**GREAT NECK HIGH SCHOOLS**

**ENL ENGLISH 9**

**Summer Assignment 2017**

**Part I: Short Story Fiction**

**Directions: Read the following short story “All Summer in a Day” by Ray Bradbury, then complete the following tasks:**

1. Answer the five multiple choice questions.

2. Write one paragraph (7 sentences): *What do you think about Margot? How did the classmates make you feel?*

**All Summer In A Day”**

By Ray Bradbury

  “Ready?”

“Ready.”

“Now?”

“Soon.”

“Do the scientists really know? Will it happen today, will it?

“Look, look; see for yourself!”

The children pressed to each other like so many roses, so many weeds, intermixed, peering out for a look at the hidden sun.

It rained. It had been raining for seven years; thousands upon thousands of days compounded and filled from one end to the other with rain, with

the drum and gush of water, with the sweet crystal fall of showers and the concussion of storms so heavy they were tidal waves come over the islands. A thousand forests had been crushed under the rain and grown up a thousand times to be crushed again. And this was the way life was forever on the planet Venus and this was the schoolroom of the children of the rocket men and women who had come to a raining world to set up civilization and live out their lives.

“It’s stopping. It’s stopping!”

“Yes, yes!”

Margot stood apart from them, from these children who could never

remember a time when there wasn’t rain and rain and rain. They were all nine years old, and if there had been a day, seven years ago, when the sun came out for an hour and showed its face to the stunned world, they could not recall. Sometimes, at night, she heard them stir, in remembrance and she knew they were dreaming and remembering gold or a yellow crayon or a coin large enough to buy the world with. She knew they thought they remembered a warmness, like a blushing in the face, in the body, in the arms and legs and trembling hands. But then they always awoke to the tatting drum, the endless shaking down of clear bead necklaces upon the roof, the walk, the gardens, the forests, and their dreams were gone.

All day yesterday they had read in class about the sun. About how like a lemon it was, and how hot. And they had written small stories or essays or poems about it:

*I think the sun is a flower,*

*That blooms for just one hour.*

 That was Margot’s poem, read in a quiet voice in the still classroom while the rain was falling outside.

“Aw, you didn’t write that!” protested one of the boys.

“I did,” said Margot. “I *did*.”

“William!” said the teacher.

But that was yesterday. Now the rain was slackening, and the children were crushed in the great thick windows.

“Where’s teacher?”

“She’ll be back.”

“She’d better hurry, we’ll miss it!”

They turned on themselves, like a feverish wheel, all fumbling spokes.

Margot, stood alone. She was a very frail girl who looked as if she had been lost in the rain for years and the rain had washed out the blue from her eyes and the red from her mouth and the yellow from her hair. She was an old photograph dusted from an album, whitened away, and if she spoke at all her voice would be a ghost. Now she stood, separate, staring at the rain and the loud wet world beyond the huge glass.

“What’re *you* looking at?” said William.

Margot said nothing.

“Speak when you’re spoken to.” He gave her a shove. But she did not move; rather she let herself be moved only by him and nothing else.

They edged away from her. They would not look at her. She felt them go away. And this was because she would play no games with them in the echoing tunnels of the underground city. If they tagged her and ran, she stood blinking after them and did not follow. When the class sang songs about happiness and life and games her lips barely moved. Only when they sang about the sun and the summer did her lips move as she watched the drenched windows.

And then, of course, the biggest crime of all was that she had come here only five years ago from Earth, and she remembered the sun and the way the sun was and the sky was when she was four in Ohio. And they, they had been on Venus all their lives, and they had been only two years old when last the sun came out and had long since for gotten the color and heat of the way it really was. But Margot remembered.

“It’s like a penny,” she said once, eyes closed.

“No, it’s not!” the children cried.

“It’s like a fire,” she said, “in the stove.”

“You’re lying, you don’t remember!” cried the children.

But she remembered and stood quietly apart from all of them and watched the patterning windows. And once, a month ago, she had refused to shower in the school shower rooms, had clutched her hands to her ears and over her head, screaming the water mustn’t touch her head. So after that, dimly, dimly, she sensed it, she was different and they knew her difference and kept away.

There was talk that her father and mother were taking her back to Earth next year; it seemed vital to her that they do so, though it would mean the loss of thousands of dollars to her family. And so, the children hated her for all these reasons of big and little consequence. They hated her pale snow face, her waiting silence, her thinness, and her possible future.

“Get away!” The boy gave her another push. “What’re you waiting for?”

Then for the first time, she turned and looked at him. And what she was waiting for was in her eyes. “Well, don’t wait around here!” cried the boy savagely. “You won’t see nothing!”

“Oh, but,” Margot whispered, her eyes helpless. “But this is the day, the scientists predict, they say, they *know*, the sun . . .”

“All a joke!” said the boy, and seized her roughly. “Hey, everyone, let’s put her in a closet before teacher comes!”

“No,” said Margot, falling back.

They surged about her, caught her up and bore her, protesting, and then pleading, and then crying, back into a tunnel, a room, a closet, where they slammed and locked the door. They stood looking at the door and saw it tremble from her beating and throwing herself against it. They heard her muffled cries. Then, smiling, they turned and went out and back down the tunnel, just as the teacher arrived.

“Ready, children?” She glanced at her watch.

“Yes!” said everyone.

“Are we all here?”

“Yes!”

The rain slackened still more.

They crowded to the huge door.

The rain stopped.

The world ground to a standstill. The silence was so immense and unbelievable that you felt your ears had been stuffed or you had lost your hearing altogether. The children put their hands to their ears. They stood apart. The door slid back and the smell of the silent, waiting world came into them. The sun came out.

It was the color of flaming bronze and it was very large. And the sky around it was a blazing blue tile color. And the jungle burned with sunlight as the children, released from their spell, rushed out, yelling, into the springtime.

“Now, don’t go too far,” called the teacher after them. “You’ve only two hours, you know. You wouldn’t want to get caught out!”

But they were running and turning their faces up to the sky and feeling the sun on their cheeks like a warm iron; they were taking off their jackets and letting the sun burn their arms.

“Oh, it’s better than the sun lamps, isn’t it?

“Much, much better!”

They stopped running and stood in the great jungle that covered Venus, that grew and never stopped growing tumultuously, even as you watched it. It was a nest of octopi, clustering up great arms of fleshlike weed, wavering, flowering in this brief spring. It was the color of stones and white cheeses and ink, and it was the color of the moon.

The children lay out, laughing, on the jungle mattress, and heard it sigh and squeak under them, resilient and alive. They ran among the trees, they slipped and fell, they pushed each other, they played hide-and-seek and tag, but most of all they squinted at the sun until tears ran down their faces, they put their hands up to that yellowness and that amazing blueness and they breathed of the fresh, fresh air and listened and listened to the silence which suspended them in a blessed sea of no sound and no motion. They looked at everything and savored everything. Then, wildly, like animals escaped from their caves, they ran and ran in shouting circles. They ran for an hour and did not stop running.

And then – in the midst of their running one of the girls wailed.

Everyone stopped. The girl, standing in the open, held out her hand.

“Oh, look, look,” she said, trembling. They came slowly to look at her opened palm. In the center of it, cupped and huge, was a single raindrop.

She began to cry, looking at it. They glanced quietly at the sky.

A few cold drops fell on their noses and their cheeks and their mouths. The sun faded behind a stir of mist. A wind blew cool around them. They turned and started to walk back toward the underground house, their hands at their sides, their smiles vanishing away.

A boom of thunder startled them and like leaves before a new hurricane, they tumbled upon each other and ran. Lightning struck ten miles away, five miles away, a mile, a half mile. The sky darkened into midnight in a flash.

They stood in the doorway of the underground for a moment until it was raining hard. Then they closed the door and heard the gigantic sound of the rain falling in tons and avalanches, everywhere and forever.

“Will it be seven more years?”

“Yes. Seven.”

Then one of them gave a little cry.

“Margot!”

“What?”

“She’s still in the closet where we locked her.”

“Margot.”

They stood as if someone had driven them, like so many stakes, into floor. They looked at each other and then looked away. They glanced out at the world, that was raining now and raining and raining steadily. They could not meet each other’s glances. Their faces were solemn and pale. They looked at their hands and feet, their faces down.

“Margot.” One of the girls said, “Well . . .?” No one moved.

“Go on,” whispered the girl.

They walked slowly down the hall in the sound of the cold rain. They turned through the doorway to the room in the sound of the storm and thunder, lightning on their faces, blue and terrible. They walked over to the closet door slowly and stood by it.

Behind the closet door was only silence.

They unlocked the door, even more slowly, and let Margot out.

**1. The kids are jealous of Margot because \_\_\_\_\_\_.**

A. She remembers what the sun is like.

B. She lives in a nicer house than they do.

C. She is new to the school.

D. They aren’t jealous of her at all.

**2. What inference can you make about Margot’s feelings as she comes out of the closet at the end of the story?**

A. She is excited to see the rain.

B. She is angry at her classmates.

C. She is more depressed than ever because she missed the rain.

D. She will now play games with her classmates.

**3. Margot says the sun is like all of these *except:***

A. a fire

B. a flower

C. a penny

D. a garden

**4. Why does Margot act the way she does-she doesn’t play with her classmates for example?**

A. She thinks she is better than her classmates.

B. She knows what the sun is like and misses it, which causes her depression.

C. She copied her poem from another classmate.

D. She is new to the school.

**5. What does the word *slackening* mean in the line “Now the rain was slackening, and the children were crushed in the great thick windows.”**

A. Increasing

B. Pouring

C. Weakening

D. Hardening

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**Part II: Argument**

**Directions: Read the following argument about cell phones. Then complete the following tasks:**

1. Write one paragraph (7 sentences) with your opinion. Answer *Are cell phones a necessity or a convenience?*

***Cell Phones: A Necessity or a Convenience?***

Semi-Formal Argumentative Speech SampleReviewed by Admin on May 28Rating: 3.6666666666667

Good morning. What I would like to talk about today are cell phones and their role in our lives. Before I start off, I would like to ask everyone to turn their phones off – not just on a silent mode, but completely off – for the duration of my speech. It won’t take more than 10 minutes, so please, kindly do me a favor. It will mean a lot to me to have all of your attention.

Ever since the first hand-held mobile phone was presented by Motorola in 1973, this handy gadget has firmly set itself in the hands of almost every American teenager, adult and since recently – even children. It seems that in the race for the latest model of Iphone or BlackBerry, we have forgotten that telephones were initially intended as a convenience, not a necessity. However, it seems that there isn’t a single activity people can do without this technology nowadays. You need your Android program to calculate calories while jogging; you can’t live without the latest tunes uploaded to your Iphone; and you got used to taking pictures everywhere you go with your many-mega-pixel phone camera. How often do we actually use phones for talking these days? And we are not talking about the latest applications you have purchased to upgrade your favorite time-killer, but rather using the phone for the purpose it had been initially intended for – mobile conversations, assuming you cannot talk to the person on the other end of the signal face-to-face.

One of the recent studies held by the Swiss Institute of Public Health has revealed the appearance of a new type of disease called Nomophobia (“No mobile phobia”). Disturbing signs of nomophobia include pathological fear of finding oneself without a working cell phone at hand, which causes sleeping disorders (the diseased patients complained that they experience constant anxiety and often wake up at night because they seem to have heard their phone ring); fear of losing your cell phone or forgetting it somewhere (it causes people to return home if they cannot find the phone in the bag, no matter how late they will be for important appointments; or constantly checking for their phone and taking it out of the bag even if it isn’t ringing). Apparently, there are thousands of people already diagnosed with the disorder and presumably millions more who are also suffering from it, without realizing the fact. Scientists estimate that two thirds of the world’s population is in fact prone to this psychological disorder.

As a result, people make their lives dependent on the device, without realizing that it is an appliance that had been initially invented to make their lives simpler, not more complicated. As neurologists have commented, cell phone addiction is forcing people to become completely dependent on their pricey new gadget and this distracts the victims of cell phones from living their life in working order. Instead of going out and meeting people we want to talk to, we send text messages, install Skype and social network applications on our brand new phones, and basically build our lives around this technology. If one day all phones should instantly go off, there would no doubt be panic and chaos all over the world, except for those remote places where this technological advance has not yet gained that much popularity. Nevertheless, while there are fewer and fewer such places in the world, people are getting more and more dependent on their cell phones – approximately 40 per cent of all cell phone users have more than one mobile phone in use. The situation is worsening every year, while electronic giants like Apple, Nokia, Sony Ericsson, Verizon and others are launching new brilliant marketing campaigns trying to persuade us to purchase their latest telephone model that can become your life partner in any occupation and situation. Except that, at some point, you might find yourself controlled by the device and desperately scared to take a step without it.

What should be done now? I suggest reducing the time we spend with our favorite cell phones at least by half, for starters. Every time you think about downloading a new application, ask yourself whether it is a necessity or you can easily do without it. Every time you catch yourself thinking that you want the latest model of Iphone, ask yourself what it is that you need it for? If you do not know the answer, it means you don’t really need it, until the commercials and iconic pop stars tell you otherwise. Respect yourselves and value your time. When you think of how many hours per day you spend with your phones, and what you could have done instead in the real world, these time-eaters will seem like a malady. But, they are just a device, a convenience that we need to control our use of, in order not to let this appliance control us, our schedules, our leisure, our hobbies and our entire lives.

I hope my speech gave you all some food for thought, and planted a seed of suspicion about whether our cell phones are truly that important and indispensable to us. Thank you for the time you have dedicated to my speech with your cell phones off! I know it was tough for some of you, and I appreciate the effort.

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**Part III: Poetry**

**Directions: Read the poem two or more times. After you read complete the following tasks:**

1. Find At least 5 pictures (hand drawn or magazine clippings) that represent images from the poem.
2. Identify 5 words from the poem that show the tone/mood/feeling of the poem. Highlight them
3. Write one paragraph (7 sentences) that explains your reaction to this poem. Did you like it? Why or why not? What does it remind you of? How can you relate to it?

**Annabel Lee**  By Edgar Allen Poe

It was many and many a year ago,

In a kingdom by the sea,

That a maiden there lived whom you may know

By the name of Annabel Lee;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought

Than to love and be loved by me.

*I* was a child and *she* was a child,

In this kingdom by the sea,

But we loved with a love that was more than love—

I and my Annabel Lee—

With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven

Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,

In this kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling

My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her highborn kinsmen came

And bore her away from me,

To shut her up in a sepulchre

In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,

Went envying her and me—

Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,

In this kingdom by the sea)

That the wind came out of the cloud by night,

Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love

Of those who were older than we—

Of many far wiser than we—

And neither the angels in Heaven above

Nor the demons down under the sea

Can ever dissever my soul from the soul

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side

Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,

In her sepulchre there by the sea—

In her tomb by the sounding sea.

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**Part IV: Mythology**

**Directions: Read “Echo & Narcissus” then complete the following task:**

1. Journal 1 full page about the myth. *What did it make you think about? Do you see similarities between the myth and “selfies” today?*

**Echo and Narcissus**

In Greek mythology Echo was a wood nymph who loved a youth by the name of Narcissus. He was a beautiful creature loved by many but Narcissus loved no one. He enjoyed attention, praise and envy. In Narcissus' eyes nobody matched him and as such he considered none were worthy of him.

Echo's passion for Narcissus was equaled only by her passion for talking as she always had to have the last word. One day she enabled the escape of the goddess Juno's adulterous husband by engaging Juno in conversation. On finding out Echo's treachery Juno cursed Echo by removing her voice with the exception that she could only speak that which was spoken to her.

Echo often waited in the woods to see Narcissus hoping for a chance to be noticed. One day as she lingered in the bushes he heard her footsteps and called out “Who's here?” Echo replied “Here!” Narcissus called again "Come", Echo replied "Come!". Narcissus called once more “Why do you shun me?... Let us join one another.” Echo was overjoyed that Narcissus had asked her to join him. She longed to tell him who she was and of all the love she had for him in her heart but she could not speak. She ran towards him and threw herself upon him.

Narcissus became angry “Hands off! I would rather die than you should have me!” and threw Echo to the ground. Echo left the woods a ruin, her heart broken. Ashamed she ran away to live in the mountains yearning for a love that would never be returned. The grief killed her. Her body became one with the mountain stone. All that remained was her voice which replied in kind when others spoke.

Narcissus continued to attract many nymphs all of whom he briefly entertained before scorning and refusing them. The gods grew tired of his behaviour and cursed Narcissus. They wanted him to know what it felt like to love and never be loved. They made it so there was only one whom he would love, someone who was not real and could never love him back.

One day whilst out enjoying the sunshine Narcissus came upon a pool of water. As he gazed into it he caught a glimpse of what he thought was a beautiful water spirit. He did not recognise his own reflection and was immediately enamoured. Narcissus bent down his head to kiss the vision. As he did so the reflection mimicked his actions. Taking this as a sign of reciprocation Narcissus reached into the pool to draw the water spirit to him. The water displaced and the vision was gone. He panicked, where had his love gone? When the water became calm the water spirit returned. “Why, beautiful being, do you shun me? Surely my face is not one to repel you. The nymphs love me, and you yourself look not indifferent upon me. When I stretch forth my arms you do the same; and you smile upon me and answer my beckonings with the like.” Again he reached out and again his love disappeared. Frightened to touch the water Narcissus lay still by the pool gazing in to the eyes of his vision.

He cried in frustration. As he did so Echo also cried. He did not move, he did not eat or drink, he only suffered. As he pined he became gaunt losing his beauty. The nymphs that loved him pleaded with him to come away from the pool. As they did so Echo also pleaded with him. He was transfixed; he wanted to stay there forever. Narcissus like Echo died with grief. His body disappeared and where his body once lay a flower grew in its place. The nymphs mourned his death and as they mourned Echo also mourned

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