GRADE 11 AND 12 ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS, WEEK ONE

OVERVIEW: IN THIS WEEK'S WORK, STUDENTS WILL READ A SHORT STORY TO DIAGNOSE THEMES THROUGH ANALYSIS OF LITERARY DETAIL. FOR PRACTICE IN LANGUAGE AND MECHANICS, STUDENTS WILL REVIEW THE USE OF PARALLEL GRAMMATICAL STRUCTURE.

FLORIDA STANDARDS COVERED: LAFS.1112.RL.1.2 DETERMINE TWO OR MORE THEMES OR CENTRAL IDEAS OF A TE XT AND ANALYZE THEIR DEVELOPMENT OVER THE COURSE OF A TEXT; LAFS.1112.RL.2.6 ANALYZE A CASE IN WHICH GRASPING A POINT OF VIEW REQUIRES DISTINGUISHING WHAT IS DIRECTL STATED IN A TEXT FROM WHAT IS REALLY MEANT; LAFS.1112.L.1.1 DEMONSTRATE COMMAND OF THE CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND USAGE WHEN WRITING OR SPEAKING.

LEON COUNTY SCHOOLS
ACADEMIC SERVICES

Part One: Reading to Diagnose Theme through Descriptive Details

1. **Before reading this week's literature selection, read the following reminders about theme and descriptive detail.**

When writer compose literature, they are not only telling a story. Writers attempt to communicate ideas, emotions, and meaningful experiences through the retelling of events. The retelling of events can include **descriptive details** which incorporate the sights, sounds, and smells along with interior and exterior thoughts and feelings of characters.

One powerful element of a story is the **themes** the story conveys. Themes are often defined as the subjects, messages, critical points, or "big ideas" delivered in the story. So how does a writer develop a theme for a story, poem or narrative? Themes are almost never stated explicitly. Oftentimes you can identify a work's themes by looking for a repeating symbol, motif, or phrase that appears again and again throughout a story, since it often signals a recurring concept or idea.

2. **Answer the following pre-reading question to help you think about the potential themes and ideas you will encounter in the story "Araby" by James Joyce.**

- How does our perception of the world change as we grow older? Did you see the world differently as a small child in elementary school then you do now?

3. **Now, read the text of "Araby." As you read, annotate for descriptive details which you will analyze later to help reveal the themes of the story. Also, note that this story is a "coming of age" tale in which we see a child experience an event. Look specifically for details being told from the perspective of a child that might look differently to an adult in the same situation. Annotate those details as well.**

Araby
by James Joyce

North Richmond Street, being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: The Abbot, by Walter Scott, The Devout Communicant, and The Memoirs of Vidocq. I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes, under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

When the short days of winter came, dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses, where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street, light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner, we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea, we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in and, if she remained, we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed, and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body, and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a come-all-you about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: `O love! O love!' many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to Araby. I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar; she said she would love to go.

`And why can't you?' I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps, and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

`It's well for you,' she said.

`If I go,' I said, `I will bring you something.'

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word Araby were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised, and hoped it was not

some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

`Yes, boy, I know.'

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I felt the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and, when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high, cold, empty, gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old, garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late, as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. My aunt said:

`I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord.'

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the hall door. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten.

`The people are in bed and after their first sleep now,' he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

`Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is.'

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: `All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' He asked me where I was going and, when I told him a second time, he asked me did I know The Arab's Farewell to his Steed. When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous houses and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girded at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognized a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words Café Chantant were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come, I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

`O, I never said such a thing!'

`O, but you did!'

`O, but I didn't!'

`Didn't she say that?'

`Yes. I heard her.'

`O, there's a... fib!'

Observing me, the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

`No, thank you.'

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

4. **Now that you have completed your reading and annotation, use the annotations to fill in the chart on the next page.**

Directions: Identify 5 descriptive details (both imaginary and real) and write what you think their purpose in the story is – i.e. What does the reader learn from these details/descriptions?

Descriptive Detail	**Real or Imaginary?**	**My Analysis (What does it illustrate to the reader?)**
"jostled by drunken men and bargaining women"	Real	The young boy is surrounded by unpleasant people.

Identifying Themes

Revisit the story and your annotations. Determine at least TWO major themes, or big ideas you see illustrated in the story. Complete the chart below to indicate how that theme is developed by details throughout the story.

Theme #1		Theme #2
Detail From Beginning: In the box below, provide information from the beginning of the story that helps to identify this theme.		Detail From Beginning: In the box below, provide information from the beginning of the story that helps to identify this theme.
Detail From Middle In the box below, provide information from the middle of the story that helps to identify this theme.		Detail From Middle In the box below, provide information from the middle of the story that helps to identify this theme.
Detail From End: In the box below, provide information from the end of the story that helps to identify this theme.		Detail From End: In the box below, provide information from the end of the story that helps to identify this theme.

Now that you have analyzed the text using the charts, complete the comprehension questions below.

1. Which of the following quotes best embodies how the narrator regards Mangan's sister?

A. "Her dress swung as she moved her body, and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side."
B. "But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires."
C. "I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes."
D. "At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer."

2. PART A: How does the narrator's envisioning of the bazaar differ from his actual experience at the bazaar?

A. Fueled by desire, he imagines the bazaar as a magical place where he will find something for his love, but when he gets there it is unwelcoming and quite deserted.
B. The narrator thinks he will win his love with something from the bazaar, but when he arrives there is nothing good enough to buy.
C. The narrator imagines the bazaar will be bustling with people, so he is disappointed with how alone he is when he arrives.
D. He envisions the bazaar as the end of his quest, but upon arriving it is distinctly unromantic.

3. PART B: What does this difference in the settings reveal about the narrator's point of view and how it develops over the course of the story?

A. This difference reveals the limitations of the narrator's point of view; when confronted with reality he continues to persist in his delusion even after they shut the bazaar down.
B. This difference reveals that the narrator's point of view was previously clouded; by the end of the story he is disillusioned by reality.
C. This difference reveals that the narrator's point of view has become more closed off, just as the narrator stands in the dark.
D. This difference reveals how one-track minded and limited the narrator's point of view is up until he arrives at the bazaar, in which he can begin to focus on himself rather than his crush.

4. Which of the following best describes how the themes of the story – love and growing up – interact with each other?

A. The narrator believes that falling in love with Mangan's sister is equivalent to his coming of age.
B. The narrator believes he can only grow up once he has won the heart of his crush.
C. It is only through his epiphany at the end of the story, driven by his "love" for Mangan's sister, that the narrator comes of age.
D. Once the narrator realizes there are other forms of love beyond romantic he takes the first step towards growing up.

Part Two: Language and Mechanics

Parallelism: Overview, Notes, and Examples

Parallel sentence elements in grammar are just like parallel lines in geometry: they face the same direction and never meet.

More precisely, in grammar, it's less about meeting and more about balance. Parallelism in grammar is defined as two or more phrases or clauses in a sentence that have the same grammatical structure. Examples of common issues in parallel grammatical structure are below.

Issue One: Verb Forms
Incorrect: "Olympic athletes usually like practicing, competing, and to eat ice cream sandwiches."
In this sentence, *practicing* and *competing* are gerunds (verbs functioning as nouns) and "to eat" is an infinitive. It sounds pretty awkward—just like being an athlete with a sweet tooth.

Correct: "Olympic athletes usually like practicing, competing, and eating ice cream sandwiches." **or** "Olympic athletes usually like to practice, compete, and eat ice cream sandwiches."

Issue Two: Nouns vs. Verbs
Incorrect: For dinner we like lamb chops and to fry brussel sprouts.
Lamb chops is a noun. *Brussel sprouts* is a noun too, but *to fry* is a verb.

Correct: "For dinner we like lamb chops and brussel sprouts." **or** "For dinner we like to grill lamb chops and fry brussel sprouts."

Issue Three: Noun Number
Incorrect: Public transit such as buses or a train can help reduce air pollution.
Multiple buses, one train? That's not going to solve any environmental issues.

Correct: Public transit such as buses or trains can help reduce air pollution.

Issue Four: Subject Matter
Incorrect: He decided to cover the gown in sequins, and had a steak for dinner.
Huh? Unless being a fabulous designer is a recipe for steak, these two actions don't seem to have much in common. Parallelism in subject matter means that everything discussed in a sentence should have at least some amount of clarity and relatedness.

Correct: "He decided to cover the gown in sequins, and to celebrate, he had a steak for dinner."
Or "He was hungry after he covered the gown in sequins, so he had a steak for dinner."

The possible connections are endless, but for proper parallelism, that connection must be clear to the reader.

On the following page, complete the exercises for practicing writing with parallel structure.

Exercise Set One: Rewrite each sentence to correct issues in parallel grammatical structure.

1. The chapter “Taking Notes” gives useful hints, such as making notes that are brief, well organization, and writing in your own words.

2. The college was founded by Amos P. Thompkins, who was a captain of industry, went to college himself, and a philanthropist.

3. This computer is good-looking, economical, and you can take it anywhere you want.

4. Mr. Harris is both interested in and familiarly is informed about the problem involved.

5. The book was written in India, translated in Germany, and a company in England published it.

6. An actor knows how to memorize his lines and getting into character.

7. The writer was brilliant but a recluse.

8. Marcie studied for the test by reviewing her class notes and she read her textbook.

Exercise Set Two: Choose the sentence that demonstrates correct parallelism.

9. A. Phuong Tran has wit, charm, and she has an extremely pleasant personality.
B. Phuong Tran has wit, charm, and a pleasing personality.

10. A. In English class, Tashonda learned to read poems critically and to appreciate good prose.
B. In English class, Tashonda learned to read poems critically and she appreciated good prose.

11. A. He wanted three things out of college: to learn a skill, to make good friends, and to learn about life.
B. He wanted three things out of college: to learn a skill, to make good friends, and learning about life.

12. A. Coach Espinoza was a brilliant strategist, a caring mentor, and a wise friend.
B. Coach Espinoza was a brilliant strategist, a caring mentor, and friend.

13. A. We found the film repulsive, offensive, and we thought it was embarrassing.
B. We found the film repulsive, offensive, and embarrassing.

14. A. Mr. Nguyen kept his store clean, neat, and he made it conveniently arranged.
B. Mr. Nguyen kept his store clean, neat, and conveniently arranged.

15. A. Professor Ali rewarded his students for working hard on the final project and going beyond the call of duty.
B. Professor Ali rewarded his students for their hard work on the final project and going beyond the call of duty.

16. A. There's nothing I like better than finding a good trout stream, setting up camp, and spending a couple of days fishing.
B. There's nothing I like better than finding a good trout stream, setting up camp, and to spend a couple of days fishing.

Exercise Three: Identifying Parallelism

Now that you have practiced with using parallel structure, you will provide **FOUR** examples of sentences using parallel structure. Your examples can be original ones you write, examples from advertisements, or examples from poetry and song lyrics. You can write your examples in the space below.

Need help identifying examples of parallelism in the real world? See the advertisement and lyric examples below. Can you identify the parallel elements of each?

"I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream today." -Martin Luther King, Jr.

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way... *-A Tale of Two Cities* by Charles Dickens