



Norfolk Public Schools
The cornerstone of a proudly diverse community

English 11th



Phase III
April 27 to May 15, 2020

Name:

School:

Teacher:

NPS Curriculum & Instruction

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Theme	Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness
Daily Reading	READ 14.2: Each day read for 15 minutes, something of choice, and complete the reading log including the title of the book/text, the number of pages read, and a hashtag summary of what was read. The reading log is on the back of this sheet. A sample entry is included.
Daily Writing	Three times a week , reflect on how our theme of the right to pursue happiness connects to current events by journaling your thoughts and feelings about the ideas or questions here: What does it mean to have the right to pursue your own happiness? What does that look like for you? Are there limits to this right? What if our pursuit of happiness infringes upon someone else; how do we reconcile that? How is your ability to pursue happiness being impeded right now?
Making Thinking Visible	For all texts, annotate by doing each of the following tasks for each paragraph or stanza (if a poem is not written in stanzas, annotate for every five lines) : <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • underline or list key words, phrases, or sentences that are important to understanding the work • create a question that requires the reader to infer (consider specific words, phrases, sentences, or ideas) • make a comment about the author’s style (reflect on how the author uses diction, figurative language, or sentence structure to develop the meaning or present his/her point of view)

April 27-May 1

Weekly Reading	Additional Tasks	Response to Text Question (Write 1-2 pages)
“The Story of an Hour” by Kate Chopin	Respond to the Text to Self question and the short answer questions in complete sentences.	An article in <i>The Virginian-Pilot</i> stated that more adult women are choosing to stay single than marry – 51%. The article implies that women are finding happiness in independence. Why might women find marriage less satisfying than men? Using references from “Story of an Hour” and your own knowledge how does this relate to a person’s right to pursue their own vision of happiness, especially if it does not fit into societal expectations?

May 4-8

Weekly Reading	Additional Annotation Task	Response to Text Question (Write 1-2 pages)
“Lucinda Matlock” and “Richard Bone” by Edgar Lee Masters “Richard Cory” by Edwin Arlington Robinson “I Hear America Singing” by William Wordsworth	As you are completing the Making Thinking Visible tasks above, be sure to annotate the poems for—mood, tone, imagery, rhyme scheme, repetition, rhetorical questions, hyperbole, and irony.	All four of these poems, in some way, have speakers or subjects who are or appear to be (notice appearance is not always reality) pursuing what they perceive as happiness. Choose two of the poems and compare the speaker or subjects version/definition of happiness.

May 11-15

Weekly Reading	Additional Tasks	Response to Text Question
Biography on Sojourner Truth “Ain’t I a Woman?” and “An Account of an Experience With Discrimination” by Sojourner Truth “I Will Fight No More Forever” by Chief Joseph	Answer the Paired Passage Short Answer Questions about Sojourner Truth in complete sentences.	Much like Sojourner Truth and Chief Joseph, we are often faced with a choice of whether to fight or to give up. Write about a time that when you realized that though a fight was worth fighting, it was time to gracefully accept defeat and move on OR a time, like Truth, when you felt you had to keep fighting no matter what the cost. Consider the opposing points of view in Truth’s and Joseph’s account of their own struggles. You may write a letter, an essay, a poem, or song lyrics to express your experience and your feelings.

"The Story of An Hour"

Kate Chopin (1894)

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself, she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself, a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the

kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his gripsack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

When the doctors came, they said she had died of heart disease--of the joy that kills.

Text to Self

Make a list of the top ten qualities you would like in a partner, spouse, or friend. List from most important to least. If you had all these qualities in a person, do you think that you would avoid the feelings Mrs. Mallard had? Explain in one or two paragraphs.

Short Answer Questions

1. Read the first paragraphs. Infer: Could there be a double meaning to the “heart condition”? What would that be? (Hint: Can you have two types of broken hearts?)
2. Infer: Mallard rushes to tell Mrs. Mallard before some “less careful, less tender friend” does so. Could he have any other motive than compassion?
3. Read the third paragraph. How does Mrs. Mallard respond?
4. Read the rest of the page. Describe the images Mrs. Mallard notices outside her window. Why is this **imagery** unexpected, or **ironic**?
5. What epiphany, or sudden realization, does Mrs. Mallard have? Why is this an example of **situational irony**?
6. Josephine, Mrs. Mallard’s sister, is worried about Mrs. Mallard making herself ill with grief. Why is this **dramatic irony**?
7. What did Mrs. Mallard dislike about relationships? How do we “impose a private will upon a fellow creature?”
8. What do the doctors think killed Mrs. Mallard? What really killed her? How is this both **situation** and **dramatic irony**?

“Lucinda Matlock” by Edgar Lee Masters

I went to the dances at Chandlerville,
And played snap-out at Winchester.
One time we changed partners,
Driving home in the moonlight of middle June,
And then I found Davis.
We were married and lived together for seventy years,
Enjoying, working, raising the twelve children,
Eight of whom we lost
Ere I had reached the age of sixty.
I spun, I wove, I kept the house, I nursed the sick,
I made the garden, and for holiday
Rambled over the fields where sang the larks,
And by Spoon River gathering many a shell,
And many a flower and medicinal weed —
Shouting to the wooded hills, singing to the green valleys.
At ninety-six I had lived enough, that is all,
And passed to a sweet repose.
What is this I hear of sorrow and weariness,
Anger, discontent and drooping hopes?
Degenerate sons and daughters,
Life is too strong for you —
It takes life to love Life.

“Richard Bone” by Edgar Lee Masters

When I first came to Spoon River
I did not know whether what they told me
Was true or false.
They would bring me an epitaph
And stand around the shop while I worked
And say "He was so kind," "He was wonderful,"
"She was the sweetest woman," "He was a consistent Christian."
And I chiseled for them whatever they wished,
All in ignorance of its truth.
But later, as I lived among the people here,
I knew how near to the life
Were the epitaphs that were ordered for them when they died.
But still I chiseled whatever they paid me to chisel
And made myself party to the false chronicles
Of the stones,
Even as the historian does who writes
Without knowing the truth,
Or because he is influenced to hide it.

“Richard Cory” by [Edwin Arlington Robinson](#)

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich—yes, richer than a king—
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

“I Hear America Singing” by Walt Whitman

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.



Sojourner Truth was born into slavery in New York in 1797. She was named Isabelle by her mother and had to take the last name of the man who owned her at the time, Hardenbergh. She labored for a succession of five masters until the Fourth of July, 1827, when slavery was finally abolished in New York State. Then Isabelle became legally free. Early on she realized that the white man viewed the black man as property. She learned early that God was the only one she could trust.

She said that, “She would walk up and down the land, telling others about God’s goodness and love for every person.” She prayed for a new name, and Sojourner came to her mind. A Sojourner is a person who goes from place to place, never staying long. The name felt comfortable like an old friend. ‘That’s it, Lord’, she said. ‘Thank you. And now I need a handle to my name.’ Belle thought about the last names she had from all her different masters. Now the Lord is my master, she thought and his name is Truth. ‘So shall truth be my abiding name until I die...I am Sojourner Truth.’”

Like many slaves, Sojourner’s youngest son was illegally sold from her at a young age. After winning a tiring court battle demanding his return from a slave owner in Alabama, Isabelle moved to New York City. There she worked as a housekeeper and became deeply involved in religion. After fifteen years in New York, Isabelle felt a call to become a travelling preacher. When she rose to speak, audiences were brought to tears by her touching stories. After several months of travelling, Truth was encouraged by friends to go to the Northampton Association, founded in 1841 as a community dedicated to abolitionism, pacifism, equality, and the betterment of human life. There, she met progressive thinkers like William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, David Ruggles, and other abolitionists. Douglass described her at the time as a “strange compound of wit and wisdom, of wild enthusiasm and flint like common sense.”

When the association disbanded in 1846, Truth remained in Northampton, moving for the first time into her own home, on Park Street in Florence. Although Truth never learned to read or write, she dictated her memoirs to Olive Gilbert and they were published in 1850. This book, and her presence as a speaker, made her an ideal figure on the anti-slavery women’s rights lecture circuit. Over the next decade she travelled and spoke widely. She is particularly remembered for the famous “Ain’t I a Woman?” speech she gave at a women’s rights convention in Ohio in 1851.

Truth moved to Michigan in 1857 and continued her advocacy. After the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, she moved to Washington, D. C., where, in her late 60’s, she began working with former slaves in the newly created Freedman’s Village. She met with President Lincoln in the White House, where he told her that he knew of her speeches. After the Civil War, her goal was to gain support for a land distribution program for former slaves—an idea which Congress refused to enact. Finally, she returned to her home in Battle Creek, Michigan where she eventually died in 1883.

“Ain’t I a Woman” by Sojourner Truth

Well, children, where there is so much racket there must be something out of kilter. I think that 'twixt the negroes of the South and the women at the North, all talking about rights, the white men will be in a fix pretty soon. But what's all this here talking about?

That man over there says that women need to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helps me into carriages, or over mud-puddles, or gives me any best place! And ar'n't I a woman?

Look at me! Look at my arm! I have ploughed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me! And ar'n't I a woman?

I could work as much and eat as much as a man - when I could get it - and bear the lash as well! And ain't I a woman?

I have borne thirteen children, and seen most all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And ain't I a woman?

Then they talk about this thing in the head; what's this they call it? [member of audience whispers, "intellect"] That's it, honey. What's that got to do with women's rights or negroes' rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint, and yours holds a quart, wouldn't you be mean not to let me have my little half measure full?

Then that little man in black there, he says women can't have as much rights as men, 'cause Christ wasn't a woman! Where did your Christ come from? Where did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothing to do with Him.

If the first woman God ever made was strong enough to turn the world upside down all alone, these women together ought to be able to turn it back and get it right side up again!

And now they is asking to do it, the men better let them.

Obliged to you for hearing me, and now old Sojourner ain't got nothing more to say.

“An Account of an Experience With Discrimination” by Sojourner Truth

A few weeks ago I was in company with my friend Josephine S. Griffing, when the conductor of a streetcar refused to stop his car for me, although (I was) closely following Josephine and holding on to the iron rail. They dragged us a number of yards before she succeeded in stopping them. She reported the conductor to the president of the City Railway, who dismissed him at once, and told me to take the number of the car whenever I was mistreated by a conductor or driver. On the 13th I had occasion to go for necessities for the patients in the Freedmen's Hospital where I have been doing and advising for a number of months. I thought now I would get a ride without trouble as I was in company with another friend, Laura S. Haviland of Michigan. As I ascended the platform of the car, the conductor pushed me, saying "Go back--get off here." I told him I was not going off, then "I'll put you off" said he furiously, clenching my right arm with both hands, using such violence that he seemed about to succeed, when Mrs. Haviland told him he was not going to put me off. "Does she belong to you?" said he in a hurried angry tone. She replied, "She does not belong to me, but she belongs to humanity." The number of the car was noted, and conductor dismissed at once upon the report to the president, who advised his arrest for assault and battery as my shoulder was sprained by his effort to put me off. Accordingly I had him arrested and the case tried before Justice Thompson. My shoulder was very lame and swollen, but is better. It is hard for the old slaveholding spirit to die. But die it must....

Truth Paired Passages Short Answer Questions

1. What qualities make Truth a strong American woman?
2. Infer how Truth's love of God affects her speeches.
3. Why was Truth freed before other slaves?
4. Infer why Truth felt the white man could not be trusted.
5. How did others perceive (see) Truth? Explain.
6. How does the language of "Ain't I a Woman?" attribute to the power of the speech? What does it say for how women and blacks were educated at the time?
7. What inequalities does Truth profess about being a woman and being black?
8. How does Truth prove by example her power as a woman?

“I Will Fight No More Forever” by Chief Joseph

Chief Joseph was a Nez Perce chief who, faced with settlement by whites of tribal lands in Oregon, led his followers in a dramatic effort to escape to Canada.

*“Tell General Howard I know his heart.
What he told me before – I have it in my heart.
I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking-glass is dead.
Too-hul-hul-suit is dead.
The old men are all dead.
It is the young men, now, who say “Yes” or “No.”
He who led on the young men is dead.
It is cold, and we have no blankets.
“The little children are freezing to death.
My people – some of them – have run away to
the hills, and have no blankets, no food.
No one knows where they are – perhaps freezing
to death. I want to have time to look for my children,
and to see how many of them I can find.”
“Hear me, my Chiefs! I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no
more forever.”*