קורס הכנה לבגרות באנגלית 4 יחידות לתלמידי תיכון

פרק 15

Module D - Literature

1 ..... Introduction to Poetry
4 ..... The Grandmother
7 ..... The Road not Taken
10 ..... Count That Day Lost
13 ..... The Treasure of Lemon Brown
24 ..... A Summer's Reading
32 ..... As I grew Older
35 ..... Thank You Maam

Module D – Introduction to Poetry:

Poem:

INTRODUCTION TO POETRY

By Billy Collins

I ask them to take a poem
and hold it up to the light
like a color slide

or press an ear against its hive.

I say drop a mouse into a poem
and watch him probe his way out,

or walk inside the poem's room
and feel the walls for a light switch.

I want them to waterski
across the surface of a poem
waving at the author's name on the shore.

But all they want to do
is tie the poem to a chair with rope
and torture a confession out of it.

They begin beating it with a hose
to find out what it really means.

Billy Collins, "Introduction to Poetry" from *The Apple that Astonished Paris.* Copyright © 1988, 1996 by Billy Collins. Reprinted with the permission of the University of Arkansas Press.

Questions:

LOTS:

1) List TWO metaphors described in the poem.
……..... .

2) Name One thing the speaker asks his students to do.
……..... .

3) According to the poem, what do the students want to do?
……..... .

4) Who are the two communicating sides in the poem?
……..... .

5) Name TWO emotions that the author feels throughout this poem.
……..... .

HOTS:

1) What is the main message of the poem?
……..... .

2) Give TWO examples of personification in the poem. Why do you think Collins uses personification in "Introduction to Poetry"?
……..... .

3) What does the speaker think about the way poetry is studied at school?
……..... .

4) Why do you think that the poem is called "introduction to Poetry"?
……..... .

5) How does the imagery in the poem make the speaker's message clearer?
……..... .

Thinking skills:

1) Do you think that the writer of the poem, Billy Collins, would be happy that his poem is being analyzed in classrooms?
The thinking skill I chose: …….. .
……
……... .

2) Why do you think that this poem is called "Introduction to Poetry"?
Support your answer with information from the text.
The thinking skill I chose: …….. .
……
……... .

Module D – Grandmother:

Poem:

GRANDMOTHER

By Sameeneh Shirazie

I hadn't asked her much,
just how she felt,
and she told me all about her day,
and how she'd washed the sheets,
and how she could not understand
why the towel got so heavy
when it was wet.
She'd also sunned the mattresses,
such tired bones and so much to do,
and my eyes filled with tears
when I thought of how I was simply
going to say "Salaam" and walk away
and so many words would have been
trapped inside her.
I would have passed by as if
what lay between those bedclothes
was just old life
and not really my grandmother.

Questions:

LOTS:

1) Who is the speaker in the poem?

…….... .

2) What didn't she ask her grandmother?

…….... .

3) Why did the speaker's eyes fill with tears?

…….... .

4) Why was the speaker going to say "salaam"?

i. She wanted to greet her grandmother.
ii. She wanted to speak to her.
iii. She was going to visit for a short time.
iv. She wanted to say goodbye.

5) The speaker (-).

i. did not ask her grandmother much about her day.
ii. asks her grandmother all about her day.
iii. says "salaam" to her grandmother.
iv. said what she felt in her heart.

HOTS:

1) What surprised the speaker on her visit to her grandmother?
How do you know?

…….... .

2) What does the speaker mean when she says that so many words would have been trapped inside her grandmother had she walked away?

…….... .

3) What do you think that the message of this poem is?

…….... .

4) Did the speaker intend to stay with her grandmother and spend some quality time with her? How do you know?

……..... .

5) What made the speaker realize that she was sorry she had not taken the time to really speak to her grandmother?
What words in the poem helped you understand this?

……..... .

Thinking skills 1:

1) In the poem "Grandmother", what can you infer from the line "my eyes filled with tears"? How does the speaker feel?

……..... .

2) At a certain point in the poem, the speaker realizes that she is treating her grandmother badly. Is it possible that she identifies with her grandmother somehow? Explain.

……..... .

3) What caused a change in the grandchild's attitude to the grandmother?

……..... .

Thinking skills 2:

1) Describe how the speaker felt at the beginning of the poem and at the end.
Why did this change?

……..... .

2) What does the speaker realize at the end?
Support your answer with information from the poem.

……..... .

3) How are both characters different or similar?
Use a thinking skill to answer this question.

……..... .

Module D – The Road Not Taken:

Poem:

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

By Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Questions:

LOTS:

1) Write about one way in which the roads are different.

…… .

2) Write about one way in which the roads are similar.

…… .

3) In your own words, what is the speaker's problem / dilemma?

…… .

4) When the speaker says that the roads equally lay, what does he mean?

…… .

5) What does the speaker say about returning to the point where the roads diverged?

…… .

HOTS:

1) What does the dilemma of which road to choose symbolize?

…… .

2) Why did the road chosen make "all the difference"?

…… .

3) Why does the speaker say he will be telling this "with a sigh"?

…… .

4) "And look down one as far as I could". What does he want to see?

…… .

5) "I doubted if I should ever come back". Why does he think this?

…… .

Thinking skills:

1) Do you think the last line of the poem, "And that has made all the difference," indicates that the speaker was happy with his decision?
NOTE: For this question use ONE of the thinking skills you have studied.
Write the thinking skill you chose and then answer the question.
……..
…… .

2) "The middle of the road is where the white line is – and that's the worst place drive."
What does Frost mean by this? What is the difference and the similarity between the road in the quote and the ones in the poem?
Make a connection between the above quote and the poem. Give information from the poem to support your answer.
……..
…… .

Module D – Count That Day Lost:

Poem:

COUNT THAT DAY LOST

By George Eliot

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went -
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart, by yea or nay -
If, through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face -
No act most small
That helped some soul and nothing cost -
Then count that day as worse than lost.

Questions:

LOTS:

1) List two ways the speaker suggests you can brighten up someone's day?

……..

…… .

2) Give an example of a metaphor used in the poem.

……... .

3) A day "worse than lost" refers to:

i. wasting time.
ii. being unkind.
iii. not brightening up someone's day.
iv. doing something useful every day.

4) What is a "glance most kind"?

……... .

5) What is the main message of the poem?

……... .

HOTS:

1) Why does the writer believe that even very small deeds can make someone feel good? Give an example from the poem.

……... .

2) What does the speaker mean when she says that it costs nothing to make someone feel good?

……... .

3) "That fell like sunshine where it went".
What, according to the speaker, feels like sunshine?
Why would it feel like sunshine?

…….....

……... .

4) Compare the phrases "a day well spent" and a day "worse than lost".
What is the difference between them and how do these phrases reflect the message of the poem?

…….....
……... .

5) Why does the speaker believe that even very small deeds can make someone feel good? Use one of the thinking skills.

……... .

Bridging Task:

Write 80-100 words on the following topic.
"What do we live for, if not to make life less difficult for each other?" (George Eliot).

Make a connection between the above quote and the poem.
Give examples from the poem to explain your answer.

……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……

Module D – The Treasure Of Lemon Brown:

Short Story:

THE TREASURE OF LEMON BROWN

By Walter Dean Myers

PART I:

The dark sky, filled with angry, swirling clouds, reflected Greg Ridley's mood as he sat on the stoop of his building. His father's voice came to him again, first reading the letter the principal had sent to the house, then lecturing endlessly about his poor efforts in math.

"I had to leave school when I was thirteen," his father had said, "that's a year younger than you are now. If I'd had half the chances you have, I'd…"

Greg sat in the small, pale green kitchen listening, knowing the lecture would end with his father saying he couldn't play ball with the Scorpions. He had asked his father the week before, and his father had said it depended on his next report card. It wasn't often the Scorpions took on new players, especially fourteen-year-olds, and this was a chance of a lifetime for Greg. He hadn't been allowed to play high school ball, which he had really wanted to do, but playing for the Community Center team was the next best thing. Report cards were due in a week, and Greg had been hoping for the best. But the principal had ended the suspense early when she sent the letter saying Greg would probably fail math if he didn't spend more time studying.

"And you want to play basketball?" His father's brows knitted over deep brown eyes. "That must be some kind of a joke. Now you just get into your room and hit those books."

That had been two nights before. His father's words, like the distant thunder that now echoed through the streets of Harlem, still rumbled softly in his ears.

It was beginning to cool. Gusts of wind made bits of paper dance between the parked cars. There was a flash of nearby lightening, and soon large drops of rain splashed onto his jeans. He stood to go upstairs, thought of the lecture that probably awaited him if he did anything except shut himself in his room with his math book, and started walking down the

street instead. Down the block there was an old tenement that had been abandoned for some months. Some of the guys had held an impromptu checker
tournament there the week before, and Greg had noticed that the door, once boarded over, had been slightly ajar.

Pulling his collar up as high as he could, he checked for traffic and made a dash across the street. He reached the house just as another flash of lightening changed the night to day for an instant, then returned the graffiti-scarred building to the grim shadows. He vaulted over the outer stairs and pushed tentatively on the door. It was open, and he let himself in.

The inside of the building was dark except for the dim light that filtered through the dirty windows from the streetlamps. There was a room a few feet from the door, and from where he stood in the entrance, Greg could see a squarish patch of light on the floor. He entered the room, frowning at the musty smell. It was a large room that might have been someone's parlor at one time. Squinting, Greg could see an old table on its side against one wall, what looked like a pile of rags or a torn mattress in the corner, and a couch, with one side broken, in front of the window.

He went to the couch. The side that wasn't broken was comfortable enough, though a little creaky. From the spot he could see the blinking neon sign over the bodega on the corner. He sat awhile, watching the sign blink first green then red, allowing his mind to drift to the Scorpions, then to his father. His father had been a postal worker for all Greg's life, and was proud of it, often telling Greg how hard he had worked to pass the test. Greg had heard the story too many times to be interested now.

For a moment Greg thought he heard something that sounded like a scraping against the wall. He listened carefully, but it was gone.

Outside the wind had picked up, sending the rain against the window with a force that shook the glass in its frame. A car passed, its tires hissing over the wet street and its red taillights glowing in the darkness.

Greg thought he heard the noise again. His stomach tightened as he held himself still and listened intently. There weren't any more scraping noises, but he was sure he had heard something in the darkness - something breathing!

He tried to figure out just where the breathing was coming from; he knew it was in the room with him. Slowly he stood, tensing. As he turned, a flash of lightening lit up the

room, frightening him with its sudden brilliance. He saw nothing, just the overturned table, the pile of rags and an old newspaper on the floor. Could he have been imagining the sounds? He continued listening, but heard nothing and thought that it might have just been rats. Still, he thought, as soon as the rain let up he would leave. He went to the window and was about to look when he heard a voice behind him.

"Don't try nothin' 'cause I got a razor sharp enough to cut a week into nine days!"

Greg, except for an involuntary tremor in his knees, stood stock still. The voice was high and brittle, like dry twigs being broken, surely not one he had ever heard before. There was a shuffling sound as the person who had been speaking moved a step closer. Greg turned, holding his breath, his eyes straining to see in the dark room.

The upper part of the figure before him was still in darkness. The lower half was in the dim rectangle of light that fell unevenly from the window. There were two feet, in cracked, dirty shoes from which rose legs that were wrapped in rags.

"Who are you?" Greg hardly recognized his own voice.

"I'm Lemon Brown," came the answer. "Who're you?"

"Greg Ridley."

"What you doing here?" The figure shuffled forward again, and Greg took a small step backward.

"It's raining," Greg said.

"I can see that," the figure said.

The person who called himself Lemon Brown peered forward, and Greg could see him clearly. He was an old man. His black, heavily wrinkled face was surrounded by a halo of crinkly white hair and whiskers that seemed to separate his head from the layers of dirty coats piled on his smallish frame. His pants were bagged to the knee, where they were met with rags that went down to the old shoes. The rags were held on with strings, and there was a rope around his middle. Greg relaxed. He had seen the man before, picking through the trash on the corner and pulling clothes out of a Salvation Army box. There was no sign of a razor that could "cut a week into nine days."

"What are you doing here?" Greg asked.

"This is where I'm staying," Lemon Brown said. "What you here for?"

"Told you it was raining out," Greg said, leaning against the back of the couch until he felt it give slightly.

"Ain't you got no home?"

"I got a home," Greg answered.

"You ain't one of them bad boys looking for my treasure, is you?" Lemon Brown cocked his head to one side and squinted one eye. "Because I told you I got me a razor."

"I'm not looking for your treasure," Greg answered, smiling. "If you have one."

"What you mean, if I have one." Lemon Brown said. "Every man got a treasure. You don't know that, you must be a fool!"

"Sure," Greg said as he sat on the sofa and put one leg over the back. "What do you have, gold coins?"

"Don't worry none about what I got," Lemon Brown said. "You know who I am?"

"You told me your name was orange or lemon or something like that."

"Lemon Brown," the old man said, pulling back his shoulders as he did so," they used to call me Sweet Lemon Brown."

"Sweet Lemon?" Greg asked.

"Yessir. Sweet Lemon Brown. They used to say I sung the blues so sweet that if I sang at a funeral, the dead would commence to rocking with the beat. Used to travel all over Mississippi and as far as Monroe, Louisiana, and east on over to Macon, Georgia. You mean you ain't never heard of Sweet Lemon Brown?"

"Afraid not," Greg said. "What…happened to you?"

"Hard times, boy. Hard times always after a poor man. One day I got tired, sat down to rest a spell and felt a tap on my shoulder. Hard times caught up with me."

"Sorry about that."

"What you doing here? How come you don't go in home when the rain come? Rain don't bother you young folks none."

"Just didn't." Greg looked away.

"I used to have a knotty-headed boy just like you." Lemon Brown had half walked, half shuffled back to the corner and sat down against the wall. "Had them big eyes like you got. I used to call them moon eyes. Look into them moon eyes and see anything you want."

"How come you gave up singing the blues?" Greg asked.

"Didn't give it up," Lemon Brown said. "You don't give up the blues; they give you up. After a while you do good for yourself, and it ain't nothing but foolishness singing

about how hard you got it. Ain't that right?"

"I guess so."

"What's that noise?" Lemon Brown asked, suddenly sitting upright.

Greg listened, and he heard a noise outside. He looked at Lemon Brown and saw the old man pointing toward the window.

PART II:

Greg went to the window and saw three men, neighborhood thugs, on the stoop. One was carrying a length of pipe. Greg looked back toward Lemon Brown, who moved quietly across the room to the window. The old man looked out, then beckoned frantically for Greg to follow him. For a moment Greg couldn't move. He found himself following Lemon Brown into the hallway and up the darkened stairs. Greg followed as closely as he could. They reached the top of the stairs, and Greg felt Lemon Brown's hand first lying on his shoulder, then probing down his arm until he took Greg's hand into his own as they crouched in the darkness.

"They's bad men," Lemon Brown whispered. His breath was warm against Greg's skin.

"Hey! Rag man!" A voice called. "We know you in here. What you got up under them rags? You got any money?"

Silence.

"We don't want to have to come in and hurt you, old man, but we don't mind if we have to."

Lemon Brown squeezed Greg's hand in his own hard, gnarled fist.

There was a banging downstairs and a light as the men entered. They banged around noisily, calling for the rag man.

"We heard you talking about your treasure." The voice was slurred. "We just want to see it, that's all."

"You sure he's here?" One voice seemed to come from the room with the sofa.

"Yeah, he stays here every night."

"There's another room over there; I'm going to take a look. You got that flashlight?"

"Yeah, here, take the pipe too."

Greg opened his mouth to quiet the sound of his breath as he sucked it in uneasily. A beam of light hit the wall a few feet opposite him, then went out.

"Ain't nobody in that room," a voice said. "You think he gone or something?"
"I don't know," came the answer. "All I know is that I heard him talking about some kind of treasure. You know they found that shopping bag lady with that load of money in her bags."
"Yeah. You think he's upstairs?"
"HEY, OLD MAN, ARE YOU UP THERE?"
Silence.
"Watch my back. I'm going up."
There was a footstep on the stairs, and the beam from the flashlight danced crazily along the peeling wallpaper. Greg held his breath. There was another step and a loud crashing noise as the man banged the pipe against the wooden banister. Greg could feel his temples throb as the man slowly neared them. Greg thought about the pipe, wondering what he would do when the man reached them — what he could do.
Then Lemon Brown released his hand and moved toward the top of the stairs. Greg looked around and saw stairs going up to the next floor. He tried waving to Lemon Brown, hoping the old man would see him in the dim light and follow him to the next floor. Maybe, Greg thought, the man wouldn't follow them up there. Suddenly, though, Lemon Brown stood at the top of the stairs, both arms raised high above his head.
"There he is!" A voice cried from below.
"Throw down your money, old man, so I won't have to bash your head in!"
Lemon Brown didn't move. Greg felt himself near panic. The steps came closer, and still Lemon Brown didn't move. He was an eerie sight, a bundle of rags standing at the top of the stairs, his shadow on the wall looming over him. Maybe, the thought came to Greg, the scene could be even eerier.
Greg wet his lips, put his hands to his mouth and tried to make a sound. Nothing came out. He swallowed hard, wet his lips once more and howled as evenly as he could.
"What's that?"
As Greg howled, the light moved away from Lemon Brown, but not before Greg saw him hurl his body down the stairs at the men who had come to take his treasure. There was a crashing noise, and then footsteps. A rush of warm air came in as the downstairs door opened, then there was only an ominous silence.
Greg stood on the landing. He listened, and after a while there was another sound on

the staircase.

"Mr. Brown?" he called.

"Yeah, it's me," came the answer. "I got their flashlight."

Greg exhaled in relief as Lemon Brown made his way slowly back up the stairs.

"You OK?"

"Few bumps and bruises," Lemon Brown said.

"I think I'd better be going," Greg said, his breath returning to normal. "You'd better leave, too, before they come back."

"They may hang around for a while," Lemon Brown said, "but they ain't getting their nerve up to come in here again. Not with crazy rag men and howling spooks. Best you stay a while till the coast is clear. I'm heading out west tomorrow, out to east St. Louis."

"They were talking about treasures," Greg said. "You really have a treasure?"

"What I tell you? Didn't I tell you every man got a treasure?" Lemon Brown said.

"You want to see mine?"

"If you want to show it to me," Greg shrugged.

"Let's look out the window first, see what them scoundrels be doing," Lemon Brown said.

They followed the oval beam of the flashlight into one of the rooms and looked out the window. They saw the men who had tried to take the treasure sitting on the curb near the corner. One of them had his pants leg up, looking at his knee.

"You sure you're not hurt?" Greg asked Lemon Brown.

"Nothing that ain't been hurt before," Lemon Brown said. "When you get as old as me all you say when something hurts is, 'Howdy, Mr. Pain, sees you back again.' Then when Mr. Pain see he can't worry you none, he goes on mess with somebody else."

Greg smiled.

"Here, you hold this." Lemon Brown gave Greg the flashlight. He sat on the floor near Greg and carefully untied the strings that held the rags on his right leg. When he took the rags away, Greg saw a piece of plastic. The old man carefully took off the plastic and unfolded it. He revealed some yellowed newspaper clippings and a battered harmonica.

"There it be," he said, nodding his head. "There it be."

Greg looked at the old man, saw the distant look in his eye, then turned to the clippings. They told of Sweet Lemon Brown, a blues singer and harmonica player who was appearing at different theaters in the South. One of the clippings said he had been the

hit of the show, although not the headliner. All of the clippings were reviews of shows Lemon Brown had been in more than fifty years ago. Greg looked at the harmonica. It was dented badly on one side, with the reed holes on one end nearly closed.

"I used to travel around and make money to feed my wife and Jesse - that's my boy's name. Used to feed them good, too. Then his mama died, and he stayed with his mama's sister. He growed up to be a man, and when the war come he saw fit to go off and fight in it. I didn't have nothing to give him except these things that told him who I was, and what he come from. If you know your pappy did something, you know you can do something too.

"Anyway, he went off to war, and I went off still playing and singing. 'Course by then I wasn't as much as I used to be, not without somebody to make it worth the while. You know what I mean?"

"Yeah." Greg nodded, not quite really knowing.

"I traveled around, and one time I come home, and there was this letter saying Jesse got killed in the war. Broke my heart, it truly did.

"They sent back what he had with him over there, and what it was is this old mouth fiddle and these clippings. Him carrying it around with him like that told me it meant something to him. That was my treasure, and when I give it to him he treated it just like that, a treasure. Ain't that something?"

"Yeah, I guess so," Greg said.

"You guess so?" Lemon Brown's voice rose an octave as he started to put his treasure back into the plastic. "Well, you got to guess 'cause you sure don't know nothing. Don't know enough to get home when it's raining."

"I guess…I mean, you're right."

"You OK for a youngster," the old man said as he tied the strings around his leg, "better than those scalawags what come here looking for my treasure. That's for sure."

"You really think that treasure of yours was worth fighting for?" Greg asked. "Against a pipe?"

"What else a man got 'cepting what he can pass on to his son, or his daughter, if she be his oldest?" Lemon Brown said. "For a big-headed buy you sure do ask the foolishness questions."

Lemon Brown got up after patting his rags in place and looked out the window again. "Looks like they're gone. You get on out of here and get yourself home. I'll be

watching from the window so you'll be all right."

Lemon Brown went down the stairs behind Greg. When they reached the front door the old man looked out first, saw the street was clear and told Greg to scoot on home.

"You sure you'll be OK?" Greg asked.

"Now didn't I tell you I was going to east St. Louis in the morning?" Lemon Brown asked. "Don't that sound OK to you?"

"Sure it does," Greg said. "Sure it does. And you take care of that treasure of yours."

"That I'll do," Lemon said, the wrinkles around his eyes suggesting a smile. "That I'll do."

The night had warmed and the rain had stopped, leaving puddles at the curbs. Greg didn't even want to think how late it was. He thought ahead of what his father would say and wondered if he should tell him about Lemon Brown. He thought about it until he reached his stoop, and decided against it. Lemon Brown would be OK, Greg thought, with his memories and his treasure.

Greg pushed the button over the bell marked Ridley, thought of the lecture he knew his father would give him, and smiled.

Questions:

LOTS:

1) What game did Greg want to play?

……. .

2) Why did the bad guys come into the abandoned building?

……. .

3) What did Lemon Brown do for a living when he was young, and how do you know?

……. .

4) Where did Lemon Brown say that he was going at the end of the story?

……. .

5) What happened to Lemon Brown's son?

……. .

HOTS:

1) How did Greg know that he would not be allowed to play for the community center after his father got the principal's letter?

……. .

2) Why do you think that Greg was no longer interested in the story his father told him about how hard he has worked to pass the test to be a postal worker?

……. .

3) What does Lemon Brown mean when he says that every man has a treasure?

……. .

4) How did meeting Lemon Brown change how Greg felt about his own father?

……. .

5) What did Lemon Brown believe to be a very important thing for parents to do? Why do you think that he thought this was important?

…….. .

Bridging Question:

Walter Dean Myers says that he's "not interested in building ideal families" in is books. How is this information reflected in the story?

……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……

Module D – A Summer's Reading:

Short Story:

A SUMMER'S READING

By Bernard Malamud

George Stoyonovich was a neighborhood boy who had quit high school on an impulse when he was sixteen, run out of patience, and though he was ashamed every time he went looking for a job, when people asked him if he had finished and he had to say no, he never went back to school. This summer was a hard time for jobs and he had none. Having so much time on his hands, George thought of going to summer school, but the kids in his classes would be too young. He also considered registering in a night high school, only he didn't like the idea of the teachers always telling him what to do. He felt they had not respected him. The result was he stayed off the streets and in his room most of the day. He was close to twenty and had needs with the neighborhood girls, but no money to spend, and he couldn't get more than an occasional few cents because his father was poor, and his sister Sophie, who resembled George, a tall bony girl of twenty-three, earned very little and what she had she kept for herself. Their mother was dead, and Sophie had to take care of the house.

Very early in the morning George's father got up to go to work in a fish market. Sophie left at about eight for her long ride in the subway to a cafeteria in the Bronx. George had his coffee by himself, then hung around in the house. When the house, a five-room railroad flat above a butcher store, got on his nerves he cleaned it up - mopped the floors with a wet mop and put things away. But most of the time he sat in his room. In the afternoons he listened to the ball game. Otherwise he had a couple of old copies of the *World Almanac* he had bought long ago, and he liked to read in them and also the magazines and newspapers that Sophie brought home, that had been left on the tables in the cafeteria. They were mostly picture magazines about movie stars and sports figures, also usually the *News* and *Mirror*. Sophie herself read whatever feel into her hands, although she sometimes read good books.
She once asked George what he did in his room all day and he said he read a lot too.
"Of what besides what I bring home? Do you ever read any worthwhile books?"
"Some," George answered, although he really didn't. He had tried to read a book or two that Sophie had in the house but found he was in no mood for them. Lately he couldn't stand made-up stories, they got on his nerves. He wished he had some hobby to work at - as a kid he was good in carpentry, but where could he work at it? Sometimes during the day, he went for walks, but mostly he did his walking after the hot sun had gone down and it was cooler in the streets.

In the evening after supper George left the house and wandered in the neighborhood. During the sultry days some of the storekeepers and their wives sat in chairs on the thick, broken sidewalks in front of the shops, fanning themselves, and George walked past them and the guys hanging out on the candy store corner. A couple of them he had known his whole life, but nobody recognized each other. He had no place special to go, but generally, saving it till the last, he left the neighborhood and walked for blocks till he came to a darkly lit little park with benches and trees and an iron railing, giving it a feeling of privacy. He sat on a bench here, watching the leafy trees and the flowers blooming on the inside of the railing, thinking of a better life for himself. He thought of the jobs he had had since he had quit school - delivery boy, stock clerk, runner, lately working in a factory - and he was dissatisfied with all of them. He felt he should someday like to have a job and live in a private house with a porch, on a street with trees. He wanted to have some dough in his pocket to buy things with, and a girl to go with, so as not to be lonely, especially on Saturday nights. He wanted people to like and respect him. He thought about these things often but mostly when he was alone at night. Around midnight he got up and drifted back to his hot and stony neighborhood.

One time while on his walk George met Mr. Cattanzara coming home very late from work. He wondered if he was drunk but then could tell he wasn't. Mr. Cattanzara, a stocky, baldheaded man who worked in a change booth on an IRT station, lived on the next block after George's, above a shoe repair store. Nights, during the hot weather, he sat on his stoop in an undershirt, reading the *New York Times* in the light of the shoemaker's window. He read it from the first page to the last, then went up to sleep. And all the time he was reading the paper, his wife, a fat woman with a white face, leaned out of the window, gazing into the street, her thick white arms folded under her loose breast, on the window ledge.

Once in a while Mr. Cattanzara came home drunk, but it was a quiet drunk. He never made any trouble, only walked stiffly up the street and slowly climbed the stairs into the hall. Though drunk, he looked the same as always, except for his tight walk, the quietness, and that his eyes were wet. George liked Mr. Cattanzara because he remembered him giving him nickels to buy lemon ice with when he was a squirt. Mr. Cattanzara was a different type than those in the neighborhood. He asked different questions than the others when he met you, and he seemed to know that went on in all the newspapers. He read them, as his fat sick wife watched from the window.
"What are you doing with yourself this summer, George?" Mr. Cattanzara asked. "I see you walkin' around at nights."
George felt embarrassed. "I like to walk."
"What are you doin' in the day now?"
"Nothing much just right now. I'm waiting for a job." Since it shamed him to admit he wasn't working, George said, "I'm staying home - but I'm reading a lot to pick up my

education."
Mr. Cattanzara looked interested. He mopped his hot face with a red handkerchief.
"What are you readin'?"
George hesitated, then said, "I got a list of books in the library once, and now I'm going to read them this summer." He felt strange and a little unhappy saying this, but he wanted Mr. Cattanzara to respect him.
"How many books are there on it?"
"I never counted them. Maybe around a hundred."
Mr. Cattanzara whistled though his teeth.
"I figure if I did that," George went on earnestly, "it would help me in my education. I don't mean the kind they give you in high school. I want to know different things than they learn there, if you know what I mean."
The change maker nodded. "Still and all, one hundred books is a pretty big load for one summer."
"It might take longer."
"After you're finished with some, maybe you and I can shoot the breeze about them?" said Mr. Cattanzara.
"When I'm finished," George answered.

Mr. Cattanzara went home and George continued on his walk. After that, thought he had the urge to, George did nothing different from usual. He still took his walks at night, ending up in the little park. But one evening the shoemaker on the next block stopped George to say he was a good boy, and George figured that Mr. Cattanzara had told him all about the books he was reading. From the shoemaker it must have gone down the street, because George saw a couple of people smiling kindly at him, though nobody spoke to him personally. He felt a little better around the neighborhood and liked it more, though not so much he would want to live in it for ever. He had never exactly disliked the people in it, yet he had never liked them very much either. It was the fault of the neighborhood. To his surprise, George found out that his father and Sophie knew about his reading too. His father was too shy to say anything about it - he was never much of a talker in his whole life - but Sophie was softer to George, and she showed him in other ways she was proud of him.

As the summer went on George felt in a good mood about things. He cleaned the house every day, as a favor to Sophie, and he enjoyed the ball games more. Sophie gave him a buck a week allowance, and though it still wasn't enough and he had to use it carefully, it was a lot better than just having two bits now and then. What he bought with the money - cigarettes mostly an occasional beer or movie ticket - he got a big kick out of. Life wasn't so bad if you knew how to appreciate it. Occasionally he bought a paperback book from the new-stand, but he never got around to reading it, though he was glad to have a couple of books in his room. But he read thoroughly Sophie's

magazines and newspapers. And at night was the most enjoyable time, because when he passed the storekeepers sitting outside their stores, he could tell they regarded him highly. He walked erect, and though he did not say much to them, or they to him, he could feel approval on all sides. A couple of nights he felt so good that he skipped the park at the end of the evening. He just wandered in the neighborhood, where people had known him from the time, he was a kid playing Punchball whenever there was a game of it going; he wandered there, then came home and got undressed for bed, feeling fine.

For a few weeks he had talked only once with Mr. Cattanzara, and though the change maker had said nothing more about the books, asked no questions, his silence made George a little uneasy. For a while George didn't pass in front of Mr. Cattanzara's house any more, until one night, forgetting himself, he approached it from a different direction than he usually did when he did. It was already past midnight. The street, except for one or two people, was deserted, and George was surprised when he saw Mr. Cattanzara still reading his newspaper by the light of the street lamp overhead. His impulse was to stop at the stoop and talk to him. He wasn't sure what he wanted to say, though he felt the words would come when he began to talk; but the more he thought about it, the more the idea scared him, and he decided he'd better not. He even considered beating it home by another street, but he was too near Mr. Cattanzara, and the change maker might see him as he ran, and get annoyed. So, George unobtrusively crossed the street, trying to make it seem as if he had to look in a store window on the other side, which he did, and then went on, uncomfortable at what he was doing. He feared Mr. Cattanzara would glance up from his paper and call him a dirty rat for walking on the other side of the street, but all he did was sit there, sweating through his undershirt, his bald head shining in the dim light as he read his *Times*, and upstairs his fat wife leaned out of the window, seeming to read the paper along with him. George thought she would spy him and yell out to Mr. Cattanzara, but she never moved her eyes off her husband.

George made up his mind to stray away from the change maker until he had got some of his softback books read, but when he started them and saw they were mostly story books, he lost his interest and didn't bother to finish them. He lost his interest in reading other things too. Sophie's magazines and newspapers went unread. She saw them piling up on a chair in his room and asked why he was no longer looking at them, and George told her it was because of all the other reading he had to do. Sophie said she had guessed that was it. So, for most of the day, George had the radio on, turning to music when he was sick of the human voice. He kept the house fairly neat, and Sophie said nothing on the days when he neglected it. She was still kind and gave him his extra buck, though things weren't so good for him as they had been before.

But they were good enough, considering. Also, his night walks invariably picked him up, no matter how bad the day was. Then one-night George saw Mr. Cattanzara coming

down the street towards him. George was about to turn and run but he recognized from Mr. Cattanzara's walk that he was drunk, and if so, probably he would not even bother to notice him. So, George kept on walking straight ahead until he came abreast of Mr. Cattanzara and though he felt wound up enough to pop into the sky, he was not surprised when Mr. Cattanzara passed him without a word, walking slowly, his face and body still. George drew a breath in relief at his narrow escape, when he heard his name called, and there stood Mr. Cattanzara at his elbow, smelling like the inside of a beer barrel. His eyes were sad as he gazed at George, and George felt so intensely uncomfortable he was tempted to shove the drunk aside and continue on his walk.
But he couldn't act that way to him, and, besides, Mr. Cattanzara took a nickel out of his pants pocket and handed it to him.
"Go buy yourself a lemon ice, Georgie."
"It's not that time any more, Mr. Cattanzara," George said, "I am a big guy now."
"No, you ain't," said Mr. Cattanzara, to which George made no reply he could think of.
"How are all your books coming along?" Mr. Cattanzara asked. Though he tried to stand steady, he swayed a little.
"Fine, I guess," said George, feeling the red crawling up his face.
"You ain't sure?" The change maker smiled slyly; a way George had never seen him smile.
"Sure, I'm sure. They're fine."
Though his head swayed in little arcs, Mr. Cattanzara's eyes were steady. He had small blue eyes which could hurt if you looked at them too long.
"George," he said, "name me one book on that list that you read this summer, and I will drink to your health."
"I don't want anybody drinking to me."
"Name me one so I can ask you a question on it. Who can tell, if it's a good book maybe I might want to read it myself."
George knew he looked passable on the outside, but inside he was crumbling apart
Unable to reply, he shut he eyes, but when - years later - he opened them, he saw that Mr. Cattanzara had, out of pity, gone away, but in his ears he still head the words he had said when he left: "George, don't do what I did."

The next night he was afraid to leave his room, and though Sophie argued with him he wouldn't open the door.
"What are you doing in there?" she asked.
"Nothing."
"Are you reading?"
"No."
She was silent a minute, then asked, "Where do you keep the books you read? I never see any in your room outside of a few cheap trashy ones."
He wouldn't tell her.

"In that case you're not worth a buck of my hard-earned money. Why should I break my back for you? Go on out, you bum, and get a job."
He stayed in his room for almost a week, except to sneak into the kitchen when nobody was home. Sophie railed at him, then begged him to come out, and his old father wept, but George wouldn't budge, though the weather was terrible and his small room stifling. He found it very hard to breathe, each breath was like drawing a flame into his lungs.

One night, unable to stand the heat any more, he burst into the street at one a.m., a shadow of himself. He hoped to sneak to the park without being seen, but there were people all over the block, wilted and listless, waiting for a breeze. George lowered his eyes and walked, in disgrace, away from them, but before long he discovered they were still friendly to him. He figured Mr. Cattanzara hadn't told on him. Maybe when he woke up out of his drunk the next morning, he had forgotten all about meeting George. George felt his confidence slowly come back to him.
That same night a man on a street corner asked him if it was true that he had finished reading so many books, and George admitted he had. The man said it was a wonderful thing for a boy his age to read so much.
"Yeah," George said, but he felt relieved. He hoped nobody would mention the books any more, and when, after a couple of days, he accidentally met Mr. Cattanzara again, *he* didn't, though George had the idea he was the one who had started the rumor that he had finished all the books.

One evening in the fall, George ran out of his house to the library, where he hadn't been in years. There were books all over the place, wherever he looked, and though he was struggling to control an inward trembling, he easily counted off a hundred, then sat down at a table to read.

Questions:

LOTS:

1) Why did George drop out of school?
…… .

2) List TWO things that you know about Cattanzara.
(1) …… .
(2) …… .

3) Where does Mr. Cattanzara work?
……..…. .

4) What is the lie that George tells Mr. Cattanzara?
……..…. .

5) Why did Sophie stop giving George pocket money?
……..…. .

HOTS:

1) Why is the story called "A Summer's Reading," though George only sat down to read his 100 books in the fall?
……..…. .

2) Why do you think that Georg feels better walking around the neighborhood at night?
……..…. .

3) Why does George feel that he needs to lie to Mr. Cattanzara about what he is doing over the summer?
……..…. .

4) How is the word "reading" metaphoric in the title?
……..…. .

5) What was Mr. Cattanzara trying to show George when he gave him a nickel to buy a lemon ice?
…….. .

Bridging Question:

As the son of Jewish immigrants, Barnard Malamud said: "There comes a time in a man's life when to get where he has to go – if there are no doors or windows he walks through a wall."

Make a connection between the above quote and the story.

Module D – As I Grew Older:

Poem:

AS I GREW OLDER

By Langston Hughes

It was a long time ago.
I have almost forgotten my dream.
But it was there then,
In front of me,
Bright like a sun -
My dream.
And then the wall rose,
Rose slowly,
Slowly,
Between me and my dream.
Rose until it touched the sky -
The wall.
Shadow.
I am black.
I lie down in the shadow.
No longer the light of my dream before me,
Above me.
Only the thick wall.
Only the shadow.
My hands!
My dark hands!
Break through the wall!
Find my dream!
Help me to shatter this darkness,
To smash this night,
To break this shadow
Into a thousand lights of sun,
Into a thousand whirling dreams
Of sun!

Questions:

LOTS:

1) What does the speaker use to break down the wall?
…… .

2) Give one fact that you know about the speaker.
…… .

3) List one metaphor and one simile in the poem.
…… .

4) Was the poem written when the speaker was young or old? How do you know?
…… .

5) Racism in the poem is compared to…

i. a dream.
ii. a shadow.
iii. the sun.
iv. a wall.

HOTS:

1) What does the shadow symbolize in the poem?
…… .

2) Why do you think the speaker states "I am black" so clearly, when the rest of the poem is metaphoric?
…… .

3) What does the wall in the poem represent? Why do you think it gets higher and higher as the speaker grows older?
…… .

4) How does the speaker's perspective of his dream change throughout the poem?
…… .

5) "Help me to shatter this darkness,
To smash this night,
To break this shadow."
Explain the symbolism of the above quote.
……..
……..
…… .

Bridging Question:

Langston Hughes spoke to students about the importance of reaching for their goals even when there are many obstacles in their way. He told them that sometimes they may feel that they cannot succeed, and they will feel hopeless, but they should trust themselves and overcome their difficulties.

Make a connection between this information and the poem.
……..…...
……
……..……...…
……..……...….
……
……
……
……..……...…
……..……...….
……
……..……...…
……..……...….
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
…….. .

Module D – Thank You Maam:

Short Story:

THANK YOU MAAM

By Lagston Hughes

She was a large woman with a large purse that had everything in it but hammer and nails. It had a long strap, and she carried it slung across her shoulder. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and she was walking alone, when a boy ran up behind her and tried to snatch her purse. The strap broke with the single tug the boy gave it from behind. But the boy's weight and the weight of the purse combined caused him to lose his balance so, instead of taking off full blast as he had hoped, the boy fell on his back on the sidewalk, and his legs flew up. the large woman simply turned around and kicked him right square in his blue-jeaned sitter. Then she reached down, picked the boy up by his shirt front, and shook him until his teeth rattled.

After that the woman said, "Pick up my pocketbook, boy, and give it here." She still held him. But she bent down enough to permit him to stoop and pick up her purse. Then she said, "Now ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

Firmly gripped by his shirt front, the boy said, "Yes'm."
The woman said, "What did you want to do it for?"
The boy said, "I didn't aim to."
She said, "You a lie!"
By that time two or three people passed, stopped, turned to look, and some stood watching.
"If I turn you loose, will you run?" asked the woman.
"Yes'm," said the boy.
"Then I won't turn you loose," said the woman. She did not release him.
"I'm very sorry, lady, I'm sorry," whispered the boy.
"Um-hum! And your face is dirty. I got a great mind to wash your face for you. Ain't you got nobody home to tell you to wash your face?"
"No'm," said the boy.
"Then it will get washed this evening," said the large woman starting up the street, dragging the frightened boy behind her.
He looked as if he were fourteen or fifteen, frail and willow-wild, in tennis shoes and blue jeans.
The woman said, "You ought to be my son. I would teach you right from wrong. Least I can do right now is to wash your face. Are you hungry?"

"No'm," said the being dragged boy. "I just want you to turn me loose."
"Was I bothering you when I turned that corner?" asked the woman.
"No'm."
"But you put yourself in contact with me," said the woman. "If you think that that contact is not going to last awhile, you got another thought coming. When I get through with you, sir, you are going to remember Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones."

Sweat popped out on the boy's face and he began to struggle. Mrs. Jones stopped, jerked him around in front of her, put a half-nelson about his neck, and continued to drag him up the street. When she got to her door, she dragged the boy inside, down a hall, and into a large kitchenette-furnished room at the rear of the house. She switched on the light and left the door open. The boy could hear other roomers laughing and talking in the large house. Some of their doors were open, too, so he knew he and the woman were not alone. The woman still had him by the neck in the middle of her room.

She said, "What is your name?"
"Roger," answered the boy.
"Then, Roger, you go to that sink and wash your face," said the woman, whereupon she turned him loose—at last. Roger looked at the door—looked at the woman—looked at the door—and went to the sink.
Let the water run until it gets warm," she said. "Here's a clean towel."
"You gonna take me to jail?" asked the boy, bending over the sink.
"Not with that face, I would not take you nowhere," said the woman. "Here I am trying to get home to cook me a bite to eat and you snatch my pocketbook! Maybe, you ain't been to your supper either, late as it be. Have you?"
"There's nobody home at my house," said the boy.
"Then we'll eat," said the woman, "I believe you're hungry—or been hungry—to try to snatch my pockekbook."
"I wanted a pair of blue suede shoes," said the boy.
"Well, you didn't have to snatch my pocketbook to get some suede shoes," said Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones. "You could of asked me."
"M'am?"

The water dripping from his face, the boy looked at her. There was a long pause. A very long pause. After he had dried his face and not knowing what else to do dried it again, the boy turned around, wondering what next. The door was open. He could make a dash for it down the hall. He could run, run, run, run, run!

The woman was sitting on the day-bed. After a while she said, "I were young once and I wanted things I could not get."
There was another long pause. The boy's mouth opened. Then he frowned, but not

knowing he frowned.
The woman said, “Um-hum! You thought I was going to say but, didn’t you? You thought I was going to say, but I didn’t snatch people’s pocketbooks. Well, I wasn’t going to say that.” Pause. Silence. “I have done things, too, which I would not tell you, son—neither tell God, if he didn’t already know. So, you set down while I fix us something to eat. You might run that comb through your hair so you will look presentable.”

In another corner of the room behind a screen was a gas plate and an icebox. Mrs. Jones got up and went behind the screen. The woman did not watch the boy to see if he was going to run now, nor did she watch her purse which she left behind her on the day-bed. But the boy took care to sit on the far side of the room where he thought she could easily see him out of the corner of her eye, if she wanted to. He did not trust the woman not to trust him. And he did not want to be mistrusted now.

“Do you need somebody to go to the store,” asked the boy, “maybe to get some milk or something?”
“Don’t believe I do,” said the woman, “unless you just want sweet milk yourself. I was going to make cocoa out of this canned milk I got here.”
“That will be fine,” said the boy.

She heated some lima beans and ham she had in the icebox, made the cocoa, and set the table. The woman did not ask the boy anything about where he lived, or his folks, or anything else that would embarrass him. Instead, as they ate, she told him about her job in a hotel beauty-shop that stayed open late, what the work was like, and how all kinds of women came in and out, blondes, red-heads, and Spanish. Then she cut him a half of her ten-cent cake. “Eat some more, son,” she said.

When they were finished eating, she got up and said, “Now, here, take these ten dollars and buy yourself some blue suede shoes. And next time, do not make the mistake of latching onto my pocketbook nor nobody else’s—because shoes come by devilish like that will burn your feet. I got to get my rest now. But I wish you would behave yourself, son, from here on in.”

She led him down the hall to the front door and opened it. “Good-night! Behave yourself, boy!” she said, looking out into the street.

The boy wanted to say something else other than “Thank you, m’am” to Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones, but he couldn’t do so as he turned at the barren stoop and looked back at the large woman in the door. He barely managed to say “Thank you” before she shut the door. And he never saw her again.

Questions:

LOTS:

1) Why did Roger try to steal Luella's money?
……. .

2) What did Luella Bates tell Roger about herself? ONE thing.
……. .

3) How much money did Luella give Roger at the end of the story?
……. .

4) Were there other people in Luella's house? How do you know?
……. .

5) Why didn't Luella watch the boy to see if he was going to run?
……. .

HOTS:

1) Why does the boy tell Luella he will run if she sets him loose?
……. .

2) Why did Roger offer to go to the store for Luella?
……. .

3) Why do you think she gave him money for the shoes?
……. .

4) What does the fact that Luella understood that the boy was hungry tell us about her?
……. .

5) Why do you think that Roger wanted Blue Suede Shoes so much?
……. .

Bridging Question:

"you need to think about how difficult it is to change yourself before you are able to change others."

Make a connection between the above quote and the story.

……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……
……. .