

Week of April 6-10, 2020

English I - Sabrina Kile

Hello English I! Please choose two assignments for this week from the 6 choices listed below. Please email me your completed assignments no later than Monday 4/13 at 12 pm. Please feel free to email me at any time with questions you may have. I will have office hours, where I am available to reply to emails immediately, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday weekly from 1-3 pm. I will email your comments on your assignments as I receive them. You should not need any materials, other than paper and a pencil. Any worksheets that you choose to do can be done on notebook paper or emailed to me. Everyone also has the option to pick up and turn in assignments in the foyer at the front of Lake Crest (see Mr. Landeck's message on Facebook or the school website). I miss you all very much! Hang in there and stay home and stay safe! I will be emailing you all very soon with details about a future Google Meet! ---Mrs. Kile

Class	Choice 1	Choice 2	Choice 3	Choice 4	Choice 5	Choice 6 (Enrichment)
English I	Read something for 20 minutes. It can be a newspaper article, and online article, a book, etc. Write a one paragraph reaction to what you read. Answer who, what, when, where, and why.	Create a playlist of 10 songs that are getting you through this crazy time. For each song, write two sentences about why that song is helping you.	Journal: Write a 14 line journal entry about how you are coping with the "stay at home rule". Would you rather be a school? Do you have a daily schedule and if so, what is it? Are you communicating with others? Are you working?	Create a book cover for a book or short story that you have read this year. The front should have the title and author and a picture (that is relevant to the book). The back should have a summary of the book.	Read the article "Montreal 1962" and answer the questions that go along with it.	Write a poem or short story about your time away from school. It should be at least 14 lines and can be in any format you choose. Draw at least one picture to go along with it. Have a better idea? Email me to get approval!

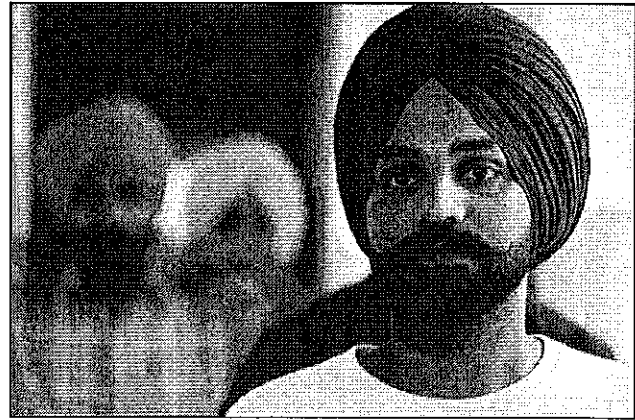
Name: _____ Class: _____

Montreal 1962

By Shauna Singh Baldwin
2012

Shauna Singh Baldwin (born 1962) is a Canadian-American novelist of Indian descent. "Montreal 1962" is from her book of short stories English Lessons and Other Stories. In this short story, a Sikh woman who has recently come to Canada with her husband describes washing his turbans. In the Sikh religion, men often wear turbans and grow their hair long.

[1] In the dark at night you came close and your voice was a whisper though there is no one here to wake. "They said I could have the job if I take off my turban and cut my hair short." You did not have to say it. I saw it in your face as you took off your new coat and galoshes. I heard their voices in my head as I looked at the small white envelopes I have left in the drawer, each full of one more day's precious dollars — the last of your savings and my dowry.¹ Mentally, I converted dollars to rupees² and thought how many people in India each envelope in India could feed for a month.



"Untitled" by Surinder Singh Buttar is licensed under CC0

This was not how they described emigrating to Canada. I still remember them saying to you, "You're a well-qualified man. We need professional people." And they talked about freedom and opportunity for those lucky enough to already speak English. No one said then, "You must be reborn white-skinned — and clean-shaven to show it — to survive." Just a few months ago, they called us exotic new Canadians, new blood to build a new country.

Today I took one of my wedding saris³ to the neighborhood dry-cleaner and a woman with no eyebrows held it like a dishrag and she asked me, "Is it a bed sheet?"

"No," I said.

[5] "Curtains?"

"No."

I took the silk back to our basement apartment, tied my hair in a tight bun, washed the heavy folds in the metal bathtub, and hung it, gold threads glinting, on a drip-dry hanger.

1. money brought by a bride to her husband when they're married
2. the basic unit of money in some Asian countries, including India
3. a garment that is elaborated draped around the body, traditionally worn by women of South Asia

When I had finished, I spread a bed sheet on the floor of the bathroom, filled my arms with the turbans you'd worn last week and knelt there surrounded by the empty soft hollows of scarlet, navy, earth brown, copper, saffron, mauve, and bright parrot green. As I waited for the bathtub to fill with warm soapy water, I unraveled each turban, each precise spiral you had wound round your head, and soon the room was full of soft streams of muslin⁴ that had protected your long black hair.

I placed each turban in turn on the bubbly surface and watched them grow dark and heavy, sinking slowly, softly into the warmth. When there were no more left beside me, I leaned close and reached in, working each one in a rhythm bone-deep, as my mother and hers must have done before me, that their men might face the world proud. I drained the tub and new colours swelled — deep red, dark black mud, rust, orange, soft purple and jade green.

[10] I filled the enamel sink with clean water and starch and lifted them as someday I will lift children. When the milky bowl had fed them, my hands massaged them free of alien red-blue water. I placed them carefully in a basin and took them out into our grey two rooms to dry.

I placed a chair by the window and climbed on it to tie the four corners of each turban length to the heavy curtain rod. Each one in turn, I drew out three yards till it was folded completely in two. I grasped it firmly at its sides and swung my hands inward. The turban furrowed before me. I arced my hands outward and it became a canopy. Again inward, again outward, hands close, hands apart, as though I was back in Delhi on a flat roof under a hot sun or perhaps near a green field of wheat stretching far to the banks of the Beas.

As the water left the turbans, I began to see the room through muslin screens. The pallid⁵ walls, the radiator you try everyday to turn up hotter for me, the small windows, unnaturally high. When the turbans were lighter, I set the dining chairs with their halfmoon backs in a row in the middle of the well-worn carpet and I draped the turbans over their tops the way Gidda⁶ dancers wear their chunnis⁷ pinned tight in the centre parting of their hair. Then I sat on the carpet before them, willing them: dance for me — dance for us. The chairs stood as stiff and wooden as ignorant Canadians, though I know maple is softer than chinar.⁸

Soon the bands of cloth regained all their colour, filling the room with sheer lightness. Their splendor arched upwards, insisting upon notice, refusing the drabness, refusing the obscurity, wielding the curtain rod like the strut of a defending champion.

From the windows over my head came the sounds of a Montreal afternoon, and the sure step of purposeful feet on the sidewalk. Somewhere on a street named in English where the workers speak joul⁹ I imagined your turban making its way in the crowds, bringing you home to me.

[15] Once again I climbed on a chair and let your turbans loose. One by one, I held them to me, folding in their defiance, hushing their unruly indignation, gentling them into temporary submission. Finally, I faced them as they sat before me.

4. a type of cotton fabric

5. **Pallid (adjective):** pale

6. a popular folk dance in parts of India and Pakistan

7. a long length of material worn around the shoulders and head

8. a type of tree found in Europe and Asia

9. a popular form of Canadian French, influenced by English



Then I choose my favorite, the red one you wear less and less, and I took it to the bedroom. I unfurled the gauzy scarlet on our bed and it seemed as though I'd poured a pool of the sainted blood of all the Sikh¹⁰ martyrs there. So I took a corner and tied it to the doorknob just as you do in the mornings instead of waking me to help you. I took the diagonal corner to the very far end of the room just as you do, and rolled the scarlet inward as best I could within the cramped four walls. I had to untie it from the doorknob again to roll the other half, as I used to do every day for my father, then my brother and now you. Soon the scarlet rope lay ready.

I placed it before the mirror and began to tie it as a Sardar¹¹ would, one end clenched between my teeth to anchor it, arms raised to sweep it up to the forehead down to the nape of the neck, around again, this time higher. I wound it swiftly, deftly, till it jutted haughtily forward, adding four inches to my stature. Only when I had pinned the free end to the peak did I let the end clenched between my teeth fall. I took the saliva-darkened cord, pulled it back to where my hair bun rested low, and tucked it up over the turban, just as you do.

In the mirror I saw my father as he must have looked as a boy, my teenage brother as I remember him, you as you face Canada, myself as I need to be.

The face beneath the jaunty turban began to smile.

[20] I raised my hands to my turban's roundness, eased it from my head and brought it before me, setting it down lightly before the mirror. It asked nothing now but that I be worthy of it.

And so, my love, I will not let you cut your strong rope of hair and go without a turban into this land of strangers. The knot my father tied between my chumni and your turban is still strong between us, and it shall not fail you now. My hands will tie a turban everyday upon your head and work so we can keep it there. One day our children will say, "My father came to this country with very little but his turban and my mother learned to work because no one would hire him."

Then we will have taught Canadians what it takes to wear a turban.

"Montreal 1962" from English Lessons and Other Stories by Shauna Singh Baldwin. Copyright © 2012 by Shauna Singh Baldwin Associates, Inc. Used by permission of Publisher. All rights reserved.

10. Sikh is a monotheistic religion that was established in India.
11. a person of high rank in India

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which statement describes the main theme of the short story?
 - A. Moving to a new place creates exciting new opportunities.
 - B. It is important to hold onto who you are when you are in a new place.
 - C. Housework is time-consuming and keeps women from living their dreams.
 - D. Moving away from your family means that you will lose your connection with them.

2. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "In the dark at night you came close and your voice was a whisper though there is no one here to wake. They said I could have the job if I take off my turban and cut my hair short." (Paragraph 1)
 - B. "I took the silk back to our basement apartment, tied my hair in a tight bun, washed the heavy folds in the metal bathtub, and hung it, gold threads glinting, on a drip-dry hanger." (Paragraph 7)
 - C. "One by one, I held them to me, folding in their defiance, hushing their unruly indignation, gentling them into temporary submission." (Paragraph 15)
 - D. "And so, my love, I will not let you cut your strong rope of hair and go without a turban into this land of strangers." (Paragraph 21)

3. PART A: What connection does the narrator draw between the turbans and her family?
 - A. Being required to wash the turbans makes the narrator angry that women in her family must do housework.
 - B. Washing and folding the turbans makes the narrator realize that the memories of her family are slipping away.
 - C. Going through the process of washing the turbans makes the narrator realize that it is a family tradition that she never fully understood.
 - D. Washing and wearing the turban makes the narrator think about her family's traditions and the future of her family.

4. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "You did not have to say it. I saw it in your face as you took off your new coat and galoshes." (Paragraph 1)
 - B. "Just a few months ago, they called us exotic new Canadians, new blood to build a new country." (Paragraph 2)
 - C. "I filled the enamel sink with clean water and starch and lifted them as someday I will lift children." (Paragraph 10)
 - D. "From the windows over my head came the sounds of a Montreal afternoon, and the sure step of purposeful feet on the sidewalk." (Paragraph 14)

5. What is the narrator's realization at the end of the story, and how does washing the turbans cause her perspective to change?
