

English IV

YCHS

Instructional Packet

March 25th-April 6th

Ms. Cheryl Rodgers

March 20, 2020

Dear Seniors,

I can't believe I am saying this, but I MISS ALL OF YOU! I pray that each of you and all of your family is doing well during these unprecedented times! I know that all of you are filled with anxiety about what will happen next. The simple answer is that nobody knows. However, I can assure you that our entire faculty, administrators, and superintendent are working day and night to ensure that you have the best senior year that is possible. At this point, we just don't know what we will be able to do. As you know, we are taking every precaution to keep each of you safe and well! Only time will tell what will come next. I am praying every day that this will end, as I know you are. Just remember that God is in Control at all times!

Teachers are working diligently to prepare work for you to be done at home in order to give you an opportunity to meet your educational requirements. I am going to be sending you packets based on some of my favorite short stories for you to complete. I didn't believe it was fair to you, to try and tackle Canterbury Tales without me being with you. These short stories will be ones that you will be able to comprehend, analyze, etc. on your own. Of course, I am available to you through email. I want to encourage you to email me with any questions that you may have about your work. Please understand that this work is not optional!!! It must be completed and turned in to me through Google Classroom. We WILL be giving grades for the fourth nine weeks! Your will be given an assignment date for this work and you will be sent another packet on that same due date. Currently, our administration has set April 6, I believe, for the first due date. Just check your due date on Google Classroom to make sure.

All my love,

Ms. Rodgers

“The Scarlet Ibis” Reading Comprehension Packet:

Tone

Tone is the emotional aspect of the literature. The author creates a specific feeling/attitude right in the first paragraph of “The Scarlet Ibis”. After reading the first paragraph, complete the activity below.

What is the feeling you get from reading the first paragraph?

Give five examples (quotes taken directly from the first paragraph) that reinforce the tone. Include correct internal citations (in-text citations; use paragraph numbers and page numbers (5, 2); Do this the same way throughout the packet when you are asked to provide internal citations).

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

Point of View

What point of view is the story told in?

How/When do we know that the story is a flashback?

Conflict: Name the types of conflict used by Hurst in this story. Include both internal and external conflicts. Give an example from the text for each conflict that you identify.

Internal:

External:

Vocabulary: For the following words list the part of speech, give a definition of the word, give a synonym for the word. Also, include at least two more words that were unfamiliar to you from the text

<u>Word:</u>	<u>Part of Speech</u>	<u>Definition</u>	<u>Synonym</u>
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Rank

Billow(ed)

Vortex

Infallibility

Armada

Solder

Vermilion

Evanescence

Setting:

Record the correct information for the setting:

Geographical place:

Historical year:

Physical place, house/area:

Atmosphere/details:

World events:

Extending the Setting

The narrator describes a place full of life: plants, flowers, insects, birds, and warm, sunny weather. There are several passages where he creates strong imagery. For each category below, find at least two examples of imagery within the text

Plants/Flowers:

Insects & small animals:

Birds:

Weather:

Similes/Metaphors

Hurst implements both similes and metaphors throughout the text. Find five and list them below with correct internal citations. What two things are being compared and what is the desired effect of that comparison? You must include at least two metaphors and three similes.

Simile/Metaphor:	Two things compared	Desired Result
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1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

Personification is when the author gives human like characteristics to an inanimate object. Give five examples of personification in the text. Include correct internal citations.

Example

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

Imagery is the author's use of images to create/define setting, to reveal character, to reinforce theme, to reinforce tone, etc. Images can be visual (sight), auditory (hearing), olfactory (smell), gustatory (taste), tactile (touch) and kinesthetic (movement). List at least five concrete details and provide proper internal citations below of the **death imagery** Hurst uses in his short story.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

Red Imagery

To get the reader ready for the symbol, the author "paints" the story red. As you read find as many things, images, ideas, etc. that are red and record them below with correct internal citations.

Example

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

Plot

Record the main events of the story below.

1. What is the exposition of the story?
2. What is the inciting incident of the story?
3. What are the rising actions in the story?
4. What is the climax of the story?
5. What is the resolution of the story?

Character

A **developing/dynamic character** is one who changes by the end of the story. He/she is one who learns something important that makes him/her mature and/or provides insight into him/herself and/or others. A **static character** is one who does not change. Using your responses to the questions above, is the narrator a dynamic character? You must support your response with at least two pieces of evidence from the text with proper internal citations and elaborate on what he succeeded or failed in learning.

Symbols

A symbol is a thing or idea that stands for/represents something else. Authors use symbols to enhance the theme of a text or to give the reader a greater understanding of a key idea in the story. The main symbol in the text is the scarlet ibis itself. The author implies that the bird is like Doodle, and at the end of the story, the narrator tells the reader that Doodle looks just like the sad, lifeless bird, his "fallen scarlet ibis". By linking Doodle and the ibis in this way, Hurst makes clear that the bird symbolizes Doodle.

Questions to Consider: (You don't have to answer these on paper. Just do these in your mind)

1. What emotions is the color red generally associated with?
2. What things in life are ordinarily red?
3. Where does the scarlet ibis come from?
4. What does it look like?
5. Why does the scarlet ibis fade if in captivity?
6. How does Doodle respond to the scarlet ibis and its death? What does this say about him?

Compare the ibis to Doodle. Reread the description of the scalet ibis and then list physical traits or aspects of Doodle's character that seem similar to that of the bird (remember what happens to these birds in captivity.

Also, remember that this particular scarlet ibis was away from its home).

Scarlet Ibis

Doodle

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

Questions to Consider: (don't answer these on paper; just think about what your responses would be)

1. What do these similarities seem to say about Doodle?
2. What is the story's theme? How does the use of this symbol illuminate the story's message/theme?

Theme

A theme is an idea and/or truth that the author reveals to the reader in the story. This idea or truth allows the reader to understand themselves as human beings who are connected to all other human beings in the world, across all spaces, cultures, times, etc. Themes are often related to life, death, love, friendship, family, courage, strength, etc. Stories may not always present people in their best light, but by reading about them, the reader is able to understand better ways to live and interact with people. To come up with a theme for this story, think about an important idea and/or truth we can learn from the narrator's struggle to get a brother he can be proud of as well as the price that he paid for that struggle.

Questions to Consider: (answer these in your mind, not on paper)

1. What does the narrator want?
2. What does Doodle want?
3. How does Doodle die?
4. Why does Doodle die?
5. How should the narrator have treated his brother?

Possible Themes

Think of two different ways to state a theme for this story (one is already provided for you). Make your statement a complete sentence that reveals the truth about human behavior.

1. Too much pride can make individuals treat those they love in cruel ways.

2. _____

3. _____

Reading Comprehension Questions:

There are two protagonists in the story

–the narrator, Brother and Doodle, William Armstrong. Answer the following questions related to character in complete sentences below. Provide evidence with correct internal citations from the story to support each of your responses.

1. How old was the narrator when Doodle was born?

2. What is wrong with Doodle?

3. Describe Doodle's appearance as a baby.

4. What is the narrator's reaction to his new brother?

5. What kind of brother does the narrator desire?

6. What is Doodle's reaction to seeing Old Woman Swamp for the first time? What does this reaction tell the reader about his character?

7. How long does it take to teach Doodle how to walk? What does this illustrate about each brother?

8. Why does the narrator cry when everyone congratulates him for teaching

Doodle how to walk?

9. The narrator says that Doodle is really good at telling lies. What are these lies?

10. What is the theme/topic of most of the lies? What does this tell the reader about what is important to Doodle?

11. How does Doodle imagine his perfect future will be?

12. There are a number of attitudes/emotions revealed in the text: pride, love, guilt, etc. Give one example of pride, one examples of love and one example of guilt from the text –include proper internal citations.

Answer the following questions choosing the BEST answer:

1. What is the theme of "The Scarlet Ibis"?
 - A. Memories remain clear even with the passing of time.
 - B. Pride can cause people to be cruel even to those they love.
 - C. The world of nature is fragile and must be protected.
 - D. Close friendships are rare among family members.

2. How does the weather contribute to the overall feeling of the story?
 - A. The weather creates a feeling of confinement.
 - B. The weather seems oppressive and endless.
 - C. The weather seems threatening and unpredictable.
 - D. The weather creates a feeling of lightheartedness.

3. Why is the scarlet ibis an appropriate symbol for Doodle?
 - A. The scarlet ibis is rare and remarkable like Doodle.
 - B. The scarlet ibis is small and frightened like Doodle.
 - C. The scarlet ibis is a bird and Doodle is a bird-watcher.
 - D. The scarlet ibis is red and matches Doodle's complexion.

4. What does Old Woman's Swamp symbolize in the lives of the narrator and Doodle?
 - A. the sickness and death around them
 - B. a beautiful escape from reality
 - C. the dangers of war
 - D. their future as old men

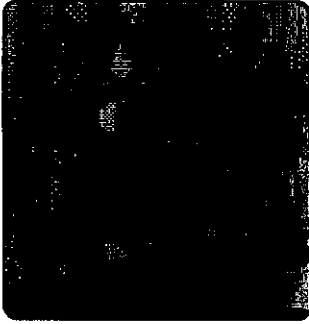
5. The narrator is motivated to persist with Doodle's development program by:
 - A. pride in his own accomplishments
 - B. pride in Doodle
 - C. sympathy for Doodle
 - D. defiance to his parents

6. The winds worn by the people in Doodle's stories symbolize Doodle's
 - A. love of birds
 - B. desire to move freely
 - C. wish to travel
 - D. talent for tall tales

Reader Response:

1. Write a one paragraph response (8-11 sentences) detailing your reaction to any/all of the following: Doodle's love for his brother or vice versa, the narrator's treatment of his brother, Doodle's courage, etc. Support your ideas with at least two examples from the story with correct internal citations.

2. Write a multiple paragraph response explaining what you believe is the main theme of this short story. Provide textual evidence to support your interpretation of the theme. How does the author develop this theme? What types of figurative language, symbolism, tone, mood, etc does he use to develop this theme. (one page maximum)



The Scarlet Ibis

by James Hurst

Summer was dead, but autumn had not yet been born when the ibis came to the bleeding tree. It's strange that all this is so clear to me, now that time has had its way. But sometimes (like right now) I sit in the cool green parlor, and I remember Doodle.

Doodle was about the craziest brother a boy ever had. Doodle was born when I was seven and was, from the start, a disappointment. He seemed all head, with a tiny body that was red and shriveled like an old man's. Everybody thought he was going to die.

Daddy had the carpenter build a little coffin, and when he was three months old, Mama and Daddy named him William Armstrong. Such a name sounds good only on a tombstone.

When he crawled on the rug, he crawled backward, as if he were in reverse and couldn't change gears. This made him look like a doodlebug, so I began calling him 'Doodle.' Renaming my brother was probably the kindest thing I ever did for him, because nobody expects much from someone called Doodle.

Daddy built him a cart and I had to pull him around. If I so much as picked up my hat, he'd start crying to go with me; and Mama would call from wherever she was, "Take Doodle with you."

So I dragged him across the cotton field to share the beauty of Old Woman Swamp. I lifted him out and sat him down in the soft grass. He began to cry.

"What's the matter?"

"It's so pretty, Brother, so pretty."

After that, Doodle and I often went down to Old Woman Swamp.

There is inside me (and with sadness I have seen it in others) a knot of cruelty borne by the stream of love. And at times I was mean to Doodle. One time I showed him his casket, telling him how we all believed he would die. When I made him touch the casket, he screamed. And even when we were outside in the bright sunshine he clung to me, crying, "Don't leave me, Brother! Don't leave me!"

Doodle was five years old when I turned 13. I was embarrassed at having a brother of that age who couldn't walk, so I set out to teach him. We were down in Old Woman Swamp. "I'm going to teach you to walk, Doodle," I said.

"Why?"

"So I won't have to haul you around all the time."

"I can't walk, Brother."

"Who says so?"

"Mama, the doctor—everybody."

"Oh, you can walk." I took him by the arms and stood him up. He collapsed on to the grass like a half-empty flour sack. It was as if his little legs had no bones.

"Don't hurt me, Brother."

"Shut up. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm going to teach you to walk." I heaved him up again, and he collapsed.

"I just can't do it."

"Oh, yes, you can, Doodle. All you got to do is try. Now come on," and I hauled him up once more.

It seemed so hopeless that it's a miracle I didn't give up. But all of us must have something to be proud of, and Doodle had become my something.

Finally one day he stood alone for a few seconds. When he fell, I grabbed him in my arms and hugged him, our laughter ringing through the swamp like a bell. Now we knew it could be done.

We decided not to tell anyone until he was actually walking. At breakfast on our chosen day I brought Doodle to the door in the cart. I helped Doodle up; and when he was standing alone, I let them look. There wasn't a sound as Doodle walked slowly across the room and sat down at the table. Then Mama began to cry and ran over to him, hugging him and kissing him. Daddy hugged him, too. Doodle told them it was I who had taught him to walk, so they wanted to hug me, and I began to cry.

"What are you crying for?" asked Daddy, but I couldn't answer. They didn't know that I did it just for myself, that Doodle walked only because I was ashamed of having a crippled brother.

Within a few months, Doodle had learned to walk well. Since I had succeeded in teaching Doodle to walk, I began to believe in my own infallibility. I decided to teach him to run, to row, to swim, to climb trees, and to fight. Now he, too, believed in me; so, we set a deadline when Doodle could start school.

But Doodle couldn't keep up with the plan. Once, he collapsed on the ground and began to cry.

"Aw, come on, Doodle. You can do it. Do you want to be different from everybody else when you start school?"

"Does that make any difference?"

"It certainly does. Now, come on."

And so we came to those days when summer was dead but autumn had not yet been born. It was Saturday noon, just a few days before the start of school. Daddy, Mama, Doodle, and I were seated at the dining room table, having lunch. Suddenly from out in the yard came a strange croaking noise. Doodle stopped eating. "What's that?" He slipped out into the yard, and looked up into the bleeding tree. "It's a big red bird!"

Mama and Daddy came out. On the topmost branch perched a bird the size of a chicken, with scarlet feathers and long legs.

At that moment, the bird began to flutter. It tumbled down through the bleeding tree and landed at our feet with a thud. Its graceful neck jerked twice and then straightened out, and the bird was still. It lay on the earth like a broken vase of red flowers, and even death could not mar its beauty.

"What is it?" Doodle asked.

"It's a scarlet ibis," Daddy said.

Sadly, we all looked at the bird. How many miles had it traveled to die like this, in our yard, beneath the bleeding tree?

Doodle knelt beside the ibis. "I'm going to bury him."

As soon as I had finished eating, Doodle and I hurried off to Horsehead Landing. It was time for a swimming lesson, but Doodle said he was too tired. When we reached Horsehead landing, lightning was flashing across half the sky, and thunder was drowning out the sound of the sea.

Doodle was both tired and frightened. He slipped on the mud and fell. I helped him up, and he smiled at me ashamedly. He had failed and we both knew it. He would never be like the other boys at school.

We started home, trying to beat the storm. The lightning was near now. The faster I walked, the faster he walked, so I began to run.

The rain came, roaring through the pines. And then, like a bursting Roman candle, a gum tree ahead of us was shattered by a bolt of lightning. When the deafening thunder had died, I heard Doodle cry out, "Brother, Brother, don't leave me! Don't leave me!"

The knowledge that our plans had come to nothing was bitter, and that streak of cruelty within me awakened. I ran as fast as I could, leaving him far behind with a wall of rain dividing us. Soon I could hear his voice no more.

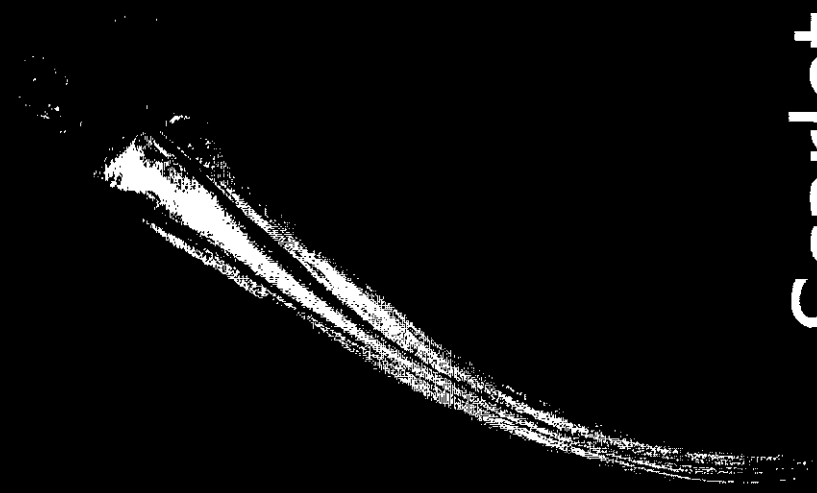
I stopped and waited for Doodle. The sound of rain was everywhere, but the wind had died and it fell straight down like ropes hanging from the sky.

I peered through the downpour, but no one came. Finally I went back and found him huddled beneath a red nightshade bush beside the road. He was sitting on the ground, his face buried in his arms, which were resting on drawn-up knees. "Let's go, Doodle."

He didn't answer so I gently lifted his head. He toppled backward onto the earth. He had been bleeding from the mouth, and his neck and the front of his shirt were stained a brilliant red.

"Doodle, Doodle." There was no answer but the rosy rain. I began to weep, and the tear-blurred vision in red before me looked very familiar. "Doodle!" I screamed above the pounding storm and threw my body to the earth above his. For a long time, it seemed forever, I lay there crying, sheltering my fallen scarlet ibis.

The Scarlet Ibis by Hurst



Scarlet Ibis

The Scarlet Ibis by Hurst

Scarlet Ibises

The Scarlet Ibis by Hurst



WWF Conservation Project
For more information, visit www.wwf.org

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