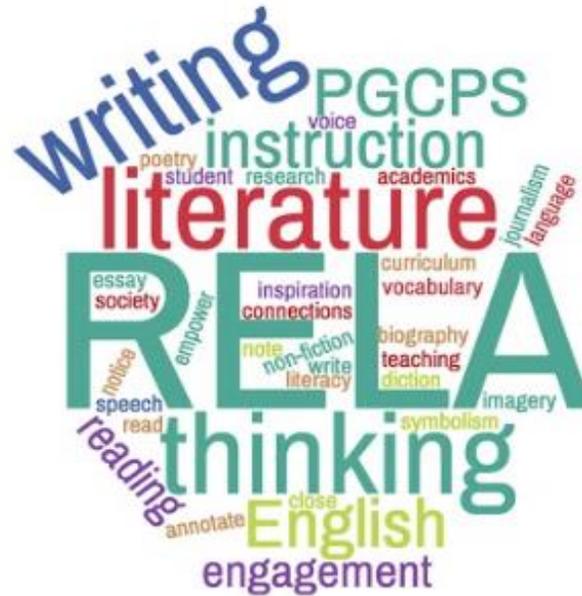


**Rising High School English 9**  
**Summer Enrichment Packet**



**Prince George's County Public Schools**  
**Division of Academics**  
**Department of Curriculum and Instruction**

## English 9

### Summer Packet for Rising Ninth Grade Students

**Student Instructions:** The schedule below includes the work that you will complete for the next four weeks. All of the resources that you need to complete the activities are included in this packet. The focus of the work that you will complete will be exploring poetry and short stories. These are types of reading and writing that you will be working on when you enter Grade 9 RELA classes in the fall. Be sure to read all of the directions and documents carefully.

	Instructional Focus (Topic)	Task	Standard Alignment
Week 1	<b>Poetry (Reading and Analyzing Mentor Poems)</b> Read and analyze the themes of three poems in order to use one of these as mentor texts for writing their own poetry.	<input type="checkbox"/> Read each of the mentor poems <input type="checkbox"/> Annotate each poem with your thinking, questions, and ideas <input type="checkbox"/> Reflect on the themes presented in each poem <input type="checkbox"/> Select the poem that you will use as a mentor text	<a href="#">RL 9-10.1</a> <a href="#">RL 9-10.2</a> <a href="#">RL 9-10.4</a> <a href="#">SL 9-10.1</a> <a href="#">SL 9-10.5</a>
Week 2	<b>Poetry (Creating Original Poetry)</b> Students will create and share their own original poems using one of the mentor texts and its theme.	<input type="checkbox"/> Use mentor texts for inspiration <input type="checkbox"/> Brainstorm ideas for poems <input type="checkbox"/> Draft poetry based upon theme <input type="checkbox"/> Read your poems to someone for feedback and make revisions <input type="checkbox"/> Share with others	<a href="#">W 9-10.3</a> <a href="#">SL 9-10.1</a> <a href="#">SL 9-10.5</a>
Week 3	<b>Short Story (Reading and Analyzing Point of View and Theme)</b>	<input type="checkbox"/> Read each of the mentor short stories <input type="checkbox"/> Annotate each story with your thinking, questions, and ideas <input type="checkbox"/> Reflect on the themes and the author’s point of view presented in each short story <input type="checkbox"/> Select the short story that you will use as a mentor text	<a href="#">RL 9-10.1</a> <a href="#">RL 9-10.2</a> <a href="#">RL 9-10.4</a> <a href="#">RL 9-10.6</a> <a href="#">SL 9-10.1</a> <a href="#">SL 9-10.5</a>
Week 4	<b>Talk Back to Your Story- Create response to the story you selected as your mentor text</b>	<input type="checkbox"/> Use mentor text for inspiration <input type="checkbox"/> Brainstorm ideas for your response to the story	<a href="#">W 9-10.3</a> <a href="#">SL 9-10.1</a>

		<p>you selected as a mentor text</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Draft your own short story or other creative response</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Share your creative response to someone for feedback and make revisions</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Share with others</li> </ul>	<a href="#">SL.9-10.5</a>
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**Instructional Guidance and Support Resources**

**Daily Reading:** Find a book, magazine, comic, newspaper article to read. Read your selection for 30 or more minutes a day. You are asked to time your reading every day, and to track the time you spend reading on a self-made chart. The chart you create can be hand-written or created digitally, and it might look like this example:

Date	Book	Pages Read	Time Spent Reading

**Week 1/ Lesson 1 Objective:** Students will connect to the value of telling one’s story through reading and analyzing poetry with three different messages about the theme of power- the first is about the power of self-determination; the second is about the power of love and the last is about the power of story.

**Overview:** In week one, you will be able to read three different poems, each with a message about the theme of power. As you read, make notes about what the poet is saying. You may annotate your ideas in the chart below. As you read and think about the poems, decide which one you would like to use as a mentor text that you will think about as you write your own poem in Week 2.

**Warm-up:**  
 Why do you think it is important to tell your own story to others? Write your thoughts in the space provided.

**Reading and thinking about poems.**

Now, let's take a look at three poets and how they reflect the theme of power. Each of the poets has a different message or insight about power and how it may be used in one's life. See if you can determine what each poet is saying about the power in one's self, in love, and in a story. **Write your ideas as you read and annotate the three poems. You may underline, highlight ideas, and jot down your thinking next to each poem.**

<b>About the Author</b>	<b>Readings: Annotate each text.</b>	<b>Reflection: My Thoughts, My Reactions</b>
<p><b><u>About the Author</u></b></p> <p>Edgar Guest began his career at the <i>Detroit Free Press</i> in 1895, where he first worked as a copy boy. He was soon promoted to police writer and later to exchange editor, and in 1904 he began writing verse for the <i>Free Press</i> under the heading "Chaff." Those columns evolved into an immensely popular daily feature entitled "Breakfast Table Chat," which, at the height of its popularity, was syndicated in about 300 other newspapers.</p>	<p><b><u>Poem #1:</u></b></p> <p><b>It Couldn't Be Done</b> By <u>Edgar Albert Guest</u></p> <p>Somebody said that it couldn't be done But he with a chuckle replied That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried. So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin On his face. If he worried he hid it. He started to sing as he tackled the thing That couldn't be done, and he did it!</p> <p>Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that; At least no one ever has done it," But he took off his coat and he took off his hat And the first thing we knew he'd begun it. With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin, Without any doubting or quiddit, He started to sing as he tackled the thing That couldn't be done, and he did it.</p> <p>There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done, There are thousands to prophesy failure, There are thousands to point out to you one by one,</p>	

The dangers that wait to assail you.  
 But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,  
 Just take off your coat and go to it;  
 Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing  
 That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

<b>About the Author</b>	<b>Readings: Annotate each text.</b>	<b>Reflection: My Thoughts, My Reactions</b>
<p>Mr. Baca was born in 1952 in Santa Fe of Chicano and Apache descent, Jimmy Santiago Baca was abandoned by his parents and at 13 ran away from the orphanage where his grandmother had placed him. He was convicted on drug charges in 1973 and spent five years in prison. There he learned to read and began writing poetry. In addition to over a dozen books of poetry, he has published memoirs, essays, stories, and a screenplay, Bound by Honor (1993), which was made into a feature-length film directed by Taylor Hackford. Baca's work is concerned with social justice and revolves around the marginalized and disenfranchised, treating themes of addiction,</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Poem #2:</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>I Am Offering this Poem</b>  <b>By <u>Jimmy Santiago Baca</u></b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">I am offering this poem to you,        since I have nothing else to give.        Keep it like a warm coat        when winter comes to cover you,        or like a pair of thick socks        the cold cannot bite through,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">I love you,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">I have nothing else to give you,        so it is a pot full of yellow corn        to warm your belly in winter,        it is a scarf for your head, to wear        over your hair, to tie up around your face,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">I love you,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Keep it, treasure this as you would        if you were lost, needing direction,        in the wilderness life becomes when mature;</p>	

<p>community, and the American Southwest barrios.</p>	<p>and in the corner of your drawer, tucked away like a cabin or hogan in dense trees, come knocking, and I will answer, give you directions, and let you warm yourself by this fire, rest by this fire, and make you feel safe</p> <p>I love you,</p> <p>It's all I have to give, and all anyone needs to live, and to go on living inside, when the world outside no longer cares if you live or die; remember,</p> <p>I love you.</p> <p>Jimmy Santiago Baca, "I Am Offering This Poem" from <i>Immigrants in Our Own Land and Selected Early Poems</i>. Copyright © 1990 by Jimmy Santiago Baca. Reprinted by permission of Jimmy Santiago Baca.</p> <p>Source: <i>Immigrants in Our Own Land and Selected Early Poems</i> (New Directions Publishing Corporation, 1990)</p>	
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<p><b>About the Author</b></p>	<p><b>Readings: Annotate each text.</b></p>	<p><b>Reflection: My Thoughts, My Reactions</b></p>
<p>Naomi Shihab Nye was born in St. Louis, Missouri. Her father was a Palestinian refugee and her mother an American of German and Swiss descent, and Nye spent her adolescence in both Jerusalem and San Antonio, Texas. She earned her BA from Trinity University in San</p>	<p><u>Poem #3:</u></p> <p><b>The Story, Around the Corner</b> By <u>Naomi Shihab Nye</u></p> <p>is not turning the way you thought it would turn, gently, in a little spiral loop,</p>	

Antonio. Nye is the recipient of numerous honors and awards for her work, including the Ivan Sandrof Award for Lifetime Achievement from the National Book Critics Circle, the Lavan Award, the Paterson Poetry Prize, the Carity Randall Prize, the Isabella Gardner Poetry Award, the Lee Bennett Hopkins Poetry award, the Robert Creeley Prize, and many Pushcart Prizes.

the way a child draws the tail of a pig.  
What came out of your mouth,  
a riff of common talk.  
As a sudden weather shift on a beach,  
sky booming mountains of cloud  
in a way you cannot predict  
or guide, the story shuffles elements, darkens,  
takes its own side. And it is strange.  
Far more complicated than a few phrases  
pieced together around a kitchen table  
on a July morning in Dallas, say,  
a city you don't live in, where people  
might shop forever or throw a thousand stories  
away. You who carried or told a tiny bit of it  
aren't sure. Is this what we wanted?  
Stories wandering out,  
having their own free lives?  
Maybe they are planning something bad.  
A scrap or cell of talk you barely remember  
is growing into a weird body with many demands.  
One day soon it will stumble up the walk and knock,  
knock hard, and you will have to answer the door.

Naomi Shihab Nye, "The Story, around the Corner" from *You and Yours*. Copyright © 2005 by Naomi Shihab Nye. Reprinted with the permission of BOA Editions Ltd., [www.boaeditions.org](http://www.boaeditions.org).  
Source: *You & Yours* (BOA Editions Ltd., 2005)

**Close Reading and Analyzing: Choose ONE of the poems that you just read and RE-READ the poem. Try to think about what message or insight the poet is making and then answer the following questions:**

1. How does the poet create his or her theme about power? Put your ideas in the space provided.
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
2. What tools do you notice the poet using to create the theme?
  - a. What kinds of patterns or rhymes?
  - b. Where did you see this?
  - c. What kinds of word images helped you to understand the poet's message or insight?
  - d. Write your ideas in the space provided.

**EXIT SLIP: Poetry-Write Like: You may choose ONE of the following writing tasks to complete in the space provided.**

**1) FIRST:** Select the poet you want to write a message to.

**NEXT:** Consider what you would say in response to this poem. What are your thoughts about the poet's central message or insight and how they developed that message? Why did you select this poem? How did the poet speak to you?

**2) Write a poem in the style of the poet you liked the best reflecting the poet's central message on the theme of power. You may choose your own ideas about why you choose this poet and how his or her writing style spoke to you.**

**Write your response to the choice #1 or choice #2 in the space provided.**

**WEEK 2/ Lesson 2 Objective:** Students will build understanding of expressing their insights through the creation of their own poetry about their own ideas and insights on the theme of power as their culminating task.

**Overview:** This lesson will focus on the creation of your own poetry. As we have learned, poets use words to paint pictures for others about the messages and insights they have on topics. You have insights and ideas about our theme of power as well. You may be thinking about how to use your own power to achieve your goals or carve your own story in the world. When we want to start our ideas, one of the best ways is to brainstorm or jot down anything that comes to mind about the topic before we start to draft these ideas into some structure or form. In today's lesson, you will focus on brainstorming your ideas and then drafting your first draft of your poem.

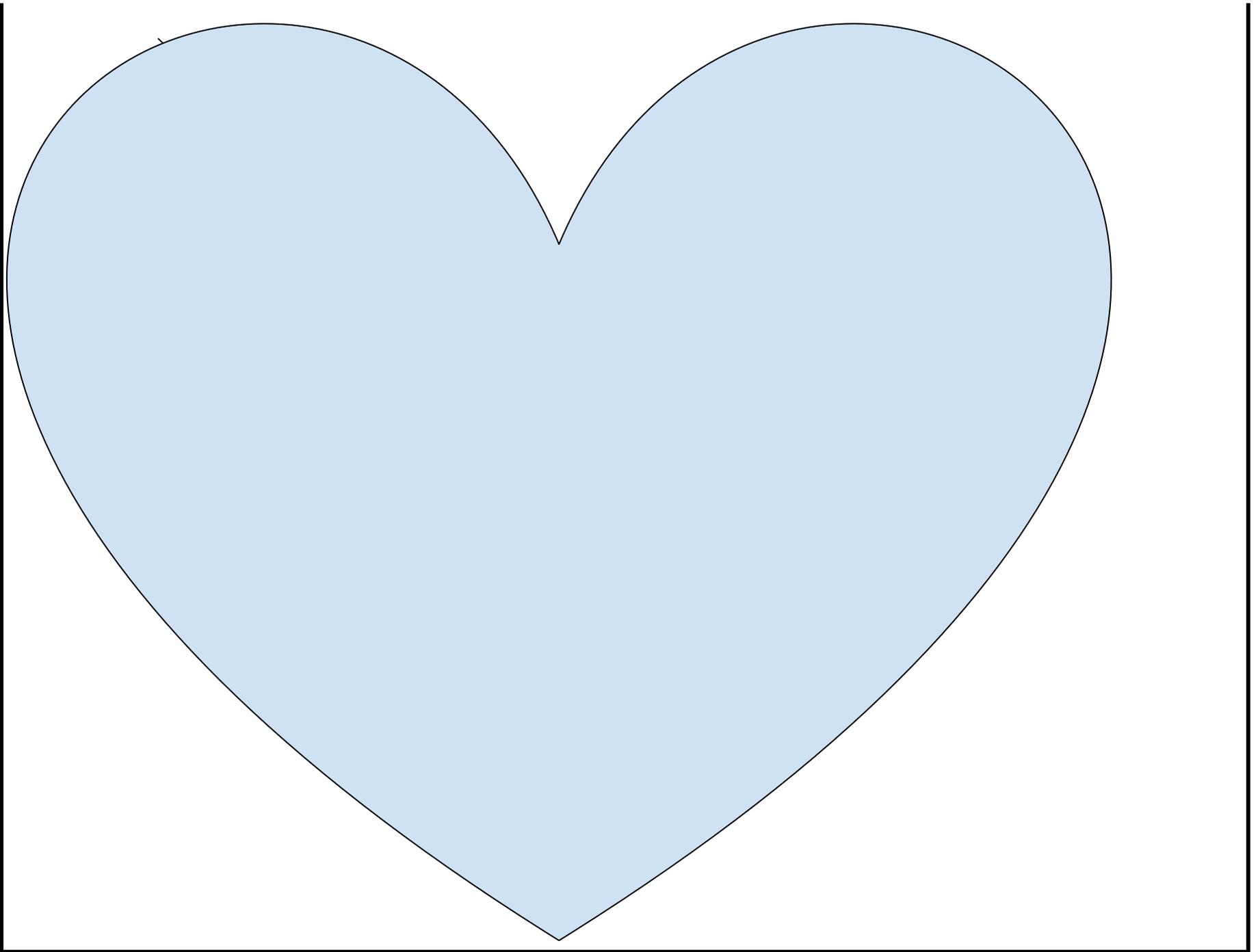
**Warm Up:**

Using the poem you selected as a mentor poem, jot down some of your ideas about power that you might use in brainstorming.

**Brainstorming:**

Now, let's see if we can put some more ideas together around this big theme of power related to the world that you live in. We will use a heartmap to capture these ideas. A Heartmap is a graphic organizer that you can use to add ideas about the most important people, places, and things in your own heart. As you think about your own goals and story, who are the people that you have in your life who can help you, love, you, take care of you and how do they help you with building the power within you? You may include yourself in this heart map as well. What places do you think of for help and support? What activities or things do you think about?

**Fill in the HeartMap below with all of your ideas about people, places, things, or anything else that would be close to your heart and that you could use for ideas in your poem about power.**



## **Drafting**

After you have finished your brainstorming ideas, you will start to create the form or structure for your poem. You can decide to make the poem rhyme, use repetition of ideas as we saw our mentor poets do, or use any other form of poetry that you wish. Think about these big ideas:

- a. **How will you show your theme- your big message or insight about surviving with hope that you want your readers to come away from your poem?**
- b. **What kinds of patterns, rhymes, or forms will you use?**
- c. **What kinds of word images will you use?**

Write your poem in the space provided.

**Close Reading: Give your draft to someone else to read or re-read your poem and think about the following questions:**

**What is the message or insight (THEME) of the poem? How can you tell?**

**What word pictures or images are created? Where could more detail be added to help with creating word pictures?**

**What is the structure of this poem?**

Put the responses here and be sure to review these ideas as you make revisions to the poem.

**Revising:** Rewrite the poem to add ideas, details, nouns, verbs, adjectives adverbs that make the word pictures more vivid, clear, and more reflective of your theme.

EDITING: BE SURE YOUR LANGUAGE CHOICES, SPELLING, AND PUNCTUATION ARE CORRECTLY USED.

**Sharing with Others:**

**Find one other person close to you- friend or family member to read your final poem to.**

**WEEK 3/ Lesson 3 Objective:** Students will read two different short stories that have unique points of view about the theme of power.

**Overview:** This week, you will be reading two different stories about the power of family. As you read, think about which of these two stories would be your choice as a mentor text- a story you can read for what it says and how it is written. Then, you will be able to craft your own story that responds to the mentor text you have chosen. You will be able to select how you will respond- write a story, write a short play, write a letter to the author, make a video, etc.

**Warm Up:**

When you are reading the stories about other people, what do you think about as you are reading? Jot down your ideas here:

**Story #1:** Read this story about what happens to a young girl and her family when she comes to America. You may make notes and write your ideas about what you are thinking as you read.

## **NAMES/NOMBRES By Julia Alvarez**

When we arrived in New York City, our names changed almost immediately. At Immigration, the officer asked my father, *Mister Elbures*, if he had anything to declare. My father shook his head no, and we were waved through. I was too afraid we wouldn't be let in if I corrected the man's punctuation, but I said our name to myself, opening my mouth wide for the organ blast of a trilling my tongue for the drumroll of the *r*, *All-vab- rrr-es!* How could anyone get *Elbures* out of that orchestra of sound?

At the hotel my mother was Missus Alburest, and I was a little *girl*, as in, "Hey, little girl, stop riding the elevator up and down. It's *not a toy.*"

We moved into our new apartment building, the super called my father *Mister Alberase*, and the neighbors who became mother's friends pronounced her name *Jew- lee-ah* instead of *Hoo-lee-ah*. I, her namesake, was known as *Hoo-lee-tah* at home. But at school I was *Judy* or *Judith*, and once an English teacher mistook me for *Juliet*.

It took me a while to get used to my new names. I wondered if I shouldn't correct my teachers and new friends. But my mother argued that it didn't matter. "You know what your friend Shakespeare said, '*A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.*'" My family had gotten into the habit of calling any famous author "my friend" because I had begun to write poems and stories in English class.

By the time I was in high school, I was a popular kid, and it showed in my name. Friends called me *Jules* or *Hey Jude*, and once a group of troublemaking friends my mother forbade me to hang out with called me *Alcatraz*. I was *Hoo-lee-tah* only to Mami and Papi and uncles and aunts who came over to eat sancocho on Sunday afternoons old world folk whom I would just as soon go back to where they came from and leave me to pursue whatever mischief I wanted to in America. JUDY ALCATRAZ, the name on the "Wanted" poster would read. Who would ever trace her to me?

My older sister had the hardest time getting an American name for herself because *Mauricia* did not translate into English. Ironically, although she had the most foreign-sounding name, she and I were the Americans in the family. We had been born in New York City when our parents had first tried immigration and then gone back "home," too homesick to stay. My mother often told the story of how she had almost changed my sister's name in the hospital.

After the delivery, Mami and some other new mothers were cooing over their new baby sons and daughters and exchanging names and weights and delivery stories. My mother was embarrassed among the Sallys and Janes and Georges and Johns to reveal the rich, noisy name of *Mauricia*, so when her turn came to brag, she gave her baby's name as *Maureen*.

"Why'd ya give her an Irish name with so many pretty Spanish names to choose from?" one of the women asked.

My mother blushed and admitted her baby's real name to the group. Her mother-in-law had recently died, she apologized, and her husband had insisted that the first daughter be named after his mother, *Mauran*. My mother thought it the ugliest name she had ever heard, and she talked my father into what she believed was an improvement, a combination of *Mauran* and her own mother's name, *Felicia*.

"Her name is *Mao-ree-shee-ah*," my mother said to the group of women.

"Why, that's a beautiful name," the new mothers cried. "*Moor-ee-sha, Moor-ee-sha*," they cooed into the pink blanket. *Moor-ee-sha* it was when we returned to the States eleven years later. Sometimes American tongues found even that mispronunciation tough to say and called her *Maria* or *Marsha* or *Maudy* from her nickname *Maury*. I pitied her. What an awful name to have to transport across borders!

My little sister, Ana, had the easiest time of all. She was plain *Anne*-that is, only her name was plain, for she turned out to be the pale, blond "American beauty" in the family. The only Hispanic thing about her was the affectionate nicknames her boyfriends sometimes gave her. *Anita*, or, as one goofy guy used to sing to her to the tune of the banana advertisement *Anita Banana*.

Later, during her college years in the late sixties, there was a push to pronounce Third World names correctly. I remember calling her long distance at her group house and a roommate answering.

"Can I speak to Ana?" I asked, pronouncing her name the American way.

"Ana?" The man's voice hesitated. "Oh! You must mean *Ah-nah!*"

Our first few years in the States, though, ethnicity was not yet "in." Those were the blond, blue-eyed, bobby-sock years of junior high and high school before the sixties ushered in peasant blouses, hoop earrings, serapes. My initial desire to be known by my correct Dominican name faded. I just wanted to be Judy and merge with the Sallys and the Janes in my class. But, inevitably, my accent and coloring gave me away. "So where are you from, Judy?"

"New York," I told my classmates. After all, I had been born blocks away at Columbia- Presbyterian Hospital.

"I mean, *originally*."

"From the Caribbean," I answered vaguely, for if I specified, no one was quite sure on what continent our island was located.

“Really? I’ve been to Bermuda. We went last April for spring vacation. I got the worst sunburn! So, are you from Portoriko?”

“No,” I sighed. “From the Dominican Republic.” “Where’s that?”

“South of Bermuda.”

They were just being curious, I knew, but I burned with shame whenever they singled me out as a “foreigner,” a rare, exotic friend.

“Say your name in Spanish, oh, please say it!” I had made mouths drop one day by rattling off my full name, which, according to the Dominican custom, included my middle names, Mother’s and Father’s surnames for four generations back.

“Julia Altagracia María Teresa Álvarez Tavares Perello Espaillat Julia Pérez Rochet González.” I pronounced it slowly, a name as chaotic with sounds as a Middle Eastern bazaar or market day in a South American village.

My Dominican heritage was never more apparent than when my extended family attended school occasions. For my graduation, they all came, the whole lot of aunts and uncles and the many little cousins who snuck in without tickets. They sat in the first row in order to better understand the Americans’ fast-spoken English. But how could they listen when they were constantly speaking among themselves in florid-sounding phrases, rococo consonants, rich, rhyming vowel?

Introducing them to my friends was a further trial to me. These relatives had such complicated names and there were so many of them, and their relationships to myself were so convoluted. There was my Tía Josefina, who was not really an aunt but a much older cousin. And her daughter, Aida Margarita, who was adopted, una hija de crianza. My uncle of affection, Tío José, brought my madrina Tia Amelia and her comadre Tía Pilar. My friends rarely had more than a “Mom and Dad” to introduce.

After the commencement ceremony, my family waited outside in the parking lot while my friends and I signed yearbooks with nicknames which recalled our high school good times: “Beans” and “Pepperoni” and “Alcatraz.” We hugged and cried and promised to keep in touch. Our goodbyes went on too long. I heard my father’s voice calling out across the parking lot, “*Hoo-lee-tah!* Vámonos!”

Back home, my tíos and tías and primas, Mami and Papi, and mis hermanas had a party where many gifts—that was a plus to a large family! I got several wallets and a suitcase with my initials and a graduation charm from my godmother and money from my uncles. The biggest gift was a portable typewriter from my parents for writing my stories and poems.

Someday, the family predicted, my name would be well-known throughout the United States. I laughed to myself, wondering which one I would go by.

**Stop and Jot: What were some of your ideas and thoughts as you read this story? How does this story show the power of one's name and what people think about you because of the names you are given? Write down your ideas here:**

**Story #2: Now read a story about the power of home and what this family thinks about the importance of where they live.**

### **Home by Gwendolyn Brooks**

What had been wanted was this always, this always to last, the talking softly on this porch, with the snake plant in the jardinière\* in the southwest corner, and the obstinate slip from Aunt Eppie's magnificent Michigan fern at the left side of the friendly door. Mama, Maud Martha, and Helen rocked slowly in their rocking chairs, and looked at the late afternoon light on the lawn and at the emphatic iron of the fence and at the poplar tree. These things might soon be theirs no longer. Those shafts and pools of light, the tree, the graceful iron, might soon be viewed passively by different eyes.

Papa was to have gone that noon, during his lunch hour, to the office of the Home Owners' Loan. If he had not succeeded in getting another extension, they would be leaving this house in which they had lived for more than fourteen years. There was little hope. The Home Owners' Loan was hard. They sat, making their plans.

"We'll be moving into a nice flat somewhere," said Mama. "Somewhere on South Park, or Michigan, or in Washington Park Court." Those flats as the girls and Mama knew well, were burdens on wages twice the size of Papa's. This was not mentioned now.

"They're much prettier than this old house," said Helen. "I have friends I'd just as soon as not bring here. And I have other friends that wouldn't come down this far for anything, unless they were in a taxi."

Yesterday, Maud Martha would have attacked her. Tomorrow she might. Today she said nothing. She merely gazed at a little hopping robin in the tree, her tree, and tried to keep the fronts of her eyes dry.

“Well, I do know,” said Mama, turning her hands over and over, “that I’ve been getting tireder and tireder of doing that firing. From October to April, there’s firing to be done.”

“But lately we’ve been helping, Harry and I,” said Maud Martha. “And sometimes in March and April and in October, and even in November, we could build a little fire in the fireplace. Sometimes the weather was just right for that.”

She knew, from the way they looked at her, that this had been a mistake. They did not want to cry.

But she felt that the little line of white, sometimes ridged with smoked purple, and all that cream-shot saffron would never drift across any western sky except that in the back of this house. The rain would drum with as sweet a dullness nowhere but here. The birds on South Park were mechanical birds, no better than the poor caught canaries in those “rich” women’ sun parlors

“It’s just going to kill Papa!” burst out Maud Martha. “He loves this house! He lives for this house!”

“He lives for us,” said Helen. “It’s us he loves. He wouldn’t want the house, except for us.”

“And he’ll have us,” added Mama, “wherever.”

“You know,” Helen sighed, “if you want to know the truth, this is a relief. If this hadn’t come up, we would have gone on, just dragged on, hanging out here forever.”

“It might,” allowed Mama, “be an act of God. God may just have reached down and picked up the reins.”

“Yes,” Maud Martha cracked in, “that’s what you always say – that God knows best.”

Her mother looked at her quickly, decided the statement was not suspect, looked away.

Helen saw Papa coming. “There’s Papa,” said Helen.

They could not tell a thing from the way Papa was walking. It was that same dear little staccato walk, one shoulder down, then the other, then repeat, and repeat. They watched his progress. He passed the Kennedys’, he passed the vacant lot, he passed Mrs. Blakemore’s. They wanted to hurl themselves over the fence, into the street, and shake the truth out of his collar. He opened his gate – the gate – and still his stride and face told them nothing.

“Hello,” he said.

Mama got up and followed him through the front door. The girls knew better than to go in too.

Presently Mama's head emerged. Her eyes were lamps turned on.

"It's all right," she exclaimed. "He got it. It's all over. Everything is alright."

The door slammed shut. Mama's footsteps hurried away.

"I think," said Helen, rocking rapidly, "I think I'll give a party. I haven't given a party since I was eleven. I'd like some of my friends to just casually see that we're homeowners."

\* jardinière is an ornamental pot or stand for the display of growing plants.

**Poet Gwendolyn Brooks was born in Topeka, Kansas, on June 7, 1917. Brooks moved to Chicago at a young age. She began writing and publishing as a teenager, eventually achieving national fame for her 1945 collection *A Street in Bronzeville*. In 1950 Brooks became the first African American to win a Pulitzer Prize, for her book *Annie Allen*. She died in her Chicago home on December 3, 2000.**

**Stop and Jot: What were some of your thoughts and reflections about this story? Why do you think the power of home- where one lives and with whom- is so important in a person's story? Put your ideas here:**

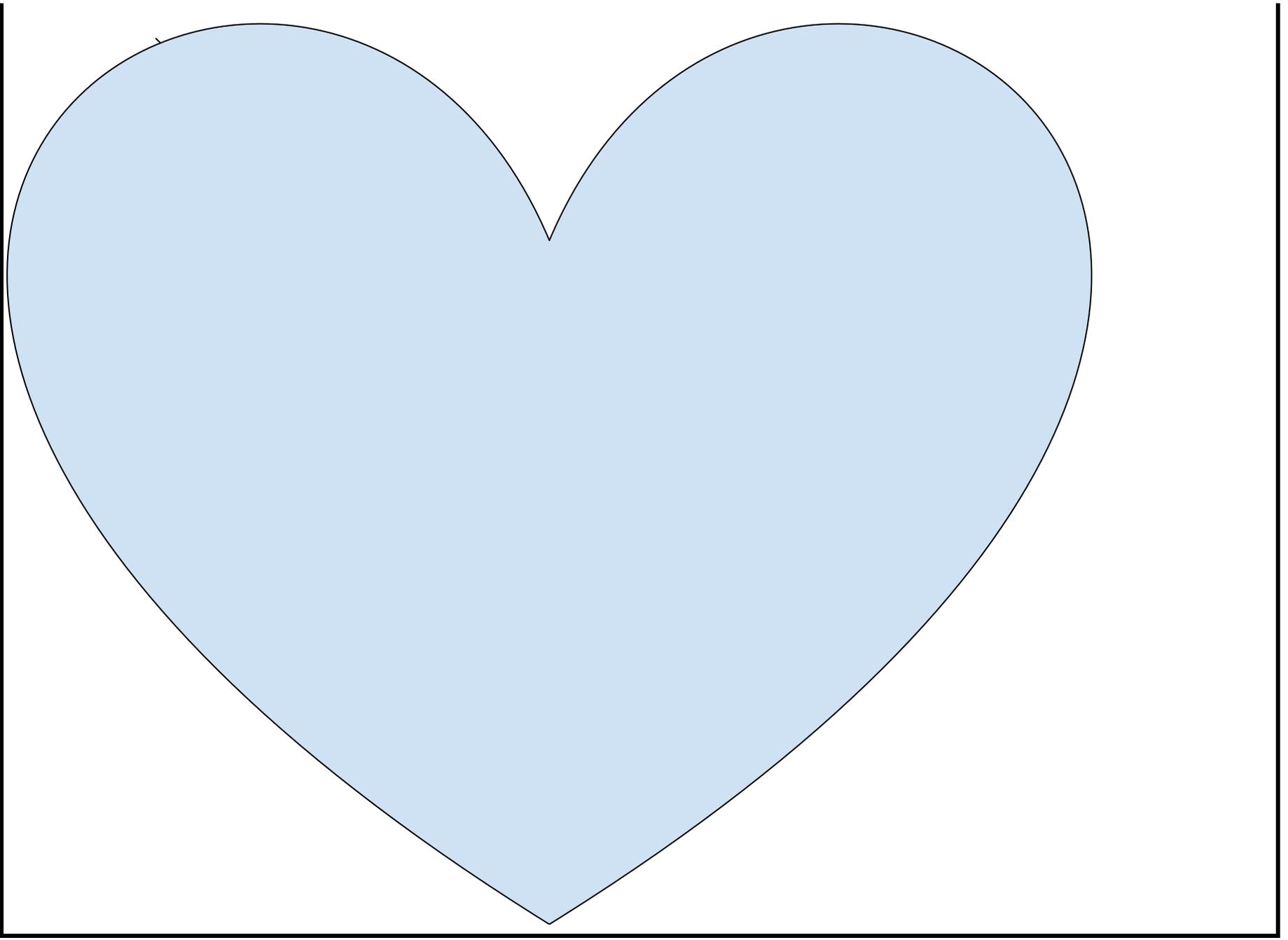
**EXIT TICKET:** Select the story you want to use as your mentor text and write a message to the author. Consider what you would say in response to this story. What are your thoughts about the author's central message or insights about the theme of power and how they developed that message? Why did you select this story? How did the writer speak to you?

**WEEK 4/ Lesson 4 Objective:** Students will build understanding of expressing their insights through the creation of their own stories or other creative responses about their own ideas and insights on the theme of power as their culminating task.

**Overview:** This lesson will focus on the creation of your own short story. As we have learned, authors use important realizations to develop the complexity of their characters. You may be thinking about the power in what we are called by others- names of endearment, love, friendship, family names and how those shape our lives or about the power in where we call home- how where we live shapes who we are or who we become. When we want to start our ideas, one of the best ways is to brainstorm or jot down anything that comes to mind about the topic before we start to draft these ideas into some structure or form. In today's lesson, you will focus on brainstorming your ideas and then drafting your first draft of your short story.

**Warm Up:** Using the short story you selected as a mentor story, jot down some of your ideas about the theme of power that you might use in brainstorming.

**Brainstorming:** Now, let's see if we can put some more ideas together around this big theme of power in our names or where we live. Just as we did when writing our poems, we will use a heartmap to capture these ideas. A Heartmap is a graphic organizer that you can use to add ideas about the most important people, places, and things in your own heart. As you think about your own ideas and story, what are moments that you believe have led you to find your inner strength or power? What meaning do you attach to your home and the people living there who helped you find inner strength or self-worth? What activities or things do you think about?



**Drafting:** After you have finished your brainstorming ideas, you will start to create the form or structure for your short story. Think about these big ideas:

- a. **How will you show your theme- your big message or insight about coming of age that you want your readers to come away from your short story?**
- b. **What kinds of language, characters, and setting will you use?**
- c. **What kinds of imagery will you use?**

Write your short story in the space provided. Use additional paper as needed.

**Close Reading:** Give your draft to someone else to read or re-read your short story and think about the following questions:

- What is the message or insight (THEME) of the story? How can you tell?
- How are characters developed? Where could more detail be added to help with creating complex characters?

Put the responses here and be sure to review these ideas as you make revisions to the story.

**Revising:** Rewrite the short story to add ideas, details, characterization that make the story more vivid, clear, and more reflective of your theme.  
**EDITING:** BE SURE YOUR LANGUAGE CHOICES, SPELLING, AND PUNCTUATION ARE CORRECTLY USED.

**SHARING WITH OTHERS:**

**Find one other person close to you- friend or family member to read your final short story to.**