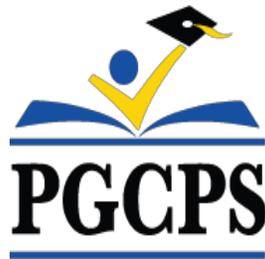


High School
ESOL English Intermediate
Summer Enrichment Packet



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



HS ESOL Intermediate Summer Packet

Intermediate ESOL – Ruby Bridges (Part 1)

Standards:

WIDA Standard 2: English language learners communicate information, ideas, and concepts necessary for academic success in the content area of Language Arts.

WIDA Standard 5: Language of Social Studies

English language learners communicate information, ideas, and concepts necessary for academic success in the content area of social studies.

Content Objectives: Students will analyze a non-fiction text.

Language Objectives: Students will write a paragraph to compare a biography across media.

Text: “Ruby Bridges”

Ruby Bridges - Written by LOTTIE L. JOINER Gannett”

50 years after childhood stand, Ruby Bridges still works for change

Nov. 19, 2010 | shreveporttimes.com

The little black girl in the 1963 Norman Rockwell painting walks confidently, books in hand, surrounded by four men in uniform. The girl was 6-year-old Ruby Bridges and the men in uniform were federal marshals who were there to protect her from an angry mob. The painting, titled “The Problem We All Live With” was a symbol of the fight for civil rights and the struggle to desegregate America’s public schools. Though the U.S. Supreme Court had ruled “separate but equal” schools unconstitutional in the 1954 Brown v. Board of Education decision, six years later the nation was still grappling with the implications of black and white children attending school together. Louisiana, like many other Southern states, used a number of legal stalling tactics until they were forced to integrate. Bridges was among the first African American children to desegregate elementary schools in the South, and on Nov. 14, 1960, she became the first to enter William Frantz Public School in New Orleans’ Ninth Ward. “Her solitary courage broke down the barriers of people who knew racism was wrong but wouldn’t do anything about it,” said Taylor Branch, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning book, “Parting the Waters: America in the King Years 1954-1963.” Today, 50 years after that historic event, Ruby Bridges is still fighting for equal education, working through her foundation to establish a charter school for history at William Frantz. “I believe that history should be taught in a different way. History definitely should be taught the way it happened — good, bad or ugly,” said Bridges. “History is sacred. For me history is a foundation and the truth.”

Breaking barriers

In the spring of 1960, New Orleans had run out of ways to keep black children from attending school with whites. With no choice left, the school board decided to test black students to determine who would be eligible to attend the city’s white schools. Bridges, who was in kindergarten, was one of only a handful of African American students who passed the test. The NAACP convinced Bridges’ parents to allow her to attend the all-White school near their home. “My father was initially against it,” remembers Bridges. “My father fought in the Korean War and felt like even on the battlefield he was just a colored soldier. He thought things would never change, so why subject a child to this kind of behavior.” Bridges’ mother however, persisted. “My mother felt like it was an opportunity for her children to have a better education,” said Bridges. But it would not be easy. The backlash against integration was so

intense that federal district court judge James Skelly Wright requested federal marshals be sent to New Orleans to protect students. When Ruby and her mother arrived at William Frantz that November day, there were protesters carrying signs, yelling insults and throwing things. According to Bridges' memoir, "Through My Eyes," the marshals told them to "just walk straight ahead and don't look back. "But little Ruby couldn't help noticing the tiny black doll in a coffin. "I remember the first day being escorted by federal marshals and being rushed inside of a school that soon became empty because parents went in and removed their children from the school," said Bridges, now Ruby Bridges Hall. The marshals, two in front, two behind, escorted Ruby and her mother to the principal's office where they stayed the entire first day of school. It would be the beginning of a long, lonely year.

The year alone

The following days at William Frantz mirrored the first. The crowd in front of the building shouted racial epithets as Ruby arrived to school escorted by federal marshals each day. The atmosphere inside wasn't that much better; none of the teachers wanted Ruby in their classroom. A new young teacher from Boston, Barbara Henry, agreed to teach the black first-grader. And so there they were, Ruby and Mrs. Henry. They spent the whole year together, just the two of them. It was a year of isolation for the young student. Initially Ruby had to eat her lunch alone in the classroom because someone had threatened to poison her. She was not allowed to go in the cafeteria, so Mrs. Henry eventually joined her for lunch. She was not allowed to go outside for recess either. And she had to be escorted to the bathroom by a federal marshal. Though Ruby showed a brave face, the isolation did affect her. She had trouble sleeping and at one time refused to eat the lunch her mother packed because she longed to be in the cafeteria where she believed there were other children. A few white students returned to William Frantz toward the end of the year and Ruby was allowed to play with them. In her book, she detailed how she learned about racism then. "The light dawned one day when a little boy refused to play with me," Bridges wrote in her memoir. "'I can't play with you,' the boy said. 'My mama said not to because you're a nigger.'" That year also took a toll on the Bridges family. Her father lost his job and her grandparents, who were Mississippi sharecroppers were thrown off their land. But little Ruby continued to go to school. "I never missed a day that whole year," said Bridges. The year would have been impossible if it wasn't for Mrs. Henry, said Bridges: "She absolutely made school fun. She looked exactly like all of the protesters outside, but she was one of the nicest teachers I ever had." Her story, our history. The next year, the white students returned to William Frantz and Ruby's second-grade classroom was integrated. But it would be years before she realized the impact she had on the Civil Rights Movement. "It was done, over and swept under the rug. Nobody talked about it," said Bridges about her history-making year. The matter wasn't even discussed in the Bridges household, she said. But already frail relationships would be torn apart by it. Her parents separated by the time she was in the seventh grade, leaving Bridges and her siblings to be raised by her mother. By the time she was 18, Bridges wanted to know more about the events that took place at William Frantz. "I found myself on a quest to find out who I really was and find out as much as I could about what had happened," said Bridges. "I really wanted to know that part of history because it was my history. It was my life story. "Branch says Bridges' story demonstrated that it took more than just lawyers and court rulings for change to happen in the civil rights movement. Those in the fight for justice realized that "you have to have sacrifice and witness and courage on top of that." People realized that this was a smart, courageous, dignified young lady, who was a lot braver than most of the rest of the country and by that witness, she made it harder for people to say 'that's not my problem,' " said Branch. "That really was a very, very powerful role." Back where it all began

After high school, Bridges became a travel agent. But she longed for a purpose. It was after her brother's death in 1990 that her life's purpose began to take shape. She took in his four daughters, who just happened to attend the school Bridges had desegregated 30 years earlier. Bridges began to realize her passion to reach young people as she worked as a volunteer at her former school. In 1995, child psychiatrist Robert Coles, who worked with Bridges during her year at William Frantz, wrote the book, "The Story of Ruby Bridges." Soon after, Disney made a movie about her experience. The events inspired Bridges to create the Ruby Bridges Foundation in 1999, which teaches youth about tolerance and respect. "Racism is something that is passed on to our kids. That's something we as adults pass on. That's why we're still dealing with the issue of race today," said Bridges. "Since racism is something that is passed down to our children, if we are to change that, then that's where we need to start. I'm trying to catch it before it starts and hopefully turn that around by educating our kids. "In 2005, one of Bridges' four sons was violently killed in New Orleans. She's hoping that the work she does today will help change the environment that contributed to his death. "We are losing so many young Black males. I believe we have to come together to turn that around. We have to get back to taking care of one another, rebuilding our families and teaching those values we lost some 50 years ago," said Bridges. "We can do that through communities. For me, I really do believe that the key is education. "As a result, Bridges has been working to turn William Frantz, which was destroyed by Hurricane Katrina, into the Ruby Bridges School for Community Service and Social Justice. Bridges hopes to create an environment where students of all backgrounds can come together, learn and grow to respect each other's differences — something she learned working with Mrs. Henry 50 years ago. "I believe that my life's work was shaped for me through that experience," said Bridges. "She taught me what Dr. King tried to teach all of us. We should never judge a person by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character. That was the lesson I learned at 6 years old."

Lottie Joiner is senior editor at the Crisis magazine.

Lessons for Ruby Bridges (Part 1)

Task 1/Analysis:

Read the text and complete the graphic organizer.

Title: _____

Author: _____

Genre: _____

Characters: _____

Setting (when): _____

Setting (where): _____

Problem(s): _____

Solution(s): _____

Task 2/Vocabulary:

- Scan the text for unknown words.
- Look up the new words in a dictionary.
- Write the translations/definitions in the margin or in your notebook.
- Re-read the sentences with unknown words.

Task 3/Grammar:

- *Explanation:* The **simple present tense** is used to express what is true now or always. The **simple past tense** is used to express an action that began and ended in the past OR something that was true in the past.
- *Example:* The law **states** that schools cannot be segregated. / Ruby Bridges **was** a brave girl and she **is** a brave woman.
- *Text search:* Find and circle five verbs in the simple present tense in the text. Find and underline five examples of verbs in the simple past tense.

Task 4/Skills:

- *Explanation:* Good readers MAKE CONNECTIONS between what they are reading and other texts, movies and videos about the topic. The Disney movie, Ruby Bridges, can help you understand what Ruby's life was like as she integrated her elementary school.

Task 5 / Summary:

Write a summary of what you have learned about Ruby Bridges' life from the text and the movie. Share your text with a family member.

Intermediate ESOL - Ruby Bridges (Part 2)

Standards:

WIDA Standard 2: English language learners communicate information, ideas, and concepts necessary for academic success in the content area of Language Arts.

WIDA Standard 5: Language of Social Studies

English language learners communicate information, ideas, and concepts necessary for academic success in the content area of social studies.

Content Objectives: Students will analyze a text using a cause-effect tool.

Language Objectives: Students will write a paragraph of the impact Ruby Bridges has had on the United States.

Text: “Ruby Bridges”

Lessons - Ruby Bridges (Part 2)

Task 1/Analysis:

Use the work from last Part 1- Task 1 to write a summary of the text.

Task 2/Vocabulary:

- Take five of the words from Task 1- Task 2 and either use them in sentences or in conversation.

Task 3/Grammar:

- *Explanation:* In English, the most common parts of speech are nouns (words for a person, place, thing, idea, animal), verbs (words for actions), adjectives (words to describe nouns) and adverbs (words to describe verbs). There are also prepositions (such as in, on, at, near), which help glue sentences together.
- *Example:* Ruby Bridges (noun, person) was (verb, past tense) brave (adjective).
- *Text search:* Choose one sentence from the text and label the parts of speech.

Task 4/Skills:

- *Explanation:* Good readers look for organizational patterns in the text they are reading. One organizational pattern is CAUSE AND EFFECT, which shows why things happen.
- *Examples:* It was unconstitutional to segregate schools by race, so the Supreme Court said the schools had to integrate.
- *Text Search/Practice:* Create a CAUSE AND EFFECT graphic organizer in your notebook and take notes as you re-read the text.

Task 5/Summary:

Write a paragraph based on your work from Task 4.

Intermediate ESOL – Text Comparison**Standards:**

WIDA Standard 2: English language learners communicate information, ideas and concepts necessary for academic success in the content area of Language Arts.

WIDA Standard 5: Language of Social Studies

English language learners communicate information, ideas and concepts necessary for academic success in the content area of social studies.

Content Objectives: Students will analyze how people can impact others.

Language Objectives: Students will write an essay to integrate lessons from the four texts.

Texts:

“Ruby Bridges (Prior Text),” “Hellen Keller,” “A Life Boat,” “A Mighty Long Way”

TEXT: THE STORY OF MY LIFE BY HELEN KELLER

Keller, H. (1905). The story of my life. The story of my life (pp. 21-24). New York:

Doubleday and Company, Inc. Retrieved from

<http://http://digital.library.upenn.edu/women/keller/life/life.html>

CHAPTER IV

THE most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me. I am filled with wonder when I consider the immeasurable contrasts between the two lives, which it connects. It was the third of March, 1887, three months before I was seven years old.

On the afternoon of that eventful day, I stood on the porch, dumb, expectant. I guessed vaguely from my mother's signs and from the hurrying to and fro in the house that something unusual was about to happen, so I went to the door and waited on the steps. The afternoon sun penetrated the mass of honeysuckle that covered the porch, and fell on my upturned face. My fingers lingered almost unconsciously on the familiar leaves and blossoms which had just come forth to greet the sweet southern spring.

I did not know what the future held of marvel or surprise for me. Anger and bitterness had preyed upon me continually for weeks and a deep languor had succeeded this passionate struggle.

Have you ever been at sea in a dense fog, when it seemed as if a tangible white darkness shut you in, and the great ship, tense and anxious, groped her way toward the shore with plummet and sounding line, and you waited with beating heart for something to happen? I was like that

ship before my education began, only I was without compass or sounding-line, and had no way of knowing how near the harbor was. "Light! give me light!" was the wordless cry of my soul, and the light of love shone on me in that very hour.

I felt approaching footsteps. I stretched out my hand as I supposed to my mother. Someone took it, and I was caught up and held close in the arms of her who had come to reveal all things to me, and, more than all things else, to love me.

The morning after my teacher came she led me into her room and gave me a doll. The little blind children at the Perkins Institution had sent it and Laura Bridgman had dressed it; but I did not know this until afterward. When I had played with it a little while, Miss Sullivan slowly spelled into my hand the word "d-o-l-l." I was at once interested in this finger play and tried to imitate it. When I finally succeeded in making the letters correctly I was flushed with childish pleasure and pride.

Running downstairs to my mother I held up my hand and made the letters for doll. I did not know that I was spelling a word or even that words existed; I was simply making my fingers go in monkey-like imitation. In the days that followed I learned to spell in this uncomprehending way a great many words, among them *pin*, *hat*, *cup* and a few verbs like *sit*, *stand* and *walk*. But my teacher had been with me several weeks before I understood that everything has a name.

One day, while I was playing with my new doll, Miss Sullivan put my big rag doll into my lap also, spelled "d-o-l-l" and tried to make me understand that "d-o-l-l" applied to both. Earlier in the day we had had a tussle over the words "m-u-g" and "w-a-t-e-r." Miss Sullivan had tried to impress it upon me that "m-u-g" is *mug* and that "w-a-t-e-r" is *water*, but I persisted in confounding the two. In despair she had dropped the subject for the time, only to renew it at the first opportunity. I became impatient at her repeated attempts and, seizing the new doll, I dashed it upon the floor.

I was keenly delighted when I felt the fragments of the broken doll at my feet. Neither sorrow nor regret followed my passionate outburst. I had not loved the doll. In the still, dark world in which I lived there was no strong sentiment of tenderness. I felt my teacher sweep the fragments to one side of the hearth, and I had a sense of satisfaction that the cause of my discomfort was removed. She brought me my hat, and I knew I was going out into the warm sunshine. This thought, if a wordless sensation may be called a thought, made me hop and skip with pleasure.

We walked down the path to the well-house, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle with which it was covered. Someone was drawing water and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word water, first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motions of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that "w-a-t-e-r" meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my

soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

I left the well-house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house every object which I touched seemed to quiver with life. That was because I saw everything with the strange, new sight that had come to me. On entering the door, I remembered the doll I had broken. I felt my way to the hearth and picked up the pieces. I tried vainly to put them together. Then my eyes filled with tears; for I realized what I had done, and for the first time I felt repentance and sorrow.

I learned a great many new words that day. I do not remember what they all were; but I do know that *mother, father, sister, teacher* were among them—words that were to make the world blossom for me, "like Aaron's rod, with flowers." It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of the eventful day and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

Text: "A Life Boat" by Judith Ortiz Cofer

Cofer, J.O. (2011). A life boat. Excerpt from Chapter 2 in *Lessons from a writer's life: Readings and resources for teachers and students* (pp. 22-23). Portsmouth, NH: Heinemann.

Like the poet, the immigrant is primarily a metaphor maker, a translator of experience. Struggling between languages, I learned this skill early: how to answer a question *Como se dice?* by making a comparison, by trying to access the unfamiliar road by following the familiar *camino* first. When I heard an unfamiliar word, I went through my mental files for a comparison.

In the poem "Underwater," I recall one of the "shipwreck" moments early in my American life: a day when a teacher innocently assumed that all her students knew what a *cruise ship* was.

I did my best to guess what she wanted based on what I had experienced in my Spanish-speaking life. In Puerto Rico, I had seen the fishermen's dinghies in the seaside *pueblos* that we visited. I thought I hear the teacher say the word *cruz*, a familiar symbol in the Catholic church I attended and in my home. My parents and grandparents had books on Puerto Rico's Spanish colonial days, so I knew that some ships were adorned with crosses. I used all I had to come up with my "cruz-ship."

My efforts were met with disdain by my fellow students, and the teacher's attempt to gain sympathy for me by reminding the class that "she doesn't understand" only made me feel more alienated.

These are the moments that are seared into the memory of a child struggling to master a new language: when you fail to know what everyone is supposed to know, and therefore to be "like everyone else." But something I understand now is that my story could have been interesting to the class if the assignment had been a bit more open. If we had been asked to draw our

favorite boat, or one that we had seen. It could have been a time to share knowledge, an occasion for the others to see what I saw, rather than a setback in confidence for the student who “doesn’t understand.”

Recently, I witnessed the empowering effects of giving a story to the students rather than simply dictating it. In a middle school classroom I visited in Atlanta, there was one Latino student, Alejandro, the silent one in the back of the room. His class had read some of the stories in my book *An Island Like You: Stories of the Barrio*, and their teacher had assigned them to write and deliver a three-minute monologue based on their favorite character. It was exciting for me to hear how individual students transformed my characters into versions of themselves by giving them new voices, new mannerisms, and new ways of explaining their actions.

The teacher had warned me that Alejandro might not participate. He was, she said, aggressively silent, refusing to answer questions in class, and she feared that he was destined to drop out of school to follow his migrant worker parents as soon as he could.

Alejandro did wait at the end of the presentations. He then walked to the podium, and standing very straight, delivered a monologue that left everyone stunned by its power. It was based on a character I created, who is in rebellion and close to losing everything, including his freedom. Everyone thinks that he’s a gangster because he is just plain bad, but in reality he is grieving for the mother he recently lost and is unable to help his father, who has also been defeated by emotional pain. In the story he finds love, and he also learns a lot about giving.

Alejandro read his monologue in a thick Spanish accent, which was exactly right for the character. He read it dramatically, and with emotion. His resolve to make each word he said count brought tears to his teacher’s (and my) eyes. I observed his fellow students looking at Alejandro with a mixture of wonder, curiosity, and maybe (I hoped) a growing sense of respect. Later, I saw that several girls came up to him at the reception we had at the end of my visit, and I saw that Alejandro was not being “aggressively silent” with them.

I do not know Alejandro’s personal history, but I did hear from his teacher that she used special readings of materials that she thought would draw him out in her class, and that he had become the Latino “expert,” fielding questions about concepts and words that his fellow students would have had to look up. She had leveled the field, allowing him some time as the one who knows the answers, rather than the one who does not understand.

Text: A Mighty Long Way by Carlotta Walls LaNier

LaNier, C.W. (2009). The blessing of walls. Excerpt from Chapter 6 in A mighty long way: My journey to justice at Little Rock Central High School (pp. 112-113). New York: Random House.

http://books.google.com/books?id=f_6HpKGqbXIC&lpg=PP1&pg=PA114#v=onepage&q&f=false

I threw out my elbow to protect myself before feeling his blow. For some reason, though, his elbow hadn't moved, and to his astonishment—and mine—he felt the sharp point of my elbow jab hard into his arm. He jumped back, red-faced. “You see what that nigger did to me!” he yelled.

I kept walking, hoping that the teachers monitoring the halls at that moment were as blind as they had been all the times I'd been tortured in the same halls. Fortunately, I never heard anything about it. But one of my comrades wouldn't be so lucky.

It was December 17, the day before Christmas break. When I walked up to the lunch table, I noticed that Ernie had just gotten there, too. He looked more frustrated than usual and threw his books and lunch sack on the table. Minnijean was in trouble, he said. She'd dumped a big bowl of chili on the head of a boy who had been hassling her repeatedly in the lunch line.

He and Melba had seen it all when a group of boys called Minnie names and blocked her path as she tried to make her way to her table with her lunch, Ernie said. Before he could encourage her to ignore them, he said, he watched the chili slide from Minnie's tilted tray onto the boy's head. The entire cafeteria came to a standstill for a moment, and spontaneously, the black cafeteria staff erupted in applause. An administrator then appeared on the scene and whisked Minnie to the main office. Ernie said he hadn't seen Minnie since.

The word was she'd been suspended. I felt bad for Minnie. She had been pushed to the breaking point, and I knew that it easily could have been any one of us. We were all tired of life in the pressure cooker, and at one time or another, every one of us had felt just one notch away from blowing. I nibbled on my sandwich for the rest of lunch; none of us felt much like talking. We were worried about what this would mean for Minnie, what it would mean for all of us all.

I learned later that Minnie indeed had been suspended and would have to reapply for admission when we returned from Christmas break in January. By the end of the fall semester, 4 students had been expelled from Central for causing trouble. Another 153 students withdrew, likely to avoid integration. About two dozen of them enrolled at Hall High School, the all-white school in a ritzier section of Little Rock, and a few of them eventually returned to Central.

The news about Minnie's suspension put a damper on the beginning of the two-week break from school, but I looked forward to the time off. Finally, I would be able to let down my guard, laugh freely, and enjoy my family and friends. Two days before Christmas, I did just that when the nine of us and our parents gathered at the Dunbar Community Center for a huge holiday celebration in our honor. The party was sponsored by the Washington, D.C.-based headquarters of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Inc., a national service-oriented group of professional women and college students.

The large upstairs room sparkled with red and white, from the festive lights and decorations to the dozens of women dressed in the colors of their sorority. I wore red and white, too, a taffeta dress in a polka-dot print. It was especially nice to see Mother and Daddy dressed in their

holiday finery, enjoying themselves like old times. Before Central, they often got all spruced up for a night on the town, but much of the fun in their lives as a young couple seemed to have dried up. I missed the laughter that had been ever present in our home.

Near the end of the party, a Santa presented each of us with gifts and encouraging letters mailed from around the country by the organization's members, who thanked us for our bravery and courage. I'll never forget that evening. It came at a particularly low point and reminded us all that no matter how isolated we sometimes felt at Central, we were not in this fight alone.

As 1957 wound to a close, I realized just how much of world was watching us. I picked up the *Gazette* one day and saw a story that said the Associated Press had ranked the Little Rock Nine and our integration battle as the top story of the year in the nation—even bigger than the passage of the Civil Rights Act, the first major civil rights legislation since Reconstruction.

Lessons for Text Comparison

Task 1/Analysis:

Re-read Ruby Bridge and read the other three texts. Annotate them for questions you have, things you have learned and main ideas.

Task 2/Vocabulary:

- Scan the texts for unknown words.
- Look up the new words in a dictionary.
- Write the translations/definitions in the margin or in your notebook.
- Re-read the sentences with unknown words.

Task 3 / Summary:

What have you learned from the people you read about? How do/did they impact people around them? In your notebook, respond to these questions with an essay.

Intermediate ESOL – Text Comparison (Part 2)

Standards:

WIDA Standard 2: English language learners communicate information, ideas, and concepts necessary for academic success in the content area of Language Arts.

Content Objectives: Students will conduct research on current events.

Language Objectives: Students will present facts relating current events to historical facts.

Texts: Reread “Ruby Bridges,” “Helen Keller,” “A Lifeboat,” “A Mighty Long Way”
(Provided with the previous tasks)

Lessons – Text Comparison (Part 2)

Task 1/Analysis:

Directions: The four texts dealt with how people helped change society by removing barriers to equity. There are still barriers to equity in this country and in all countries. This summer, people are doing antiracist work. This summer, people are trying to ensure the rights of immigrants. This summer, people are working to make sure that all children are receiving education.

Turn on the news, watch a movie, read a newspaper and learn about a social problem and how a person or people are working to overcome that problem.

Title: _____

Author: _____

Genre: _____

Characters: _____

Setting (when): _____

Setting (where): _____

Problem(s): _____

Solution(s): _____

Task 2/Vocabulary:

- Scan the texts for unknown words.
- Look up the new words in a dictionary.
- Write the translations/definitions in the margin or in your notebook.
- Re-read the sentences with unknown words.

Task 3:

What have you learned? What questions do you still have? Make notes in your notebook.

Task 4/Skills:

Pick one person/group that is addressing one or more problems. Take notes on how they are impacting the community/society.

Task 5 / Summary:

Write about what you have learned. Present your information in a poster or essay.

Intermediate ESOL – “Oranges” (Part 1)

Standards:

WIDA Standard 2: English language learners communicate information, ideas and concepts necessary for academic success in the content area of Language Arts

Content Objectives: Students will analyze a poem.

Language Objectives: Students will create and label and image from the poem.

Text: “Oranges”

Oranges

(Soto, G. (1995). Oranges. Gary Soto. New and selected poems (pp. 72--74). San Francisco: Chronicle Books.)

The first time I walked
With a girl, I was twelve,
Cold, and weighted down
With two oranges in my jacket.
December. Frost cracking
Beneath my steps, my breath
Before me, then gone,
As I walked toward
Her house, the one whose
Porch light burned yellow
Night and day, in any weather.
A dog barked at me, until
She came out pulling
At her gloves, face bright
With rouge. I smiled,
Touched her shoulder, and led
Her down the street, across

A used car lot and a line
Of newly planted trees,
Until we were breathing
Before a drugstore. We
Entered, the tiny bell
Bringing a saleslady
Down a narrow aisle of goods.
I turned to the candies
Tiered like bleachers,
And asked what she wanted—
Light in her eyes, a smile
Starting at the corners

Of her mouth. I fingered
A nickel in my pocket,
And when she lifted a chocolate
That cost a dime,
I didn't say anything.
I took the nickel from
My pocket, then an orange,
And set them quietly on
The counter. When I looked up,
The lady's eyes met mine,
And held them, knowing
Very well what it was all
About.

 Outside,
A few cars hissing past,
For hanging like old
Coats between the trees.
I took my girl's hand
In mine for two blocks,
Then released it to let
Her unwrap the chocolate.
I peeled my orange
That was so bright against
The gray of December
That, from some distance,
Someone might have thought
I was making a fire in my hands.

Lessons for “Oranges” (Part 1)

Task 1/Analysis:

Read the text and complete the graphic organizer.

Title: _____

Author: _____

Genre: _____

Characters: _____

Setting (when): _____

Setting (where): _____

Problem(s): _____

Solution(s): _____

Task 2/Vocabulary:

- Scan the text for unknown words.
- Look up the new words in a dictionary.
- Write the translations/definitions in the margin or in your notebook.
- Re-read the sentences with unknown words.

Task 3/Grammar:

- *Explanation:* Adjectives are words that modify or describe nouns.
- *Example:* The night was cold, moonlit and silent.
- *Text search:* Find five adjectives in the text and underline them.

Task 4/Skills:

- *Explanation:* Good readers VISUALIZE. This means that as they read, they create images in their minds of what they are reading.
- *Examples:* If I close my eyes, I can imagine being outside on a cold, moonlit, silent night. I can draw a picture of this.
- *Text Search:* Find one image in the poem, maybe the girl’s house, maybe the orange, maybe the candy bar and \ imagine what it looks like in your head.

Task 5/Summary:

Draw a cartoon or just one image from the poem. Label it and share it with a family member.

Intermediate ESOL – “Oranges” (Part 2)

Standards:

WIDA Standard 2: English language learners communicate information, ideas, and concepts necessary for academic success in the content area of Language Arts.

Content Objectives: Students will analyze a poem for sensory images.

Language Objectives: Students will complete a sensory images chart and write a paragraph.

Text: Reread “Oranges”

Lessons for Oranges (Part 2)

Task 1/Analysis:

Use the information from Task 1 of Oranges Part 1 and write a summary of the poem.

Task 2/Vocabulary:

Choose five words from your work from Task 2 of Oranges. Use each word in a sentence.

Task 3/Grammar:

- *Explanation:* The simple past tense is used to express actions that began and ended in the past. You can use the simple past tense with or without a time reference.
- *Example:* The boy and girl walked together. / The sales clerk understood.
- *Text search:* Find ten verbs in the past tense in the text.
- *Practice:* Use these ten verbs in your own sentences or poem.

Task 4/Skills:

- *Explanation:* Good writers USE SENSORY IMAGES. SENSORY IMAGES use the five senses- hearing, seeing, touching, tasting and touching- that many people use. When writers include sensory images, the reader can understand and visualize better.
- *Examples:* The ice cream was cold, smooth and delicious. The music was loud and joyous- we all danced.
- *Text Search/Practice:* Make a chart in your notebook of the five senses and at least two sensory images for each sense.

Task 5/Summary:

Use the chart from Task 4 and write an essay about the sensory images in “Oranges” and how the poet uses them to make the poem vivid.

Intermediate ESOL – “The Chase”

Standards:

WIDA Standard 2: English language learners communicate information, ideas, and concepts necessary for academic success in the content area of Language Arts.

Content Objectives: Students will analyze the first portion of an autobiographical text.

Language Objectives: Students will write a summary.

Text: “The Chase”

The Chase
Annie Dillard

(Dillard, A. (1987). *The chase*. *An American childhood* (pp. 45--49). New York, NY: Harper Perennial)

Annie Dillard is best known for her Pulitzer Prize winning work Pilgrim at Tinker Creek. In this chapter from her autobiography, An American Childhood, Dillard leads us running desperately through snow-filled backyards. Like all of Dillard’s writing, this romp shows an unparalleled enthusiasm for life and skill at expressing it.

¹Some boys taught me to play football. This was fine sport. You thought up a new strategy for every play and whispered it to the others. You went out for a pass, fooling everyone. Best, you got to throw yourself mightily at someone’s running legs. Either you brought him down or you hit the ground flat on your chin, with your arms empty before you. It was all or nothing. If you hesitated in fear, you would miss and get hurt: you would take a hard fall while the kid got away, or you would get kicked in the face while the kid got away. But if you flung yourself wholeheartedly at the back of his knees—if you gathered and joined a body and soul and pointed them diving fearlessly—then you likely wouldn’t get hurt, and you’ stop the ball. Your fate, and your team’s score, depended on your concentration and courage. Nothing girls did could compare with it.

²Boys welcomed me at baseball, too, for I had, through enthusiastic practice, what was weirdly known as a boy’s arm. In winter, in the snow, there was neither baseball nor football, so the boys and I threw snowballs at passing cars. I got in trouble throwing snowballs, and have seldom been happier since.

³On one weekday morning after Christmas, six inches of new snow had just fallen. We were standing up to our boot tops in snow on a front yard on trafficked Reynolds Street, waiting for cars. The cars traveled Reynolds Street slowly and evenly; they were targets all but wrapped in red ribbons, cream puffs. We couldn’t miss.

⁴I was seven; the boys were eight, nine, and ten. The oldest two Fahey boys were there—Mikey and Peter—polite blond boys who lived near me on Lloyd Street, and who already had four brothers and sisters. My parents approved Mikey and Peter Fahey. Chickie McBride was there, a tough kid, and Billy Paul and Mackie Kean too, from across Reynolds, where the boys

grew up dark and furious, grew up skinny, knowing, and skilled. We had all drifted from our houses that morning looking for action, and had found it here on Reynolds Street.

⁵It was cloudy but cold. The cars' tires laid behind them on the snowy street a complex trail of beige chunks like crenellated castle walls. I had stepped on some earlier; they squeaked. We could have wished for more traffic. When a car came, we all popped it one. In the intervals between cars we reverted to the natural solitude of children.

⁶I started making an iceball—a perfect iceball, from perfectly white snow, perfectly spherical, and squeezed perfectly translucent so no snow remained all the way through. (The Fahey boys and I considered it unfair actually to throw an iceball at somebody, but it had been known to happen.)

⁷I had just embarked on the iceball project when we heard tire chains come clanking from afar. A black Buick was moving toward us down the street. We all spread out, banged together some regular snowballs, took aim, and, when the Buick drew nigh, fired.

⁸A soft snowball hit the driver's windshield right before the driver's face. It made a smashed star with a hump in the middle.

⁹Often, of course, we hit our target, but this time, the only time in all of life, the car pulled over and stopped. Its wide black door opened; a man got out of it, running. He didn't even close the car door.

¹⁰He ran after us, and we ran away from him, up the snowy Reynolds sidewalk. At the corner, I looked back; incredibly, he was still after us. He was in city clothes: a suit and tie, street shoes. Any normal adult would have quit, having sprung us into flight and made his point. This man was gaining on us. He was a thin man, all action. All of a sudden, we were running for our lives.

¹¹Wordless, we split up. We were on our turf; we could lose ourselves in the neighborhood backyards, everyone for himself. I paused and considered. Everyone had vanished except Mikey Fahey, who was just rounding the corner of a yellow brick house. Poor Mikey, I trailed him. The driver of the Buick sensibly picked the two of us to follow. The man apparently had all day.

¹²He chased Mikey and me around the yellow house and up a backyard path we knew by heart: under a low tree, up a bank, through a hedge, down some snowy steps, and across the grocery store's delivery driveway. We smashed through a gap in another hedge, entered a scruffy backyard and ran around its back porch and tight between houses to Edgerton Avenue; we ran across Edgerton to an alley and up our own sliding woodpile to the Halls' front yard; he kept coming. We ran up Lloyd Street and wound through mazy backyards toward the steep hilltop at Willard and Lang.

¹³He chased us silently, block after block. He chased us silently over picket fences through thorny hedges, between houses, around garbage cans, and across streets. Every time I glance

back, choking for breath, I expected he would have quit. He must have been as breathless as we were. His jacket strained over his body. It was an immense discovery, pounding into my hot head with every sliding, joyous step, that this ordinary adult evidently knew what I thought only children who trained at football know: that you have to fling yourself at what you're doing, you have to point yourself, forget yourself, aim, dive.

¹⁴Mikey and I had nowhere to go in our own neighborhood or out of it, but away from this man who was chasing us. He impelled us forward; we compelled him to follow our route. The air was cold; every breath tore my throat. We kept running, block after block; we kept improvising, backyard after backyard, running a frantic course and choosing it simultaneously, failing always to find small places or hard places to slow him down, and discovering always, exhilarated, dismayed, that only bare speed could save us—for he would never give up, this man—and we were losing speed.

¹⁵He chased us through the backyard labyrinths of ten blocks before he caught us by our jackets. He caught us and we all stopped.

¹⁶We three stood staggering, half blinded, coughing, in an obscure hilltop backyard: a man in his twenties, a boy, a girl. He had released our jackets, our pursuer, our captor, our hero: He knew we weren't going anywhere. We all played by the rules. Mikey and I unzipped our jackets. I pulled off my sopping mittens. Our tracks multiplied in the backyard's new snow. We had been breaking new snow all morning. We didn't look at each other. I was cherishing my excitement. The man's lower pants legs were wet; his cuffs were full of snow, and there was a prow of snow beneath them on his shoes and socks. Some trees bordered the little flat backyard, some messy winter trees. There was no one around: a clearing in a grove, and we the only players.

¹⁷It was a long time before he could speak. I had some difficulty at first recalling why we were there. My lips felt swollen; I couldn't see out of the sides of my eyes; I kept coughing.

¹⁸“You stupid kids,” he began perfunctorily.

¹⁹We listened perfunctorily indeed, if we listened at all, for the chewing out was redundant, a mere formality, and beside the point. The point was that he had chased us passionately without giving up, and so he had caught us. Now he came down to earth. I wanted the glory to last forever.

²⁰But how could the glory have lasted forever? We could have run through every backyard in North America until we got to Panama. But when he trapped us at the lip of the Panama Canal, what precisely could he have done to prolong the drama of the chase and cap its glory? I brooded about this for the next few years. He could only have fried Mikey Fahey and me in boiling oil, say, or dismembered us piecemeal, or staked us to anthills. None of which I really wanted, and none of which any adult was likely to do, even in the spirit of fun. He could only chew us out there in the Panamanian jungle, after months or years of exalting pursuit. He could only begin, “You stupid kids,” and continue in his ordinary Pittsburgh accent with his normal righteous anger and the usual common sense.

²¹If in that snowy backyard the driver of the black Buick had cut off our heads, Mikey's and mine, I would have died happy, for nothing has required so much of me since as being chased all over Pittsburgh in the middle of winter—running terrified, exhausted—by this sainted skinny, furious redheaded man who wished to have a word with us. I don't know how he found his way back to his car.

Lessons for "The Chase"

Task 1/Analysis:

Read the first half of the text and complete the graphic organizer.

Title: _____

Author: _____

Genre: _____

Characters: _____

Setting (when): _____

Setting (where): _____

Problem(s): _____

Solution(s): _____

Task 2/Vocabulary:

- Scan the first half of the text for unknown words.
- Look up the new words in a dictionary.
- Write the translations/definitions in the margin or in your notebook.
- Re-read the sentences with unknown words.

Task 3/Grammar:

- *Explanation:* Compound sentences are sentences that have two nouns and predicates (independence clauses) and a word or two to stick the two clauses together.
- *Example:* The kids were in trouble, so they ran away from the man.
- *Text search:* Find and underline two compound sentences in the first half of the text.
- *Practice:* Write two compound sentences about the text in your notebook.

Task 4/Skills:

- *Explanation:* Good readers ANNOTATE THE TEXT. This is like taking notes, but you can ANNOTATE right on the text itself. When you do this, you increase your comprehension.
- *Examples:* You can put a ? by sentences or paragraphs that you don't understand; you can put a * by important ideas; you can _____ new words; you can circle parts of the text that you like or dislike.
- *Text Search/Practice:* Annotate the text.

Task 5/Summary:

Use the information from your work in the above tasks and write a summary of the first half of the text.

Intermediate ESOL – The “Chase” (Part 2)

Standards:

WIDA Standard 2: English language learners communicate information, ideas and concepts necessary for academic success in the content area of Language Arts

Content Objectives: Students will analyze a text.

Language Objectives: Students will write a summary.

Text: Reread “The Chase”

Lessons – “The Chase” (Part 2)

Task 1/Analysis:

Read the second part of the text and complete the graphic organizer.

Title: _____

Author: _____

Genre: _____

Characters: _____

Setting (when): _____

Setting (where): _____

Problem(s): _____

Solution(s): _____

Task 2/Vocabulary:

- Scan the second half of the text for unknown words.
- Look up the new words in a dictionary.
- Write the translations/definitions in the margin or in your notebook.
- Re-read the sentences with unknown words.

Task 3/Grammar:

- *Explanation:* The simple past tense is used to express actions that began and ended in the past. You can use the simple past tense with or without a time reference.
- *Example:* The kids ran away from the man. / The man shouted at the kids.
- *Text search:* Find ten verbs in the past tense in the text.
- *Practice:* Use these ten verbs in your own sentences or poem.

Task 4/Skills:

- *Explanation:* Good writers USE SENSORY IMAGES. SENSORY IMAGES use the five senses- hearing, seeing, touching, tasting and touching- that many people use. When writers include sensory images, the reader can understand and visualize better.
- *Examples:* The ice cream was cold, smooth and delicious. The music was loud and joyous- we all danced.
- *Text Search/Practice:* Make a chart in your notebook of the five senses and at least two sensory images for each sense.

Task 5/Summary:

Look at your work from all of the tasks for “The Chase” and summarize the text. Use this question to focus your response: Why does the narrator remember this as being such a wonderful experience?

Intermediate ESOL – “Happiness”

Standards:

WIDA Standard 2: English language learners communicate information, ideas and concepts necessary for academic success in the content area of Language Arts

Content Objectives: Students will analyze a text.

Language Objectives: Students will present the poem in a read aloud.

Text:

“Happiness”

(Komunyakaa, Y. (2001). Happiness. Pleasure dome New and collected poems (p. 266). Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press.)

When I'd win the fight
Over whose turn it was,
I sat on the top doorstep,
Grinning out into the Fourth
Of July, turning the freezer
Handle, I rocked to a tune
In my head, satisfied
I could hear Satchmo's horn
On his birthday. “Dippermouth
Blues.” Hydrangeas bloomed
Along the sidewalk & fence.
The freezer's wooden tub
Was packed with ice & salt,
Around a shiny cylinder
Filled with custard & peach
Slices. Caught up in the rhythm
Till an ache crawled
My arms. Fortissimo. Fire-
Works. The swim hole dynamited
A few days earlier, & voices
Rushed up now like loud
Hosannas. Hundreds of lanes
Snaked through oaks, wild fruit
& Honeysuckle. Baskets overflowed
The bank. Big boys whistled at girls
& swandived from the tallest trees.
Small boys on the plankwalk
Jostled each other, springing up
& down like pogo sticks.
I turned the handle faster,
But the goat in the tree
Remained: Daddy Red forced
Me to stroke the throat

Before his butcher knife
Caught the sunlight.

The cry was a child's.
Silence belonged to gods.
There was no paradise, no
Cakewalk for demons hidden
In grass. Old Lazy Bones
Shook out his limbs & pinwheeled
A dust devil's foxtrot. The air
Sweetened with the scent of goat
Cooking over a pit,
& as the ice cream hardened
The hurt in my arms
Made me happy.

Lessons for "Happiness"

Task 1/Analysis:

Read the text and complete the graphic organizer.

Title: _____

Author: _____

Genre: _____

Characters: _____

Setting (when): _____

Setting (where): _____

Problem(s): _____

Solution(s): _____

Task 2/Vocabulary:

- Scan the text for unknown words.
- Look up the new words in a dictionary.
- Write the translations/definitions in the margin or in your notebook.
- Re-read the sentences with unknown words.

Task 3/Grammar:

- *Explanation:* Apostrophes are used in contractions (when you put two words together) and to show possession/relationship.
- *Example:* They're (they are) going to celebrate Independence Day. This is my neighbor's dog (the dog belongs to my neighbor.)
- *Text search:* Circles examples of apostrophes in the text.
- *Practice:* Write sentences including apostrophes in your notebook.

Task 4/Skills:

- *Explanation:* Good readers use the READ ALOUD strategy.
- *Practice:* Read the poem to a family member, friend, pet or even stuffed animal. Do you understand anything new about the poem?

Task 5/Summary:

In your notebook, reflect on how you feel about this poem. Read it aloud to someone else if you like!

Intermediate ESOL – “Two Kinds”

Standards:

WIDA Standard 2: English language learners communicate information, ideas, and concepts necessary for academic success in the content area of Language Arts.

Content Objectives: Students will analyze a text.

Language Objectives: Students will summarize a text in a written paragraph.

Text:

“Two Kinds”

Amy Tan

(Tan, A. (1989). "Two kinds." *The Joy Luck Club* (pp. 132--144). New York, NY: Penguin.)

My mother believed you could be anything you wanted to be in America. You could open a restaurant. You could work for the government and get good retirement. You could buy a house with almost no money down. You could become rich. You could become instantly famous.

"Of course, you can be a prodigy, too," my mother told me when I was nine. "You can be best anything. What does Auntie Lindo know? Her daughter, she is only best tricky."

America was where all my mother's hopes lay. She had come to San Francisco in 1949 after losing everything in China: her mother and father, her home, her first husband, and two daughters, twin baby girls. But she never looked back with regret. Things could get better in so many ways.

We didn't immediately pick the right kind of prodigy. At first my mother thought I could be a Chinese Shirley Temple. We'd watch Shirley's old movies on TV as though they were training films. My mother would poke my arm and say, "*Ni kan*. You watch." And I would see Shirley tapping her feet, or singing a sailor song, or pursing her lips into a very round O while saying "Oh, my goodness."

"*Ni kan*," my mother said, as Shirley's eyes flooded with tears. "You already know how. Don't need talent for crying!"

Soon after my mother got this idea about Shirley Temple, she took me to the beauty training school in the Mission District and put me in the hands of a student who could barely hold the scissors without shaking. Instead of getting big fat curls, I emerged with an uneven mass of crinkly black fuzz. My mother dragged me off to the bathroom and tried to wet down my hair.

"You look like a Negro Chinese," she lamented, as if I had done this on purpose.

The instructor of the beauty training school had to lop off these soggy clumps to make my hair even again. "Peter Pan is very popular these days" the instructor assured my mother. I now had

bad hair the length of a boy's, with curly bangs that hung at a slant two inches above my eyebrows. I liked the haircut, and it made me actually look forward to my future fame.

In fact, in the beginning I was just as excited as my mother, maybe even more so. I pictured this prodigy part of me as many different images, and I tried each one on for size. I was a dainty ballerina girl standing by the curtain, waiting to hear the music that would send me floating on my tiptoes. I was like the Christ child lifted out of the straw manger, crying with holy indignity. I was Cinderella stepping from her pumpkin carriage with sparkly cartoon music filling the air.

In all of my imaginings I was filled with a sense that I would soon become perfect: My mother and father would adore me. I would be beyond reproach. I would never feel the need to sulk, or to clamor for anything. But sometimes the prodigy in me became impatient. "If you don't hurry up and get me out of here, I'm disappearing for good," it warned. "And then you'll always be nothing."

Every night after dinner my mother and I would sit at the Formica topped kitchen table. She would present new tests, taking her examples from stories of amazing children that she read in *Ripley's Believe It or Not* or *Good Housekeeping*, *Reader's digest*, or any of a dozen other magazines she kept in a pile in our bathroom. My mother got these magazines from people whose houses she cleaned. And since she cleaned many houses each week, we had a great assortment. She would look through them all, searching for stories about remarkable children.

The first night she brought out a story about a three-year-old boy who knew the capitals of all the states and even the most of the European countries. A teacher was quoted as saying that the little boy could also pronounce the names of the foreign cities correctly. "What's the capital of Finland?" my mother asked me, looking at the story.

All I knew was the capital of California, because Sacramento was the name of the street we lived on in Chinatown. "Nairobi!" I guessed, saying the most foreign word I could think of. She checked to see if that might be one way to pronounce *Helsinki* before showing me the answer.

The tests got harder - multiplying numbers in my head, finding the queen of hearts in a deck of cards, trying to stand on my head without using my hands, predicting the daily temperatures in Los Angeles, New York, and London. One night I had to look at a page from the Bible for three minutes and then report everything I could remember. "Now Jehoshaphat had riches and honor in abundance and...that's all I remember, Ma," I said.

And after seeing, once again, my mother's disappointed face, something inside me began to die. I hated the tests, the raised hopes and failed expectations. Before going to bed that night I looked in the mirror above the bathroom sink, and I saw only my face staring back - and understood that it would always be this ordinary face - I began to cry. Such a sad, ugly girl! I made high - pitched noises like a crazed animal, trying to scratch out the face in the mirror.

And then I saw what seemed to be the prodigy side of me - a face I had never seen before. I

looked at my reflection, blinking so that I could see more clearly. The girl staring back at me was angry, powerful. She and I were the same. I had new thoughts, willful thoughts - or, rather, thoughts filled with lots of won'ts. I won't let her change me, I promised myself. I won't be what I'm not.

So now when my mother presented her tests, I performed listlessly, my head propped on one arm. I pretended to be bored. And I was. I got so bored that I started counting the bellows of the foghorns out on the bay while my mother drilled me in other areas. The sound was comforting and reminded me of the cow jumping over the moon. And the next day I played a game with myself, seeing if my mother would give up on me before eight bellows. After a while I usually counted only one bellow, maybe two at most. At last she was beginning to give up hope.

Two or three months went by without any mention of my being a prodigy. And then one day my mother was watching the *Ed Sullivan Show* on TV. The TV was old and the sound kept shorting out. Every time my mother got halfway up from the sofa to adjust the set, the sound would come back on and Sullivan would be talking. As soon as she sat down, Sullivan would go silent again. She got up - the TV broke into loud piano music. She sat down - silence. Up and down, back and forth, quiet and loud. It was like a stiff, embraceless dance between her and the TV set. Finally, she stood by the set with her hand on the sound dial.

She seemed entranced by the music, a frenzied little piano piece with a mesmerizing quality, which alternated between quick, playful passages and teasing, lilting ones. "Ni kan," my mother said, calling me over with hurried hand gestures. "Look here."

I could see why my mother was fascinated by the music. It was being pounded out by a little Chinese girl, about nine years old, with a Peter Pan haircut. The girl had the sauciness of a Shirley Temple. She was proudly modest, like a proper Chinese Child. And she also did a fancy sweep of a curtsy, so that the fluffy skirt of her white dress cascaded to the floor like petals of a large carnation.

In spite of these warning signs, I wasn't worried. Our family had no piano and we couldn't afford to buy one, let alone reams of sheet music and piano lessons. So I could be generous in my comments when my mother badmouthed the little girl on TV.

"Play note right, but doesn't sound good!" my mother complained "No singing sound."
"What are you picking on her for?" I said carelessly. "She's pretty good. Maybe she's not the best, but she's trying hard." I knew almost immediately that I would be sorry I had said that.

"Just like you," she said. "Not the best. Because you not trying." She gave a little huff as she let go of the sound dial and sat down on the sofa.

The little Chinese girl sat down also, to play an encore of "Anitra's Tanz," by Grieg. I remember the song, because later on I had to learn how to play it.

Three days after watching the *Ed Sullivan Show* my mother told me what my schedule would be for piano lessons and piano practice. She had talked to Mr. Chong, who lived on the first

floor of our apartment building. Mr. Chong was a retired piano teacher, and my mother had traded housecleaning services for weekly lessons and a piano for me to practice on every day, two hours a day, from four until six.

When my mother told me this, I felt as though I had been sent to hell. I whined, and then kicked my foot a little when I couldn't stand it anymore.

"Why don't you like me the way I am?" I cried. "I'm *not* a genius! I can't play the piano. And even if I could, I wouldn't go on TV if you paid me a million dollars!"

My mother slapped me. "Who ask you to be genius?" she shouted. "Only ask you be your best. For you sake. You think I want you to be genius? Hnnh! What for! Who ask you!"

"So ungrateful," I heard her mutter in Chinese, "If she had as much talent as she has temper, she'd be famous now."

Mr. Chong, whom I secretly nicknamed Old Chong, was very strange, always tapping his fingers to the silent music of an invisible orchestra. He looked ancient in my eyes. He had lost most of the hair on the top of his head, and he wore thick glasses and had eyes that always looked tired. But he must have been younger than I thought, since he lived with his mother and was not yet married.

I met Old Lady Chong once, and that was enough. She had a peculiar smell, like a baby that had done something in its pants, and her fingers felt like a dead person's, like an old peach I once found in the back of the refrigerator: its skin just slid off the flesh when I picked it up.

I soon found out why Old Chong had retired from teaching piano. He was deaf. "Like Beethoven!" he shouted to me: "We're both listening only in our head!" And he would start to conduct his frantic silent sonatas.

Our lessons went like this. He would open the book and point to different things, explaining, their purpose: "Key! Treble! Bass! No sharps or flats! So this is C major! Listen now and play after me!"

And then he would play the C scale a few times, a simple cord, and then, as if inspired by an old unreachable itch, he would gradually add more notes and running trills and a pounding bass until the music was really something quite grand.

I would play after him, the simple scale, the simple chord, and then just play some nonsense that sounded like a rat running up and down on top of giraffe cans. Old Chong would smile and applaud and say, "Very good! But now you must learn to keep time!"

So that's how I discovered that Old Chong's eyes were too slow to keep up with the wrong notes I was playing. He went through the motions in half time. To help me keep rhythm, he stood behind me and pushed down on my right shoulder for every beat. He balanced pennies on top of my wrists so that I would keep them still as I slowly played scales and arpeggios. He had me curve my hand around an apple and keep that shape when playing chords. He marched

stiffly to show me how to make each finger dance up and down, staccato, like an obedient little soldier.

He taught me all these things, and that was how I also learned I could be lazy and get away with mistakes, lots of mistakes. If I hit the wrong notes because I hadn't practiced enough, I never corrected myself, I just kept playing in rhythm. And Old Chong kept conducting his own private reverie.

So maybe I never really gave myself a fair chance. I did pick up the basics pretty quickly, and I might have become a good pianist at the young age. But I was so determined not to try, not to be anybody different, and I learned to play only the most ear-splitting preludes, the most discordant hymns.

Over the next year I practiced like this, dutifully in my own way. And then one day I heard my mother and her friend Lindo Jong both after church, and I was leaning against a brick wall, wearing a dress with stiff white petticoats. Auntie Lind's daughter, Waverly, who was my age, was standing farther down the wall, about five feet away. We had grown up together and shared all the closeness of two sisters, squabbling over crayons and dolls. In other words, for the most part, we hated each other. I thought she was snotty. Waverly Jong had gained a certain amount of fame as "Chinatown's Littlest Chinese Chess Champion."

"She bring home too many trophy." Auntie Lindo lamented that Sunday. "All day she play chess. All day I have no time do nothing but dust off her winnings." She threw a scolding look at Waverly, who pretended not to see her.

"You lucky you don't have this problem," Auntie Lindo said with a sigh to my mother.

And my mother squared her shoulders and bragged: "our problem worser than yours. If we ask Jing-mei wash dish, she hear nothing but music. It's like you can't stop this natural talent." And right then I was determined to put a stop to her foolish pride.

A few weeks later Old Chong and my mother conspired to have me play in a talent show that was to be held in the church hall. By then my parents had saved up enough to buy me a secondhand piano, a black Wurlitzer spinet with a scarred bench. It was the showpiece of our living room.

For the talent show I was to play a piece called "Pleading Child," from Schumann's *Scenes From Childhood*. It was a simple, moody piece that sounded more difficult than it was. I was supposed to memorize the whole thing. But I dawdled over it, playing a few bars and then cheating, looking up to see what notes followed. I never really listened to what I was playing. I daydreamed about being somewhere else, about being someone else

The part I liked to practice best was the fancy curtsy: right foot out, touch the rose on the carpet with a pointed foot, sweep to the side, bend left leg, look up, and smile.

My parents invited all the couples from their social club to witness my debut. Auntie Lindo

and Uncle Tin were there. Waverly and her two older brothers had also come. The first two rows were filled with children either younger or older than I was. The littlest ones got to go first. They recited simple nursery rhymes, squawked out tunes on miniature violins, and twirled hula hoops in pink ballet tutus, and when they bowed or curtsied, the audience would sigh in unison, "Awww," and then clap enthusiastically.

When my turn came, I was very confident. I remember my childish excitement. It was as if I knew, without a doubt, that the prodigy side of me really did exist. I had no fear whatsoever, no nervousness. I remember thinking, this is it! This is it! I looked out over the audience, at my mother's blank face, my father's yawn, Auntie Lindo's stiff-lipped smile, Waverly's sulky expression. I had on a white dress, layered with sheets of lace, and a pink bow in my Peter Pan haircut. As I sat down, I envisioned people jumping to their feet and Ed Sullivan rushing up to introduce me to everyone on TV.

And I started to play. Everything was so beautiful. I was so caught up in how lovely I looked that I wasn't worried about how I would sound. So I was surprised when I hit the first wrong note. And then I hit another and another. A chill started at the top of my head and began to trickle down. Yet I couldn't stop playing, as though my hands were bewitched. I kept thinking my fingers would adjust themselves back, like a train switching to the right track. I played this strange jumble through to the end, the sour notes staying with me all the way.

When I stood up, I discovered my legs were shaking. Maybe I had just been nervous, and the audience, like Old Chong had seen me go through the right motions and had not heard anything wrong at all. I swept my right foot out, went down on my knee, looked up, and smiled. The room was quiet, except for Old Chong, who was beaming and shouting "Bravo! Bravo! Well done!" By then I saw my mother's face, her stricken face. The audience clapped weakly, and I walked back to my chair, with my whole face quivering as I tried not to cry, I heard a little boy whisper loudly to his mother. "That was awful," and mother whispered "Well, she certainly tried."

And now I realized how many people were in the audience - the whole world, it seemed. I was aware of eyes burning into my back. I felt the shame of my mother and father as they sat stiffly through the rest of the show.

We could have escaped during intermission. Pride and some strange sense of honor must have anchored my parents to their chairs. And so we watched it all. The eighteen-year-old boy with a fake moustache who did a magic show and juggled flaming hoops while riding a unicycle. The breasted girl with white make up who sang an aria from *Madame Butterfly* and got an honorable mention. And the eleven-year-old boy who was first prize playing a tricky violin song that sounded like a busy bee.

After the show the Hsus, the Jongs, and the St. Clairs, from the Joy Luck Club, came up to my mother and father.

"Lots of talented kids," Auntie Lindo said vaguely, smiling broadly. "That was somethin' else," my father said, and I wondered if he was referring to me in a humorous way, or whether he

even remembered what I had done.

Waverly looked at me and shrugged her shoulders. "You aren't a genius like me," she said matter-of-factly. And if I hadn't felt so bad, I would have pulled her braids and punched her stomach.

But my mother's expression was what devastated me: a quiet, blank look that said she had lost everything. I felt the same way, and everybody seemed now to be coming up, like gawkers at the scene of an accident to see what parts were actually missing.

When we got on the bus to go home, my father was humming the busy-bee tune and my mother kept silent. I kept thinking she wanted to wait until we got home before shouting at me. But when my father unlocked the door to our apartment, my mother walked in and went straight to the back, into the bedroom. No accusations, No blame. And in a way, I felt disappointed. I had been waiting for her to start shouting, so that I could shout back and cry and blame her for all my misery.

I had assumed that my talent-show fiasco meant that I would never have to play the piano again. But two days later, after school, my mother came out of the kitchen and saw me watching TV.

"Four clock," she reminded me, as if it were any other day. I was stunned, as though she were asking me to go through the talent-show torture again. I planted myself more squarely in front of the TV.

"Turn off TV," she called from the kitchen five minutes later. I didn't budge. And then I decided, I didn't have to do what mother said anymore. I wasn't her slave. This wasn't China. I had listened to her before, and look what happened she was the stupid one.

She came out of the kitchen and stood in the arched entryway of the living room. "Four clock," she said once again, louder.

"I'm not going to play anymore," I said nonchalantly. "Why should I? I'm not a genius."

She stood in front of the TV. I saw that her chest was heaving up and down in an angry way.

"No!" I said, and I now felt stronger, as if my true self had finally emerged. So this was what had been inside me all along.

"No! I won't!" I screamed. She snapped off the TV, yanked me by the arm and pulled me off the floor. She was frighteningly strong, half pulling, half carrying me towards the piano as I kicked the throw rugs under my feet. She lifted me up onto the hard bench. I was sobbing by now, looking at her bitterly. Her chest was heaving even more and her mouth was open, smiling crazily as if she were pleased that I was crying.

"You want me to be something that I'm not!" I sobbed. "I'll never be the kind of daughter you want me to be!"

"Only two kinds of daughters," she shouted in Chinese. "Those who are obedient and those who follow their own mind! Only one kind of daughter can live in this house. Obedient daughter!"

"Then I wish I weren't your daughter, I wish you weren't my mother," I shouted. As I said these things I got scared. It felt like worms and toads and slimy things crawling out of my chest, but it also felt good, that this awful side of me had surfaced, at last.

"Too late to change this," my mother said shrilly.

And I could sense her anger rising to its breaking point. I wanted see it spill over. And that's when I remembered the babies she had lost in China, the ones we never talked about. "Then I wish I'd never been born!" I shouted. "I wish I were dead! Like them."

It was as if I had said magic words. Alakazam!-her face went blank, her mouth closed, her arms went slack, and she backed out of the room, stunned, as if she were blowing away like a small brown leaf, thin, brittle, lifeless.

It was not the only disappointment my mother felt in me. In the years that followed, I failed her many times, each time asserting my will, my right to fall short of expectations. I didn't get straight *As*. I didn't become class president. I didn't get into Stanford. I dropped out of college.

Unlike my mother, I did not believe I could be anything I wanted to be, I could only be me.

And for all those years we never talked about the disaster at the recital or my terrible declarations afterward at the piano bench. Neither of us talked about it again, as if it were a betrayal that was now unspeakable. So I never found a way to ask her why she had hoped for something so large that failure was inevitable.

And even worse, I never asked her about what frightened me the most: Why had she given up hope? For after our struggle at the piano, she never mentioned my playing again. The lessons stopped. The lid to the piano was closed shutting out the dust, my misery, and her dreams.

So she surprised me. A few years ago she offered to give me the piano, for my thirtieth birthday. I had not played in all those years. I saw the offer as a sign of forgiveness, a tremendous burden removed. "Are you sure?" I asked shyly. "I mean, won't you and Dad miss it?" "No, this your piano," she said firmly. "Always your piano. You only one can play."

"Well, I probably can't play anymore," I said. "It's been years." "You pick up fast," my mother said, as if she knew this was certain. "You have natural talent. You could be a genius if you want to." "No, I couldn't." "You just not trying," my mother said. And she was neither angry nor sad. She said it as if announcing a fact that could never be disproved. "Take it," she said.

But I didn't at first. It was enough that she had offered it to me. And after that, every time I saw

it in my parents' living room, standing in front of the bay window, it made me feel proud, as if it were a shiny trophy that I had won back.

Last week I sent a tuner over to my parent's apartment and had the piano reconditioned, for purely sentimental reasons. My mother had died a few months before and I had been getting things in order for my father a little bit at a time. I put the jewelry in special silk pouches. The sweaters I put in mothproof boxes. I found some old Chinese silk dresses, the kind with little slits up the sides. I rubbed the old silk against my skin, and then wrapped them in tissue and decided to take them home with me.

After I had the piano tuned, I opened the lid and touched the keys. It sounded even richer than I remembered. Really, it was a very good piano. Inside the bench were the same exercise notes with handwritten scales, the same secondhand music books with their covers held together with yellow tape.

I opened up the Schumann book to the dark little piece I had played at the recital. It was on the left-hand page, "Pleading Child." It looked more difficult than I remembered. I played a few bars, surprised at how easily the notes came back to me.

And for the first time, or so it seemed, I noticed the piece on the right-hand side. It was called "Perfectly Contented." I tried to play this one as well. It had a lighter melody but with the same flowing rhythm and turned out to be quite easy. "Pleading Child" was shorter but slower; "Perfectly Contented" was longer but faster. And after I had played them both a few times, I realized they were two halves of the same song.

Lessons for “Two Kinds”

Task 1/Analysis:

Read the first half of the text and complete the graphic organizer.

Title: _____

Author: _____

Genre: _____

Characters: _____

Setting (when): _____

Setting (where): _____

Problem(s): _____

Solution(s): _____

Task 2/Vocabulary:

- Scan the text for unknown words.
- Look up the new words in a dictionary.
- Write the translations/definitions in the margin or in your notebook.
- Re-read the sentences with unknown words.

Task 3/Grammar:

- *Explanation:* Adjectives can be used to describe people in terms of their character traits.
- *Example:* The girl and her mother are both stubborn and determined, but they have different goals.
- *Text search:* Find adjectives in the text to describe the characters' character traits.

Task 4/Skills:

- *Explanation:* Good readers LOOK FOR COGNATES. Cognates are words that are the same or similar in spelling and meaning in two or more languages.
- *Examples:* class/clase/Klase
- *Text Search:* LOOK FOR COGNATES in the text and circle them.

Task 5 / Summary:

Using the information from the tasks, write a paragraph to compare and contrast the character traits of the girl and her mother. You can organize your ideas with a Venn diagram before you write.

Intermediate ESOL – Personal Writing

Standards:

WIDA Standard 2: English language learners communicate information, ideas, and concepts necessary for academic success in the content area of Language Arts.

Content Objectives: Students will relate personal experiences to literature.

Language Objectives: Students will write a poem or story.

Text: None

Lessons – Personal Writing

Task 1/Analysis:

The four texts in this quarter all deal with happiness. Think: what makes each character happy?

Make a personal connection: what brings you joy?

Task 2/Vocabulary:

What are some synonyms for the word “happiness?” Write them in your journal.

Task 3/ Pre-Writing:

Pre-writing: What brings you joy? Think about a time in your life that you have been happy.

Take some notes...

Task 4/Skills:

Good writers USE A WRITING PROCESS. They organize their ideas before they write, they write a first draft, they re-read their work, and then they re-write their work. Yesterday you made some notes about something that makes you happy or about a time in your life when you were happy. Choose one topic and write a memoir or an autobiographical poem.

Task 5/Summary:

Re-read your work. Make any changes you wish and then re-write and present your poem or story to a family audience.