Incomplete assignment package for English 11

**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 topics- Pick one of the following topics and write a narrative essay. All writing steps must be followed and included. It should be at least 5 paragraphs long.

A. When you want something bad enough you will work hard to get it.

B. Trust and respect need to be earned.

C. First impressions are often wrong.

D. Some of life’s most important lessons are learned outside of school.

E. Miracles happen every day.

2. Persuasive Essay Topics- Pick one of the following topics and write a persuasive essay. All writing steps must be followed and included. It should be at least 5 paragraphs long.

A. School is important for your future.

B. Planning can help you achieve your goals.

C. Hard work makes achieving your goals easier.

D. Being physically fit has many benefits.

E. Getting a good job requires many skills.

3. Short stories and Creative writing

Read the story “The Necklace” and “The Sniper”. Do questions and assignments given.

4. Poetry

Read the poem “Who Am I?” and answer the questions given in full sentences with reasons, examples and explanations.

5. The Green Mile

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.**

[Guy de Maupassant](http://www.eastoftheweb.com/cgi-bin/read_db.pl?search_field=author_id&search_for=GuydeMaupassant&order_by=author_last,title&page=1)-The Necklace

She was one of those pretty and charming girls born, as though fate had blundered over her, into a family of artisans. She had no marriage portion, no expectations, no means of getting known, understood, loved, and wedded by a man of wealth and distinction; and she let herself be married off to a little clerk in the Ministry of Education. Her tastes were simple because she had never been able to afford any other, but she was as unhappy as though she had married beneath her; for women have no caste or class, their beauty, grace, and charm serving them for birth or family, their natural delicacy, their instinctive elegance, their nimbleness of wit, are their only mark of rank, and put the slum girl on a level with the highest lady in the land.

     She suffered endlessly, feeling herself born for every delicacy and luxury. She suffered from the poorness of her house, from its mean walls, worn chairs, and ugly curtains. All these things, of which other women of her class would not even have been aware, tormented and insulted her. The sight of the little Breton girl who came to do the work in her little house aroused heart-broken regrets and hopeless dreams in her mind. She imagined silent antechambers, heavy with Oriental tapestries, lit by torches in lofty bronze sockets, with two tall footmen in knee-breeches sleeping in large arm-chairs, overcome by the heavy warmth of the stove. She imagined vast saloons hung with antique silks, exquisite pieces of furniture supporting priceless ornaments, and small, charming, perfumed rooms, created just for little parties of intimate friends, men who were famous and sought after, whose homage roused every other woman's envious longings.

     When she sat down for dinner at the round table covered with a three-days-old cloth, opposite her husband, who took the cover off the soup-tureen, exclaiming delightedly: "Aha! Scotch broth! What could be better?" she imagined delicate meals, gleaming silver, tapestries peopling the walls with folk of a past age and strange birds in faery forests; she imagined delicate food served in marvellous dishes, murmured gallantries, listened to with an inscrutable smile as one trifled with the rosy flesh of trout or wings of asparagus chicken.

     She had no clothes, no jewels, nothing. And these were the only things she loved; she felt that she was made for them. She had longed so eagerly to charm, to be desired, to be wildly attractive and sought after.

     She had a rich friend, an old school friend whom she refused to visit, because she suffered so keenly when she returned home. She would weep whole days, with grief, regret, despair, and misery. One evening her husband came home with an exultant air, holding a large envelope in his hand.

     "Here's something for you," he said.

     Swiftly she tore the paper and drew out a printed card on which were these words:

     "The Minister of Education and Madame Ramponneau request the pleasure of the company of Monsieur and Madame Loisel at the Ministry on the evening of Monday, January the 18th."

     Instead of being delighted, as her husband hoped, she flung the invitation petulantly across the table, murmuring:

     "What do you want me to do with this?"

     "Why, darling, I thought you'd be pleased. You never go out, and this is a great occasion. I had tremendous trouble to get it. Everyone wants one; it's very select, and very few go to the clerks. You'll see all the really big people there."

     She looked at him out of furious eyes, and said impatiently: "And what do you suppose I am to wear at such an affair?"

     He had not thought about it; he stammered:

     "Why, the dress you go to the theatre in. It looks very nice, to me . . ."

     He stopped, stupefied and utterly at a loss when he saw that his wife was beginning to cry. Two large tears ran slowly down from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth.

     "What's the matter with you? What's the matter with you?" he faltered.

     But with a violent effort she overcame her grief and replied in a calm voice, wiping her wet cheeks:

     "Nothing. Only I haven't a dress and so I can't go to this party. Give your invitation to some friend of yours whose wife will be turned out better than I shall."

     He was heart-broken.

     "Look here, Mathilde," he persisted. "What would be the cost of a suitable dress, which you could use on other occasions as well, something very simple?"

     She thought for several seconds, reckoning up prices and also wondering for how large a sum she could ask without bringing upon herself an immediate refusal and an exclamation of horror from the careful-minded clerk.

     At last she replied with some hesitation:

     "I don't know exactly, but I think I could do it on four hundred francs."

     He grew slightly pale, for this was exactly the amount he had been saving for a gun, intending to get a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre with some friends who went lark-shooting there on Sundays.

     Nevertheless he said: "Very well. I'll give you four hundred francs. But try and get a really nice dress with the money."

     The day of the party drew near, and Madame Loisel seemed sad, uneasy and anxious. Her dress was ready, however. One evening her husband said to her:

     "What's the matter with you? You've been very odd for the last three days."

     "I'm utterly miserable at not having any jewels, not a single stone, to wear," she replied. "I shall look absolutely no one. I would almost rather not go to the party."

     "Wear flowers," he said. "They're very smart at this time of the year. For ten francs you could get two or three gorgeous roses."

     She was not convinced.

     "No . . . there's nothing so humiliating as looking poor in the middle of a lot of rich women."

     "How stupid you are!" exclaimed her husband. "Go and see Madame Forestier and ask her to lend you some jewels. You know her quite well enough for that."

     She uttered a cry of delight.

     "That's true. I never thought of it."

     Next day she went to see her friend and told her her trouble.

     Madame Forestier went to her dressing-table, took up a large box, brought it to Madame Loisel, opened it, and said:

     "Choose, my dear."

     First she saw some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross in gold and gems, of exquisite workmanship. She tried the effect of the jewels before the mirror, hesitating, unable to make up her mind to leave them, to give them up. She kept on asking:

     "Haven't you anything else?"

     "Yes. Look for yourself. I don't know what you would like best."

     Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin case, a superb diamond necklace; her heart began to beat covetously. Her hands trembled as she lifted it. She fastened it round her neck, upon her high dress, and remained in ecstasy at sight of herself.

     Then, with hesitation, she asked in anguish:

     "Could you lend me this, just this alone?"

     "Yes, of course."

     She flung herself on her friend's breast, embraced her frenziedly, and went away with her treasure. The day of the party arrived. Madame Loisel was a success. She was the prettiest woman present, elegant, graceful, smiling, and quite above herself with happiness. All the men stared at her, inquired her name, and asked to be introduced to her. All the Under-Secretaries of State were eager to waltz with her. The Minister noticed her.

     She danced madly, ecstatically, drunk with pleasure, with no thought for anything, in the triumph of her beauty, in the pride of her success, in a cloud of happiness made up of this universal homage and admiration, of the desires she had aroused, of the completeness of a victory so dear to her feminine heart.

     She left about four o'clock in the morning. Since midnight her husband had been dozing in a deserted little room, in company with three other men whose wives were having a good time. He threw over her shoulders the garments he had brought for them to go home in, modest everyday clothes, whose poverty clashed with the beauty of the ball-dress. She was conscious of this and was anxious to hurry away, so that she should not be noticed by the other women putting on their costly furs.

     Loisel restrained her.

     "Wait a little. You'll catch cold in the open. I'm going to fetch a cab."

     But she did not listen to him and rapidly descended the staircase. When they were out in the street they could not find a cab; they began to look for one, shouting at the drivers whom they saw passing in the distance.

     They walked down towards the Seine, desperate and shivering. At last they found on the quay one of those old night prowling carriages which are only to be seen in Paris after dark, as though they were ashamed of their shabbiness in the daylight.

     It brought them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly they walked up to their own apartment. It was the end, for her. As for him, he was thinking that he must be at the office at ten.

     She took off the garments in which she had wrapped her shoulders, so as to see herself in all her glory before the mirror. But suddenly she uttered a cry. The necklace was no longer round her neck!

     "What's the matter with you?" asked her husband, already half undressed.

     She turned towards him in the utmost distress.

     "I . . . I . . . I've no longer got Madame Forestier's necklace. . . ."

     He started with astonishment.

     "What! . . . Impossible!"

     They searched in the folds of her dress, in the folds of the coat, in the pockets, everywhere. They could not find it.

     "Are you sure that you still had it on when you came away from the ball?" he asked.

     "Yes, I touched it in the hall at the Ministry."

     "But if you had lost it in the street, we should have heard it fall."

     "Yes. Probably we should. Did you take the number of the cab?"

     "No. You didn't notice it, did you?"

     "No."

     They stared at one another, dumbfounded. At last Loisel put on his clothes again.

     "I'll go over all the ground we walked," he said, "and see if I can't find it."

     And he went out. She remained in her evening clothes, lacking strength to get into bed, huddled on a chair, without volition or power of thought.

     Her husband returned about seven. He had found nothing.

     He went to the police station, to the newspapers, to offer a reward, to the cab companies, everywhere that a ray of hope impelled him.

     She waited all day long, in the same state of bewilderment at this fearful catastrophe.

     Loisel came home at night, his face lined and pale; he had discovered nothing.

     "You must write to your friend," he said, "and tell her that you've broken the clasp of her necklace and are getting it mended. That will give us time to look about us."

     She wrote at his dictation.

By the end of a week they had lost all hope.

     Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

     "We must see about replacing the diamonds."

     Next day they took the box which had held the necklace and went to the jewellers whose name was inside. He consulted his books.

     "It was not I who sold this necklace, Madame; I must have merely supplied the clasp."

     Then they went from jeweller to jeweller, searching for another necklace like the first, consulting their memories, both ill with remorse and anguish of mind.

     In a shop at the Palais-Royal they found a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly like the one they were looking for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They were allowed to have it for thirty-six thousand.

     They begged the jeweller not to sell it for three days. And they arranged matters on the understanding that it would be taken back for thirty-four thousand francs, if the first one were found before the end of February.

     Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs left to him by his father. He intended to borrow the rest.

     He did borrow it, getting a thousand from one man, five hundred from another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes of hand, entered into ruinous agreements, did business with usurers and the whole tribe of money-lenders. He mortgaged the whole remaining years of his existence, risked his signature without even knowing if he could honour it, and, appalled at the agonising face of the future, at the black misery about to fall upon him, at the prospect of every possible physical privation and moral torture, he went to get the new necklace and put down upon the jeweller's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

     When Madame Loisel took back the necklace to Madame Forestier, the latter said to her in a chilly voice:

     "You ought to have brought it back sooner; I might have needed it."

     She did not, as her friend had feared, open the case. If she had noticed the substitution, what would she have thought? What would she have said? Would she not have taken her for a thief?

Madame Loisel came to know the ghastly life of abject poverty. From the very first she played her part heroically. This fearful debt must be paid off. She would pay it. The servant was dismissed. They changed their flat; they took a garret under the roof.

     She came to know the heavy work of the house, the hateful duties of the kitchen. She washed the plates, wearing out her pink nails on the coarse pottery and the bottoms of pans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts and dish-cloths, and hung them out to dry on a string; every morning she took the dustbin down into the street and carried up the water, stopping on each landing to get her breath. And, clad like a poor woman, she went to the fruiterer, to the grocer, to the butcher, a basket on her arm, haggling, insulted, fighting for every wretched halfpenny of her money.

     Every month notes had to be paid off, others renewed, time gained.

     Her husband worked in the evenings at putting straight a merchant's accounts, and often at night he did copying at two pence-halfpenny a page.

     And this life lasted ten years.

     At the end of ten years everything was paid off, everything, the usurer's charges and the accumulation of superimposed interest.

     Madame Loisel looked old now. She had become like all the other strong, hard, coarse women of poor households. Her hair was badly done, her skirts were awry, her hands were red. She spoke in a shrill voice, and the water slopped all over the floor when she scrubbed it. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down by the window and thought of that evening long ago, of the ball at which she had been so beautiful and so much admired.

     What would have happened if she had never lost those jewels. Who knows? Who knows? How strange life is, how fickle! How little is needed to ruin or to save!

     One Sunday, as she had gone for a walk along the Champs-Elysees to freshen herself after the labours of the week, she caught sight suddenly of a woman who was taking a child out for a walk. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still attractive.

     Madame Loisel was conscious of some emotion. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all. Why not?

     She went up to her.

     "Good morning, Jeanne."

     The other did not recognise her, and was surprised at being thus familiarly addressed by a poor woman.

     "But . . . Madame . . ." she stammered. "I don't know . . . you must be making a mistake."

     "No . . . I am Mathilde Loisel."

     Her friend uttered a cry.

     "Oh! . . . my poor Mathilde, how you have changed! . . ."

     "Yes, I've had some hard times since I saw you last; and many sorrows, and all on your account."

     "On my account! . . . How was that?"

     "You remember the diamond necklace you lent me for the ball at the Ministry?"

     "Yes. Well?"

     "Well, I lost it."

     "How could you? Why, you brought it back."

     "I brought you another one just like it. And for the last ten years we have been paying for it. You realise it wasn't easy for us; we had no money. . . . Well, it's paid for at last, and I'm glad indeed."

     Madame Forestier had halted.

     "You say you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?"

     "Yes. You hadn't noticed it? They were very much alike."

     She smiled in proud and innocent happiness. Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took her two hands.

     "Oh, my poor Mathilde! But mine was imitation. It was worth at the very most five hundred francs! . . . "

The Necklace-General story questions (answer in full sentences with reasons, examples and explanations)

1. Why did Guy de Maupassant entitle the story "[The Necklace](http://classiclit.about.com/od/necklaceguydemaupassant/a/The-Necklace-Review.htm)"?
2. Are there conflicts (physical, moral, intellectual, or emotional) in the story? How are they introduced? Are they ever resolved?
3. [The Necklace](http://classiclit.about.com/od/necklaceguydemaupassant/a/The-Necklace-Review.htm) is an important symbol. Explain what it is a symbol of and why it is important to understanding the theme of the story.
4. Do you find the characters likable (or detestable)? Does your opinion of the characters change substantially through the story? Why or why not?
5. Was the story ending unexpected? How? Why?
6. What is the theme of the story? Is the purpose important or meaningful?
7. How essential is the setting to the story? Could the story have taken place anywhere else?
8. How does class and money become important in the story?
9. Identify examples of each the following literary terms in the story and explain why there are an example of those terms, or if there is not an example explain why not.: protagonist, antagonist, dynamic character, round character, static character, stereotyped character, suspense, climax
10. What is the plot of the story?
11. What is one setting in the story?
12. Other characters in the story (pick a verb that describes their feelings towards the main character- ie. Hate, like, distrust, trust, are scared of etc.) the main character because…
13. I would/wouldn’t recommend reading this story because…
14. On a scale of 1-10 I give this story a \_\_\_ because…
15. I did/didn’t like the end of the story because…
16. My favourite character is the story was \_\_\_\_\_ because…
17. My least favourite character was \_\_\_\_\_ because…
18. This story made me feel (pick a feeling- ie. Sad, mad, happy, disappointed etc),\_\_\_\_\_ because…
19. This story would have been better if…
20. This story made me wonder about (pick something the story made you wonder about)\_\_\_\_\_ because…

Written assignment:

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.

The Sniper by Liam O'Flaherty (1897-1984)

The long June twilight faded into night. Dublin lay enveloped in darkness but for the dim light of the moon that shone through fleecy clouds, casting a pale light as of approaching dawn over the streets and the dark waters of the Liffey. Around the beleaguered Four Courts the heavy guns roared. Here and there through the city, machine guns and rifles broke the silence of the night, spasmodically, like dogs barking on lone farms. Republicans and Free Staters were waging civil war.

On a rooftop near O'Connell Bridge, a Republican sniper lay watching. Beside him lay his rifle and over his shoulders was slung a pair of field glasses. His face was the face of a student, thin and ascetic, but his eyes had the cold gleam of the fanatic. They were deep and thoughtful, the eyes of a man who is used to looking at death.

He was eating a sandwich hungrily. He had eaten nothing since morning. He had been too excited to eat. He finished the sandwich, and, taking a flask of whiskey from his pocket, he took a short drought. Then he returned the flask to his pocket. He paused for a moment, considering whether he should risk a smoke. It was dangerous. The flash might be seen in the darkness, and there were enemies watching. He decided to take the risk.

Placing a cigarette between his lips, he struck a match, inhaled the smoke hurriedly and put out the light. Almost immediately, a bullet flattened itself against the parapet of the roof. The sniper took another whiff and put out the cigarette. Then he swore softly and crawled away to the left.

Cautiously he raised himself and peered over the parapet. There was a flash and a bullet whizzed over his head. He dropped immediately. He had seen the flash. It came from the opposite side of the street.

He rolled over the roof to a chimney stack in the rear, and slowly drew himself up behind it, until his eyes were level with the top of the parapet. There was nothing to be seen--just the dim outline of the opposite housetop against the blue sky. His enemy was under cover.

Just then an armored car came across the bridge and advanced slowly up the street. It stopped on the opposite side of the street, fifty yards ahead. The sniper could hear the dull panting of the motor. His heart beat faster. It was an enemy car. He wanted to fire, but he knew it was useless. His bullets would never pierce the steel that covered the gray monster.

Then round the corner of a side street came an old woman, her head covered by a tattered shawl. She began to talk to the man in the turret of the car. She was pointing to the roof where the sniper lay. An informer.

The turret opened. A man's head and shoulders appeared, looking toward the sniper. The sniper raised his rifle and fired. The head fell heavily on the turret wall. The woman darted toward the side street. The sniper fired again. The woman whirled round and fell with a shriek into the gutter.

Suddenly from the opposite roof a shot rang out and the sniper dropped his rifle with a curse. The rifle clattered to the roof. The sniper thought the noise would wake the dead. He stooped to pick the rifle up. He couldn't lift it. His forearm was dead. "I'm hit," he muttered.

Dropping flat onto the roof, he crawled back to the parapet. With his left hand he felt the injured right forearm. The blood was oozing through the sleeve of his coat. There was no pain--just a deadened sensation, as if the arm had been cut off.

Quickly he drew his knife from his pocket, opened it on the breastwork of the parapet, and ripped open the sleeve. There was a small hole where the bullet had entered. On the other side there was no hole. The bullet had lodged in the bone. It must have fractured it. He bent the arm below the wound. the arm bent back easily. He ground his teeth to overcome the pain.

 Then taking out his field dressing, he ripped open the packet with his knife. He broke the neck of the iodine bottle and let the bitter fluid drip into the wound. A paroxysm of pain swept through him. He placed the cotton wadding over the wound and wrapped the dressing over it. He tied the ends with his teeth.

Then he lay still against the parapet, and, closing his eyes, he made an effort of will to overcome the pain.

In the street beneath all was still. The armored car had retired speedily over the bridge, with the machine gunner's head hanging lifeless over the turret. The woman's corpse lay still in the gutter.

The sniper lay still for a long time nursing his wounded arm and planning escape. Morning must not find him wounded on the roof. The enemy on the opposite roof coverd his escape. He must kill that enemy and he could not use his rifle. He had only a revolver to do it. Then he thought of a plan.

Taking off his cap, he placed it over the muzzle of his rifle. Then he pushed the rifle slowly upward over the parapet, until the cap was visible from the opposite side of the street. Almost immediately there was a report, and a bullet pierced the center of the cap. The sniper slanted the rifle forward. The cap clipped down into the street. Then catching the rifle in the middle, the sniper dropped his left hand over the roof and let it hang, lifelessly. After a few moments he let the rifle drop to the street. Then he sank to the roof, dragging his hand with him.

 Crawling quickly to his feet, he peered up at the corner of the roof. His ruse had succeeded. The other sniper, seeing the cap and rifle fall, thought that he had killed his man. He was now standing before a row of chimney pots, looking across, with his head clearly silhouetted against the western sky.

The Republican sniper smiled and lifted his revolver above the edge of the parapet. The distance was about fifty yards--a hard shot in the dim light, and his right arm was paining him like a thousand devils. He took a steady aim. His hand trembled with eagerness. Pressing his lips together, he took a deep breath through his nostrils and fired. He was almost deafened with the report and his arm shook with the recoil.

Then when the smoke cleared, he peered across and uttered a cry of joy. His enemy had been hit. He was reeling over the parapet in his death agony. He struggled to keep his feet, but he was slowly falling forward as if in a dream. The rifle fell from his grasp, hit the parapet, fell over, bounded off the pole of a barber's shop beneath and then clattered on the pavement.

Then the dying man on the roof crumpled up and fell forward. The body turned over and over in space and hit the ground with a dull thud. Then it lay still.

The sniper looked at his enemy falling and he shuddered. The lust of battle died in him. He became bitten by remorse. The sweat stood out in beads on his forehead. Weakened by his wound and the long summer day of fasting and watching on the roof, he revolted from the sight of the shattered mass of his dead enemy. His teeth chattered, he began to gibber to himself, cursing the war, cursing himself, cursing everybody.

He looked at the smoking revolver in his hand, and with an oath he hurled it to the roof at his feet. The revolver went off with a concussion and the bullet whizzed past the sniper's head. He was frightened back to his senses by the shock. His nerves steadied. The cloud of fear scattered from his mind and he laughed.

 Taking the whiskey flask from his pocket, he emptied it a drought. He felt reckless under the influence of the spirit. He decided to leave the roof now and look for his company commander, to report. Everywhere around was quiet. There was not much danger in going through the streets. He picked up his revolver and put it in his pocket. Then he crawled down through the skylight to the house underneath.

When the sniper reached the laneway on the street level, he felt a sudden curiosity as to the identity of the enemy sniper whom he had killed. He decided that he was a good shot, whoever he was. He wondered did he know him. Perhaps he had been in his own company before the split in the army. He decided to risk going over to have a look at him. He peered around the corner into O'Connell Street. In the upper part of the street there was heavy firing, but around here all was quiet.

The sniper darted across the street. A machine gun tore up the ground around him with a hail of bullets, but he escaped. He threw himself face downward beside the corpse. The machine gun stopped.

Then the sniper turned over the dead body and looked into his brother's face.

General story questions for The Sniper(answer in full sentences with reasons, examples and explanations when necessary)

1. The main character is…
2. The story is about…
3. The story takes place in…
4. The theme (message) of this story is…
5. I think this because…
6. Two things the main character did in the story were…
7. I think he did these things because…
8. The climax of the story was…
9. Other characters in the story (pick a verb that describes their feelings towards the main character- ie. Hate, like, distrust, trust, are scared of etc.) the main character because…
10. The title of the story does/doesn’t suit it because…
11. I would/wouldn’t recommend reading this story because…
12. On a scale of 1-10 I give this story a \_\_\_ because…
13. I think the main character is/isn’t believable because…
14. This story teaches us ….
15. One example of suspense in the story is when…
16. I did/didn’t like the end of the story because…
17. My favourite character is the story was \_\_\_\_\_ because…
18. My least favourite character was \_\_\_\_\_ because…
19. This story made me feel (pick a feeling- ie. Sad, mad, happy, disappointed etc),\_\_\_\_\_ because…
20. This story would have been better if…
21. One thing I would have done differently in the story would have been (pick one thing you would have had happen differently) \_\_\_\_\_\_ because…
22. This story made me wonder about (pick something the story made you wonder about)\_\_\_\_\_ because…
23. The most interesting thing about this story was (pick an interesting thing from the story) \_\_\_\_\_\_ because…

Written assignment for The Sniper

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.

Poem questions

All answers must have reason/examples and explanations where necessary. Answers must be written in full sentences.

1. What is the title of the song/poem?
2. Does the title suit the song/poem? Explain your answer.
3. What is the song/poem about?
4. How do you know the poem is about this? Give 2 reasons with examples and explanations.
5. What is the theme of the poem? Explain your answer.
6. Why do you think the poet wrote this song or poem?
7. What are two things this poem made you think about and why?
8. What is one part of the poem you found interesting and why?
9. What is one part of the poem you didn’t like and why?
10. Overall did you like or dislike this poem. Explain 1 reason why.
11. On a scale of 1-10 what would you rank this song/poem ? Give 2 reasons for your answer.
12. What is one thing that the poet could have done to improve the poem ? Explain how it would have been improved.
13. Would you recommend this poem to others? Why or why not?
14. Find the following poetic devices in the stanzas given. Write the line of poetry they are found in, (only as much as necessary to show the device) and explain why it is an example of that device.

Stanza 1- metaphor, hyperbole

Stanza 2- simile, irony

Stanza 3- metaphor, personification

Stanza 4- alliteration, assonance

Stanza 5- allusion

Stanza 6-metaphor, simile, allusion

Stanza 7-onomatopoeia, hyperbole

Stanza 8- allusion, alliteration

Stanza 9- colloquial expression, personification, cliche

Stanza 10- personification, consonance

Stanza 11- irony, cliché

Stanza 12- metaphor, hyperbole

Stanza 13-alliteration, assonance

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| --- | --- |
| Who am I? by meI am myself.But what does that mean?I wish I knew.I am trapped inside this shell.I want to soar in the windLike an eagle,But all I do is run around,and stick my head in the sandLike an ostrich.Avoiding life, avoiding risk,Playing it safe.I am a fake.I pretend to be so strong, When inside I am just a little leaf, Shaking steadily in the winds of discontent.I want to be so much more,To do so much more.But I am afraid.Afraid to be free.Afraid to try to fly.But I don’t want to be.If an ugly duckling can transform themselfInto a beautiful swanWhy can’t I?Why can’t I defy the odds, And believe in myself.See the beauty within myself,And let it shine,A wondrous rainbow of hopes and dreams,As brilliant and as beautifulAs the fireworks on New Year’s Eve.ARRRRRRRGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!I want to scream out loud.To shout my feelings to the world.“Everyone, listen to me…I am here…I am real…And I’m not going anywhere” | Maybe I can do it…Like the little engine who thought he couldWho knew he couldMake it up the hill.He didn’t let anyone tell him any different.I want to be like that.He didn’t ‘wimp out’He summoned his inner strengthAnd defied the odds.He triumphed over adversity.He believed.You know what?I believe too.Why should I continue to be afraid?To hide away from life.Who am I hiding from anyways?I am just as good as anyone else.I don’t know why I didn’t realize this before.Why have I been hiding from an enemyThat never really existed?No one is going to stop meFrom following my dreams.From wishing on a star.I feel like a weight has been lifted,A light has burst out inside of me,One that is desperate to be seen,Desperate to be heard,Desperate to live life.Watch out world,Keep an eye on me.Why?Because…I have finally figured it out.I know who I am.I know where I come from.I know why I am here.I know what it means.I’m not trapped anymore.I am myself.And there’s no one else I’d rather be. |