

Name: _____

Ms. Chase/Mr. Brill

Unit 1

Literary Analysis

&

Reading

Comprehension



September 2016

Utopian & Dystopian Literature

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
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12	13	14	15	16
19	20	21	22	23
26	27	28	29	30
October 3	4	5	6	7

Unit 1 - Literary Analysis & Reading Comp.

Text

"Harrison Bergeron"

Pleasantville

"The Unknown Citizen"

"The Lottery"

"Nothing Gold Can Stay"

Literary Elements

irony

setting

characterization

point of view

conflict

theme

Tone

Imagery

Essential Questions

- Why do we read fictional texts?
- What does literature reveal about the concept of Utopia?
- What factors/situations combine to create dystopia?
- Does a governing body have the right to dictate morality?
- Is personal integrity more important than survival?
- What happens to the individual/the group in a dystopia?
- Is hypocrisy a natural human flaw?

Quarter 1 Assessment

Write a literary analysis essay that analyzes the passage provided in terms of how that passage relates to a central idea/theme of the work as a whole. The analysis should discuss the passage in terms of a specific literary element (characterization, symbolism, irony, foreshadowing, etc.) and how that element helps develop the central idea.

Unit 1 Vocab

Satire

Irony

Totalitarianism

Conformity

Exploitation

Objectification

Altruism

Allegiance

Utopia

Dystopia

Prosperity

Ignorance

Idyllic

Vigilance

Unconventional

Eccentricity

Impediment

Costa's Level of Questioning

Directions: After listening to the song "Imagine" by John Lennon, write down one costa question for each level on the blank costa house provided.

"Imagine" by John Lennon

Imagine there's no heaven
It's easy if you try
No hell below us
Above us only sky
Imagine all the people
Living for today

Imagine there's no countries
It isn't hard to do
Nothing to kill or die for
And no religion, too
Imagine all the people
Living life in peace

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join us
And the world will be as one

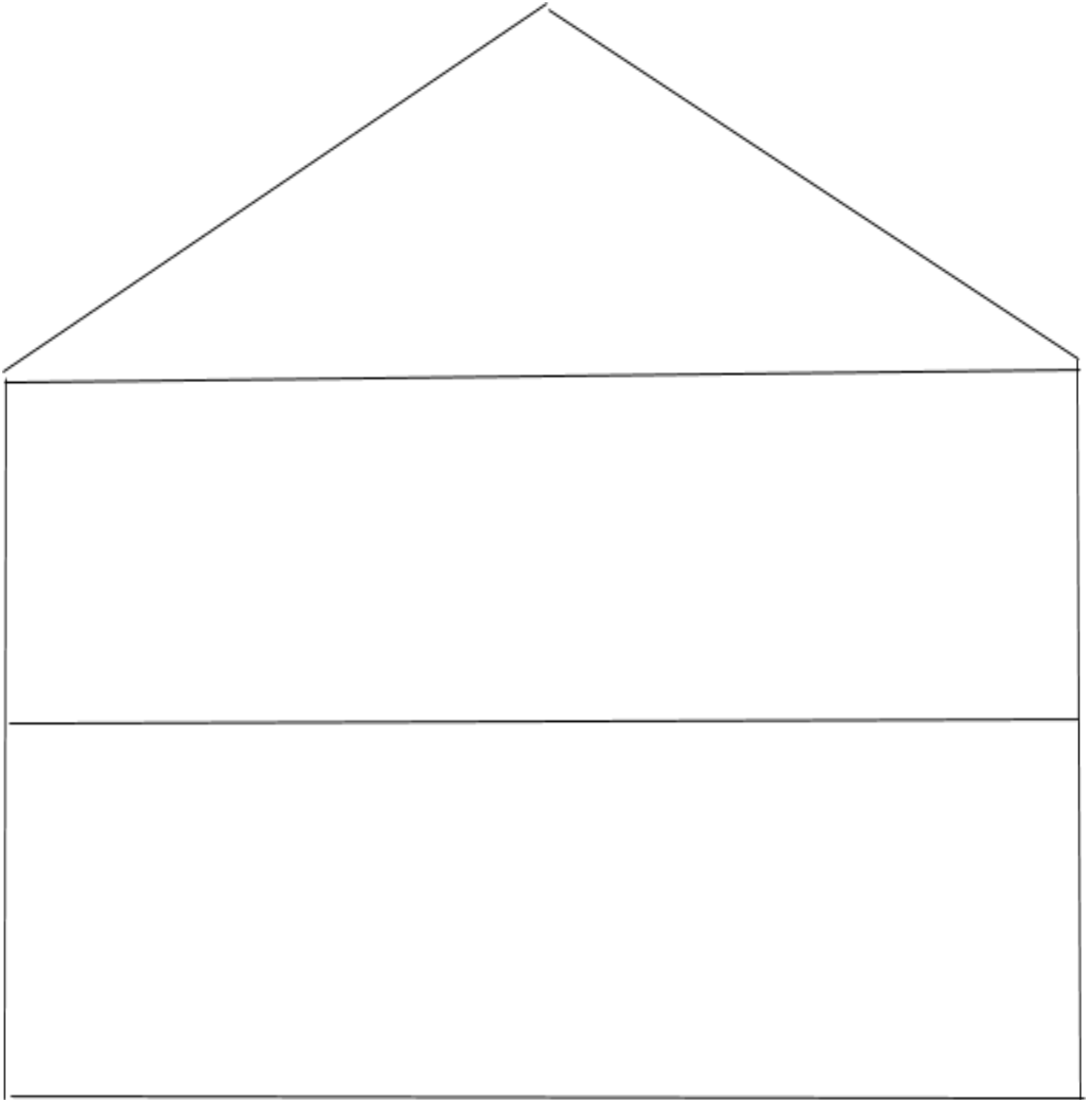
Imagine no possessions
I wonder if you can
No need for greed or hunger
A brotherhood of man
Imagine all the people
Sharing all the world

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join us
And the world will live as one

Directions: Using the song lyrics from "Imagine" by John Lennon and the three-story house handout on Costa's Levels of Questions, come up with two level one, two level two, and two level three questions.

Costa's Level of Questioning

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Utopian Community Project

DIRECTIONS: You and your group will be designing your own utopian world. Your project will include information about the following areas. Under each category, you must supply enough information to inform others of your community and entice them to join. You will be asked to display your world on a poster with visuals and present your finished community to the rest of the class on Monday 9/12. The goal of your presentation is to persuade the people in your class to be a part of your community. So, be persuasive and make your community look appealing.

Government: Every community needs laws, otherwise there would be chaos. Name 10 rules or laws in your community. Who makes the laws? How are the laws enforced? Is your community a democracy? A dictatorship? A monarchy? What happens when a person in the community breaks a law?

Education: School is a way of preparing kids to be successful members of the community. What will school be like in your community? What will be taught and what subjects will be required? How will education serve the community? How will schools in your community be different from schools in your community now?

Employment: Think about the jobs people must have to help your community function. Choose 5 important jobs to describe. For each job, include at least 5 sentences describing - the title of the job - the function of the job - the type of people chosen for the job - how people are chosen for the job - how people are trained for the job. Include a picture of what a person employed in this job might look like (uniforms, etc).

Money: Is there a system of money in your community? If the answer is yes: Draw a picture of your money (coins and paper money) What is your money called? If the answer is no: Why don't you have money? How do you "pay" people for their jobs? How do people get what they need to survive?

Recreation: What is recreation like in your community? How much time do most people spend on recreation each week? What do people do for fun in your utopian community? Does the government control how people spend their free time? How is this different from the way people spend their free time in the community that you live in now?

Technology: How does your community view technology? Are they technologically advanced? Do the people live a more simple life?

One-Pager

Create a One-Pager about the Themes or Big Ideas from your summer reading book.

Due: Wednesday, September 14th at the beginning of class.

Directions: Read the following activities to include on your One-Pager.

Elements to include:

Include the title of the book and author somewhere centrally on your page.
Include a notable word(s), quote(s), phrase(s), etc. that jump out at you. Write them down anywhere on your page. Use different colors or writing style to make them stand out.
Use a visual image, either drawn or cut out from magazines, which create a "visual focus" on your one-pager. Pictures should represent what you have visually in mind about the reading.
Make a personal statement about what you have read. What did the reading mean to you? What is your opinion, final thought, big question, or personal connection?
Ask a level 2 or 3 costa question or two and answer it.
Be creative. Communicate your understanding or interpretation of the reading. Create in a way that your audience will understand something about the literature piece.

Do not...

- Summarize the entire story
- Think half page will do

A successful One-Pager will include:

- ____ Title and Author of book (5 pts)
- ____ 1 quote (15 pts)
- ____ A personal statement about you personal connections or opinion of the book (10 pts)
- ____ One level 2 or 3 question you pose and an answer to that question (10 pts)
- ____ A creative and thoughtful visual image (10 pts)
- ____ **Total (50 pts)**

Name: _____

Date: _____

“Harrison Bergeron”
Anticipation Guide

Directions: Read each statement in column two. Write “Agree” or “Disagree” in *column one*. After we read the short story we will revisit these statements and answer the questions as we think the author of the short story would answer.

Do you agree or disagree?	Statement	Would the author agree or disagree? Circle and explain, including examples of the author’s tone.
	In an ideal society, everyone is equal.	AGREE / DISAGREE . . . Why?
	The government has a duty to impose (force) equality.	AGREE / DISAGREE . . . Why?
	Effort is just as important as skill.	AGREE / DISAGREE . . . Why?
	Equality in society would result in a happier population.	AGREE / DISAGREE . . . Why?
	Everyone should have the same opportunities.	AGREE / DISAGREE . . . Why?

What if everyone were the same?

What would the world be like if everyone were the same—average in intelligence, talents, appearance, and strength— and no one was better than anyone else? How do you think people would feel and act toward each other? Would they be happy and satisfied?

Directions: In the chart below, brainstorm possible advantages and disadvantages of a world where everyone is the same—exactly average. Try to generate as many ideas as possible.

Advantages	Disadvantages

HARRISON BERGERON by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

THE YEAR WAS 2081, and everybody was finally equal. They weren't only equal before God and the law. They were equal every which way. Nobody was smarter than anybody else. Nobody was better looking than anybody else. Nobody was stronger or quicker than anybody else. All this equality was due to the 211th, 212th, and 213th Amendments to the Constitution, and to the unceasing vigilance of agents of the United States Handicapper General.

Some things about living still weren't quite right, though. April for instance, still drove people crazy by not being springtime. And it was in that clammy month that the H-G men took George and Hazel Bergeron's fourteen-year-old son, Harrison, away.

It was tragic, all right, but George and Hazel couldn't think about it very hard. Hazel had a perfectly average intelligence, which meant she couldn't think about anything except in short bursts. And George, while his intelligence was way above normal, had a little mental handicap radio in his ear. He was required by law to wear it at all times. It was tuned to a government transmitter. Every twenty seconds or so, the transmitter would send out some sharp noise to keep people like George from taking unfair advantage of their brains.

George and Hazel were watching television. There were tears on Hazel's cheeks, but she'd forgotten for the moment what they were about.

On the television screen were ballerinas.

A buzzer sounded in George's head. His thoughts fled in panic, like bandits from a burglar alarm.

"That was a real pretty dance, that dance they just did," said Hazel.

"Huh" said George.

"That dance-it was nice," said Hazel.

"Yup," said George. He tried to think a little about the ballerinas. They weren't really very good-no better than anybody else would have been, anyway. They were burdened with sashweights and bags of birdshot, and their faces were masked, so that no one, seeing a free and graceful gesture or a pretty face, would feel like something the cat drug in. George was toying with the vague notion that maybe dancers shouldn't be handicapped. But he didn't get very far with it before another noise in his ear radio scattered his thoughts.

George winced. So did two out of the eight ballerinas.

Hazel saw him wince. Having no mental handicap herself, she had to ask George what the latest sound had been.

"Sounded like somebody hitting a milk bottle with a ball peen hammer," said George.

"I'd think it would be real interesting, hearing all the different sounds," said Hazel a little envious. "All the things they think up."

"Um," said George.

"Only, if I was Handicapper General, you know what I would do?" said Hazel. Hazel, as a matter of fact, bore a strong resemblance to the Handicapper General, a woman named Diana Moon Glampers. "If I was Diana Moon Glampers," said Hazel, "I'd have chimes on Sunday-just chimes. Kind of in honor of religion."

"I could think, if it was just chimes," said George.

"Well-maybe make 'em real loud," said Hazel. "I think I'd make a good Handicapper General."

"Good as anybody else," said George.

"Who knows better than I do what normal is?" said Hazel.

"Right," said George. He began to think glimmeringly about his abnormal son who was now in jail, about Harrison, but a twenty-one-gun salute in his head stopped that.

"Boy!" said Hazel, "that was a doozy, wasn't it?"

It was such a doozy that George was white and trembling, and tears stood on the rims of his red eyes. Two of the eight ballerinas had collapsed to the studio floor, were holding their temples.

"All of a sudden you look so tired," said Hazel. "Why don't you stretch out on the sofa, so's you can rest your handicap bag on the pillows, honeybunch." She was referring to the forty-seven pounds of birdshot in a canvas bag, which was padlocked around George's neck. "Go on and rest the bag for a little while," she said. "I don't care if you're not equal to me for a while."

George weighed the bag with his hands. "I don't mind it," he said. "I don't notice it any more. It's just a part of me."

"You been so tired lately-kind of wore out," said Hazel. "If there was just some way we could make a little hole in the bottom of the bag, and just take out a few of them lead balls. Just a few."

"Two years in prison and two thousand dollars fine for every ball I took out," said George. "I don't call that a bargain."

"If you could just take a few out when you came home from work," said Hazel. "I mean-you don't compete with anybody around here. You just sit around."

"If I tried to get away with it," said George, "then other people'd get away with it-and pretty soon we'd be right back to the dark ages again, with everybody competing against everybody else. You wouldn't like that, would you?"

"I'd hate it," said Hazel.

"There you are," said George. The minute people start cheating on laws, what do you think happens to society?"

If Hazel hadn't been able to come up with an answer to this question, George couldn't have supplied one. A siren was going off in his head.

"Reckon it'd fall all apart," said Hazel.

"What would?" said George blankly.

"Society," said Hazel uncertainly. "Wasn't that what you just said?"

"Who knows?" said George.

The television program was suddenly interrupted for a news bulletin. It wasn't clear at first as to what the bulletin was about, since the announcer, like all announcers, had a serious speech impediment. For about half a minute, and in a state of high excitement, the announcer tried to say, "Ladies and Gentlemen."

He finally gave up, handed the bulletin to a ballerina to read.

"That's all right-" Hazel said of the announcer, "he tried. That's the big thing. He tried to do the best he could with what God gave him. He should get a nice raise for trying so hard."

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the ballerina, reading the bulletin. She must have been extraordinarily beautiful, because the mask she wore was hideous. And it was easy to see that she was the strongest and most graceful of all the dancers, for her handicap bags were as big as those worn by two-hundred pound men.

And she had to apologize at once for her voice, which was a very unfair voice for a woman to use. Her voice was a warm, luminous, timeless melody. "Excuse me-" she said, and she began again, making her voice absolutely uncompetitive. "Harrison Bergeron, age fourteen," she said in a grackle squawk, "has just escaped from jail, where he was held on suspicion of plotting to overthrow the government. He is a genius and an athlete, is under-handicapped, and should be regarded as extremely dangerous."

A police photograph of Harrison Bergeron was flashed on the screen-upside down, then sideways, upside down again, then right side up. The picture showed the full length of Harrison against a background calibrated in feet and inches. He was exactly seven feet tall.

The rest of Harrison's appearance was Halloween and hardware. Nobody had ever born heavier handicaps. He had outgrown hindrances faster than the H-G men could think them up. Instead of a little ear radio for a mental handicap, he wore a tremendous pair of earphones, and spectacles with thick wavy lenses. The spectacles were intended to make him not only half blind, but to give him whanging headaches besides.

Scrap metal was hung all over him. Ordinarily, there was a certain symmetry, a military neatness to the handicaps issued to strong people, but Harrison looked like a walking junkyard. In the race of life, Harrison carried three hundred pounds. And to offset his good looks, the H-G men required that he wear at all times a red rubber ball for a nose, keep his eyebrows shaved off, and cover his even white teeth with black caps at snaggle-tooth random.

"If you see this boy," said the ballerina, "do not - I repeat, do not - try to reason with him."

There was the shriek of a door being torn from its hinges.

Screams and barking cries of consternation came from the television set. The photograph of Harrison Bergeron on the screen jumped again and again, as though dancing to the tune of an earthquake.

George Bergeron correctly identified the earthquake, and well he might have - for many was the time his own home had danced to the same crashing tune. "My God-" said George, "that must be Harrison!"

The realization was blasted from his mind instantly by the sound of an automobile collision in his head. When George could open his eyes again, the photograph of Harrison was gone. A living, breathing Harrison filled the screen.

Clanking, clownish, and huge, Harrison stood - in the center of the studio. The knob of the uprooted studio door was still in his hand. Ballerinas, technicians, musicians, and announcers cowered on their knees before him, expecting to die. "I am the Emperor!" cried Harrison. "Do you hear? I am the Emperor! Everybody must do what I say at once!" He stamped his foot and the studio shook.

"Even as I stand here" he bellowed, "crippled, hobbled, sickened - I am a greater ruler than any man who ever lived! Now watch me become what I can become!"

Harrison tore the straps of his handicap harness like wet tissue paper, tore straps guaranteed to support five thousand pounds.

Harrison's scrap-iron handicaps crashed to the floor.

Harrison thrust his thumbs under the bar of the padlock that secured his head harness. The bar snapped like celery. Harrison smashed his headphones and spectacles against the wall.

He flung away his rubber-ball nose, revealed a man that would have awed Thor, the god of thunder.

"I shall now select my Empress!" he said, looking down on the cowering people. "Let the first woman who dares rise to her feet claim her mate and her throne!"

A moment passed, and then a ballerina arose, swaying like a willow.

Harrison plucked the mental handicap from her ear, snapped off her physical handicaps with marvelous delicacy. Last of all he removed her mask.

She was blindingly beautiful.

"Now-" said Harrison, taking her hand, "shall we show the people the meaning of the word dance? Music!" he commanded. The musicians scrambled back into their chairs, and Harrison stripped them of their handicaps, too. "Play your best," he told them, "and I'll make you barons and dukes and earls."

The music began. It was normal at first-cheap, silly, false. But Harrison snatched two musicians from their chairs, waved them like batons as he sang the music as he wanted it played. He slammed them back into their chairs.

The music began again and was much improved.

Harrison and his Empress merely listened to the music for a while-listened gravely, as though synchronizing their heartbeats with it.

They shifted their weights to their toes.

Harrison placed his big hands on the girls tiny waist, letting her sense the weightlessness that would soon be hers. And then, in an explosion of joy and grace, into the air they sprang!

Not only were the laws of the land abandoned, but the law of gravity and the laws of motion as well.

They reeled, whirled, swiveled, flounced, capered, gamboled, and spun.

They leaped like deer on the moon.

The studio ceiling was thirty feet high, but each leap brought the dancers nearer to it.

It became their obvious intention to kiss the ceiling. They kissed it.

And then, neutraling gravity with love and pure will, they remained suspended in air inches below the ceiling, and they kissed each other for a long, long time.

It was then that Diana Moon Glampers, the Handicapper General, came into the studio with a double-barreled ten-gauge shotgun. She fired twice, and the Emperor and the Empress were dead before they hit the floor.

Diana Moon Glampers loaded the gun again. She aimed it at the musicians and told them they had ten seconds to get their handicaps back on.

It was then that the Bergerons' television tube burned out.

Hazel turned to comment about the blackout to George. But George had gone out into the kitchen for a can of beer. George came back in with the beer, paused while a handicap signal shook him up. And then he sat down again. "You been crying" he said to Hazel.

"Yup," she said.

"What about?" he said.

"I forget," she said. "Something real sad on television."

"What was it?" he said.

"It's all kind of mixed up in my mind," said Hazel.

"Forget sad things," said George.

"I always do," said Hazel.

"That's my girl," said George. He winced. There was the sound of a riveting gun in his head.

"Gee - I could tell that one was a doozy," said Hazel.

"You can say that again," said George.

"Gee-" said Hazel, "I could tell that one was a doozy."

Reciprocal Teaching

Directions: In your groups, each individual must choose one role for each chunk of the text. You can choose to be the Visualizer, Clarifier, Questioner, or Summarizer. After each chunk, rotate roles.

1	2
3	4

“Harrison Bergeron”
Reading Check and Literary Analysis

Directions: Recall the events from the short story by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. Then answer the questions in COMPLETE SENTENCES.

1. What is the purpose of the handicaps?

2. How are George and Hazel related to Harrison?

3. What keeps happening to George that prevents him from finishing his thoughts?

4. Why is Harrison in jail?

Analyze Plot and Conflict

5. What is Harrison fighting against in the story?

6. How does the conflict end?

Draw Conclusion

7. Circle the words that best describe the society described in the story.

- a. Free
- b. Tolerant
- c. Repressive
- d. Strict
- e. Conformist
- f. Open-minded

Evaluate

8. Is the world of Harrison Bergeron fair and good? Would you want to live there?

9. Does handicapping beauty, intelligence, and ability help a society to thrive or bring peace?

10. Does equal rights mean equal opportunity or equal outcome?

Interpret Theme

11. Does the author like the society he describes? Support your answer with evidence from the story.

Satirical Writing

Mini-Lesson:

Tone- feeling; attitude of narrator

Satire: A literary work in which human vice (moral failing) or folly (lack of good sense) is attacked (made fun of) through irony, humor, or wit

Irony: an implied discrepancy between what is said and what is meant.

Three kinds of irony:

a. **verbal irony** is when an author says one thing and means something else.

b. **dramatic irony** is when an audience perceives something that a character in the literature does not know.

c. **situational irony** is a discrepancy between the expected result and actual results.

Provide one example of verbal, dramatic, or situational irony from the short story “Harrison Bergeron”:

How does the author’s use of situational irony enhance the theme (author’s message) of the text? What is being satirized?

Pleasantville Clip

Video Clip Analysis Directions: After viewing the Pleasantville clip, answer the questions below on the lines provided. Then, in small groups, share your answers with your peers, and record any new ideas your fellow teammates share on this Analysis form.

Questions:

- 1.) What evidence did you see of 1950s conformity? (Be sure to consider both material evidence as well as the values exhibited by the characters.)

- 2.) Why are some characters “colorful” while others are in “black & white”? What does “colorfulness” seem to symbolize in this video clip?

- 3.) Which group of characters (colorful or black & white) is avoiding conflict? Be sure to include evidence from the video clip!

- 4.) The citizens of Pleasantville appear to be in conflict about something; what is/are the conflict(s) depicted in this video clip? How do you know?

- 5.) Choose either the colorful characters or the black & white characters, and describe how Pleasantville would look/feel/function if your chosen characters were in control of the town. What evidence do you have to support your claim?

THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN BY W. H. AUDEN

He was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be
One against whom there was no official complaint,

And all the reports on his conduct agree
That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he was a saint,

For in everything he did he served the Greater Community.
Except for the War till the day he retired
2 He worked in a factory and never got fired,
But satisfied his employers, Fudge Motors Inc.
Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views,
For his Union reports that he paid his dues,
(Our report on his Union shows it was sound)

And our Social Psychology workers found
That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink.
3 The Press are convinced that he bought a paper every day
And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in every way.
Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,
And his Health-card shows he was once in a hospital but left it cured.

Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare
He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Installment Plan
And had everything necessary to the Modern Man,
4 A phonograph, a radio, a car and a frigidaire.
Our researchers into Public Opinion are content
That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;
When there was peace, he was for peace: when there was war, he went.

He was married and added five children to the population,
Which our Eugenist says was the right number for a parent of his generation.
5 And our teachers report that he never interfered with their education.
Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:
Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard.

CHUNKING OF “The Unknown Citizen”

Paraphrasing - restate the text in your own words

My Assigned Stanza/Chunk:

My Paraphrase:

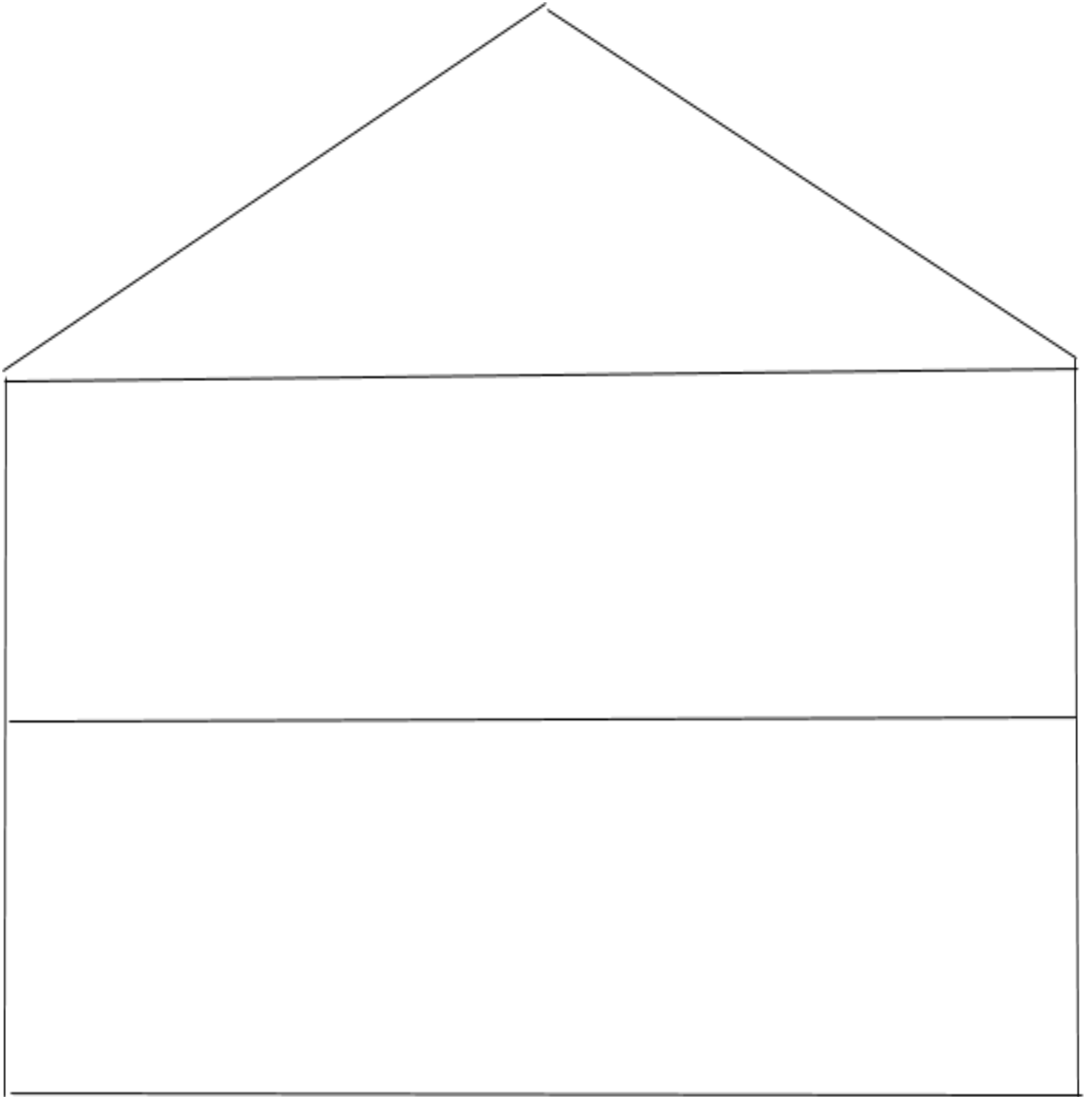
Who was the Unknown Citizen? Using the poem as evidence, list as many character traits of the Unknown Citizen as you can:

Consider the final two lines of Auden's poem and the characteristics/actions you listed above. Was the Unknown Citizen "free"? Was he "happy"? Why or why not?

Auden carries a satirical tone especially in the last two lines of the poem. Explain what about the government/society that he is satirizing:

Costa's Level of Questioning

Directions: Using the poem “The Unknown Citizen” by W.H. Auden and the three-story house handout on Costa’s Levels of Questions, come up with two level one, two level two, and two level three questions.



- 1.) Everything the man did served
 - a.) The government
 - b.) Church
 - c.) Greater community
 - d.) Higher authorities
 - e.) State
- 2.) Readers can infer from lines 18-19 that
 - a.) The man was average
 - b.) The advertisements were unoriginal
 - c.) The man enjoyed the daily paper
 - d.) Nobody liked the man
 - e.) The press spied on the man
- 3.) The Unknown Citizen is all of the following except
 - a.) A veteran
 - b.) Representative of the Modern Man
 - c.) A father
 - d.) A symbol of rebellion
 - e.) Popular with his friends
- 4.) The tone of the "Unknown Citizen" is best described as ...
 - a.) Solemn
 - b.) Criticizing
 - c.) Appreciative
 - d.) Condescending
 - e.) Awe-inspired
- 5.) The phrase "served the Greater Community" means that the Unknown Citizen...
 - a.) Lived a moral life
 - b.) Served in the armed forces when he was drafted
 - c.) Dedicated his resources to the poor around the world
 - d.) Was religiously pious
 - e.) Fulfilled the expectations of the organizations who describe him throughout the poem
- 6.) The overall purpose of the poem is to...
 - a.) Discourage support of the "greater community"
 - b.) Encourage individuality and free speech
 - c.) Satirize government organizations and their demands for conformity
 - d.) Contrast the differences in political views of the time
 - e.) Praise an example of utilitarian sacrifice

The Milgram Experiment

Directions: As you watch the following video on the Milgram Experiment, consider the questions below. After watching the video, please answer in complete sentences.

1.) When and where did the Milgram Experiment take place?

2.) What was the purpose of the Milgram Experiment?

3.) What was the set-up and process for the Milgram Experiment?

4.) What were the results of the Milgram Experiment?

The Lottery--Shirley Jackson "The Lottery" (1948) by Shirley Jackson

The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 2th. but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play. and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix-- the villagers pronounced this name "Dellacroy"--eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters. Soon the men began to gather. surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands.

Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted--as were the square dances, the teen club, the Halloween program--by Mr. Summers. who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him. because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called. "Little late today, folks." The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three- legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool. and when Mr. Summers said, "Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?" there was a hesitation before two men. Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter. came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done. Jackson The black box grew shabbier each year: by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves's barn and another year underfoot in the post office, and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up--of heads of families, heads of households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory, tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on. "and then I looked out the window and the kids was gone, and then I remembered it was the twentyseventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there."

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through: two or three people said, in voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your, Missus, Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully. "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said, grinning, "Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes in the sink, now, would you, Joe?," and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

"Well, now." Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started, get this over with, so's we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?" Jackson "Dunbar." several people said. "Dunbar. Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar." he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

"Me. I guess," a woman said, and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband." Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and everyone

else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

"Horace's not but sixteen yet." Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. "Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year."

"Right." Sr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, "Watson boy drawing this year?"

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. "Here," he said. "I'm drawing for my mother and me." He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said things like "Good fellow, lack." and "Glad to see your mother's got a man to do it."

"Well," Mr. Summers said, "guess that's everyone. Old Man Warner make it?"

"Here," a voice said. and Mr. Summers nodded.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. "All ready?" he called. "Now, I'll read the names--heads of families first--and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?"

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions: most of them were quiet, wetting their lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hi. Steve." Mr. Summers said. and Mr. Adams said. "Hi. Joe." They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he stood a little apart from his family, not looking down at his hand.

"Allen." Mr. Summers said. "Anderson.... Bentham."

"Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries any more." Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row.

"Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

"Time sure goes fast.--Mrs. Graves said.

"Clark.... Delacroix"

"There goes my old man." Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

"Dunbar," Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said. "Go on. Janey," and another said, "There she goes."

"We're next." Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd

there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hand. turning them over and over nervously Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

"Harburt.... Hutchinson."

"Get up there, Bill," Mrs. Hutchinson said. and the people near her laughed.

"Jones."

"They do say," Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, "that over in the north village they're talking of giving up the lottery."

Old Man Warner snorted. "Pack of crazy fools," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for them. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live that way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.' First thing you know, we'd all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There's always been a lottery," he added petulantly. "Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody."

"Some places have already quit lotteries." Mrs. Adams said.

"Nothing but trouble in that," Old Man Warner said stoutly. "Pack of young fools."

"Martin." And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. "Overdyke.... Percy."

"I wish they'd hurry," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. "I wish they'd hurry."

"They're almost through," her son said.

"You get ready to run tell Dad," Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, "Warner."

"Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery," Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. "Seventy-seventh time."

"Watson" The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, "Don't be nervous, Jack," and Mr. Summers said, "Take your time, son."

"Zanini."

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers. holding his slip of paper in the air, said, "All right, fellows." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all the women began to speak at once, saving. "Who is it?" "Who's got it?" "Is it the Dunbars?" "Is it the Watsons?" Then the voices began to say, "It's Hutchinson. It's Bill," "Bill Hutchinson's got it."

"Go tell your father," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers. "You didn't give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair!"

"Be a good sport, Tessie," Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, "All of us took the same chance."

"Shut up, Tessie," Bill Hutchinson said.

"Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done pretty fast, and now we've got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his next list. "Bill," he said, "you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?"

"There's Don and Eva," Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. "Make them take their chance!"

"Daughters draw with their husbands' families, Tessie," Mr. Summers said gently. "You know that as well as anyone else."

"It wasn't fair," Tessie said.

"I guess not, Joe." Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. "My daughter draws with her husband's family; that's only fair. And I've got no other family except the kids."

"Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it's you," Mr. Summers said in explanation, "and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that's you, too. Right?"

"Right," Bill Hutchinson said.

"How many kids, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked formally.

"Three," Bill Hutchinson said.

"There's Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me."

"All right, then," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you got their tickets back?"

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. "Put them in the box, then," Mr. Summers directed. "Take Bill's and put it in."

"I think we ought to start over," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. "I tell you it wasn't fair. You didn't give him time enough to choose. Everybody saw that."

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box. and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground. where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

"Listen, everybody," Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

"Ready, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked. and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children. nodded.

"Remember," Mr. Summers said. "take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave." Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. "Take a paper out of the box, Davy." Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. "Take just one paper." Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you hold it for him." Mr. Graves took the child's hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

"Nancy next," Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward switching her skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box "Bill, Jr.," Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet overlarge, near knocked the box over as he got a paper out. "Tessie," Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly. and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

"Bill," Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be." Old Man Warner said clearly. "People ain't the way they used to be."

"All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's."

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill. Jr.. opened theirs at the same time. and both beamed and laughed. turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us her paper. Bill."

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

"All right, folks." Mr. Summers said. "Let's finish quickly."

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. "Come on," she said. "Hurry up."

Mr. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said. gasping for breath. "I can't run at all. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you."

The children had stones already. And someone gave little Davy Hutchinson few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. "It isn't fair," she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head. Old Man

Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

Reciprocal Teaching

Directions: In your groups, each individual must choose one role for each chunk of the text. You can choose to be the Visualizer, Clarifier, Questioner, or Summarizer. After each chunk, rotate roles.

1	2
----------	----------

3

4

Reciprocal Teaching

Directions: In your groups, each individual must choose one role for each chunk of the text. You can choose to be the Visualizer, Clarifier, Questioner, or Summarizer. After each chunk, rotate roles.

5

6

7

8

Reader's Response:

1.) Did you like this story? Explain--with specific reasons--why you did or why you didn't like this story.

2.) Were you surprised by the ending of the story? If not, at what point did you know what was going to happen?

3.) Why do you think the townspeople continue to participate in this inhumane act year after year? Why might they not stop having it?

-
-
-
- 4.) There are certain traditions in our community and other places that happen year after year. Think of a particular event (or festival) that happens each year. What would happen if someone decided to stop having it each year?

-
-
-
- 5.) Why are people afraid of change?
-
-
-

Analysis Questions:

- 1.) How does Jackson start to foreshadow the ending in paragraphs 2 and 3?
-
-
-

- 2.) Conversely, how does Jackson lull us into thinking that this is just an ordinary story with an ordinary town?
-
-
-

- 3.) In what way does the setting affect the story? Does it make you more or less likely to anticipate the ending?
-

4.) What are some examples of irony in this story? For example, why might the title, "The Lottery," or the opening description in paragraph one, be considered ironic?

5.) Take a close look at Jackson's description of the black wooden box (paragraph 5) and of the black spot on the fatal slip of paper (paragraph 72). What do these objects suggest to you? Why is the black box described as "battered"? Are there any other symbols in the story?

6.) What do you understand to be the writer's own attitude toward the lottery and the stoning? Exactly what in the story makes her attitude clear to us?

7.) This story satirizes a number of social issues, including the reluctance of people to reject outdated traditions, ideas, rules, laws, and practices. What kinds of traditions, practices, laws, etc. might "The Lottery" represent?

8.) This story was published in 1948, just after World War II. What other cultural or historical events, attitudes, institutions, or rituals might Jackson be satirizing in this story?

9.) Shirley Jackson said she had the setting in the present tense (she wrote it in 1948) in order to ***“shock the readers with a graphic dramatization of the pointless violence and general inhumanity in their own lives.”*** What “pointless violence” and “general inhumanity” is she referring to?

10.) Consider her statement in #9 and your response to it. Then answer: What is the message of the story (or the lesson learned by reading the story)?

Unit 1 Accountable Talk

Content Objective: SWBAT articulate opinions on various topics as well as listen to and respond to other perspectives.

Language Objective: SWBAT use sentence starters in order to express opinions.

Tomorrow we will have our first Accountable Talk discussion! We will discuss the themes from our first unit in three, 7 minute rounds. **You will participate in all rounds of discussion.** One round you will participate as a speaker and the other two rounds you will participate as an active observer of the other two rounds.

Directions: Answer all questions in your round. In order to effectively answer the questions, you may use the following to support your opinions:

- personal experiences
- news
- literary works
- historical events
- anthology
- classwork (this year or previous years)
- vocabulary from unit 1

Round 1

The first round will focus on the idea of equality.

Focus question: Would the world be a better place if there were no religions, no countries, and no possessions as explained in "Imagine" by John Lennon?

Focus question: Using any of the texts that we have read so far, explain how one of the authors would view this idea of no religions, no possessions, and no country. You must use at least two quotes from one or more texts in order to substantiate your answers.

Possible vocabulary words to use:

Round 2

The second round will focus on dystopian societies.

Focus Question: What factors/situations combine to create dystopia? Use evidence from the literature we have read so far to support your answers.

Focus Question: Think of our current society – what aspects of utopia/dystopia do we have?

Possible vocabulary words to use:

Round 3

The third round will focus on the individual vs. society.

Focus question: Does a governing body have the right to dictate morality? Use evidence from the literature we have read so far to support your answers.

Focus Question: Is personal integrity more important than survival?

Possible vocabulary words to use:

Accountable Talk: Observation Sheet

Directions: For each round that you are observing, please select one discussion participant to observe during each round and complete the chart below.

Round: _____

Focus: _____

Participant you are observing: _____

Make a tally mark () each time this participant contributes to the discussion:

What is this person's view on the topic?

Round: _____

Focus: _____

Participant you are observing: _____

Make a tally mark () each time this participant contributes to the discussion:

What is this person's view on the topic?

One-Pager

Task: Create a One-Pager based on the theme of either “Harrison Bergeron” or “The Lottery”.
Reveal how the author’s use of irony enhances the theme.

Directions: Read the following activities to include on your One-Pager.

Elements to include:

Include one theme from the text you choose.
Include two notable quote(s) that reveals irony in the text. Write them down anywhere on your page. Use different colors or writing style to make them stand out.
Use a visual image, either drawn or cut out from magazines, which create a “visual focus” on your one-pager. Pictures should represent what you have visually in mind about the reading.
Make a personal statement about what you have read. What did the reading mean to you? What is your opinion, final thought, big question, or personal connection?
Ask a level 2 or 3 question and answer it.
Be creative. Communicate your understanding or interpretation of the reading. Create in a way that your audience will understand something about the literature piece.

Fill the page up. Make it rich with quotes, images, color!

Do not...

- Summarize the entire story
- Think half page will do

A successful One-Pager will include:

- _____ The title, author, and one theme from the text (10 pts)
- _____ Two quotes from the text that reveal examples of irony (10 pts)
- _____ A personal statement about your final thoughts, personal connections, or opinion of the quote (10 points)
- _____ One level 2 or 3 question you pose and an answer to that question (10 pts)
- _____ A creative and thoughtful visual image (10 points)
- _____ **Total (50 pts)**

Name: _____

Ms. Chase/Mr. Brill

Literary Analysis

Theme/Central Idea- _____

Literary Device - _____

Quote #1 _____

_____ (Page #)

Who says this quote? _____

What is happening in the story when the quote is said? _____

How does this quote reveal the literary device?

How does this quote support the central idea of the text?

Quote #2

_____(Page #)

Who says this quote? _____

What is happening in the story when the quote is said? _____

How does this quote reveal the literary device?

How does this quote support the central idea of the text?

Nothing Gold Can Stay

Robert Frost, 1874 - 1963

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

Directions: After reading the poem above, answer the following questions in complete sentences.

1.) Briefly explain this allusion. What is Eden?

2.) Define subsides. Define hue.

3.) In line 1, what is "nature's first green"? Hint: Think about what happens in the spring.

4.) The speaker says that nature's first green "is gold." What are some words, ideas, images, or emotions that we associate with gold? Are these associations mostly positive or negative?

5.) Considering your answer to question 4, what is the speaker saying about “nature’s first green” when he calls it “gold”?

6.) Think of another meaning for the first line. How could “nature’s first green” literally be gold (the color)? Hint: Reread line 3. 8.

7.) In line 2, the speaker says that gold is nature’s “hardest hue to hold.” As it is used in this line, what does hold mean?

8.) In lines 3 and 4, the speaker says that nature’s early leaf is a flower that lasts only for “an hour.” Do you think he means this literally—that the flower dies after one hour? If he doesn’t mean it literally, what is the speaker saying here?

9.) In your own words, briefly summarize what the speaker is saying in lines 1 to 4.

10.) One could say that a flower grows into a leaf, or that a leaf replaces a flower, but in line 5, the poet uses the word subsides to describe the change from the early leaf (or flower) to the mature leaf. How does this word choice affect the meaning or tone of this line?

11.) Identify a word or phrase in line 6 and a word or phrase in line 7 similar in meaning to subsides.

12.) The title and last line of the poem state that “nothing gold can stay.” In lines 6 and 7, what is “gold” that does not “stay”?

13.) Consider the three things in the poem that change: a bud, Eden, and dawn. What do these three things have in common?

14.) What message or idea about change does the speaker express in “Nothing Gold Can Stay”? Explain, using text evidence to support your answer.

15.) How can we relate this poem to our unit? How does this poem connect to the idea of Utopia or the literature that we have read so far this year?
