

OAKLAND CUSD #5

**ENGLISH II**  
**MAY 4 - 8, 2020**

SABRINA KILE

## Week of May 4-8, 2020

### English II - Sabrina Kile

Hello English II! Please choose two assignments for this week from the 6 choices listed below. Please email me your completed assignments no later than Monday 5/11 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! ---Mrs. Kile

Class	Choice 1	Choice 2	Choice 3	Choice 4	Choice 5	Choice 6 (Enrichment)
English II	Read the article, "High School Senior Enjoys Impromptu Virtual Prom With Her Class" and answer the questions that follow.	Read the short story, "All Summer in a Day" by Ray Bradbury and answer the questions that follow.	Read the poem, "I, Too" and answer the questions that go with it.	Create a journal entry (14 lines, name, date, and title) telling me what you plan to do first when the stay at home order is lifted. Will you go out to eat? Will you go shopping? Will you go see friends? Or will nothing change?	Write an argumentative essay about Covid-19. Choose a side. Did the governor make the right decision to extend the order to May 30 or should he have done something differently. Research and document your sources.	Read Chapter 12-14 in "To Kill a Mockingbird" and write a paragraph about what you felt was most significant in this section. <a href="https://docs.google.com/viewer?a=v&amp;pid=sites&amp;srcid=YW5udXJpc2xhbWljc2Nob29sLm9yZ3xzaXN0ZXIta2F0ZWx5bnxneDo2NjVmZmE1NzNjNjc4NWM">https://docs.google.com/viewer?a=v&amp;pid=sites&amp;srcid=YW5udXJpc2xhbWljc2Nob29sLm9yZ3xzaXN0ZXIta2F0ZWx5bnxneDo2NjVmZmE1NzNjNjc4NWM</a> Or if you have a better idea, email me for approval!

Kile - Eng. II 4/4-4/8  
Choice 1 pg 1

Friday, April 17, 2020

## High school senior enjoys impromptu virtual prom with her class

Readability Score: 6.7

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*By NBC NEWS Wednesday, April 8, 2020*

### Texas high school senior enjoys impromptu virtual prom with her class

John Evenson

Palm Beach Gardens — It's been difficult for kids across Palm Beach County and the Treasure Coast to have their schools close down. But it's been heartbreaking for graduating high school seniors. Dwyer High School was one of many schools that postponed their prom, but one senior from the school tried to make the most of it.

Dwyer senior Kayla Abramowitz has gotten used to changing things up because of the coronavirus outbreak. The Kayla Cares for Kids charity she founded has moved online keeping kids in the hospital safe & entertained ...while Kayla also stays safe with her own compromised immune system.

But Kayla admits that one of the toughest parts has been missing her highly anticipated senior prom.

"It was just really sad," says Abramowitz about how she felt earlier in the day on Saturday. "Because I never got to experience prom, it would have been my first big high school dance, and I was looking forward to it."

But after shedding lots of tears this past Saturday (what was supposed to be prom night) she decided to put on her prom dress for a photo shoot. She was surprised when her brothers Ben and Ethan decided to show their support ...and of course Mom and Dad.

"My brothers ran out and surprised me by putting on tuxedos," says Kayla, "getting all dressed up and posing with me. It just made me feel like a million bucks."

And the prom went on anyway. A virtual prom on gaming websites.

"You can put music and listen to it all at once, so we were able to have a DJ going the whole entire time."

A night so unique, Kayla and her class of 2020, as it turns out, may never forget it.

"It's definitely something that I never thought I would experience," says Kayla. "I never could have fathomed it going this way at all. It just gave me this whole sense of friendship and community that I would not have felt."

## Discussion Questions

High school senior enjoys impromptu virtual prom with her class

1. Define compromised immune system, resilience
2. What parts of the end-of-year celebrations are you missing most?
3. How has your school adapted?
4. Why is a prom so important to seniors?
5. What would be the best part about having a 'prom' in the way the article described? What would be the hardest part?
6. Why do you think her brothers' support was so encouraging to her?
7. Would you be interested in having some traditional school activities like a prom this way? Why or why not?
8. Could your school try some new ways of doing things? Could you?
9. Kayla said that she had a whole new sense of friendship and community. Do you see any of that in your COVID-19 experience? Explain.
10. Part of growing up is finding ways to overcome adversity. That often involved finding creative solutions. For a rather unusual story of a farmer who had to adapt to change, see *From Poop to Profits* and consider what else you can do to make the most of new and challenging situations.

**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 ever 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 warmth, like a blushing in the face, in the body, in the arms and legs and trembling hands. But then they always awoke to the tating 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 tumbling 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 forgotten the color and heat of it and 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!"

Her lips moved.

"Nothing!" he cried. "It was all a joke, wasn't it?" He turned to the other children. "Nothing's happening today. Is it?"

They all blinked at him and then, understanding, laughed and shook their heads.

"Nothing, 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 the 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 slacked still more.

They crowded to the huge door.

The rain stopped.

It was as if, in the midst of a film concerning an avalanche, a tornado, a hurricane, a volcanic eruption, something had, first, gone wrong with the sound apparatus, thus muffling and finally cutting off all noise, all of the blasts and repercussions and thunders, and then, second, ripped the film from the projector and inserted in its place a beautiful tropical slide which did not move or tremor. 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 in to 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 rubber and ash, this jungle, from the many years without sun. 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 the 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 sun.

"Oh. Oh."

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 cold 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 the 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 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.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

### All Summer in a Day

1. Bradbury provides a vivid description of life on Venus. Describe the setting and how it affects the mood. Why does the author begin the story this way?
2. In the beginning of the story, "the children are pressed to each other like so many roses, so many weeds, intermixed peering out for a look at the hidden sun" through the window. How do these words by the author convey tone? Why does the author create this tone?
3. Reread the paragraph beginning with "Margot stood apart". What does the reader learn about Margot's character? What does the author imply about Margot's character?
4. Reread the paragraph beginning with "Margot stood alone". Bradbury states, "She was an old photograph". What can the reader infer about how the other students view Margot based on the metaphor?
5. The phrases, "Aw, you didn't write that!" and "What're you looking at?" are the first responses that William utters to Margot. Why does William have these reactions?

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Class: \_\_\_\_\_

## I, Too

By Langston Hughes  
1926

*Langston Hughes (1902-1967) was an American poet, novelist, playwright, and social activist. Hughes was also a leading figure in the Harlem Renaissance, a social and political movement of black artists in Harlem, New York. In this poem, a speaker comments on the discrimination he faces. As you read, take notes on the speaker's thoughts about the future.*

[1] I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.  
They send me to eat in the kitchen  
When company comes,

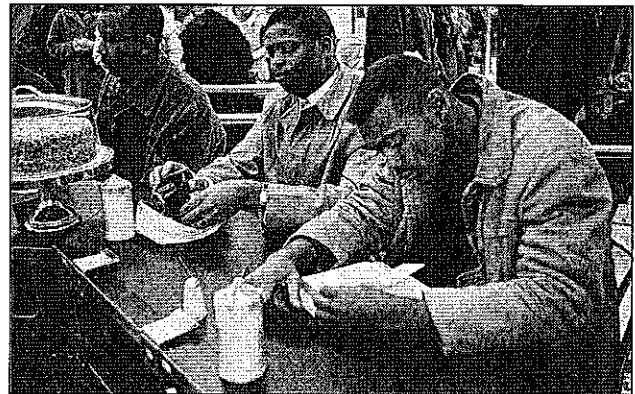
[5] But I laugh,  
And eat well,  
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,  
I'll be at the table

[10] When company comes.  
Nobody'll dare  
Say to me,  
"Eat in the kitchen,"  
Then.

[15] Besides,  
They'll see how beautiful I am  
And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.



*"Untitled" by State Archives of North Carolina is in the public domain.*

## Text-Dependent Questions

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

1. PART A: Which sentence describes the main theme of the poem?
  - A. It's important to remain hopeful, even in the face of adversity.
  - B. Social change and progress takes place more quickly than you realize.
  - C. People often don't realize the depth of their own prejudice.
  - D. The color of your skin doesn't determine whether or not you're American.
  
2. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
  - A. "I, too, sing America. / I am the darker brother." (Lines 1-2)
  - B. "They send me to eat in the kitchen / When company comes" (Lines 3-4)
  - C. "Tomorrow, / I'll be at the table" (Lines 8-9)
  - D. "They'll see how beautiful I am / And be ashamed—" (Lines 16-17)
  
3. How is the detail of the speaker being asked to eat in the kitchen important to the theme?
  - A. It emphasizes the unfair treatment the speaker receives.
  - B. It highlights the speaker's dissatisfaction with life in America.
  - C. It shows how unfriendly people are in America.
  - D. It reveals how unaffected the speaker is by discrimination.
  
4. How is the speaker affected when he is asked to eat in the kitchen?
  - A. The speaker is embarrassed that he is asked to eat in the kitchen.
  - B. The speaker is angered by the unfair treatment he receives.
  - C. The speaker is confident that things will change for the better.
  - D. The speaker is confused about the discrimination he experiences.
  
5. How does the poet's word choice contribute to the hopeful tone of the poem?

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## Discussion Questions

**Directions:** *Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.*

1. In the poem, the speaker shows how he is not treated equally in America because of his skin color. How does he respond to this discriminatory treatment? Describe a time when you felt treated unfairly because of your identity. How did you respond?
2. In the poem, the speaker expresses confidence about the equal treatment he will have tomorrow. Do you think Langston Hughes would be happy with the state of America today? Why or why not? What do you think he'd want to see change?
3. In the final line of the poem, the speaker states, "I, too, am America." What does it mean to be American? Throughout history, how has America attempted to exclude certain groups of people? Do you think that America is more inclusive of various groups of people today? Why or why not?