LESSON 6 - OTHER PEOPLE’S PROBLEMS

This lesson allows you to take a look at the choices you make in your everyday life when it comes to dealing with others in society. Oftentimes, we find ourselves in a position to make a choice: Should we stick around and help someone in need, or should we walk away and avoid the problem? This lesson examines this notion of choice and social responsibility. You will examine the many reasons why people do or do not act in certain circumstances as well as the consequences of these choices.

This lesson has six Key Questions that must be submitted for evaluation.

Key Questions:

Key Question #21 Complete questions to the poem “The Road Not Taken” by Robert Frost
Key Question #22 Complete questions to the essay “The Step Not Taken” by Paul D’Angelo
Key Question #23 Complete questions to article “38 Watched Stabbing” by Max Haines
Key Question #24 Journal reflection
Key Question #25 Worksheet on Transitions
Key Question #26 Write an Expository Paragraph: submit plan, rough copy, and good copy

Evaluation Overview:

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<th>Assessment</th>
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<td>Questions to poem</td>
<td>Knowledge/Understanding</td>
<td>12 marks</td>
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<td>22</td>
<td>Questions to essay</td>
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<td>23</td>
<td>Questions to article</td>
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<td>26</td>
<td>Paragraph</td>
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Expectations:

LI1.01 - analyse and assess ideas, issues, and explicit and implicit information in texts (e.g., assess information from a research report to write an executive summary; explain how separate incidents, characters, or elements in a novel work together to communicate the main theme)
LI1.02  - select and use specific and significant evidence from texts to support judgements and arguments (e.g., support an argument, using convincing examples from texts and research materials; support an interpretation of a character with specific reference to the dialogue in a play)

LI1.05  - analyse the influence of social, cultural, and economic factors on the themes and interpretations of texts (e.g., research an author's background to assess the quality of the information used in an article; as an independent study project, compare how two novels treat political or societal conflicts such as separatism in Canada, apartheid in South Africa, or anti-Semitism during the Second World War)

LI3.01  - analyse how language is used in expository writing to communicate Information, ideas, and arguments (e.g., assess the effectiveness of a plain-language style used in business and technical writing; compare the diction used in a personal letter, a documentary voice-over, a business report, and a newspaper editorial)

LI3.02  - analyse how authors use a variety of literary and rhetorical devices to enhance meaning in texts (e.g., describe the effect of the pattern of images in a play; discuss how repetition and parallel structures in informational texts reinforce meaning)

LI3.03  - analyse the effect of authors' choices of language, syntax, and rhetorical and literary devices on the reader by examining their own and others' responses to the style of texts

WR2.02  - select and use a level of language and a voice appropriate to the specific purpose and intended audience of business and technical communications and expressive writing (e.g., rewrite a section of a technical manual in plain language to create a brochure for a general audience; draft an oral report for an independent study project using specialized vocabulary and aiming at an engaging style)

WR3.02  - select and use appropriate organizational patterns to structure expressive writing and multimedia presentations (e.g., use chronological order to describe the events leading to the crisis in a script; use a comparison-and-contrast pattern to organize and present information and ideas in an independent study project)

WR4.01  - revise drafts to strengthen content and improve organization by adding relevant details and examples, reordering ideas, and strengthening connections (e.g., group relevant information to support key ideas in a short analytical essay; create headings and subheadings to indicate general and specific points in a report)

WR4.02  - revise drafts to improve precision and clarity of expression (e.g., replace vague expressions in a consumer report with precise technical terms; use feedback from a peer conference to identify transition words and phrases to link ideas)

WR4.03  - revise drafts to ensure an effective style (e.g., use checklists or rubrics to assess the effectiveness of word choice, sentence construction, and rhetorical devices in a report; examine writing for consistent use of inclusive
and anti-discriminatory language; read an essay or narrative aloud to check that diction and style are appropriate to the topic and audience

**WR5.04**
- edit and proofread their own and others' writing, identifying and correcting errors according to the requirements for grammar, usage, spelling, and punctuation

**LG1.01**
- apply a variety of strategies to extend vocabulary while reading, with an emphasis on discerning nuances and judging the precision of words (e.g., read articles in a news magazine and describe how the context might help them decipher the meaning of new or unfamiliar words; use a thesaurus to find synonyms for a word and systematically substitute to assess the effect of different word choices)

**LG1.05**
- recognize, describe, and use correctly, in oral and written language, the language structures of standard Canadian English and its conventions of grammar, usage, spelling, and punctuation, as prescribed for this course (e.g., consult recognized style guides for information
KEY QUESTION #21

Read the following poem by Robert Frost and complete the questions that follow.

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I--
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

~Robert Frost

1. Using a dictionary, look up the meaning of the following words. Choose the definition that is most appropriate considering how the word is used in the poem. (3 marks)
   
   a) diverged
   b) undergrowth
   c) trodden (past tense of tread)

2. Describe the choice that the traveler had to make in the poem. [1] Provide details about each option. (4 marks)

3. How has the decision affected the traveler’s life in the years that have passed? Quote the line(s) from the poem that supports this. (2 marks)
4. In one sentence, state what you think the poet is trying to say about choices. Begin with, “I think the poet is trying to say that…” (2 marks)

KEY QUESTION #22

Read the following:

Paul D'Angelo

The Step Not Taken

Paul D'Angelo's usual idea of writing is to tell fish stories, and he admits that his, like most, will stretch the truth. But one day the humour columnist for Canadian Sport Fishing stepped into a Toronto elevator, and lived the true and sobering story that follows. When it appeared, in The Globe and Mail of April 3, 1995, it struck a deep chord: dozens of readers sent replies, one of them 5000 words long. Several recounted tragic experiences they had just had them-selves, and told how D'Angelo's confession had helped them face their own trials. The author of this thought-provoking essay has an unusual background for a writer. Born in Toronto, Paul D'Angelo never went to university but always read a lot, an activity that gave him a way with words. After high school he left for Europe and Africa, where he spent seven years travelling, working here and there, and just living life. In the meantime, on a visit home he launched a seasonal greeting card business, which, still left him seven months a year to roam. For some years now, he and his family have lived in Toronto, where he thinks of himself mostly as an entrepreneur, but goes north to fish pike and bass for fun, and then writes about it in several columns a year. "Write what you live!" he says. Though D'Angelo finds most writing slow and tough, he fell our selection so strongly that he just wrote it right off, to "get it off his chest," and the Globe changed only one word. Though he "felt better," his hope that the young man in the elevator would see the article and respond never came true. Perhaps it still could, if that young man should happen to see the pages that follow.

A few weeks ago I was followed into an office-building elevator by a well-dressed young man carrying a briefcase. He looked very sharp. Very buttoned-down. Wearing gold wire-frame glasses, he was of medium height and build with neatly trimmed brown hair and, I would guess, in his mid-20s. Typical junior executive material. There was nothing about him that seemed unusual. Nothing at all to indicate what was about to take place.

The elevator had only one control panel, and I excused myself as I leaned over to his side of the car and pushed the button for the 10th floor. He pushed the button for the 15th. The doors of the elevator closed and we began to ascend. Employing typical Toronto elevator etiquette, I stood staring up at the row of floor numbers above the doors while purposely ignoring my fellow passenger. Then it happened. A sudden strained gasp. Turning toward the noise, I was astonished to see the young man drop his briefcase and burst into tears. Our eyes met for a split second and, as if slapped, he averted...
his face from me, leaned his head against the wood-panelled wall of the elevator and continued to weep.

And what I did next still shames me.

The elevator stopped at the 10th floor and, without looking back, I stepped out. I stood in the hallway, a bundle of mixed emotions, wondering what to do. A combination of guilt and uncertainty washed over me. Should I go up to the 15th floor and make sure he’s okay? Should I search him out from office to office? Should I risk the embarrassment it might cause him? Is he mentally disturbed? A manic depressive, perhaps? Is he a suicide just waiting to happen?

I didn't know what to do. So I did nothing.

And now he haunts me. Not with fear, of course, but with a sense of regret. I see his face crumbling before he turns to the wall. I see his shoulders heave as he sobs in a combination of sorrow and shame. I wonder now what brought him to that moment in time. How long had he been holding his pain inside before he could no longer contain it? What could possibly have overwhelmed him to such an extent that he was unable to keep from crying out?

Had he just visited the doctor and been told that he had an incurable disease? Was he having marital problems? Was his wife ill? His child? Had someone dear recently died? Was he being laid off? Was he looking for a job and meeting with no success? Was he having financial woes? Was he without friends in the city and crushed by loneliness?

The sorrows of this world are endless.

The few people I have told about the incident all say I did the proper thing, the best thing, by leaving the young man alone.

But they are wrong.

Like so many things in life, I know now what I should have done then. I should have thrown caution to the winds and done the right thing. Not the big-city thing. The right thing. The human thing. The thing I would want someone to do if they ever found my son crying in an elevator. I should have given him the opportunity to unload his sadness onto my shoulders. I should have reached out a hand and patted him on the back. I should have said something like, "Why don't you let me buy you a cup of coffee and you can tell me all your problems. There's no reason to feel self-conscious. I'll listen for as long as you want to talk."

What would his reaction have been to that? Would he have turned even further to the wall? Or would he have turned on me? Cursing me? Telling me to mind my own damned business? Would he have lashed out at me? Sorrow and insecurity turning to rage. Would he have physically attacked me? Or would he have gone with me for that
cup of coffee?
I don't know. I'll never know. All I can be certain of is I left him in the elevator with tears streaming down his face. And that he was alone. All alone. I hope that somehow he gets to read these words, because I want him to know that I'm pulling for him. That I hope things are looking up for him. That I hope his sorrow is in the past. That I hope he is never again burdened with such awful despair. That I am thinking of him. That I said a prayer for him. That I was wrong, dreadfully wrong, not to step forward in his time of need.

That I'm sorry.


After reading the essay entitled “The Step Not Taken” by Paul D’Angelo answer the following questions on your own paper and submit them for evaluation.

1. What seems to be D’Angelo’s purpose in writing this essay? (1 mark) What message is he sending to his audience? (1 mark)

2. Outline some advantages and disadvantages of offering to help the stranger on the elevator: (6 marks)

3. Explain “the big city thing” that D’Angelo refers to in paragraph 11. (2 marks)

KEY QUESTION #23

Read the following:

38 Watched Stabbing by Max Haines

The neighbourhood was middle class; ordinary people leading ordinary lives. The crime and violence often associated with New York City didn't apply to the Kew Gardens section of Queens. Tree lined streets, Tudor styled store fronts — Kew Gardens was a good place to live.

Catherine Genovese lived there. In the early hours of March 13, 1964, the twenty-eight year old bar manager cried out to her neighbours for help. Her plea went unheeded. At precisely 3:20 a.m.. Kitty, as she was known to everyone in the neighbourhood, parked her red Fiat in the Long Island Railroad Station parking lot. She locked her car and, as usual, started walking toward the door leading to her apartment at 82-70 Austin Street. Shops along Austin Street occupy the first floor. Apartments are on the second. Because of this, the entrance to Kitty's apartment was at the rear of the building, about one hundred feet from where she parked her car.
Just as she was about to proceed to her apartment she noticed a man lurking at the far end of the parking lot. Otherwise the streets were deserted. Apprehensive about the stranger, she decided to walk along Austin Street toward a police call box. Kitty could hear the footsteps of the man following her. He was gaining rapidly. Under a street light, in front of a bookstore, and directly across from a ten storey apartment building, the man grabbed the terrified woman.

Kitty screamed, "Oh my God, he stabbed me! Please help me! Please help me!"

Lights blinks on in the apartment building. Windows slid open. Someone shouted, "Let that girl alone."

The attacker shrugged and walked down Austin Street.

No one came to Kitty's assistance. No one called the police. The windows of the apartment building slid closed. One by one the lights went out.

Down on the street, Kitty Genovese got to her feet. Staggering slightly, she slowly retraced her steps, desperately trying to get to the safety of her apartment entrance. She made it to the side of her building. To her horror her assailant had returned. Again he grabbed her and stabbed her once more.

Kitty screamed, "I'm dying, I'm dying."

More windows opened, more lights went on. Kitty's attacker walked down Austin Street, got into his car and drove away. Behind closed windows, apprehensive eyes peered down at the scene below. Still no one came to Kitty's assistance. One by one, like snuffed out candles, the lights of the apartments blinked off. Now bleeding profusely Kitty rose once more to her feet. Staggering and falling, she made her way to the rear of her building. She managed to open the door to the building and half crawled to the foot of the stairs. Unbelievably, her assailant returned for the third time and stabbed her once more, this time fatally. Then he disappeared into the night.

At 3:50 a.m. a neighbour of Kitty's called the police. They took only two minutes to arrive at the scene. The man who had made the call explained that he had consulted with a friend by phone in another section of the city before he placed the call. Why hadn't he called earlier? He told the police he didn't want to get involved. The investigation into Miss Genovese's death was strange and frightening in many ways. Thirty two minutes had elapsed from the time she had parked her car in the station parking lot until the police arrived at the scene of the murder. On two occasions the killer had left and returned. Had anyone called the police, most certainly Miss Genovese would not have been killed. To summon the police by phone in that section of Queens, it is only necessary to dial zero.

Kitty's neighbours, many of whom knew her well, were interviewed by police and report-
ers. Incredibly 38 individuals had witnessed the attacks and not one had called the police. Hardened homicide detectives, who had thought they had witnessed every human emotion, were at a loss as to why all 38 citizens had chosen not to make a simple telephone call. They all recognized the reluctance of citizens to become involved when there is a risk of danger to themselves, but this was a different situation. An anonymous phone call from the safety of your own home cannot be considered a dangerous act. Later the reluctant witnesses gave a variety of answers:

"I put out the light and we were able to see better."
"I don t know."
"I didn't want my husband to get involved."
"I was tired."
"Frankly, we were afraid."
"We thought it was a lovers' quarrel."
"I just took a look and went back to bed."

Winston Moseley a 29-year-old business machine operator was later charged with the Genovese murder. When questioned he confessed to killing two other women, as well as raping and robbing scores of others. He was a married man with two children and no previous record. He had returned to kill Miss Genovese for fear that she could identify him.

At Moseley's trial, when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty with a recommendation for the death penalty, the court spectators stood and cheered. Amongst those who cheered that day were several of the 38 witnesses who didn't dial zero to save Catherine Genovese's life.

After reading the article entitled “38 Watched Stabbing" by Max Haines answer the following questions on your own paper and submit them for evaluation. (8 marks)

Consider the following definitions:

**TONE**: the attitude or feeling that comes across in a piece of writing, revealed by the writer's word choice and general writing style. The tone can be serious, angry, satirical, humourous, sarcastic, sad, etc.

**IRONY**: a literary device that creates a contrast or discrepancy between what is said and what is meant. *Irony of situation* is a contrast between what is expected to happen and what does happen. For example: an orphan becomes a millionaire, a peace activist is shot to death.

1. Explain the *irony* in the final paragraph of this article. (2 marks)

2. What is the author's *tone*? Use direct quotations from the article that clearly indicate this tone. (2 marks)
3. In social psychology, there is a phenomenon referred to as the Bystander Effect. This theory speculates that as the “number of bystanders increases, the likelihood of any one bystander helping another decreases.” As a result, additional time will pass before anyone seeks outside help for a person in distress. Another hypothesis is something called the Diffusion of Responsibility. This is simply a decrease in the feeling of personal responsibility one feels when in the presence of many other people. The greater the number of bystanders, the less responsibility the individual feels. In cases where there are many people present during an emergency, it becomes much more likely than any one individual will simply do nothing. (www.crimelibrary.com)

How do the theories of the Bystander Effect and the Diffusion of Responsibility apply to the case of Kitty Genovese? What would have likely been the result if she had been attacked in an isolated area with only one bystander? (8 marks)

KEY QUESTION #24

Journal Entry – (15 marks)

Describe a time when the actions of a stranger made you wonder how to react. Did you get involved? Ignore the situation? Outline the choices you faced and the rationale for your decision. Reflect on this choice. Do you regret it today? Did you make the right choice based on the circumstances? Explain.

Evaluation: Content: 10 marks

Style: 5 marks

The Expository Paragraph

An expository paragraph gives information. It can explain a subject, give directions, or show how to do something. In an expository piece of writing, you are sharing your knowledge about a topic with the reader.

The Parts of a Paragraph

1) **The topic sentence:**
This sentence tells your reader what the paragraph is about. It gives your paragraph direction and makes a specific statement about the topic.

A good topic sentence on the topic of cats, for example, would be “Cats make excellent pets”. It introduces the topic of cats and states an opinion about them that can be supported by reasons.
2) **The body:**
The body is the main part of the paragraph. This is where you give the reader all of the information they need to understand the subject. The body should contain several points (assertions) that are supported by examples and details. These details make the paragraph interesting and clear.

Organize your points in the best order. This may be in chronological (time) order or order of importance (from least important to most important).

3) **The Concluding Statement:**
The final sentence of the paragraph comes after all the details have been included in the body of the paragraph. This sentence should remind readers of the subject and restate the opinion about it.

It is a good idea to plan your expository essay before writing. A sample paragraph plan follows.

**Sample Paragraph Plan**

**Topic:** Students and Computers

**Topic Sentence:** Computers help students in many ways.

**Body:**

Point One: Computers allow students to research topics quickly.

Example: the internet and search engines such as Google and Yahoo

Point Two: Computers help students edit their work

Example: Word processing programs check spelling and grammar

Point Three: Projects and Assignments can be made more attractive

Example: importing graphics (charts, images, etc.)

**Concluding Statement:** A computer can be a great asset to students today.

**Note:** Transition words should be used within your writing to connect ideas and to help the reader understand relationships such as time, example, contrast, etc.
KEY QUESTION #25

Using Transitions

Transitions are words or phrases that connect ideas. Using them in your writing will help the reader understand relationships such as time, space, emphasis, example, contrast, etc. Under the bold headings are examples of transition words that help ideas flow smoothly.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Contrast</th>
<th>Addition</th>
<th>Conclude</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>About</td>
<td>Among</td>
<td>Although</td>
<td>For instance</td>
<td>Finally</td>
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<tr>
<td>After</td>
<td>Behind</td>
<td>Still</td>
<td>Besides</td>
<td>Lastly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Finally</td>
<td>Below</td>
<td>Yet</td>
<td>Another</td>
<td>To sum up</td>
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<tr>
<td>As soon as</td>
<td>Near</td>
<td>However</td>
<td>Again</td>
<td>Therefore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomorrow</td>
<td>In front of</td>
<td>But</td>
<td>Additionally</td>
<td>As a result</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First</td>
<td>throughout</td>
<td>On the other</td>
<td>Also</td>
<td>All in all</td>
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</table>

Look at some example of sentences that contain transitions:

- On the weekend, we went to the library. Afterwards, we went shopping.
- Martha is very selfish with her money. In contrast, Jennifer is extremely generous.
- I get very nervous when I have to present in front of my peers. As a result, I try to avoid these situations.

The following paragraph has no transition words or phrases. Rewrite it with transitions to improve its coherence. Submit this corrected paragraph for evaluation

- No person can live in the world alone. Each person depends on hundreds of others to provide the basic needs of food and transportation. We depend on people for love and understanding. There are times when we need to be on our own with nature and our inner thoughts. We need to reach a balance between being alone and being with others. We will find happiness.

KEY QUESTION #26

Task: Write an Expository Paragraph

Choose one of the following topics and write a paragraph. A plan, rough copy, and good copy are required. Use the plan below as a template for your paragraph.

Explore the reasons why a person may choose not to get involved in a difficult situation with a stranger.

OR

Explore the potential consequences of avoiding a difficult situation with a stranger.

You may use any of the information or examples provided in the literature of this lesson, or you may use examples based on your own knowledge of the subject.

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<th>Evaluation:</th>
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<tr>
<td>Plan: 10 marks</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rough work with evidence of revision: 5 marks completion</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paragraph: 25 marks: see rubric</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Total Marks: 40 marks

Plan: Expository Paragraph

Topic Sentence:

Point #1:
Example:

Point #2:
Example:

Point #3:
Example:

Concluding Statement:

Rough Copy: Expository Paragraph
Now, before you write the good copy, consider the following:

- Are your points in order of importance?
- Are your examples and details interesting and related to your points?
- Have you used transitions effectively?
- Have you checked for errors in spelling, grammar, and punctuation?

**Next Steps:**

There are always consequences to the choices we make; sometimes pleasant, and sometimes painful. In the next lesson, you will be looking further into this idea of choices. How does your character determine the choices you make? How are your choices influenced by others? How do you decide what path to take, if all potential outcomes look bleak? As you continue to work on your paragraph writing skills, these questions will be addressed.
LESSON 7 - PARENTS AND THEIR CHILDREN

There are certain responsibilities inherent in being part of a family. It is important for each member of a family to support and encourage the other members. Despite our efforts, however, family relationships are often turbulent. After all, you can’t choose your family, can you? In this lesson, you will be examining several family relationships. Each one is unique, yet all have one thing in common – a struggle to know and understand each other.

This lesson has six Key Questions that must be submitted for evaluation.

**Key Questions:**

- **Key Question #27** Answer the questions to the poem “The Man Who Finds His Son Has Become a Thief” by Raymond Souster
- **Key Question #28** Answer the questions to the short story “The Leaving” by Budge Wilson
- **Writing task:**
  - **Key Question #29** Diary Account of “The Leaving”
  - **Key Question #30** Complete the language worksheets: Colloquial Language and Idioms
  - **Key Question #31** Answer the questions to the short story “All The Years of Her Life” by Morley Callaghan
  - **Key Question #32** Writing task: Personal Reflection – submit for evaluation

**Evaluation Overview:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Question</th>
<th>Task</th>
<th>Marks</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Questions to poem</td>
<td>10 marks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Questions to “The Leaving”</td>
<td>40 marks (rubric)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Diary Account</td>
<td>25 marks (rubric)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Language Worksheets</td>
<td>10 marks – completion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Questions to short story</td>
<td>10 marks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Personal Reflection</td>
<td>15 marks</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>110 marks</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Expectations:**

- **LI1.01** - analyse and assess ideas, issues, and explicit and implicit information in texts (e.g., assess information from a research report to write an executive summary; explain how separate incidents, characters, or elements in a novel work together to communicate the main theme)
- **LI1.02** - select and use specific and significant evidence from texts to support judgements and arguments (e.g., support an argument, using convincing examples from texts and research materials; support an interpretation of a character with specific reference to the dialogue in a play)
LI1.03 - select and use a variety of effective reading strategies (e.g., before reading a magazine article, examine the date of publication and country of origin to determine the context; create subtitles to summarize or highlight sections of a long article; explain how the theme of a short story relates to its social or cultural context)

LI3.03 - analyse the effect of authors' choices of language, syntax, and rhetorical and literary devices on the reader by examining their own and others' responses to the style of texts

WR1.02 - organize and analyse the information, ideas, and sources to suit specific forms and purposes for writing (e.g., categorize information from a variety of sources to clarify divergent positions on an issue; use suggestions from peer discussion in assessing alternative opinions or ideas for an independent study project)

LG1.04 - express themselves effectively in a variety of spoken and written communications, with a focus on using specialized vocabulary and figurative language and sustaining an appropriate style (e.g., select precise and specialized vocabulary in revising an independent study report; select arresting vocabulary and figures of speech to use in a simulated political debate)
Read the following poem

The Man Who Finds His Son Has Become a Thief

Coming into the store at first angry
at the accusation, believing
the word of his boy who has told him,
*I didn’t steal anything, honest...*

Then becoming calmer, seeing that anger
won’t help in the business, listening patiently
as the other’s evidence unfolds, so painfully slow.

Then seeing gradually that evidence
almost as if slowly tightening around the neck
of his son, at first circumstantial, then gathering damage,
until there’s present guilt’s sure odour seeping
into the mind, laying its poison.

Suddenly feeling

sick and alone and afraid, as if
an unseen hand had slapped him in the face
for no reason whatsoever; wanting to get out
into the street, the night, the darkness, anywhere to hide
the pain that must show to these strangers, the fear.

It must be like this.
It could not be otherwise.

~Raymond Souster

After reading the poem “The Man Who Finds His Son Has Become a Thief”, answer the following questions and submit them for evaluation. (10 marks)

1. What is the incident that brings the father to the store? (1 mark)

2. Describe the 4 different emotions that the father goes through as the poem unfolds. Use a line (or lines) from the poem that reflects each emotion. (4 marks)

3. What do you think the parent/child relationship has been like up to this point? Explain why you think so. (3 marks)
4. Is the father’s reaction to the incident surprising? Do you think it is a typical or natural response? Explain. (2 marks)

KEY QUESTION #28

Read the following story:

The Leaving by Budge Wilson

She took me with her the day she left. "Where y' goin', Ma?" I asked. She was standing beside my bed with her coat on.


I didn't want to go anywhere. It was three o'clock in the morning, and I was warm in my bed.

"Why me?" I complained.

I was too sleepy to think of any more complicated questions. In any case, there were no choices and very few questions back then when we were kids. You went to school and you came home on the school bus. If your father wanted you to shovel snow or fetch eggs, he told you, and you did it. He didn't ask. He told. Same with Ma. I did the dishes and brought in the firewood when it was required. She just pointed to the sink or to the woodbox, and I would leave whatever I was doing and start work. But at 3:00 a.m., the situation seemed unusual enough to permit a question. Therefore I asked again, "Why me?"

"Because yer the smartest," she said. "And because yer a woman."

I was twelve years old that spring.

Ma was a tall, rangy woman. She had a strong handsome face, with high cheekbones and a good firm chin line. Her lips were full. Her teeth were her own, although she smiled so rarely that you seldom saw them; her mouth tended to be held in a set straight line. She did not exactly frown; it was more as though she were loosely clenching her teeth. Her eyes were veiled, as if she had shut herself off from her surroundings and was thinking either private thoughts or nothing at all. Oh, she was kind enough and gentle enough when we needed it, though perhaps we needed it more often than she knew. But when we had cut knees or tonsillectomies, or when friends broke our hearts, she would hold us and hug us. Her mouth would lose its hard tight shape, and her eyes would come alive with concern and love.
Her lovely crisp auburn hair was short and unshaped making her face look uncompromising and austere. She wore baggy slacks over her excellent legs, and she owned two shabby grey sweaters and two faded graceless blouses. I did not ask myself why my mother looked this way, or why she had retreated behind her frozen face. One accepts one's parents for a long time, without theory or question. Speculation comes later, with adolescence and all the uncertainty and confusion it brings.

But when she woke me that chilly May morning, I was still a child. I rose and dressed quickly, packing my school bag with my pyjamas and toothbrush, the book I was reading, a package of gum, the string of Woolworth pearls that my grandmother had given me on my tenth birthday, and some paper to write and draw on. I wore jeans, my favourite blue sweater, my winter jacket, and rubber boots. I forgot my hat.

My mother had told me to be quiet, so I slithered down the stairs without a single board creaking. She was waiting at the door, holding a black cardboard suitcase with a strap around it. A shopping bag held sandwiches and some of last fall's bruised apples. She wore a brown car coat over her black slacks, and her hair was hidden under a grey wool kerchief. Her mouth had its tense fixed look, but her eyes were alive. Even at my age and at the hour, I could see that.

We stopped briefly before walking out into the cold night air. The stove in the kitchen was making chugging noises, and from different parts of the small house could be heard a variety of snores and heavy breathing. My four brothers and my father were not going to notice our departure.

For a moment, my mother seemed to hesitate. Her mouth softened, and a line deepened between her eyebrows. Then she straightened her shoulders and opened the door. "Move!" she whispered.

We stepped into the night and started walking down the mountain in the direction of town, six miles [10 km] away. I did not quarrel with the need for this strange nocturnal journey, but I did question the reason. "Ma," I said.

She turned and looked at me.

"Ma. Why are we leavin'?"

She didn’t answer right away. It crossed my mind that she might not be sure of the reason herself. This was a frightening thought. But apparently she knew.

"I plans t' do some thinkin'," she said.

We walked quickly through the night. North and South Mountains closed off the sky behind us and far ahead, but a full moon made it easy to see our way on the frosty road. The hill country was full of scrub growth, stubby spruce, and sprawling alders, unlike the tidy fields and orchards of the Valley. But the frost lent a silver magic to the bushes and the rough ground, and the moonlight gave a still dignity to the shabby houses. It was
cold, and I shivered. "Fergot yer hat," said Ma. "Here." She took the warm wool kerchief from her head and gave it to me. I took it. Parents were invincible, and presumably would not feel the cold. My mother was not a complainer. She was an endurer. It was 1969, and she was forty-five years old.

When we reached Annapolis, we stopped at a small house on the edge of town, and Ma put down her suitcase and dug around in her purse. She took out a key and opened the door. Even my silent mother seemed to think that an explanation was required. "Lida Johnson's in Glace Bay, visitin' her daughter. Said I could use the house while she's gone. Normie's at a 4-H meetin' in Bridgetown. Joseph's truckin'. We'll wait here till th' train goes."

"Ma," I asked, "how long we gonna be gone?"

She bent her head down from its rigid position and looked at the floorboards of the front hall. She touched her mouth briefly with her fist. She closed her eyes for a second and took a deep breath.

"Dunno," she replied. "Till it's time."

We slept in the parlour until we left for the station.

I guess that six-mile walk had shunted me straight from childhood into adolescence, because I did an awful lot of thinking between Annapolis and Halifax. But at first I was too busy to think. I was on a train, and I had never been inside one before. There were things to investigate – the tiny washroom with its little sink, and the funny way to flush the toilet. In the main part of the Dayliner, the seats slid up and down so that people could sleep if they wanted to. I watched the world speed by the windows men working on the roads; kids playing in schoolyards; cows standing dumbly outside barns in the chilly air, all facing in the same direction; places and towns I had never seen till then. My ma looked over at me and placed a comic book and a bag of peanuts on my lap. "Fer th' trip," she said, and smiled, patting my knee in an unfamiliar gesture. "Mind missin' school?" she added.

"No," I said. But I did. I had a part in the class play, and there was a practice that afternoon. I was the chief fairy, and I had twenty-five lines, all of which I knew by heart already. But this trip was also a pretty special, if alarming, adventure. It had a beginning but no definite end, and we were still speeding toward the middle. What would Halifax be like? We never had enough money to have more than one ride on the Exhibition ferris wheel at Lawrencetown; but here we were buying train tickets and reading comics and eating peanuts and travelling to heaven knows what expensive thrills.

"Ma," I asked, "where'd the money come from?"

She looked at me, troubled.
"Don't ask," she said. "I'll tell you when you're eighteen."

Eighteen! I might as well relax and enjoy myself. But I wondered.

Before long, she fell asleep, and I felt free to think. Until then, it was almost as though I were afraid she would read my thoughts.

Why had we left? How long would we be gone? How would Pa and my brothers cook their dinner? How would they make their beds? Who would they complain to after a hard day? Who would fetch the eggs, the mail, the water, the wood, the groceries? Who would wash their overalls, mend their socks put bandages on their cuts? It was inconceivable to me that they could survive for long without us.

When we reached Halifax, we went to what I now realize was a cheap and shabby hotel in the South End of the city. But to me it seemed the height of luxury. The bed was made of some kind of shiny yellow wood. The bedspread was an intense pink, with raised nubbles all over it. A stained spittoon sat in the corner. There was actually a sink in the room, with taps that offered both cold and hot water. A toilet that flushed was down the hall I checked under the bed; there was no chamber pot. But who needed it? There were two pictures on the walls – one of a curly-headed blonde, displaying a lot of bare flesh, and another of three dead ducks hanging upside down from a nail. I spent a lot of time inspecting both of these pictures.

Halifax was a shock to me. How could the buildings be so huge and the stores so grand? Here I was in the province's capital city before I really understood what a capital city could be. I admired the old stone buildings with their carvings around the doors and windows. I stretched my neck to see the tops of the modern apartments, with their glass and concrete reaching up into the clouds. The buses and cars alarmed me as they rushed up and down the long streets, but they excited me, too. The weather changed; it was warm and comforting, and the wind was gentle and caressing. We went down the hill to the harbour, and saw the bridge; rooted in the ground and in the sea bottom, it lifted its enormous metal wings into the sky. I marvelled that a thing so strong could be so graceful, so beautiful. What a lovely way, I thought, to get from one place to another. We walked across the bridge to Dartmouth, and watched the ships, far below, headed for Europe, for Africa, for the distant North. My mother, who had started to talk, told me about all these things. It was as though she were trying to tell me something important, but didn't want to say things right out. "They're goin' somewheres," she said. Later on, she took me out to Dalhousie University, and we walked among the granite buildings and beside the playing fields. "If yer as smart as the teacher claims," she said, "maybe you'll come here some day t' learn." I thought this highly unlikely. If we couldn't afford running water, how could we afford such a thing as that? I said so.

"They's ways," she said.

We walked up and down Spring Garden Road and gazed in the big windows. I looked at a candy store with at least five million kinds of candy, shops with dresses so fancy that I
could scarcely believe it, shelves full of diamonds and gold and sparkling crystal. "Is there ways for all this, too?" I asked my mother. She hesitated.

"Don't need all that stuff," she concluded.

The weather was dazzling – a sunny Nova Scotia May day. We walked through the huge iron gates into the Public Gardens and ate our sandwiches and apples beside the duck pond. I kicked off my rubber boots and wiggled my toes in the sun as I watched the swans and the yellow ducklings. The Gardens were immense, full of massive and intricate flowerbeds, winding paths, and strange exotic trees. There were statues, a splashing fountain, an elaborate round bandstand, and a little river with a curved bridge over it. Lovers strolled arm in arm, and children shrieked with laughter as they chased the pigeons. I asked Ma why everyone seemed so happy. "Dunno," she said, "Weather does things t' people." She looked around. "And maybe some of them's free," she added.

On the second day, we watched women racing to work in the morning, mini-skirts flipping, heels clicking, faces eager, faces tense. We looked on as shopping women pulled twenty-dollar bills out of their purses as though they were nickels. We saw the drunks sleeping on the pavement outside the mission. We visited the courthouse and looked at the pictures of the stern-faced judges as they watched us from the walls. "They fixes things what aren't right," said Ma. I wondered how. "But not always," she added.

We spent an hour in the public library, looking at the shelves and shelves of books, smelling their wonderful book smells idly turning the pages. On a book dolly, she picked up a copy of *The Feminine Mystique*. She, who had not to my knowledge read a single book since I was born, said shyly, "I read this book." I was astonished.

"You!" I exclaimed. "How come? When?"

"I kin read!" she retorted, miffed. "Even if y' leaves school in grade 5, y' kin read. Y' reads slow, but y' knows how."

"But where'd you get it?" I demanded, amazed.

"Y' remember that day the Salvation Army lady brought us that big box o' clothes?" she asked. "Yer pa was mad and said we didn't need no charity. But I hid the box, and after a time he- forgot about it. Well, there was other things in there, too – an egg beater, some toys what I gave to Lizzie's kids, even a string o' yellow beads and a bracelet that I bin savin' fer you. And some books. There was comic books and that big colourin' book y' got fer Christmas, and them Popular Mechanics magazines the boys read, and a coupla others. And this." She placed the palm other hand on the book. "Seemed like it was for me, special. So I read it. She was real tough goin', but I read every word. Took me near a year. Finished it last Thursday."
I could hardly believe it. My ma didn't even read recipes. She kept them all in her head. I asked, "Was it good?"

She thought for a moment before answering. "She was a real troublin' book. But she was good.

"I couldn't understand that. "If it was so troublin', why was it so good?"

She answered that one without hesitation. "Found I weren't alone," she said. She stroked its cover tenderly before putting it back on the dolly. I liked the library, with all the silent people bent over their books, and the librarians moving soundlessly to and fro. I wasn't used to quiet places.

In the afternoon, we climbed the Citadel and went into its museum, walking up and down among the sea things, old things, rich things. Later on, we went to what I thought was a very fancy restaurant. There were bright, shiny chrome tables with place mats of paper lace and green glass ashtrays. I ordered a hot dog and chips, because that was my favourite meal. My mother, her mouth now soft and cheerful, ordered something with a strange name.

"Ain't gonna come all this way and spend all th' hen money jest t' eat what I kin eat at home," she said.

The egg money! So that was it. I let on I didn't notice. But a thrill of fear ran through me. I wondered what Pa would do.

In the evening we returned early to the hotel, and I slept deeply, but with strange and troubled dreams.

On the third day, Ma said, "It's time. T'day we go home." I asked why.

"Because," she said.

"Because why?" I insisted.

She was silent for a moment, and then said again, "It's time." I was pleased. It had been an interesting trip, but it frightened me a little because there were no explanations, no answers to my unspoken questions. Besides, I was afraid that someone else would get to be chief fairy in the school play. "Have you done yer thinkin'?" I asked. She looked at me strangely. There was hope in her look and an odd fierce dignity.

"I has," she said.

We took the bus home instead of the train, and it was late afternoon when we arrived in Annapolis to start the six-mile climb to our farm. The day was damp and cold, and I wore my mother's wool kerchief again. We were very quiet, and I knew she was nerv-
ous. Her mouth was back in its taut line, and her eyes were troubled. But even in the wind, her shoulders were straight and firm, and I could feel a difference in her. Fearful though her eyes were, she was fully alert, and you could sense a new dogged strength in the set of her face.

There was no such strength in me, except such as I derived from her. Home is home when you are twelve, and I did not want to live a tourist's life in Halifax forever. But I worried every step of the six long miles.

As we turned the bend at Harrison’s Corner, we could see the farm in the distance. It was as though I were seeing it for the first time. The house had been white once, but it had needed paint for almost nineteen years. Around the yard was a confusion of junk of all kinds: two discarded cars – lopsided and without wheels – an unpiled jumble of firewood, buckets, a broken hoe, rusty tools, an old oil drum for burning garbage. To the left were the few acres of untidy fields, dotted with spruce trees and the grey skeletons of trees long dead of Dutch elm disease. To the right close to the henhouse, was the barn – small and unpainted, grey and shabby in the dim afternoon light. We could hear the two cows complaining, waiting for milking time.

When we opened the kitchen door, they were all there. My four big brothers were playing cards at the table, and my father was sitting by the kitchen stove, smoking a cigarette and drinking from a bottle of beer. I had forgotten how darkly handsome he was. But because it was not Sunday, he was unshaven, and his eyes glared out at us from beneath heavy black eyebrows.

Pa rose from his chair and faced us. He was very tall, and his head almost reached the low ceiling. He seemed to fill the entire room. He crushed out his cigarette on the top of the stove.

His voice was low and threatening. "Where you bin, woman?" he said.

She spoke, and I was amazed that she had the courage. Then I realized with a jolt that his words were little different in tone and substance from hundreds I had heard before: "How come my supper’s not ready, woman?" "Move smart, woman! I’m pressed fer time!" "Shut up them damn kids, woman!" "Move them buckets, woman! They re in my way!" "This food ain’t fit t’ eat, woman. Take it away!"

She spoke quietly and with dignity. "You is right to be angry Lester, she said. "I left a note fer y’, but I shoulda tole y’ before I left."

Shut yer mouth, woman, and git my supper!" he shouted, slamming the beer bottle down on the table.

She moved to the centre of the room and faced him. "My name," she began, and faltered. She cleared her throat and ran her tongue over her lower lip. "My name," she repeated, this time more steadily, "is Elizabeth."
He was dumbfounded. My brothers raised their heads from their card game and waited, cards poised in midair.

Pa looked at her. He looked at me. Then he looked at Jem and Daniel and Ira and Bernard, sitting there silent and still like four statues, waiting for his reaction. Suddenly my father threw back his head and laughed. His ugly laughter filled the little kitchen, and we all listened, frozen, wishing for it to stop.

"'My name is Elizabeth!' " he mocked, between choking guffaws, slapping his thighs and holding his stomach, and then he repeated himself and her, mincingly, " 'My.. .name.. .is... Elizabeth!' " Then his face changed, and there was silence. "Git over here 'n' make my supper, woman! I'm gonna milk them cows. But my belly is right empty, and y' better be ready when I gits back from th' chores!"

I watched my mother. During the laughter, I could see her retreat for a minute behind her eyes, expressionless, lifeless, beaten. Then she took a deep breath and looked at him directly, squarely, with no fear in her face. Pain, yes, but no fear. My brothers looked down and continued their card game.

"Act smart there, Sylvie," she said to me, as soon as he had left. "I need yer help bad. You clean up, 'n' I'll fix supper." She was already moving swiftly about the kitchen, fetching food, chopping onions, peeling potatoes. In the sink was a mountainous pile of dirty dishes. Open cans, crusted with stale food, cluttered the counter. I surveyed the scene with distaste.

"Ma," I asked, complaining like the true adolescent that I had now become, "how come they couldna washed the dishes themselves? They goes huntin' and fishin' and has lotsa little vacations in th' winter. We always do their work for them when they're gone. How come we gotta clean up their mess?"

"Listen," she said, cutting the potatoes and dropping them into the hot fat, "the way I sees it is y' kin ask fer kindness or politeness from time t' time. But y' can't expect no miracles. It's my own fault fer raisin' four boys like they was little men. I shoulda put them in front of a dishpan fifteen years ago. Now it's too late. Yer pa's ma did the same thing. She aimed t' raise a boy who was strong and brave, with no soft edges." She wiped her forehead with the back other hand. "All along I bin blamin' men fer bein' men. But now I see that oftentimes it's the women that makes them that way." It was a long, long speech for my ma. But she went on. "The boys is seventeen, eighteen, nineteen and twenty years old. Y' can't start makin' 'em over now. They's set." Then she smiled wryly, with a rare show of humour. She bowed formally in the direction of the card game. "I apologizes," she said, "to your future wives."

Then she stopped, and looked from one son's face to the next, and so on, around the table. "I loves you all, regardless," she said softly, "and it's worth a try. Jem" – she spoke to the youngest – "I'd be right grateful if you'd fetch some water for Sylvie. She's real tired after the long walk." Jem looked at his brothers, and then he looked at her.
Water carrying was woman's work, and she knew she was asking a lot of him. He rose silently, took the bucket from her, and went outside to the well.

"And you," she said, addressing Daniel and Ira and Bernard, "One snigger out of you, and yer in bad trouble." I'm sure she knew she was taking an awful chance. You can say a thing like that to little boys, but these were grown men. But no one moved or so much as smiled when Jem returned. "I thank you right kindly," said Ma, thereby delivering a speech as unusual as her other one.

You could say, I suppose, that our leaving made no large difference in my mother's life. She still worked without pay or praise, and was often spoken to as though she were without worth or attraction. Her days were long and thankless. She emptied chamber pots and spittoons, scrubbed overalls and sheets on her own mother's scrub board, and peeled the frozen clothes from the line in winter with aching fingers. But not all things remained the same. She now stood up to my father. Her old paralytic fear was gone, and she was able to speak with remarkable force and dignity. She did not nag. Nagging is like a constant blow with a small blunt instrument. It annoys, but it seldom makes more than a small dent. When she chose to object to Pa's cruel or unfair behaviour, her instrument was a shining steel knife with a polished cutting edge. A weapon like that seemed to make my father realize that if he went too far – if he beat her, or if he scolded too often or too unjustly – she would leave. After all, she had done it once before. And this time, she might not return.

So there were changes. One day, for no apparent reason, he started to call her Elizabeth. She did not let on that this was remarkable, but the tight line of her mouth relaxed, and she made him a lemon pie for supper. She fixed up the attic storeroom as a workroom for herself. The boys lugged up her treadle sewing machine, and she brought in an old wicker chair and a table from the barn. It was a hot room in summer and cold in winter, but it was her own place her escape. She made curtains from material bought at Frenchy's, and hooked a little rug for the floor. No one was allowed to go there except her. She always emerged from this room softer, gentler, more still.

I never did hear a single word about the missing egg money. Maybe Pa didn't notice, or perhaps Ma attacked the subject with her sharp-edged knife. Possibly it was the egg money that sent me to Dalhousie – that and my scholarship and my summer jobs. I never asked. I didn't really want to know. When I was home last February during the term break, I stole a look into Ma's attic room. There were library books on the table, material on the sewing machine, paper piled on the floor for her letters to me and to the boys. I respected her privacy and did not go in. But the room, even in that chilly winter attic, looked like an inviting place.

My ma is now fifty-five, and has a lot of life still to live. My pa is fifty-eight. He still shaves once a week, and he has not yet cleared up the yard. But he often speaks to my mother as though she were more of a person and less of a thing. Sometimes he says thank-you. He still has a raging temper, but he is an old dog, and new tricks come hard. He loves my mother and she him, with a kind of love that is difficult for my generation to
understand or define. In another time and in another place, the changes could have been more marked. But my mother is a tough and patient woman, and these differences seem to be enough for her. Her hair is worn less severely. Her mouth is not set so straight and cold and firm. She talks more. She has made a pretty yellow blouse to wear with her baggy slacks. She smiles often, and she is teaching her two grandsons how to wash dishes and make cookies.

I often wonder about these things: but when my mind approaches the reasons for all that has happened, my thinking slides away and my vision blurs. Certainly the book and the leaving do not explain everything. Maybe my mother was ready to move into and out of herself anyway; and no one can know exactly what went on in her thoughts before and after she left. Perhaps she was as surprised as I was by the amount of light and warmth she let in when she opened the door to step into the dark and frosty morning. But of that strange three-day departure, I can say, as Ma did of her book, "She was a real troublin' trip. But she was good."

After reading the short story, “The Leaving”, complete the following questions and submit for evaluation.

1. Describe the personality of the narrator. Consider what she says, what she thinks, and what others say about her. Provide at least 3 character traits and for each, an incident from the story where she displays the trait.

2. Describe the relationship between the narrator and her mother. Again, use evidence from the story, citing specific lines.

3. The mother in this story struggles in her home environment. What are the main causes of this struggle?

4. How does the mother’s leaving change her life?

5. A theme is a central idea of a work, usually implied rather than stated. Love, friendship, loyalty, etc. are all examples of themes. List five themes prevalent in this story.

6. Imagine that you are a social worker and you want to help the couple resolve their inability to communicate with one another. Prepare a list of 5 strategies you might recommend for them to establish effective communication.

7. Quote 5 sentences from the story that contain colloquial expressions. Underline the colloquialisms.

8. What is the approximate time setting for this story? How do you know?

9. Is this story dated or are the problems encountered by the narrator’s mother realistic even in the 21st century? Explain, using examples of current situations and relationships that you know.
# Rubric: Analyzing Literary Texts

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Level 1 50 – 59%</th>
<th>Level 2 60 – 69%</th>
<th>Level 3 70 – 79%</th>
<th>Level 4 80 – 100%</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Knowledge/ Understanding</td>
<td>Provides limited information about ideas and themes; structure and genre; language and literary devices</td>
<td>Provides some logical description of ideas and themes; structure and genre; language and literary devices</td>
<td>Provides a logical, supported description of ideas and themes; structure and genre; language and literary devices</td>
<td>Provides a thorough and insightful description of ideas and themes; structure and genre; language and literary devices</td>
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<tr>
<td>Key Features</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thinking/ Inquiry</td>
<td>Inferences about values and perspectives show limited insight</td>
<td>Inferences about values and perspectives show some insight</td>
<td>Inferences about values and perspectives show considerable insight</td>
<td>Inferences about values and perspectives are highly insightful</td>
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<td>Values and perspectives</td>
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<tr>
<td>Evaluation</td>
<td>Evaluates the impact of language, ideas, and techniques with limited effectiveness</td>
<td>Evaluates the impact of language, ideas, and techniques with some effectiveness</td>
<td>Evaluates the impact of language, ideas, and techniques with considerable effectiveness</td>
<td>Evaluates the impact of language, ideas, and techniques with a high degree of effectiveness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Use of evidence</td>
<td>Provides limited evidence to support interpretations and analyses</td>
<td>Provides some specific and relevant evidence to support interpretations and analyses</td>
<td>Provides considerable specific evidence to support interpretations and analyses</td>
<td>Provides thorough, convincing evidence to support interpretations and analyses</td>
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<td>Communication</td>
<td>Thoughts and feelings are communicated with limited clarity</td>
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<tr>
<td>Application</td>
<td>Makes limited connections to own ideas, values, and experiences</td>
<td>Makes some connections to own ideas, values, and experiences</td>
<td>Makes logical connections to own ideas, values, and experiences</td>
<td>Makes insightful connections to own ideas, values, and experiences</td>
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<td>Personal Connections</td>
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<td>Comparisons with other works</td>
<td>Makes logical comparisons to features in other works</td>
<td>Includes some logical comparisons to features in other works</td>
<td>Includes logical comparisons to features in other works</td>
<td>Includes insightful comparisons to features in other works</td>
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KEY QUESTION #29

Diary Account

At one point in the story “The Leaving”, the author says, “One accepts one’s parents for a long time, without theory or question. Speculation comes later, with adolescence and all the uncertainty and confusion it brings.” In other words, as a child, you accept everything a parent says or does without question. As you get older, however, you begin to come to terms with these things and try to gain an understanding of your parent’s motivations and behaviour.

Choose one of the following. Complete and submit for evaluation.

Imagine that ten years after the leaving, you are the young girl (narrator) writing a diary account of the three days. As you write the account, explain what happened, what it meant at the time, and how it affected your life.

OR

Imagine that ten years after the leaving, you are one of the narrator’s brothers writing a diary account of the three days. Explain what happened, what it meant to you and your father at the time, and how it affected your life.

Questions adapted from:

## Rubric: Writing Role

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<th>Category</th>
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<th>Level 2 (60 – 69%)</th>
<th>Level 3 (70 – 79%)</th>
<th>Level 4 (80 – 100%)</th>
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</thead>
</table>
| **Knowledge/Understanding**  
Character’s point of view and attitudes | Few points of view, attitudes, and reactions expressed by the character are believable within the context of the work | Some points of view, attitudes, and reactions expressed by the character are believable within the context of the work | Most points of view, attitudes, and reactions expressed by the character are believable within the context of the work | Points of view and attitudes are expressed by the character show thorough and insightful understanding |
| Relationships among characters | Comments about other characters show limited understanding of motivations and relationships | Comments about other characters show some understanding of motivations and relationships | Comments about other characters show considerable understanding of motivations and relationships | Comments about other characters are insightful and may reveal unexpected (but believable) motivations and relationships |
| **Thinking/Inquiry**  
Creativity | Shows limited creativity in elaborating events and characters | Shows some creativity in elaborating events and characters | Shows considerable creativity in elaborating events and characters | Shows a high degree of creativity in elaborating events and characters |
| **Communication**  
Audience appeal | Includes limited engaging detail and description | Includes some engaging detail and description | Includes considerable engaging detail and description | Includes highly engaging detail and description |
| Organization | Organizes material with limited logic (may not include clear beginning, middle, and end) | Organizes material into a somewhat logical beginning, middle, and end | Organizes material into a coherent and logical beginning, middle, and end | Organizes material into a highly effective and coherent beginning, middle, and end |
| Voice and tone | Created a voice and tone for the character with limited effectiveness | Created a voice and tone for the character with some effectiveness | Created a voice and tone for the character with limited effectiveness | Created a highly engaging and believable voice and tone for the character |
| **Application**  
Language conventions | Applies grammar, usage, spelling, and punctuation with limited accuracy and effectiveness | Applies grammar, usage, spelling, and punctuation with some accuracy and effectiveness | Applies grammar, usage, spelling, and punctuation with considerable accuracy and effectiveness | Applies grammar, usage, spelling, and punctuation with a high degree of accuracy and effectiveness |
Colloquial Language

A colloquialism is a common word or phrase that is used when people talk to one another. Such expressions are not typically used in formal writing (essays, expository paragraphs, etc.)

Example(s):

“I bombed the exam” is colloquial for “I failed the exam”
“How’s it goin’?” is colloquial for “How are you?”

Write as many colloquial expressions as you can think of for the following terms in the space provided in your workbook:

1. Drunk:
2. Tired:
3. Dance:
4. Ruined:
5. Hungry:
6. Good-bye:
7. Leave:
8. Boy:

Remember that any formal writing you do should be free of colloquial language. Edit your work carefully and change all colloquialisms to formal words and phrases.

Idioms

An idiom is an expression that has a meaning different from the usual meanings of the individual words within it.

Example: We’re in hot water means “We’re in trouble”, not “We’re immersed in warm liquid.”
KEY QUESTION #30

Language Worksheets

Note: You may wish to photocopy the worksheets prior to completing this exercise – otherwise you will need to copy these into your notebook.

Read each sentence. Then write the letter of the corresponding idiom for the underlined word or words.

A. all ears  D. call it a day  G. down in the dumps  
B. hit the road  E. up in the air  H. on top of things  
C. over the moon  F. see red  I. come through

1. _____ I’ve done enough work now. I’m going to quit working.
2. _____ When the project was proposed, Hamil was listening intently.
3. _____ Amy won a scholarship; she is delighted.
4. _____ The day for the picnic is still undecided.
5. _____ People who snub other make me angry.
6. _____ If we have trouble making the payment, we know dad will help.
7. _____ It’s past midnight; time for us to leave.
8. _____ When Larry learned he had failed, he was sad for several days.
9. _____ After working hard, I finally feel in control of the situation.

Underline the idioms in the following sentences. Then, write the usual meaning of the idioms on the line.

1. Monica is tired; she’s been burning the candle at both ends.
2. That TV program always cracks up its viewers.
3. After the financial loss, our family was really down and out.
4. Many of Caleb’s ideas seem to be of the wall.
5. I can’t attend the move; I’m up to my neck in paperwork.
6. Jan is on time once in a blue moon.
7. When I make mistakes, my brother likes to rub it in.
8. After the accident, the drivers were shaken up.
9. The new employees at the company are wet behind the ears.

Part C: Write three other idioms that you know. Use them sentences and then provide the real meaning of the words.
KEY QUESTION #31

Read the following story:

All the Years of Her Life by Morley Callaghan

Alfred began to feel that familiar terror growing in him that had been in him every time he had got into trouble.

They were closing the drugstore, and Alfred Higgins, who had just taken off his white jacket, was putting on his coat and getting ready to go home. The little grey-haired man, Sam Carr, who owned the drugstore, was bending down behind the cash register, and when Alfred Higgins passed him, he looked up and said softly, "Just a moment, Alfred. One moment before you go."

The soft, confident, quiet way in which Sam Carr spoke made Alfred start to button his coat nervously. He felt sure his face was white. Sam Carr usually said, "Good night," brusquely, without looking up. In the six months he had been working in the drugstore Alfred had never heard his employer speak softly like that. His heart began to beat so loud it was hard for him get his breath. "What is it, Mr. Carr?" he asked.

"Maybe you'd be good enough to take a few things out of your pocket and leave them here before you go," Sam Carr said.

"What things? What are you talking about?"

"You've got a compact and a lipstick and at least two tubes of toothpaste in your pocket, Alfred."

"What do you mean? Do you think I'm crazy?" Alfred blustered. His face got red and he knew he looked fierce with indignation. But Sam Carr, standing by the door with his blue eyes shining brightly behind his glasses and his lips moving underneath his grey moustache, only nodded his head a few times, and then Alfred grew very frightened and he didn't know what to say. Slowly he raised his hand and dipped it into his pocket, and with his eyes never meeting Sam Carr's eyes, he took out a blue compact and two tubes of toothpaste and a lipstick, and he laid them one by one on the counter.

"Petty thieving, eh, Alfred?" Sam Carr said. "And maybe you'd be good enough to tell me how long this has been going on."

"This is the first time I ever took anything."
"So now you think you'll tell me a lie, eh? What kind of a sap do I look like, huh? I don't know what goes on in my own store, eh? I tell you you've been doing this pretty steady," Sam Carr said as he went over and stood behind the cash register.

Ever since Alfred had left school he had been getting into trouble wherever he worked. He lived at home with his mother and his father, who was a printer. His two older brothers were married and his sister had got married last year, and it would have been all right for his parents now if Alfred had only been able to keep a job. While Sam Carr smiled and stroked the side of his face very delicately with the tips of his fingers, Alfred began to feel that familiar terror growing in him that had been in him every time he had got into trouble.

"I like you," Sam Carr was saying. "I liked you and would have trusted you, and now look what I got to do." While Alfred watched with his alert, frightened blue eyes, Sam Carr drummed with his fingers on the counter. "I don't like to call a cop in point-blank," he was saying as he looked very worried. "You're a fool, and maybe I should call your father and tell him you're a fool. Maybe I should let them know I'm going to have you locked up."

"My father's not home. He's a printer. He works nights," Alfred said.

"Who's at home?"

"My mother, I guess."

"Then we'll see what she says," Sam Carr went to the phone and dialed the number. Alfred was not so much ashamed, but there was the deep fright growing in him, and he blurted out arrogantly, like a strong, full-grown man, "Just a minute. You don't need to draw anybody else in. You don't need to tell her." He wanted to sound like a swaggering, big guy who could look after himself, yet the old, childish hope was in him, the longing that someone at home would come and help him. "Yeah, that's right, he's in trouble," Mr. Carr was saying. "Yeah, your boy works for me. You'd better come down in a hurry." And when he was finished Mr. Carr went over to the door and looked out at the street and watched the people passing in the late summer night. "I'll keep my eye out for a cop," was all he said.

Alfred knew how his mother would come rushing in; she would rush in with eyes blazing, or maybe she would be crying, and she would push him away when he tried to talk to her, and make him feel her dreadful contempt; yet he longed that she might come before Mr. Carr saw the cop on the beat passing the door.

While they waited and it seemed a long time they did not speak, and when at last they heard someone tapping on the closed door, Mr. Carr, turning the latch, said crisply, "Come in, Mrs. Higgins." He looked hard-faced and stern.
Mrs. Higgins must have been going to bed when he telephoned, for her hair was tucked
loosely under her hat, and her hand at her throat held her light coat tight across her
chest so her dress would not show. She came in, large and plump, with a little smile on
her friendly face. Most of the store lights had been turned out and at first she did not see
Alfred, who was standing in the shadow at the end of the counter. Yet as soon as she
saw him she did not look as Alfred thought she would look: she smiled, her blue eyes
never wavered, and with a calmness and dignity that made them forget that her clothes
seemed to have been thrown on her, she put out her hand to Mr. Carr and said politely,
"I'm Mrs. Higgins. I'm Alfred's mother.
Mr. Carr was a bit embarrassed by her lack of terror and her simplicity, and he hardly
knew what to say to her, so she asked, "Is Alfred in trouble?"

"He is. He's been taking things from the store. I caught him red- handed. Little things
like compacts and toothpaste and lipsticks. Stuff he can sell easily," the proprietor said.

As she listened Mrs. Higgins looked at Alfred sometimes and nodded her head sadly,
and when Sam Carr had finished she said gravely, "Is it so, Alfred?"

"Yes."

"Why have you been doing it?"

"I been spending money, I guess."

"On what?"

"Going around with the guys, I guess," Alfred said.

Mrs. Higgins put out her hand and touched Sam Carr's arm with an understanding gen-
tleness, and speaking as though afraid of disturbing him, she said, "If you would only
listen to me before doing anything." Her simple earnestness made her shy; her humility
made her falter and look away, but in a moment she was smiling gravely again, and she
said with a kind of patient dignity, "What did you intend to do, Mr. Carr?"

"I was going to get a cop. That's what I ought to do."

"Yes, I suppose so. It's not for me to say, because he's my son. Yet I sometimes think a
little good advice is the best thing for a boy when he's at a certain period in his life," she
said.

Alfred couldn't understand his mother's quiet composure, for if they had been at home
and someone had suggested that he was going to be arrested, he knew she would be in
a rage and would cry out against him. Yet now she was standing there with that gentle,
pleading smile on her face, saying, "I wonder if you don't think it would be better just to
let him come home with me. He looks a big fellow, doesn't he? It takes some of them a
long time to get any sense," and they both stared at Alfred, who shifted away with a bit of light shining for a moment on his thin face and the tiny pimples over his cheekbone.

But even while he was turning away uneasily Alfred was realizing that Mr. Carr had become aware that his mother was really fine woman; he knew that Sam Carr was puzzled by his mother, as if he had expected her to come in and plead with him tearfully, and instead he was being made to feel a bit ashamed by her vast tolerance. While there was only the sound of the mother's soft, assured voice in the store, Mr. Carr began to nod his head encouragingly at her. Without being alarmed, while being just large and still and simple and hopeful, she was becoming dominant there in the dimly lit store. "Of course, I don't want to be harsh," Mr. Carr was saying, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll just fire him and let it go at that. How's that?" and he got up and shook hands with Mrs. Higgins, bowing low to her in deep respect.

There was such warmth and gratitude in the way she said, "I'll never forget your kindness," that Mr. Carr began to feel warm and genial himself.

"Sorry we had to meet this way," he said. "But I'm glad I got in touch with you. Just wanted to do the right thing, that's all," he said.

"It's better to meet like this than never, isn't it?" she said. Suddenly they clasped hands as if they liked each other, as if they had known each other a long time. "Good night, sir," she said.

"Good night, Mrs. Higgins. I'm truly sorry," he said. The mother and son walked along the street together, and the mother was taking a long, firm stride as she looked ahead with her stern face full of worry. Alfred was afraid to speak to her, he was afraid of the silence that was between them, so he only looked ahead too, for the excitement and relief was still pretty strong in him; but in a little while, going along like that in silence made him terribly aware of the strength and the sternness in her; he began to wonder what she was thinking of as she stared ahead so grimly; she seemed to have forgotten that he walked beside her; so when they were passing under the Sixth Avenue elevated and the rumble of the train seemed to break the silence, he said in his old, bluster-way, "Thank God it turned out like that. I certainly won't get in a jam like that again."

"Be quiet. Don't speak to me. You've disgraced me again and again," she said bitterly.

"That's the last time. That's all I'm saying."

"Have the decency to be quiet," she snapped. They kept on their way, looking straight ahead.

When they were at home and his mother took off her coat, Alfred saw that she was really only half-dressed and she made him feel afraid again when she said, without even looking at him, "You're a bad lot. God forgive you. It's one thing after another and always has been. Why do you stand there stupidly? Go to bed, why don't you?" When
he was going, she said, "I'm going to make myself a cup of tea. Mind, now, not a word about tonight to your father."

While Alfred was undressing in his bedroom, he heard his mother moving around the kitchen. She filled the kettle and put it on the stove. She moved a chair. And as he listened there was no shame in him, just wonder and a kind of admiration of her strength and repose. He could still see Sam Carr nodding his head encouragingly to her; he could hear her talking simply and earnestly, and as he sat on his bed he felt a pride in her strength. "She certainly was smooth." he thought. "Gee, I'd like to tell her she sounded swell."

And at last he got up and went along to the kitchen and when he was at the door he saw his mother pouring herself a cup of tea. He watched and he didn't move. Her face, as she sat there, was a frightened, broken face utterly unlike the face of the woman who had been so assured a little while ago in the drugstore. When she reached out and lifted the kettle to pour hot water in her cup, her hand trembled and the water splashed on the stove. Leaning back in the chair, she sighed and lifted the cup to her lips, and her lips were groping loosely as if they would never reach the cup. She swallowed the hot tea eagerly, and then she straightened up in relief though her hand holding the cup still trembled. She looked very old.

It seemed to Alfred that this was the way it had been every time he had been in trouble before, that this trembling had really been in her as she hurried out half-dressed to the drugstore. He understood why she had sat alone in the kitchen the night his young sister had kept repeating doggedly that she was getting married. Now he felt all that his mother had been thinking of as they walked along the street together a little while ago. He watched his mother, and he never spoke, but at that moment his youth seemed to be over; he knew all the years of her life by the way her hand trembled as she raised the cup to her lips. It seemed to him that this was the first time he had ever looked upon his mother.

After reading the short story “All the Years of Her Life”, answer the following questions and submit for evaluation. (2 marks each x 5 = 10 marks)

1. Why was Alfred surprised at his mother’s behaviour in the store?
2. Describe Alfred and his mother’s relationship prior to this incident.
3. Do you think Alfred’s mother acted appropriately under the circumstances? Explain.
4. Describe the impact this event has had on Alfred. Is there evidence that he has learned from this experience?
5. Why does it seem to Alfred that “this was the first time he had ever looked upon his mother”?
KEY QUESTION #32

Personal Reflection (15 marks)

Evaluation:  
10 marks content (details)  
5 marks style (mechanics)

Choose one of the following topics to write about.

Write about a time when you felt disappointed in a family member because of something they did or failed to do. Describe the situation. How did you deal with it? How well did you communicate your feelings? Was the issue resolved to your satisfaction? Would you do things differently if you could? Explain.

OR

Write about a time when you disappointed a family member. Describe the situation. How did you deal with the situation? How well did they handle their disappointment? How well did you communicate your true feelings? Was the issue resolved to your satisfaction? Would you do things differently if you could? Explain.

Next Steps:

In the next lesson you will look at some of the difficult decisions one has to make in one’s life.
LESSON 8 - THE ROCK AND THE HARD PLACE

This lesson has five Key Questions to be submitted for evaluation. This lesson should take about 3 hours to complete.

Key Questions:

Key Question #33 Complete a pre-writing journal entry.
Key Question #34 Read the story “A Field of Wheat” by Sinclair Ross from The Story-Makers, and complete the post-reading questions about the story.
Key Question #35 Read the lesson on “Quotation Insertion” and complete the accompanying assignment.
Key Question #36 Complete the grammar mini lessons.
Key Question #37 Using the writing process, complete a formal paragraph about the main character from “A Field of Wheat” using properly inserted quotations from the story.

Evaluation Overview:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Question</th>
<th>Task</th>
<th>Marks</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Pre-writing journal</td>
<td>10 marks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Quotation Insertion Assignment</td>
<td>20 marks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Post-reading questions</td>
<td>10 marks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Grammar Exercises</td>
<td>10 marks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Character Analysis Paragraph (includes paragraph outline and editing)</td>
<td>50 marks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td>100 marks</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Expectations:

LI1.02 - select and use specific and significant evidence from texts to support judgements and arguments (e.g., support an argument, using convincing examples from texts and research materials; support an interpretation of a character with specific reference to the dialogue in a play)

LI1.03 - select and use a variety of effective reading strategies (e.g., before reading a magazine article, examine the date of publication and country of origin to determine the context; create subtitles to summarize or highlight sections of a long article; explain how the theme of a short story relates to its social or cultural context)

WR3.01 - use report structure, essay structure, and organizational patterns such as induction, deduction, and process-analysis to present information and ideas in reports and essays (e.g., use a general-to-specific pattern to organize the headings and content of a report on how a law is passed; use a process-analysis pattern to describe the stages of the writing process)
WR4.03 - revise drafts to ensure an effective style (e.g., use checklists or rubrics to assess the effectiveness of word choice, sentence construction, and rhetorical devices in a report; examine writing for consistent use of inclusive and anti-discriminatory language; read an essay or narrative aloud to check that diction and style are appropriate to the topic and audience)

**KEY QUESTION #33**

Complete the following pre-reading reflection journal.

Write a journal entry of approximately ½ to 1 page in length.

1. Write about a time in your life when you had high hopes that something good was about to happen to you, only to have that hope crushed by a sudden and unexpected event. What were your original expectations? How did that event change your hopes? How did you deal with this event?

2. Write about a time a time when you managed to overcome a difficult obstacle in your life. How did you feel at the time? What did you learn about yourself as a result of having overcome such a hardship?

See the Personal Reflection Journal rubric for evaluation.
# Rubric For Personal Journal Reflection

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Level 1 50 - 59%</th>
<th>Level 2 60 - 69%</th>
<th>Level 3 70 - 79%</th>
<th>Level 4 80 - 100%</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Knowledge/Understanding</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inferences</td>
<td>- poor connections to ideas and information in text made.</td>
<td>- makes limited connections to information and ideas to describe overall focus of the reading</td>
<td>- connects information and ideas to describe overall focus of the reading</td>
<td>- makes inferences about abstract concepts and connects reading and questions to their own experiences in a highly effective manner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Analysis</td>
<td>- makes very limited connections to reading and to questions</td>
<td>- makes limited connections to reading and questions</td>
<td>- connects reading and questions to their experiences with success</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Thinking/Inquiry</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Integration</td>
<td>- poor support used from the text</td>
<td>- adequate support used from the text</td>
<td>- good support from the text</td>
<td>- strong support from the text</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evidence</td>
<td>- integrates few elements from text and very limited information from their own experiences to create poor response</td>
<td>- integrates elements from text and few from their own experiences to create a somewhat satisfactory response</td>
<td>- integrates elements from text and own experiences to create a clear response</td>
<td>- integrates elements from text and own experiences to create a unique response that is compelling, provocative and fresh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Communication</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unity</td>
<td>- shows a limited focus or central idea</td>
<td>- expresses a central idea that is clear and relevant to the question</td>
<td>- expresses central ideas that show clear understanding of the text and the question</td>
<td>- communicates a central idea that is thought-provoking and insightful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coherence</td>
<td>- structure and sequence lack a clear organization</td>
<td>- structure and sequence are clear</td>
<td>- uses a structure that supports the central idea effectively</td>
<td>- creates a structure that enhances an appreciation of the response</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Application</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Written conventions</td>
<td>- uses required conventions with limited accuracy</td>
<td>- uses the required conventions with some accuracy and effectiveness</td>
<td>- uses the important writing conventions accurately and effectively</td>
<td>- uses writing conventions skillfully</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proofreading</td>
<td>- limited use of proofreading skills</td>
<td>- moderate use of proofreading skills</td>
<td>- consistent use of proofreading skills</td>
<td>- thorough use of proofreading skills</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Note:** A student whose achievement is below level 1 (50%) has not met the expectations for this assignment or activity.
KEY QUESTION #34

Read the short story entitled “A Field of Wheat” by Sinclair Ross.

A FIELD OF WHEAT by Sinclair Ross

It was the best crop of wheat that John had ever grown; sturdy, higher than the knee, the heads long and filling well; a still, heat-hushed mile of it, undulating into a shimmer of summer-colts and crushed horizon blue. Martha finished pulling the little patch of mustard that John had told her about at noon, stood a minute with her shoulders strained back to ease the muscles that were sore from bending, then bunched up her apron filled with the yellow-blossomed weeds and started towards the road. She walked carefully, placing her feet edgeways between the rows of wheat to avoid trampling and crushing the stalks. The road was only a few rods distant, but several times she stopped before reaching it, holding her apron with one hand and with the other stroking the blades of grain that pressed close against her skirts, luxuriant and tall. Once she looked back, her eyes shaded, across the wheat to the dark fallow land beside it. John was there; she could see the long, slow-settling plume of dust thrown up by the horses and the harrow-cart. He was a fool for work, John. This year he was farming the whole section of land without help, managing with two outfits of horses, one for the morning and one for the afternoon; six, and sometimes even seven hours a shift. It was John who gave such allure to the wheat. She thought of him hunched black and sweaty on the harrow-cart, twelve hours a day, smothering in dust, shoulders sagged wearily beneath the glare of sun. Her fingers touched the stalks of grain again and tightened on a supple blade until they made it squeak like a mouse. A crop like this was coming to him. He had had his share of failures and set-backs, if ever a man had, twenty times over.

Martha was thirty-seven. She had clinched with the body and substance of life; had loved, borne children a boy had died and yet the quickest aches of life, travail, heartbrokenness, they had never wrung as the wheat wrung. For the wheat allowed no respite. Wasting and unending it was struggle, struggle against wind and insects, drought and weeds. Not an heroic struggle to give a man courage and resolve, but a frantic, unavailing one. They were only poor, taunted, driven things; it was the wheat that was invincible. They only dreaded, built bright futures; waited for the first glint of green, watched timorous and eager while it thickened, merged, and at last leaned bravely to a ripple in the wind; then followed every slip of cloud into the horizon, turned to the wheat and away again. And it died tantalizingly sometimes, slowly: there would be a cool day, a pittance of rain.

Or perhaps it lived, perhaps the rain came, June, July, even into August, hope climbing, wish-patterns painted on the future. And then one day a clench and tremble to John’s hand; his voice faltering, dull. Grasshoppers perhaps, sawflies or rust; no matter, they would grovel for a while, stand back helpless, then go on again. Go on in bitterness and cowardice, because there was nothing else but going-on.
She had loved John, for these sixteen years had stood close watching while he died slowly, tantalizingly, as the parched wheat died. He had grown unkempt, ugly, morose. His voice was gruff, contentious, never broke into the deep, strong laughter that used to make her feel she was living at the heart of things. John was gone, love was gone; there was only wheat.

She plucked a blade; her eyes travelled hungrily up and down the field. Serene now, all its sting and torment sheathed. Beautiful, more beautiful than Annabelle's poppies, than her sunsets. Theirs all of it. Three hundred acres ready to give perhaps a little of what it had taken from her John, his love, his lips unclenched.

Three hundred acres. Bushels, thousands of bushels, she wouldn't even try to think how many. And prices up this year. It would make him young again, lift his head, give him spirit. Maybe he-would shave twice a week as he used to when they were first married, buy new clothes, believe in himself again.

She walked down the road towards the house, her steps quickening to the pace of her thoughts until the sweat clung to her face like little beads of oil. It was the children now, Joe and Annabelle: this winter perhaps they could send them to school in town and let them take music lessons. Annabelle, anyway. At a pinch Joe could wait a while; he was only eight. It wouldn't take Annabelle long to pick up her notes; already she played hymn tunes by ear on the organ. She was bright, a real little lady for manners; among town people she would learn a lot. The farm was no place to bring her up. Running wild and barefoot, what would she be like in a few years? Who would ever want to marry her but some stupid country lout?

John had never been to school himself; he knew what it meant to go through life with nothing but his muscles to depend upon; and that was it, dread that Annabelle and Joe would be handicapped as he was, that was what had darkened him, made him harsh and dour. That was why he breasted the sun and dust a frantic, dogged fool, to spare them, to help them to a life that offered more than sweat and debts. Martha knew. He was a slow, inarticulate man, but she knew. Sometimes it even vexed her, brought a wrinkle of jealousy, his anxiety about the children, his sense of responsibility where they were concerned. He never seemed to feel that he owed her anything, never worried about her future. She could sweat, grow flat-footed and shapeless, but that never bothered him.

Her thoughts were on their old, trudging way, the way they always went; but then she halted suddenly, and with her eyes across the wheat again found freshening promise in its quiet expanse. The children must come first, but she and John mightn't there be a little of life left for them too? A man was young at thirty-nine. And of she didn't have to work so hard, if she could get some new clothes, maybe some of the creams and things that other women had....
As she passed through the gate, Annabelle raced across the yard to meet her. "Do you know what Joe's done? He's taken off all his clothes and he's in the trough with Nipper!" She was a lanky girl, sunburned, barefoot, her face oval and regular, but spoiled by an expression that strained her mouth and brows into a reproachful primness. It was Martha who had taught her the expression, dinning manners and politeness into her, trying to make her better than the other little girls who went to the country school. She went on, Her eyes wide and aghast, "And when I told him to come out he stood right up, all bare, and I had to come away."

"Well, you tell him he'd better be out before I get there."

"But how can I tell him? He's all bare."

Then Joe ran up, nothing on but little cotton knee-pants, strings of green scum from the water-trough still sticking to his face and arms. "She's been peekin'." He pointed at Annabelle. "Nipper and me just got into the trough to get cooled off, and she wouldn't mind her own business."

"Don't you tell lies about me." Annabelle pounced on him and slapped his bare back. "You're just a dirty little pig anyway, and the horses don't want to drink after you've been in the trough."

Joe squealed, and excited by the scuffle Nipper yelped and spattered Martha with a spray of water from his coat and tail. She reached out to cuff him, missed, and then to satisfy the itch in her fingers seized Joe and boxed his ears. "You put your shirt on and then go and pick peas for supper. Hurry now, both of you, and only the fat ones, mind. No, not you, Annabelle." There was something about Annabelle's face, burned and countrified, that changed Martha's mind. "You shell the peas when he gets them. You're in the sun too much as it is."

"But I've got a poppy out and if he goes to the garden by himself he'll pick it just for spite." Annabelle spun round, and leaving the perplexity in her voice behind her, bolted for the garden. The next minute, before Martha had even reached the house, she was back again triumphant, a big fringed pink and purple poppy in her hand. Sitting down on the doorstep to admire the gaudy petals, she complained to herself, "They go so fast the first little winds blow them all away." On her face, lengthening it, was bitten deeply the enigma of the flowers and the naked seed-pods. Why did the beauty flash and the bony stalks remain?

Martha had clothes to iron, and biscuits to bake for supper; Annabelle and Joe quarrelled about the peas until she shelled them herself. It was hot heat so intense and breathless that it weighed like a solid. An ominous darkness came with it, gradual and unnoticed. All at once she turned away from the stove and stood strained, inert. The silence seemed to gather itself, hold its breath. She tried to speak to Nipper and the children, all three sprawled in a heap along-side the house, but the hush over everything was like a raised finger, forbidding her.
A long immobile minute; suddenly a bewildering awareness that the light was choked; and then, muffled, still distant, but charged with resolution, climaxing the stillness, a slow, long brooding heave of thunder.

Martha darted to the door, stumbled down the step and around the corner of the house. To the west there was no sky, only a gulf of blackness, so black that the landscape seemed slipping down the neck of a runnel. Above, almost overhead, a heavy, hard-lined bank of cloud swept its way across the sun-white blue in august, impassive fury.

"Annabelle!" She wanted to scream a warning, but it was a bare whisper. In front of her the blackness split an abrupt, unforked gash of light as if angry hands had snatched to seal the rent.

"Annabelle! Quick inside!" Deep in the funnel shaggy thunder rolled, emerged and shook itself, then with hurtling strides leaped up to drum and burst itself on the advancing peak of cloud.

"Joe, come back here!" He was off in pursuit of Nipper, who had broken away from Annabelle when she tried to pull him into the house. "Before I warm you!"

Her voice broke. She stared into the blackness. There it was the hail again the same white twisting little cloud against the black one just as she had seen it four years ago.

She craned her neck, looking to see whether John was coming. The wheat, the acres and acres of it, green and tall, if only he had put some insurance on it. Damned mule just work and work. No head himself and too stubborn to listen to anyone else.

There was a swift gust of wind, thunder in a splintering avalanche, the ragged hail-cloud low and close. She wheeled, with a push sent Annabelle toppling into the house, and then ran to the stable to throw open the big doors. John would turn the horses loose surely he would. She put a brace against one of the doors, and bashed the end into the ground with her foot. Surely but he was a fool such a fool at times. It would be just like him to risk a runaway for the sake of getting to the end of the field.

The first big drops of rain were spitting at her before she reached the house. Quietly, breathing hard, she closed the door, numb for a minute, afraid to think or move. At the other side of the kitchen Annabelle was tussling with Joe, trying to make him go down cellar with her. Frightened a little by her mother’s excitement, but not really able to grasp the imminence of danger, she was set on exploiting the event; and to be compelled to seize her little brother and carry him down cellar struck her imagination as a superb way of crystallizing for all time the dreadfulness of the storm and her own dramatic part in it. But Martha shouted at her hoarsely, "Go and get pillows. Here, Joe, quick, up on the table." She snatched him off his feet and set him on the table beside the window. "Be ready now when the hail starts, to hold the pillow tight against the glass. You, Annabelle, stay upstairs at the west window in my room."
The horses were coming, all six at a break-neck gallop, terrified by the thunder and the whip stripes John had given them when he turned them loose. They swept past the house, shaking the earth, their harness jangling tinny against the brattle of thunder, and collided headlong at the stable door.

John, too; through Joe's legs Martha caught sight of his long, scarecrow shape stooped low before the rain. Distractedly, without purpose, she ran upstairs two steps at a time to Annabelle. "Don't be scared, here comes your father!" Her own voice shook, craven. "Why don't you rest your arms? It hasn't started yet." As she spoke there was a sharp, crunching blow on the roof, its sound abruptly dead, sickening, like a weapon that has sunk deep into flesh. Wildly she shook her hands, motioning Annabelle back to the window, and started for the stairs. Again the blow came; then swiftly a stuttered dozen of them.

She reached the kitchen just as John burst in. With their eyes screwed up against the pummelling roar of the hail they stared at each other. They were deafened, pinioned, crushed. His face was a livid blank, one cheek smeared with blood where a jagged stone had struck him. Taut with fear, her throat aching, she turned away and looked through Joe's legs again. It was like a furious fountain, the stones bouncing high and clashing with those behind them. They had buried the earth, blotted out the horizon; there was nothing but their crazy spew of whiteness. She cowered away, put her hands to her ears.

Then the window broke, and Joe and the pillow tumbled off the table before the howling inrush of the storm. The stones clattered on the floor and bounded up to the ceiling, lit on the stove and threw out sizzling steam. The wind whisked pots and kettles off their hooks, tugged at and whirled the sodden curtains, crashed down a shelf of lamps and crockery. John pushed Martha and Joe into the next room and shut the door. There they found Annabelle huddled at the foot of the stairs, round-eyed, biting her nails in terror. The window she had been holding was broken too; and she had run away without closing the bedroom door, leaving a wild tide of wind upstairs to rage unchecked. It was rocking the whole house, straining at the walls. Martha ran up to close the door, and came down whimpering.

There was hail heaped on the bed, the pictures were blown off the walls and broken, the floor was swimming; the water would soak through and spoil all the ceilings. John's face quietened her. They all crowded together, silent, avert their eyes from one another. Martha wanted to cry again, but dared not. Joe, awed to calmness, kept looking furtively at the trickle of blood on his father's face. Annabelle's eyes went wide and glassy as suddenly she began to wonder about Nipper. In the excitement and terror of the storm they had all forgotten him.

When at last they could go outside they stumbled over his body on the step. He had run away from Joe before the storm started, crawled back to the house when he saw John go in, and crouching down against the door had been beaten lifeless. Martha held back
the children, while John picked up the mangled heap and hurried away with it to the stable.

Neither Joe nor Annabelle cried. It was too annihilating, too much like a blow. They clung tightly to Martha's skirts, staring across the flayed yard and garden. The sun came out, sharp and brilliant on the drifts of hail. There was an icy wind that made them shiver in their thin cotton clothes. "No, it's too cold on your feet." Martha motioned them back to the step as she started towards the gate to join John. "I want to go with your father to look at the wheat. There's nothing anyway to see."

Nothing but the glitter of sun on hailstones. Nothing but their wheat crushed into little rags of muddy slime. Here and there an isolated straw standing bolt upright in headless defiance. Martha and John walked to the far end of the field. There was no sound but their shoes slipping and rattling on the pebbles of ice. Both of them wanted to speak, to break the atmosphere of calamity that hung over them, but the words they could find were too small for the sparkling serenity of wasted field. Even as waste it was indomitable. It tethered them to itself, so that they could not feel or comprehend. It had come and gone, that was all; before its tremendousness and havoc they were prostrate. They had not yet risen to cry out or protest.

It was when they were nearly back to the house that Martha started to whimper. "I can't go on any longer; I can't, John. There's no use, we've tried." With one hand she clutched him and with the other held her apron to her mouth. "It's driving me out of my mind. I'm so tired heart-sick of it all. Can't you see?"

He laid his big hands on her shoulders. They looked at each other for a few seconds, then she dropped her head weakly against his greasy smock. Presently he roused her. "Here come Joe and Annabelle!" The pressure of his hands tightened. His bristly cheek touched her hair and forehead. "Straighten up, quick, before they see you!"

It was more of him than she had had for years. "Yes, John, I know I'm all right now." There was a wistful little pull in her voice as if she would have had him hold her there, but hurriedly instead she began to dry her eyes with her apron. "And tell Joe you'll get him another dog."

Then he left her and she went back to the house. Mounting within her was a resolve, a bravery. It was the warming sunlight, the strength and nearness of John, a feeling of mattering, belonging. Swung far upwards by the rush and swell of recaptured life, she was suddenly as far above the desolation of the storm as a little while ago she had been abject before it. But in the house she was alone; there was no sunlight, only a cold wind through the broken window; and she crumpled again.

She tried to face the kitchen, to get the floor dried and the broken lamps swept up. But it was not the kitchen; it was tomorrow, next week, next year. The going on, the waste of life, the hopelessness.
Her hands fought the broom a moment, twisting the handle as if trying to unscrew the rusted cap of a jar; then abruptly she let it fall and strode outside. All very fine for John: he'd talk about education for Joe and Annabelle, and she could worry where the clothes were to come from so that they could go clean and decent even to the country school. It made no difference that she had wanted to take out hail insurance. He was the one that looked after things. She was just his wife; it wasn't for her to open her mouth. He'd pat her shoulder and let her come back to this. They'd be brave, go on again, forget about the crop. Go on, go on next year and the next- go on till they were both ready for the scrapheap. But she'd had enough. This time he'd go on alone.

Not that she meant it. Not that she failed to understand what John was going through. It was just rebellion. Rebellion because their wheat was beaten to the ground, because there was this brutal, callous finish to everything she had planned, because she had will and needs and flesh, because she was alive. Rebellion, not John at all but how rebel against a summer storm, how find the throat of a cloud?

So at a jerky little run she set off for the stable, for John. Just that she might release and spend herself, no matter against whom or what, unloose the fury that clawed within her, strike back a blow for the one that had flattened her. The stable was quiet, only the push of hay as the horses nosed through the mangers, the lazy rub of their flanks and hips against the stall partitions; and before its quietness her anger subsided, took time for breath. She advanced slowly, almost on tiptoe, peering past the horses' rumps for a glimpse of John. To the last stall, back again. And then there was a sound different from the stable sounds. She paused.

She had not seen him the first time she passed because he was pressed against one of the horses, his head pushed into the big deep hollow of its neck and shoulder, one hand hooked by the fingers in the mane, his own shoulders drawn up and shaking. She stared, thrust out her head incredulously, moved her lips, but stood silent. John sobbing there, against the horse. It was the strangest, most frightening moment of her life. He had always been so strong and grim; had just kept on as if he couldn't feel, as if there were a bull's hide over him, and now he was beaten.

She crept away. It would be unbearable to watch his humiliation if he looked up and saw her. Joe was wandering about the yard, thinking about Nipper and disconsolately sucking hailstones, but she fled past him, head down, stricken with guilty shame as if it were she who had been caught broken and afraid. He had always been so strong, a brute at times in his strength, and now–

Now – why now that it had come to this, he might never be able to get a grip on himself again. He might not want to keep on working, not if he were really beaten. If he lost heart, if he didn't care about Joe and Annabelle any more. Weeds and pests, drought and hail it took so much fight for a man to hold his own against them all, just to hold his own, let alone make headway.
"Look at the sky!" It was Annabelle again, breathless and ecstatic. "The far one look how it’s opened like a fan!"

Withdrawn now in the eastern sky the storm clouds towered, gold-capped and flushed in the late sunlight, high still pyramids of snowiness and shadow. And one that Annabelle pointed to, apart, the farthest away of them all, this one in bronzed slow splendour spread up mountains high to a vast plateau-like summit. Martha hurried inside. She started the fire again, then nailed a blanket over the broken window and lit the big brass parlour lamp the only one the storm had spared. Her hands were quick and tense. John would need a good supper tonight. The biscuits were water-soaked, but she still had the peas. He liked peas. Lucky that they had picked them when they did. This winter they wouldn't have so much as an onion or potato.

**Answer the following questions about the story and submit completed work for evaluation.**

1. How is the wheat described in the first paragraph of the story?
2. What does the crop of wheat represent for Martha?
3. How does the reader know that Martha has experienced hardships before in her life?
4. What is Martha’s attitude to her husband? To her children? To her life in general?
5. How does the hailstorm change Martha’s life?
6. In your opinion, is this a story about hope or about despair? Explain your answer.
7. What do you think Martha’s next steps will be?

See the Analyzing Texts rubric for evaluation.
# Rubric: Analyzing Literary Texts

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th><strong>Level 1  50 – 59%</strong></th>
<th><strong>Level 2  60 – 69%</strong></th>
<th><strong>Level 3  70 – 79%</strong></th>
<th><strong>Level 4  80 – 100%</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Knowledge/Understanding</td>
<td>Provides limited information about ideas and themes; structure and genre; language and literary devices</td>
<td>Provides some logical description of ideas and themes; structure and genre; language and literary devices</td>
<td>Provides a logical, supported description of ideas and themes; structure and genre; language and literary devices</td>
<td>Provides a thorough and insightful description of ideas and themes; structure and genre; language and literary devices</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Key Features (e.g., ideas and themes; form and structure; language and literary devices)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thinking/Inquiry</td>
<td>Inferences about values and perspectives show limited insight</td>
<td>Inferences about values and perspectives show some insight</td>
<td>Inferences about values and perspectives show considerable insight</td>
<td>Inferences about values and perspectives are highly insightful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Values and perspectives</td>
<td>Evaluates the impact of language, ideas, and techniques with limited effectiveness</td>
<td>Evaluates the impact of language, ideas, and techniques with some effectiveness</td>
<td>Evaluates the impact of language, ideas, and techniques with considerable effectiveness</td>
<td>Evaluates the impact of language, ideas, and techniques with a high degree of effectiveness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evaluation</td>
<td>Provides limited evidence to support interpretations and analyses</td>
<td>Provides some specific and relevant evidence to support interpretations and analyses</td>
<td>Provides considerable specific evidence to support interpretations and analyses</td>
<td>Provides thorough, convincing evidence to support interpretations and analyses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Use of evidence</td>
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<tr>
<td>Communication</td>
<td>Thoughts and feelings are communicated with limited clarity</td>
<td>Thoughts and feelings are communicated with some clarity</td>
<td>Thoughts and feelings are communicated with considerable clarity</td>
<td>Thoughts and feelings are communicated with a high degree of clarity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarity</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Application</td>
<td>Makes limited connections to own ideas, values, and experiences</td>
<td>Makes some connections to own ideas, values, and experiences</td>
<td>Makes logical connections to own ideas, values, and experiences</td>
<td>Makes insightful connections to own ideas, values, and experiences</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personal Connections</td>
<td>Makes limited connections to own ideas, values, and experiences</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Comparisons with other works</td>
<td>Includes few logical comparisons to features in other works</td>
<td>Includes some logical comparisons to features in other works</td>
<td>Includes logical comparisons to features in other works</td>
<td>Includes insightful comparisons to features in other works</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Mini-lesson on “Quotation Insertion.”

When writing a paragraph or an essay about a short story or other piece of literature, it is important to use direct quotations (i.e. sentences directly from the story) to help prove the point you wish to argue in your writing. The main point you wish to prove should be your own original idea that you develop as you read the story. Use a sentence or direct quotation from the story to strengthen the argument you are presenting.

In a well-written formal paragraph, a properly used quotation must contain the following elements:

- **context of the quotation**: a brief background of how or where the quotation is used in the story
- **speaker**: who said (or though) it
- **properly cited page reference**: state the last name of the story’s author and the exact page number of the story from which the quotation came in round brackets immediately after the quotation
- **comment** that explains how the quote proves the point

Example:

You wish to prove that past disappointments have taken a toll on Martha’s marriage.

Although the successful harvest of the wheat represents a better future for Martha’s family, Martha resents what previous crop failures have taken from her. Martha is bitter, however, that his numerous setbacks have pushed John away from her emotionally. She misses the loving man he once was with her and she sadly notes that “John was gone, love was gone; there was only wheat” (Ross 16). Clearly, in Martha’s mind, the failed wheat crops have taken John from her.

When using quotations in your writing, remember the following points:

- use quotation marks around the sentence or phrase you are using from the story
- note the author and the page number of the story in round brackets immediately after the quotation, even if you have not completed your own sentence
- blend the quotation into your own sentence (a sentence from the story you are writing about should not be a sentence by itself in the story about you are writing)
KEY QUESTION #35

Complete the following Quotation Insertion exercise.

Choose any four of the following points to prove using properly inserted quotations from “A Field of Wheat.”

a) Martha has a bleak and difficult life.
b) The crop of wheat represents a better future for the family.
c) Martha resents what years of hard work and disappointment have done to John.
d) Martha hopes for a better future for her children.
e) Martha both loves and hates her husband.
f) After the storm, Martha becomes the real “head of the household.”

Evaluation: 5 marks each x 4 selections = 20 marks [T/I/PS]

- Appropriate context to introduce quotation [1 mark]
- Selected Quotation proves the argument/point [2 mark]
- Proper punctuation and citation of quotation [1 mark]
- Overall writing style, and correct spelling and grammar [1 mark]

Grammar Lesson: Sentence Fragments and Run-on Sentences

Sentence Fragments

A sentence fragment is a group of words that is punctuated like a sentence but lacks a subject or a verb, or both. A sentence fragment does not express a complete thought; therefore, it does not make sense by itself.

Example:

We saw Kelly’s new car. *A bright red sports car.*

Sentence fragments are sometimes caused when writers mistake verbal – verb forms that are used as modifiers or nouns – for verbs, or when they mistake a subordinate clause for a main clause.

Example:

*Failing to see the car in front of him because he was distracted by his sister.* Daly nearly rear-ended it.
Run-on Sentences

Run-on sentences are created when two sentences are joined together without a conjunction or semicolon. Run-on sentences can usually be easily corrected in one of the following ways.

- Make two sentences by adding a period to one sentence and capital letter to the other.

Example:

Incorrect: Margaret Laurence was born in Neepawa, Manitobam in 1926, she began writing stories at the age of six.

Correct: Margaret Laurence was born in Neepawa, Manitoba in 1926. She began writing stories at the age of six.

- Add a semicolon to the sentence.

Example:

Margaret Laurence was born in Neepawa, Manitoba in 1926; she began writing stories at the age of six.

- Add a comma and a coordinating conjunction to the sentence.

Example:

Margaret Laurence was born in Neepawa, Manitoba in 1926, and she began writing stories at the age of six.

- Change one of the main clauses to a subordinate clause. First you must decide which clause included the main idea.

Example:

Margaret Laurence was born in Neepawa, Manitoba, where she began writing stories at the age of six.

Source: Viewpoints 11
KEY QUESTION #36

Complete the Sentence Fragment and Run-on Sentences. You may wish to photocopy the following two pages for the assignment otherwise copy the relevant passages into your notebook before completing the assignment.

Sentence Fragments

A sentence fragment is a group of words that is punctuated like a sentence but lacks a subject or verb, or both. A sentence fragment does not express a complete thought; therefore, it does not make sense by itself.

Example: We saw Kelly's new car. A bright red sports car.

Sentence fragments are sometimes caused when writers mistake verbal verb forms that are used as modifiers or nouns for verbs, or when they mistake a subordinate clause for a main clause.

Example: Failing to see the car in front of him because he was distracted by his sister. Daly nearly rear-ended it.

While unintentional sentence fragments are errors, sometimes writers deliberately use fragments for emphasis, or to create a sense of informality or urgency in their writing. For example, in "Some Paws for Concern," Mike Randolph writes:

In that book you will learn a lot about bear attacks, although not, unfortunately, what everyone wishes they could know the one foolproof way to avoid them. Just doesn't exist.

Revise the following sentences to eliminate sentence fragments.

1. Biologists don't know why some wolves travel farther than others. Swimming through the open sea to reach other islands.

2. In fact, Dr. Person says that before wolves were eliminated from Vancouver Island in the 1940s. It's likely that they routinely travelled between the island and the mainland.

3. Having learned as much as we could about the interesting wolves that live on the Alaska coast. We were determined to see them in their natural habitat.

4. Dr. Person thought that the wolves' achievement swimming several kilometres across open ocean was amazing. An astonishing feat few other mammals could emulate.
5. While a wolf may look awkward in the water. It can move quickly, outpacing many other land animals.

**Run-on Sentences**

Run-on sentences are created when two sentences are joined together without a conjunction or semicolon. Run-on sentences can usually be easily corrected in one of the following ways.

- Make two sentences by adding a period to one sentence and capital letter to the other.

  Example: Margaret Laurence was born in Neepawa, Manitoba, in 1926, she began writing stories at the age of six.

  Correct: Margaret Laurence was born in Neepawa, Manitoba, in 1926. She began writing stories at the age of six.

- Add a semicolon to the sentence.

  Example: Margaret Laurence was born in Neepawa, Manitoba, in 1926; she began writing stories at the age of six.

- Add a comma and a coordinating conjunction to the sentence.

  Example: Margaret Laurence was born in Neepawa, Manitoba, in 1926, and she began writing stories at the age of six.

- Change one of the main clauses to a subordinate clause. First you must decide which clause includes the main idea.

  Example: Margaret Laurence was born in 1926 in Neepawa, Manitoba, where she began writing stories at the age of six.

Revise the following paragraph to eliminate any run-on sentences.

Taking physical education at school prepares a student for lifelong fitness, safe exercise, and a healthy lifestyle. Young children are naturally active and burn a lot of energy unfortunately many teens get too little exercise. Studies show that teens who stop exercising become less fit they also gain weight. Statistics from Health Canada reveal that only 70 percent of young men and women between the ages of 15 and 19 exercise regularly this suggests that up to three out of every ten high school students do not get enough exercise. School is the ideal place to keep teens involved; they might not seek out other opportunities to participate in sports.
KEY QUESTION #37

Paragraph Assignment

Write a character sketch of Martha from the story “A Field of Wheat” using two properly inserted quotations to help prove your points. Review the section on Paragraph Structure from Lesson 1 in this unit to help you to organize your writing. Complete the paragraph outline chart, rough copy and the good copy, submitting all work for evaluation. Use the format below for the Paragraph Outline.

Topic Sentence:

Point #1:

Supporting Evidence:

Point #2:

Supporting Evidence:

Point #3:

Supporting Evidence:

Concluding Sentence:

See the “Character Analysis” rubric for evaluation on the next page.
## Rubric: Character Analysis

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Level 1 50 – 59%</th>
<th>Level 2 60 – 69%</th>
<th>Level 3 70 – 79%</th>
<th>Level 4 80 – 100%</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Knowledge/Understanding</td>
<td>Shows limited understanding of the character's role and relationships</td>
<td>Shows some understanding of the character's role and relationships</td>
<td>Shows considerable understanding of the character's role and relationships</td>
<td>Shows thorough and insightful understanding of the character's role and relationships</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Role and relationships</td>
<td>Analyzes few key qualities of the character</td>
<td>Analyzes some key qualities of the character</td>
<td>Analyzes most key qualities of the character</td>
<td>Analyzes all or almost all key qualities of the character</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Key qualities</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thinking/Inquiry</td>
<td>Makes few logical inferences about the character's motivations</td>
<td>Makes some logical inferences about the character’s motivations</td>
<td>Makes logical inferences about the character’s motivations</td>
<td>Makes insightful inferences about the character’s motivations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inferences</td>
<td>Provides limited specific and accurate detail to support ideas and interpretations</td>
<td>Provides some specific and accurate detail to support ideas and interpretations</td>
<td>Provides considerable specific and accurate detail to support ideas and interpretations</td>
<td>Provides effective, specific, and accurate detail to support ideas and interpretations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detail (including quotations)</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Communication</td>
<td>Communicates ideas with limited clarity and effectiveness</td>
<td>Communicates ideas with some clarity and effectiveness</td>
<td>Communicates ideas with considerable clarity and effectiveness</td>
<td>Communicates ideas with a high degree of clarity and effectiveness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarity</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Application</td>
<td>Applies grammar, usage, spelling, and punctuation with limited accuracy and effectiveness</td>
<td>Applies grammar, usage, spelling, and punctuation with some accuracy and effectiveness</td>
<td>Applies grammar, usage, spelling, and punctuation with considerable accuracy and effectiveness</td>
<td>Applies grammar, usage, spelling, and punctuation with a high degree of accuracy and effectiveness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Language conventions</td>
<td>Makes few connections to characters in other works</td>
<td>Makes some connections to characters in other works</td>
<td>Makes logical connections to characters in other works</td>
<td>Makes insightful connections to characters in other works</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connections to other works</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Next Steps:**

In this lesson you examined the impact that choices have on individuals. In the next lesson, you will look at the influence your choices have on others around you, specifically members of your family.
LESSON 9 - THE CHANGING FAMILY

This lesson has five Key Questions for submission. This lesson should take approximately 4 hours to complete.

Key Questions:

Key Question #38  Complete a pre-writing journal entry.
Key Question #39  Read the essay “My Home is Not Broken” by Carol Kleinman and complete questions about the essay
Key Question #40  Read the lesson on “Connotation and Denotation” and complete the accompanying exercise
Key Question #41  The Argumentative Essay – Essay Outline
Key Question #42  Complete an essay plan and rough copy for your unit essay.

Evaluation Overview:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Question</th>
<th>Task</th>
<th>Marks</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Pre-writing journal</td>
<td>10 marks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>Post-reading questions</td>
<td>10 marks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>Connotation and Denotation exercise</td>
<td>10 marks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Essay outline</td>
<td>20 marks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>First Draft of Essay</td>
<td>10 marks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>60 marks</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Expectations:

LI3.03  - analyse the effect of authors' choices of language, syntax, and rhetorical and literary devices on the reader by examining their own and others' responses to the style of texts

WR1.03  - formulate and refine a thesis to develop content for expressive and business and technical writing, using information and ideas from prior knowledge and research (e.g., imagine possibilities and test hypotheses while developing a thesis for an essay; consult a reference text of specialized or technical terms to add precision to the statement of the problem in a report)

WR3.01  - use report structure, essay structure, and organizational patterns such as induction, deduction, and process-analysis to present information and ideas in reports and essays (e.g., use a general-to-specific pattern to organize the headings and content of a report on how a law is passed; use a process-analysis pattern to describe the stages of the writing process)

WR5.04  - edit and proofread their own and others’ writing, identifying and correcting errors according to the requirements for grammar, usage, spelling, and punctuation
KEY QUESTION #38

Complete the following pre-reading reflection journal.

Write a journal entry of approximately ½ to 1 page in length.

1. Discuss the meaning of the expression “broken home.” Does it have a positive meaning or a negative meaning? Explain.

2. In your opinion, how does society discriminate against single parent families? Why do you think this occurs?

See the Personal Reflection Journal rubric for evaluation on the next page.
### Rubric for Personal Journal Reflection

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Level 1 50 - 59%</th>
<th>Level 2 60 - 69%</th>
<th>Level 3 70 - 79%</th>
<th>Level 4 80 - 100%</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Knowledge/Understanding</strong></td>
<td>- poor connections to ideas and information in text made.</td>
<td>- makes limited connections to information and ideas to describe overall focus of the reading</td>
<td>- connects information and ideas to describe overall focus of the reading</td>
<td>- makes inferences about abstract concepts and connects reading and questions to their own experiences in a highly effective manner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Inferences</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Analysis</strong></td>
<td>- makes very limited connections to reading and to questions</td>
<td>- makes limited connections to reading and questions</td>
<td>- connects reading and questions to their experiences with success</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Thinking/Inquiry</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Integration</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Evidence</strong></td>
<td>- poor support used from the text</td>
<td>- adequate support used from the text</td>
<td>- good support from the text</td>
<td>- strong support from the text</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Integration</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Communication</strong></td>
<td>- shows a limited focus or central idea</td>
<td>- expresses a central idea that is clear and relevant to the question</td>
<td>- expresses central ideas that show clear understanding of the text and the question</td>
<td>- communicates a central idea that is thought-provoking and insightful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Unity</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>- structure and sequence lack a clear organization</td>
<td>- uses a structure that supports the central idea effectively</td>
<td>- creates a structure that enhances an appreciation of the response</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Coherence</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>- structure and sequence are clear</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Application</strong></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Written conventions</strong></td>
<td>- uses required conventions with limited accuracy</td>
<td>- uses the required conventions with some accuracy and effectiveness</td>
<td>- uses the important writing conventions accurately and effectively</td>
<td>- uses writing conventions skilfully</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Proofreading</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>- moderate use of proofreading skills</td>
<td>- consistent use of proofreading skills</td>
<td>- thorough use of proofreading skills</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
KEY QUESTION #39

Read the essay entitled “My Home is Not Broken” by Carol Kleinman

My Home Is Not Broken, It Works by Carol Kleinman

One summer day, my son Robert, then five years old, took me by the hand and asked me to go outside with him.

Holding on tightly, he carefully walked around the house with me, looking at doors and windows and shaking his head. There was something he didn't understand.

"Mommy," he finally asked, pressing my hand with his warm, chubby fingers, "is our home broken?"

His words shot through my body, alerting every protective instinct, activating my private defence system, the one I hold in reserve to ward off attacks against women and children.

Oh, Robbie," I answered, hugging him, "did someone tell you that we have a broken home?"

"Yes," he said sweetly. "But it doesn't look broken!"

"It's not," I assured him. "Our house is not broken and neither are we."

I explained that "broken" is some people's way of describing a home with only one parent, usually the mother. Sometimes there was only one parent because of divorce, like us. "There are still lots of homes like ours. And they're still homes."

Robbie looked relieved and went to play with his friends. I stood there, shaking with anger.

What a way to put down a little kid and me, too, I thought. I supported my three children, fed and clothed them. I was there for them emotionally and physically. I managed to keep up payments on the house. Although we struggled financially, we were happy and loving. What was "broken" about us?

That was in 1970. The expression is as prevalent today as it was then. We've made some headway in raising the issue of sexist expressions, including such formerly popular ones as calling women "girls," "gals," or "broads." We've even sensitized a few headline writers to their unhealthy habit of describing women as "grandmothers" and "mothers" while the stories about them are totally unrelated to their biological roles. Such as: "Grandmother Elected Prime Minister."
But a household headed by a woman is still a "broken home," despite the fact that more than 5 million women raise their families alone. A residence in which a man is not in residence, the phrase implies, is not a home. Two decades into the second wave of the Women's Movement, the phrase is often used as an explanation for a terrible crime, as if a woman alone were disreputable and can only raise a vicious miscreant who will naturally prey upon society: "The alleged murderer is a loner and comes from a broken home."

Over the years, similar buzzwords have sent me buzzing. Even though I work for a newspaper and understand how journalists are misunderstood, I am constantly writing letters of protest to publications that deprecate me and all women with frequent use of expressions such as "divorcee," "unwed" mother, and "illegitimate" children. They have something offensively in common: they tell us that if no husband/father exists, neither do women and children.

It's true that society does not help single or divorced women raise their children or keep their families intact. The scorn felt for so-called broken homes is expressed in the lack of support systems for heads of those households, in the withholding of federally funded quality child care, job training and equal pay, and in the meanness with which aid to dependent children is doled out.

The expression "broken home" suggests that my children never had a chance in life because their father was not present, and what I did doesn't count. I know that's not true, and it's not true for millions of other Americans also stigmatized by the term.

I had some testimony recently that I am not alone in my strong belief that my house is truly a home. It came from my three children. On a recent Thanksgiving, my trio – Catharine, then 21; Raymond, Jr., 19; and Robert, 18 – gathered in Chicago for the holiday. After they left, I found a note on my desk that they had written and signed before dispersing to their various colleges from coast to coast.

It begins: "Yet another Thanksgiving holiday has drawn our family together for a few meaningful days. It's just enough time to touch base, strengthen our bond, and reaffirm how important we are to one another."

As I read on, I remembered Robbie's question a dozen years ago and how much it hurt. Here was the real answer to the question: Is our home broken? The note ended: "We thank you for making us what we are."
Answer the following questions about the essay and hand in for evaluation.

1. Why did the conversation with her son at the beginning of the chapter make the author feel so angry?

2. The incident the author describes in the story took place in 1970. Do you think the ideas about “broken homes” today are the same or different than they were then?

3. In this story, does the term “broken home” have a positive image or a negative image? Explain.

4. What is the author’s tone in writing this story? Is she angry? Hopeful? Use some exact words and phrases from the story to justify your response.

See the Analyzing Texts rubric for evaluation on the next page.
### Rubric: Analyzing Literary Texts

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Level 1 50 – 59%</th>
<th>Level 2 60 – 69%</th>
<th>Level 3 70 – 79%</th>
<th>Level 4 80 – 100%</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Knowledge/ Understanding</td>
<td>Provides limited information about ideas and themes; structure and genre; language and literary devices</td>
<td>Provides some logical description of ideas and themes; structure and genre; language and literary devices</td>
<td>Provides a logical, supported description of ideas and themes; structure and genre; language and literary devices</td>
<td>Provides a thorough and insightful description of ideas and themes; structure and genre; language and literary devices</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Key Features</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inferences about values and perspectives show limited insight</td>
<td>Inferences about values and perspectives show some insight</td>
<td>Inferences about values and perspectives show considerable insight</td>
<td>Inferences about values and perspectives are highly insightful</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evaluation</td>
<td>Evaluates the impact of language, ideas, and techniques with limited effectiveness</td>
<td>Evaluates the impact of language, ideas, and techniques with some effectiveness</td>
<td>Evaluates the impact of language, ideas, and techniques with considerable effectiveness</td>
<td>Evaluates the impact of language, ideas, and techniques with a high degree of effectiveness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Use of evidence</td>
<td>Provides limited evidence to support interpretations and analyses</td>
<td>Provides some specific and relevant evidence to support interpretations and analyses</td>
<td>Provides considerable specific evidence to support interpretations and analyses</td>
<td>Provides thorough, convincing evidence to support interpretations and analyses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Communication</td>
<td>Thoughts and feelings are communicated with limited clarity</td>
<td>Thoughts and feelings are communicated with some clarity</td>
<td>Thoughts and feelings are communicated with considerable clarity</td>
<td>Thoughts and feelings are communicated with a high degree of clarity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarity</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Application</td>
<td>Makes limited connections to own ideas, values, and experiences</td>
<td>Makes some connections to own ideas, values, and experiences</td>
<td>Makes logical connections to own ideas, values, and experiences</td>
<td>Makes insightful connections to own ideas, values, and experiences</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personal Connections</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comparisons with other works</td>
<td>Includes few logical comparisons to features in other works</td>
<td>Includes some logical comparisons to features in other works</td>
<td>Includes logical comparisons to features in other works</td>
<td>Includes insightful comparisons to features in other works</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Mini-lesson on “Connotation and Denotation”

Denotation

The denotation of a word is its exact meaning as stated in a dictionary.

Example:

The denotation of casual is “not fancy or formal.”

Connotation

The connotation of a word is an added meaning that suggests something positive or negative.

Example:

Positive: Casual suggests “informal or relaxed.”
          Casual has a positive connotation.

Negative: Snickered suggests “mocking.”
          Snickered has a negative connotation.

Source: Language Power H, c. 2000 Gage Educational Publishing

KEY QUESTION #40

Complete the following Connotation and Denotation Exercises. Either copy the relevant part of the exercise into your notebook or photocopy the following sheet and submit it for evaluation.
CONNOTATION AND DENOTATION

The denotation of a word is its exact meaning as stated in a dictionary.

EXAMPLE: The denotation of casual is "not fancy or formal."

The connotation of a word is an added meaning that suggests something positive or negative.

EXAMPLES: Positive: Casual suggests "informal or relaxed." Casual has a positive connotation.
            Negative: Snickered suggests "mocking." Snickered has a negative connotation.

Some words are neutral and do not suggest either good or bad feelings.

Write (-) if the word has a negative connotation. Write (+) if the word has a positive connotation. Write (N) if the word is neutral.

1. __ relaxed  4. __ pushed  7. __ shoved  10. __ wrote
2. __ grand  5. __ slouched  8. __ snobby  11. __ old
3. __ loud  6. __ large  9. __ gang  12. __ stubborn

Rewrite the paragraphs below. Replace the underlined words with words that do not have negative connotation.

The customer stomped into the store and demanded to see the manager. As the manager approached, he glared at her. "I bought these shoes yesterday," he growled. "I wore them once out in the rain, and look, they're already ruined," he barked in a loud tone. "What can you do about it?" he continued belligerently.

"Well, sir, our policy is to give you a new pair of shoes if you're not satisfied with the ones that you've bought," she replied.

"I don't want a new pair," he interrupted, frowning at her suggestion. "What a silly idea! I demand my money back."
The Argumentative Essay

Purpose:

Simply stated, an argumentative essay is a formal piece of writing where you develop a main argument and use relevant and supporting information to prove that main argument. Essay structure and format builds upon the Paragraph structure and format you learned about earlier in the unit.

In English courses, students usually write argumentative essays in response to pieces of literature they have read.

Structure:

Essays generally have three main sections:
- the introduction
- the body
- the conclusion

The introduction and conclusion are one paragraph long each. The body of the essay is the longest section as that is where you develop and explain the main arguments. Generally, the body of your essay should be three paragraphs long.

Section One: The Introduction

Hook: the first sentence of your introductory paragraph
- purpose is to “hook” the reader’s attention
- the hook could be a definition, a quotation, a controversial statement, or an anecdote.

Direction of Arguments: in the latter half of the introductory paragraph
- purpose is to summarize the direction of the arguments of the essay
- the content of the body paragraph is reflected by briefly referring to the three main arguments of the paper.

Thesis Statement: the last sentence of the introductory paragraph
- purpose is to state the main idea of the essay
- the thesis statement is one sentence only in length
Section Two: The Body

The body of the essay is composed of three expository paragraphs (see Lesson 1 in the unit). Each paragraph develops one of the supporting arguments that help to prove your thesis.

**Topic Sentence:** first sentence of a body paragraph
- Purpose is to indicate the supporting argument that will be developed in that paragraph (i.e. In this paragraph you will go into great detail about how Directional Statement #1 helps to prove/develop your thesis
- You should refer to your thesis statement in this sentence

**Point #1:** a clear sentence that indicates one idea or concept to help the idea being developed with this body paragraph
- **Proof:** specific reference that supports the point in the form of a direct quotation or general reference to the text.
- **Explanation:** an explanation of how the proof directly relates to your point; ideally, you provide a clear and original explanation

**Point #2:** a clear sentence that indicates one idea or concept to help the idea being developed with this body paragraph
- **Proof:** specific reference that supports the point in the form of a direct quotation or general reference to the text.
- **Explanation:** an explanation of how the proof directly relates to your point; ideally, you provide a clear and original explanation

**Point #3:** a clear sentence that indicates one idea or concept to help the idea being developed with this body paragraph
- **Proof:** specific reference that supports the point in the form of a direct quotation or general reference to the text.
- **Explanation:** an explanation of how the proof directly relates to your point; ideally, you provide a clear and original explanation

**Concluding Sentence:** the final sentence of the body paragraph
- Purpose is to restate the topic and establish a link to the thesis

Section Three: The Conclusion

**Restatement of Thesis:** the first sentence of the concluding paragraph
- Purpose is to remind the reader of your main argument
- Restate your thesis using a similar idea, but no the exact same sentence
Summary of Arguments: middle of the concluding paragraph
- purpose is to restate and summarize the main arguments of the body

Final thought: final sentence(s) of the paragraph
- purpose is to provide a sense of completeness to the essay
- this sentence may redirect the reader to the “bigger picture”

KEY QUESTION #40/41

Write a formal argumentative essay about one of the following topics.

For this lesson, complete the Essay Outline and write a rough copy for a formal essay about one of the following statements. You will learn how to edit and complete the essay as part of Lesson 10 to finish this unit. You may wish to photocopy the plan sheets to complete your outline, or just follow the format in your notebook. Make sure you submit both the outline and the rough copy for evaluation (keep a copy of your essay to use for the next lesson if you choose to hand in lessons separately).

Topic #1: Being a member of family today presents many challenges.
Topic #2: Explain a person’s roles and responsibilities when part of a family.

See Rubric for evaluation on the page following the outline worksheets.

ESSAY PLAN

Topic: __________________________________________________________

Introduction:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hook</th>
<th>#1)</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Direction of Arguments</th>
<th>#2)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Thesis Statement</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
## Body:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Argument #1:</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Topic Sentence</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Point 1</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Proof</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Explanation</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Point 2</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Proof</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Explanation</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Point 3</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Proof</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Explanation</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Concluding Sentence</strong></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Argument # 2:</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Topic Sentence</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Point 1</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Proof</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Explanation</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Point 2</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Proof</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Explanation</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Point 3</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Proof</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Explanation</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Argument # 3:</td>
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<td>-------------</td>
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<tr>
<td>Topic Sentence</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Point 1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proof</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Explanation</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Point 2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proof</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Explanation</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Point 3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proof</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Explanation</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Concluding Sentence**

**Conclusion:**

Restatement of Thesis

Direction of Arguments

#1)

#2)

#3)

Final Thought
Rubric: Writing an Essay

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Level 1 50 – 59%</th>
<th>Level 2 60 – 69%</th>
<th>Level 3 70 – 79%</th>
<th>Level 4 80 – 100%</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thinking/ Inquiry</td>
<td>Uses a controlling idea to focus the essay with limited effectiveness</td>
<td>Uses a controlling idea to focus the essay with some effectiveness</td>
<td>Uses a controlling idea to focus the essay with considerable effectiveness</td>
<td>Uses a controlling idea to focus the essay with a high degree of effectiveness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thesis statement/ controlling</td>
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<tr>
<td>idea as focus for the body of</td>
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<tr>
<td>the essay, the issue, and the</td>
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<tr>
<td>writer’s position on the issue</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Support which is relevant and</td>
<td>Uses details and evidence from the text to support the controlling idea with</td>
<td>Uses details and evidence from the text to support the controlling idea with</td>
<td>Uses details and evidence from the text to support the controlling idea with</td>
<td>Uses details and evidence from the text to support the controlling idea with a</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>appropriate to the topic or issue</td>
<td>limited effectiveness</td>
<td>some effectiveness</td>
<td>considerable effectiveness</td>
<td>high degree of effectiveness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Communication</td>
<td>Organizes the essay by explaining the main points with limited effectiveness</td>
<td>Organizes the essay by explaining the main points with some effectiveness</td>
<td>Organizes the essay by explaining the main points with considerable effectiveness</td>
<td>Organizes the essay by explaining the main points with a high degree of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Organization (focused on the</td>
<td>Uses a formal tone and appropriate diction and style with limited effectiveness</td>
<td>Uses a formal tone and appropriate diction and style with some effectiveness</td>
<td>Uses a formal tone and appropriate diction and style with considerable</td>
<td>effectiveness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pattern of organization</td>
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Next Steps:

In this lesson, you examined the structure of an argumentative essay. In addition, you completed the essay and plan and rough copy for your unit end assignment. To complete Unit 2, you will learn how to successfully edit your work so you can present a polished and professional essay to your marker.
Lesson 10
LESSON 10 - THE FINAL COPY OF THE EXPOSITORY ESSAY

In lesson nine, you planned an expository essay and wrote a rough draft. This lesson is a continuation of the writing process. It will enable you to examine your rough copy and make appropriate revisions. You will have the opportunity to have your writing evaluated by a third-party before submitting to your formal evaluator. Taking time to thoroughly complete each step of this lesson will certainly result in an improved final copy! The only assignment that will be evaluated in this lesson is the final copy of your essay, but you should complete the other activities to complete the best final copy that you can.

The Activities in this lesson are as follows:

- Sentence Variety: Worksheet
- Examining Sentence Variety in Your Own Writing
- Rules for formal writing
- Formal writing check and revised copy
- Proofreading Strategies
- Writing Process Checklist
- Peer Assessment

There is one Key Question for this lesson:

**Key Question #42** Final Copy of the Expository Essay

**Evaluation Overview:**

Rubric for Essay: 100 marks

**Expectations:**

**WR3.01** - use report structure, essay structure, and organizational patterns such as induction, deduction, and process-analysis to present information and ideas in reports and essays (e.g., use a general-to-specific pattern to organize the headings and content of a report on how a law is passed; use a process-analysis pattern to describe the stages of the writing process)

**WR4.04** - revise drafts to integrate researched information, ideas, and quotations appropriately and ethically, checking all material for accuracy (e.g., incorporate researched material consistently, using parenthetical referencing, charts, graphs, diagrams, and bibliographies to support opinions and assertions)

**WR5.01** - cite researched information, ideas, and quotations in a consistent and ethical manner according to acceptable research methodology (e.g., cite sources using a recognized style such as that of the Modern Language
Association [MLA] or the traditional footnote/endnote system known as the Chicago style

**WR5.02**
- produce, format, and publish written work, using appropriate technology to share writing with intended audiences (e.g., submit a report with the sources of information documented and charts, tables, and/or graphics smoothly integrated into text; use graphics, fonts, and typefaces effectively to enhance the impact of a report; adapt an electronic template for a formal letter);

**WR5.03**
- identify strengths and weaknesses in their writing skills and create action plans for improvement

**LG1.05**
- recognize, describe, and use correctly, in oral and written language, the language structures of standard Canadian English and its conventions of grammar, usage, spelling, and punctuation, as prescribed for this course (e.g., consult recognized style guides for information

**Activity: Complete the exercise on Sentence Variety.**

Sentence Variety

Imagine eating exactly the same foods for breakfast, lunch, and dinner (or supper) every day this would soon become very boring! Writing suffers from being boring, too, if the sentences are all of the same type and begin in the same way. You can "spice up" your writing by varying your sentence types, sentence purposes, and sentence beginnings.

Below is a paragraph from a draft of a student's essay. Revise it to improve the effectiveness of sentence lengths, sentence purposes, and sentence beginnings. Don't change the content or basic meaning of the paragraph.

*The way you feel after an accident can be strange. The sensation of how you feel can be changed. It changes as time passes after the accident. I remember an example that shows this. It happened when I was thirteen years old. I was riding my bike to my piano lesson. My mind was consumed with finding out the results of my piano exam. I was taking my time on the old, bumpy highway. I saw a bee. I took a swing at it. I don't remember much after that. I woke up in the ditch. One of my sandals was missing. I was covered in road rash. It was on my shoulder. It was on my arm. It was on my shin. My shin was bleeding profusely. I got back on my bike and headed toward home. I didn't even feel the tines of the pedal on my bare foot. A friend drove by. I waved as usual. I didn't feel a thing. I rode the three kilometres home. I walked in and called my mom. She looked at me. And then everything started to feel different.*

**Write your new version in your notebook.**
Activity: Examining Sentence Variety in Your Own Writing

Remember, you are trying to “spice up” your writing by varying your sentence types, purposes, and beginnings.

Have the rough copy of your expository essay in front of you. **Complete the following steps:**

1. Highlight the first word in each sentence. Check to see if you rely too much on sentences that start with the same subject.

2. Look to see how you join parts of sentences. Do you use words such as *and, but, or, and yet*? Can you re-order some sentences to begin with a subordinate clause?

   For example: Family members offer support in times of need. Could be changed to: In times of need, family members offer support.

3. Examine the length of your sentences. Are many of them short and simple? Try using more complex and compound sentences. Or, if your sentences are all lengthy, try adding some variety by using short, emphatic sentences.

Activity: Rules for Formal Writing

Read the following definitions of formal and informal writing:

**Formal:** Formal writing is deliberate and dignified. Its vocabulary is standard and its sentences are often long and qualified with dependent clauses. In general, it follows the accepted rules of grammar and principles of style.

**Informal:** Informal writing resembles speech and, in fact, is often a representation of speech in writing. It may contain partial sentences, many short sentences, contractions, colloquial expressions, and sometimes slang.


Think of it this way: If you were writing to your friend, you would write informally. You would use certain expressions and short forms and the writing would seem very casual and relaxed. However, if you were writing to an employer or to the Queen, it would be quite different. You would take care to use proper grammar and more sophisticated words and sentences. It is this formal style of writing that you are to be using for your expository essay. Now that doesn’t mean that every word you use must be more than 10 letters long.
Here are the rules for formal writing:

1. Do not use contractions.

   Example: Families *aren’t* what they used to be.
   Change to: Families *are not* what they used to be

2. When discussing literature, always use present tense verbs.

   Example: Marianne *was* upset when she *locked* her keys in the car.
   Change to: Marianne *is* upset when she *locks* her keys in the car.

3. Do not use colloquial expressions.

   Example: Stephen *freaks out* when he does not get his way.
   Change to: Stephen *gets highly agitated* when he does not get his way.

4. Do not use “I” or “you” in reference to yourself or to your reader.

   Example: *I think* that Stewart is a very selfish man.
   Change to: Stewart is clearly a very selfish man.

   Example: *You can see that* things have changed greatly for Albert.
   Change to: Things have changed greatly for Albert.

5. Write out numbers.

   Example: On *3* occasions, she tries to tell her husband the truth.
   Change to: On *three* occasions, she tries to tell her husband the truth.

Now, here are some formatting things to remember:

- Double space your writing.
- Do not leave extra spaces between your paragraphs.
- Indent the first line of each paragraph.
- Include a bibliography as the last page of your good copy.

Go through your rough copy and check to ensure that you have followed all the rules for formal writing. Make corrections on your rough copy. **Write a revised rough copy in your workbook.**
Activity: Proofreading Strategies

Now that you have a “clean” rough copy again, it is time to do some more work with it! Your ultimate goal for this unit is to submit an essay that is error-free! This is difficult to do. True, a few errors don’t usually bother readers, but frequent mistakes disrupt the flow of your communication and leave the reader questioning your accuracy and authority.

What follows are some suggestions to help you eliminate errors from your writing. Feel free to use some or all of them:

- Take some time before you proofread your work. Get some distance between yourself and what you have written. This will allow you to get a fresh look at your ideas and perhaps pick up on confusing bits that made sense to you before.

- If you are using a word-processor to write your essay, complete both spell-check and grammar check prior to printing a copy to edit by hand.

- Read your paper aloud and slowly. Think about each word and each line. Use a “cover” such as a ruler or a sheet of paper to move down the page as you read and edit line-by-line.

- Use a pencil or pen of different colour to mark up your draft. Use proofreading symbols and abbreviations to note where errors occur, so you can easily find them later.

- Proofread with someone else. Read the essay out loud to a partner. If possible, give your partner another copy of the draft. Your partner should stop you whenever there might be a problem. Get assistance on how to correct problems.

- Re-read your essay several times. Read once just for spelling mistakes, for example, and then again, concentrating on the clarity of the argument. Read it again, looking for punctuation errors. It is easier this way than to try to solve everything at once.
### Activity: Checklist for the Writing Process (Self Assessment)

Photocopy and complete the following as you go through your essay:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Check for:</th>
<th>Check if observed:</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>An engaging introduction</td>
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<tr>
<td>Material organized logically</td>
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<tr>
<td>Well-chosen details, examples, and evidence</td>
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<td>An appropriate level of language and formality</td>
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<td>A conclusion that offers the reader something to think about</td>
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<td>A clearly worded thesis statement in intro paragraph</td>
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<td>Use of powerful, precise, specific language to enhance writing</td>
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<td>Variety in sentence order and length for impact</td>
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<td>Transitions are used, making relationships clear</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quotations are properly inserted and documented correctly</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Errors in grammar, spelling, usage, punctuation have been corrected</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Essay is double spaced, with no extra spaces between paragraphs</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>A bibliography or Works Cited page is included and properly formatted</td>
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Activity: Student Peer Assessment

You are almost ready to write your final draft. But first, pass the essay to someone else. This should be someone who is able to give you constructive feedback on your writing. Photocopy the sheet on the following page entitled, “Writing: Student Peer or Self-Assessment”. Have your editor complete this sheet. They should read through your essay once, and then, beginning with the section on Organization, check in the appropriate column. If there are areas that “Could be improved”, discuss these with the evaluator. Perhaps he/she could give you some ideas on ways that you could improve your writing.
### Writing: Student Peer or Self-Assessment

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name: _________________________________</th>
<th>Date: ____________________________</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Observer: ______________________________</td>
<td>Activity: __________________________</td>
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#### Self-Assessment: Before Writing, I

- generate ideas for my project and plan it with a focus on purpose and audience  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved
- use different methods to arrange and organize my ideas (for example, cluster charts, formal outlines)  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved
- use drafting techniques to develop and organize my material  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved
- revise my work for focus and clarity, content, organization, structure, details, sentences, choice of vocabulary, and appropriateness and consistency of voice  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved
- edit to proofread and correct errors  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved

#### Peer or Self-Assessment: In this written material, I/he/she

**Organization**

- used an effective and interesting opening an conclusion  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved
- organized ideas into a clear, concise, logical, and effective order  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved
- elaborated on ideas using argument and persuasion, description, narration, exploration, or imagination, as appropriate for genre, purpose, and audience  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved
- developed paragraphs that are unified and coherent, that have a topic sentence to focus the paragraph, and a sequence appropriate to the subject  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved

**Content**

- stayed focussed on topic and maintained reader interest  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved
- supported topic and main message with appropriate details, examples, and/or evidence  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved
- contained details that explained or enhanced the subject  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved

**Language**

- used clear language appropriate to the purpose and audience of presentation  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved
- used sentences that are complete, well-composed, logical, clear, and varied (including compound and complex sentences)  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved
- correctly used the language structures of standard Canadian English  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved

**Conventions**

- followed the conventions of spelling, grammar, punctuation, and usage  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved

**Presentation**

- produced clean, clear, and readable final copy  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved
- used technology to enhance the appearance of final copy  
  - Yes  
  - Could it be Improved

**Comments** *(What is interesting and informative about this writing? What should not be changed? How could this selection be improved?)*
KEY QUESTION #42

The Final Copy

It is time! Complete the final draft of the essay and submit for evaluation. Refresh your memory by rechecking the Essay Writing Rubric at the end of Lesson 9 – before you hand in your final copy.

Next Steps: You have now completed Unit 2; move on to Unit 3!