVE THE GREEN, GREEN GRASS OF HOME. (alliteration)

# 4. ELVIS PRESLEY IS THE KING. (allusion)

# 5. THE POT OF GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW CAN NEVER BE REACHED. (irony)

# 6. THEIR MARRIAGE WAS A ROLLER COASTER RIDE. (analogy/metaphor)

# 7. I MAKE A LOT OF LOOT CAUSE I KNOW HOW TO TOOT! (assonance/ consonance)

# 8. THE PARADE WAS LIKE A PARTY. (simile)

# 9. HIS EYES JUST ABOUT POPPED OUT OF HIS HEAD.

# 10. HE WAS A BIG BABY. (oxymoron)

# 11. HE ALWAYS HAD A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE. (cliché)

# 12. THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD. (symbol)

# 13. HIS BREATH WAS LIKE FIRE. (hyperbole)

# 14. YOU DON’T KNOW WHAT YOU’VE GOT UNTIL IT’S GONE. (irony)

# 15. PREPARE TO MEET YOUR MAKER! (pun)