

Unit #6: Conflicting Stories (or, Overcoming Our Obstacles, part II)

10th Grade Language Arts/Mr. Coia

Name: _____ Period: _____

Mon 2/1

- Test review
- SOTW #13: Appositives
- Poem: "A Man"; Marking text; SWBS
- Conversational Roundtable square
-

Wed 2/3

- **Notebook Check #6**
- Read and mark, "Harrison Bergeron" by Kurt Vonnegut
- Watch: *Piece by Piece* (15 min)
- How does the cube act as a symbol for overcoming obstacles?

Fri 2/5

- "Harrison Bergeron" discussion and activities with a guest teacher
- Excused absence? Type a 500-word essay about the main message of this story. This is not a plot summary.
- Due 2/9

Tues 2/9

- SOTW #14: Hyphenated Adjectives
- Photos that Require an Explanation activity
- Write a brief description on two of the photos. Include two hyphenated adjectives
- "Somebody Wanted But So" sheet

Thurs 2/11

- Read and mark "A Sound of Thunder"
- Somebody Wanted But So
- Discussion
- What do these four stories have in common?

Tues 2/16

- SOTW #15: Affect/Effect
- 55 Fiction directions and examples

HW: Type one great one for display (see class example)

Thurs 2/18

- 55 Fiction sharing and writing

HW: Type a total of three of your BEST ones. They must be in display format as outlined in class

Mon 2/22

- 55 Fiction reading
- Writing Portfolio directions
- Work time

HW: Writing Portfolio reflection sheet due next class; parent conference due by Friday, 2/26

Wed 2/24

- **SOTW #16**
- Short film: [The Butterfly Circus](#) (23 mins)
- How does this film address concepts discussed this year? Examples of irony?
- Discussion on film's themes

HW: Writing Portfolio parent conference

Fri 2/26

- Writing Portfolios Due

Assignment Descriptions

Notebook and Supply Check #6

You'll need the following for our notebook check **Wed 2/3**. Remember, we'll add to this throughout the year to provide you with an orderly notebook. Therefore, you need ALL the pieces to receive credit. No partial credit offered on this.

You need two tabs with the following:

LA Handouts:

- Unit guide #6 (on top)
- Unit guide #5
- Technology marked articles (unit guide 1, p. 9-13)
- Passages on Reading and Thinking Handout (unit 1, p 14)
- 6 Traits Overview sheet
- 6 Traits grading rubric
- "Writing Formally: Thesis Statements and Beyond"
- "How Do I Format My Paper?" handout (unit 1, p. 7-8)
- Class Rules sheet, initialed

LA Classwork:

Notes from lectures, presentations, mini-lessons. Remember you should be taking notes each class period. You will also have at least 25 sheets of loose-leaf paper in your binder, and your pens, pencils, highlighter, etc.

55 Fiction Examples

Mixed-Up Crayons

“Almost there,” she stated as we neared the summit. The sun splashed its rich green color on the violet snow. The crisp air turned my fingers a strange yellow. I gobbled my orange before grabbing my gloves. “Why do they call it an “orange” when it’s really brown?” I questioned. “Are you color-blind?” she asked.

Last Rites

Harold twirled the cigarette between his fingers, occasionally stopping the rhythm to take a long drag. “If this is my last one, I’m gonna enjoy it.” A mask was pulled over his eyes. His wrists were strapped. His feet were fettered. Harold flicked the cigarette and skied down the mountain a new man: smoke-free.

Playtime is Over

Seems like we’ve been trapped in here for weeks. I’m hungry and cold. The only source of food is my comrade, resting quietly in the corner of our snow-cave. Moral dilemma? Survival of the fittest?

God forgive me...

“Boys! Dinnertime,” Mom yells from the porch. My little brother and I race into the warm house.

Love and a Round Table

Kyle again avoided his English homework. King Arthur meant little to his world of skateboarding and stolen downloadable music. He glanced around the class and noticed Gwen, an exchange student from England. Kyle smiled as he imagined himself in Camelot rescuing his princess from ominous dangers.

He picked up his Excalibur and began to write.

Paradox

After twenty-two years, Thomas’s time machine was complete. Sirens and flashes interrupted his tinkering. A machine identical to his own materialized in the laboratory. A bloodied clone of Thomas stumbled out. “Stop!” the stranger shouted, “Don’t finish it!” Thomas grabbed a pistol and fired. As he nervously adjusted his glasses, his hand seemed to fade.

Delivery

He and his wife had waited for the day their daughter was born for so long. In the car, she was breathing heavily. He squeezed her hand in reassurance. At the hospital, they were rushed to room 301. He sat down at the end of the bed. “Hello Kelly,” he said to the surrogate mother.

A Free Man

“One more hour George.”
“You’re finally getting out of this slump.”
“You’re excited aren’t you?”
“Yes, it’s been too long”
“Your day will come, Pete, you just wait.”
“Well, my time has come... I’ll see you later, Pete”
The guard opens the cell, George steps out. He goes and sits on the chair and waits.

May Peace Be With You

“Why did he have to go away?” My mom was asking. “I didn’t,” I told her but she didn’t listen. “I can’t believe I just let him go.” “You didn’t let me go, I am right here.” But then I saw the newspaper in her hand and the title said, *American Hostages Killed in Syria*.

The Sound of a Corner

The ticking of the clock pierced the ears of Frank White in the dark night. “One day I will leave this place, Margaret,” said Frank. Silence fell heavily on the dark street corner where they first met. “One day I will see you again,” said Frank, and walk away, alone.

Name: _____ Date: _____ Per: _____

Somebody	Wanted	But	So
Mr. Coia	All students to improve skills in writing and reading	Some did not share his enthusiasm and passion for the written word	He quit teaching English and joined a traveling circus as a part-time juggler and lion tamer.
Write one for you			
Write one for you			
Character from Story 1			
Character from Story 2			
Character from "A Man"			

Writing Portfolio Self-Evaluation

10th Language Arts

Name: _____ Date: _____ Period: _____

In order to see a pattern in your writing, you will record **five graded papers** that represent your writing throughout the year. Include a variety of samples that reflect your work as a writer. Choose those with ample comments. This is a worksheet to use as a rough draft. TYPE your work.

	Paper Title	Assignment	Date Completed	Grade (include class grade, AP grade, and 6 trait grades)	Teacher/Student Comments and corrections (both positive and critical)
	"Teenagers and the Walking Dead"	<i>The Walden Experiment</i> essay	12/2012 (only month/year needed; assemble in chronological order)	44/50 (88%) (points possible / points earned) x 100	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Needs more details • Commas go inside quotations • Follow paper format • Thesis statement is weak • Proofread for careless errors • Excellent title that connects to the paper • Their/they're circled
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					

Name: _____ Period: _____ Date: _____

Writing Self-Evaluation. Give your responses in complete sentences. They should be reflective responses of substance, not merely one or two sentences. *TYPE.* (Use template on mrcoia.com)

Best writing sample this semester: _____

What made it so good?

Weakest writing sample this semester: _____

What made it so weak?

Common grammar errors throughout my papers:

My strengths as a writer:

My weaknesses as a writer:

To improve overall as a writer, I'll need to focus on...

Assembly:

- Writing Log
- Writing Self-evaluation
- Five graded writing pieces, in order on the writing log
- Paper clip together

Parents: Please sit down with your student for a **10-15 minute parent-student conference** on writing. Read through the papers, teacher comments, and this reflection piece. You should have a good picture of the strengths and weakness of your child's writing.

Parent Signature

Parent Name, printed

Date

Name: _____ Period: _____ Date: _____

“HARRISON BERGERON” by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

THE YEAR WAS 2081, and everybody was finally equal. They weren't only equal before God and the law. They were equal every which way. Nobody was smarter than anybody else. Nobody was better looking than anybody else. Nobody was stronger or quicker than anybody else. All this equality was due to the 211th, 212th, and 213th Amendments to the Constitution, and to the unceasing vigilance of agents of the United States Handicapper General.

Some things about living still weren't quite right, though. April for instance, still drove people crazy by not being springtime. And it was in that clammy month that the H-G men took George and Hazel Bergeron's fourteen-year-old son, Harrison, away.

It was tragic, all right, but George and Hazel couldn't think about it very hard. Hazel had a perfectly average intelligence, which meant she couldn't think about anything except in short bursts. And George, while his intelligence was way above normal, had a little mental handicap radio in his ear. He was required by law to wear it at all times. It was tuned to a government transmitter. Every twenty seconds or so, the transmitter would send out some sharp noise to keep people like George from taking unfair advantage of their brains.

George and Hazel were watching television. There were tears on Hazel's cheeks, but she'd forgotten for the moment what they were about.

On the television screen were ballerinas.

A buzzer sounded in George's head. His thoughts fled in panic, like bandits from a burglar alarm.

"That was a real pretty dance, that dance they just did," said Hazel.

"Huh" said George.

"That dance-it was nice," said Hazel.

"Yup," said George. He tried to think a little about the ballerinas. They weren't really very good-no better than anybody else would have been, anyway.

They were burdened with sashweights and bags of birdshot, and their faces were masked, so that no one, seeing a free and graceful gesture or a pretty face, would feel like something the cat drug in. George was toying with the vague notion that maybe dancers shouldn't be handicapped. But he didn't get very far with it before another noise in his ear radio scattered his thoughts.

George winced. So did two out of the eight ballerinas.

Hazel saw him wince. Having no mental handicap herself, she had to ask George what the latest sound had been.

"Sounded like somebody hitting a milk bottle with a ball peen hammer," said George.

"I'd think it would be real interesting, hearing all the different sounds," said Hazel a little envious. "All the things they think up."

"Urn, " said George.

"Only, if I was Handicapper General, you know what I would do?" said Hazel.

Hazel, as a matter of fact, bore a strong resemblance to the Handicapper General, a woman named Diana Moon Glampers. "If I was Diana Moon Glampers," said Hazel, "I'd have chimes on Sunday- just chimes. Kind of in honor of religion. "

"I could think, if it was just chimes," said George.

"Well-maybe make 'em real loud," said Hazel. "I think I'd make a good Handicapper General."

"Good as anybody else," said George.

"Who knows better then I do what normal is?" said Hazel.

"Right," said George. He began to think glimmeringly about his abnormal son who was now in jail, about Harrison, but a twenty-one-gun salute in his head stopped that.

"Boy!" said Hazel, "that was a doozy, wasn't it?"

It was such a doozy that George was white and trembling, and tears stood on the rims of his red eyes. Two of the eight ballerinas had collapsed to the studio floor, were holding their temples.

"All of a sudden you look so tired," said Hazel. "Why don't you stretch out on the sofa, so's you can rest your handicap bag on the pillows, honeybunch."

She was referring to the forty-seven pounds of birdshot in a canvas bag, which was padlocked around George's neck. "Go on and rest the bag for a little while," she said. "I don't care if you're not equal to me for a while . "

George weighed the bag with his hands. "I don't mind it," he said. "I don't notice it any more. It's just a part of me."

"You been so tired lately-kind of wore out," said Hazel. "If there was just some way we could make a little hole in the bottom of the bag, and just take out a few of them lead balls. Just a few."

"Two years in prison and two thousand dollars fine for every ball I took out," said George. "I don't call that a bargain."

"If you could just take a few out when you came home from work," said Hazel. "I mean-you don't compete with anybody around here. You just set around."

"If I tried to get away with it," said George, "then other people 'd get away with it-and pretty soon we'd be right back to the dark ages again, with everybody competing against everybody else. You wouldn't like that, would you?"

"I'd hate it," said Hazel.

"There you are," said George. The minute people start cheating on laws, what do you think happens to society?" If Hazel hadn't been able to come up with an answer to this question, George couldn't have supplied one. A siren was going off in his head.

"Reckon it'd fall all apart," said Hazel.

"What would?" said George blankly.

"Society," said Hazel uncertainly. "Wasn't that what you just said?"

"Who knows?" said George.

The television program was suddenly interrupted for a news bulletin. It wasn't clear at first as to what the bulletin was about, since the announcer, like all announcers, had a serious speech impediment. For about half a minute, and in a state of high excitement, the announcer tried to say, "Ladies and Gentlemen."

He finally gave up, handed the bulletin to a ballerina to read.

"That's all right-" Hazel said of the announcer, "he tried. That's the big thing. He tried to do the best he could with what God gave him. He should get a nice raise for trying so hard."

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the ballerina, reading the bulletin. She must have been extraordinarily beautiful, because the mask she wore was hideous.

And it was easy to see that she was the strongest and most graceful of all the dancers, for her handicap bags were as big as those worn by two-hundred pound men.

And she had to apologize at once for her voice, which was a very unfair voice for a woman to use. Her voice was a warm, luminous, timeless melody. "Excuse me-" she said, and she began again, making her voice absolutely uncompetitive.

"Harrison Bergeron, age fourteen," she said in a grackle squawk, "has just escaped from jail, where he was held on suspicion of plotting to overthrow the government. He is a genius and an athlete, is under-handicapped, and should be regarded as extremely dangerous."

A police photograph of Harrison Bergeron was flashed on the screen-upside down, then sideways, upside down again, then right side up. The picture showed the full length of Harrison against a background calibrated in feet and inches. He was exactly seven feet tall.

The rest of Harrison's appearance was Halloween and hardware. Nobody had ever born heavier handicaps. He had outgrown hindrances faster than the H-G men could think them up. Instead of a little ear radio for a mental handicap, he wore a tremendous pair of earphones, and spectacles with thick wavy lenses.

The spectacles were intended to make him not only half blind, but to give him whanging headaches besides.

Scrap metal was hung all over him. Ordinarily, there was a certain symmetry, a military neatness to the handicaps issued to strong people, but Harrison looked like a walking junkyard. In the race of life, Harrison carried three hundred pounds.

And to offset his good looks, the H-G men required that he wear at all times a red rubber ball for a nose, keep his eyebrows shaved off, and cover his even white teeth with black caps at snaggle-tooth random.

"If you see this boy, " said the ballerina, "do not - I repeat, do not - try to reason with him."

There was the shriek of a door being torn from its hinges.

Screams and barking cries of consternation came from the television set. The photograph of Harrison Bergeron on the screen jumped again and again, as though dancing to the tune of an earthquake.

George Bergeron correctly identified the earthquake, and well he might have - for many was the time his own home had danced to the same crashing tune. "My God-" said George, "that must be Harrison!"

The realization was blasted from his mind instantly by the sound of an automobile collision in his head.

When George could open his eyes again, the photograph of Harrison was gone. A living, breathing Harrison filled the screen.

Clanking, clownish, and huge, Harrison stood - in the center of the studio. The knob of the uprooted studio door was still in his hand. Ballerinas, technicians, musicians, and announcers cowered on their knees before him, expecting to die.

"I am the Emperor!" cried Harrison. "Do you hear? I am the Emperor! Everybody must do what I say at once!" He stamped his foot and the studio shook.

"Even as I stand here" he bellowed, "crippled, hobbled, sickened - I am a greater ruler than any man who ever lived! Now watch me become what I can become ! "

Harrison tore the straps of his handicap harness like wet tissue paper, tore straps guaranteed to support five thousand pounds.

Harrison's scrap-iron handicaps crashed to the floor.

Harrison thrust his thumbs under the bar of the padlock that secured his head harness. The bar snapped like celery. Harrison smashed his headphones and spectacles against the wall.

He flung away his rubber-ball nose, revealed a man that would have awed Thor, the god of thunder.

"I shall now select my Empress!" he said, looking down on the cowering people. "Let the first woman who dares rise to her feet claim her mate and her throne!"

A moment passed, and then a ballerina arose, swaying like a willow.

Harrison plucked the mental handicap from her ear, snapped off her physical handicaps with marvelous delicacy. Last of all he removed her mask.

She was blindingly beautiful.

"Now-" said Harrison, taking her hand, "shall we show the people the meaning of the word dance? Music!" he commanded.

The musicians scrambled back into their chairs, and Harrison stripped them of their handicaps, too. "Play your best," he told them, "and I'll make you barons and dukes and earls."

The music began. It was normal at first-cheap, silly, false. But Harrison snatched two musicians from their chairs, waved them like batons as he sang the music as he wanted it played. He slammed them back into their chairs.

The music began again and was much improved.

Harrison and his Empress merely listened to the music for a while-listened gravely, as though synchronizing their heartbeats with it.

They shifted their weights to their toes.

Harrison placed his big hands on the girls tiny waist, letting her sense the weightlessness that would soon be hers.

And then, in an explosion of joy and grace, into the air they sprang!

Not only were the laws of the land abandoned, but the law of gravity and the laws of motion as well.

They reeled, whirled, swiveled, flounced, capered, gamboled, and spun.

They leaped like deer on the moon.

The studio ceiling was thirty feet high, but each leap brought the dancers nearer to it.

It became their obvious intention to kiss the ceiling. They kissed it.

And then, neutralizing gravity with love and pure will, they remained suspended in air inches below the ceiling, and they kissed each other for a long, long time .

It was then that Diana Moon Clampers, the Handicapper General, came into the studio with a double-barreled ten-gauge shotgun. She fired twice, and the Emperor and the Empress were dead before they hit the floor.

Diana Moon Clampers loaded the gun again. She aimed it at the musicians and told them they had ten seconds to get their handicaps back on.

It was then that the Bergerons' television tube burned out.

Hazel turned to comment about the blackout to George. But George had gone out into the kitchen for a can of beer.

George came back in with the beer, paused while a handicap signal shook him up. And then he sat down again. "You been crying" he said to Hazel.

"Yup, " she said.

"What about?" he said.

"I forget," she said. "Something real sad on television."

"What was it?" he said.

"It's all kind of mixed up in my mind," said Hazel.

"Forget sad things," said George.

"I always do," said Hazel.

"That's my girl," said George. He winced. There was the sound of a riveting gun in his head.

"Gee - I could tell that one was a doozy, " said Hazel.

"You can say that again," said George.

"Gee-" said Hazel, "I could tell that one was a doozy."