

The Learning Choice Academy
August 25, 2016

9th-10th Grade English - First Week's Assignments

Greetings Students!

Welcome to 9th-10th grade English! I am excited to be your teacher, and I am looking forward to an exciting and academically rewarding year.

During your first week of school, you will need to complete this packet and be prepared to submit it to me at our first class meeting.

I can't wait to get to know you, and to begin discovering and enjoying great literature together!

Assignments:

1. Review and sign the class syllabus. Bring all required materials to the first class. Please note that this includes selecting a self-guided novel.
2. Complete your "Getting to Know You" essay.
3. Read the short story provided in this packet ("The Interlopers" by Saki) and complete the response questions.
4. Complete the independent vocabulary assignment using the story, "The Interlopers."

Happy Learning!

-Mr. Chris Trompas
ctrompas@learningchoice.org

2016-2017 Study Group Syllabus: High School English (9-10)

Instructor: Mr. Christopher Trompas
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Description: High school college preparatory English courses are designed to continue the preparation for a career and/or college. Students read novels, dramas, short stories, poetry, and nonfiction works in order to learn to analyze and compare writings in terms of theme, historical influence, and literary devices employed. They will expand their vocabulary through the study of word roots, develop listening and speaking skills, and learn to write effectively and coherently. Students will produce a variety of writings including book reviews and journals, speeches, narrative, creative pieces, autobiographical, expository, analytic, reflective, argumentative, cause and effect, compare and contrast, and research-based essays.

Overview: There are four basic components to this course: Literature reading and analysis, non-fiction and rhetorical pieces, a variety of writing assignments, and vocabulary development. This is a one-year, 10 credit course.

Attendance: Weekly and punctual attendance is expected and necessary for your success.

Vocabulary: The vocabulary requirement will be met through the completion of assignments and assessments embedded in the reading and analysis of fiction and non-fiction. Students will expand their vocabulary through content-based exercises and applications.

Literature Reading and Analysis –

1) Short stories – Every learning period, you will read, annotate, discuss and explore several pieces of fiction in-class and at home.

2) **Non-fiction selections** – Every learning period, you will read and analyze non-fiction texts, both in class and as at-home assignments. For full credit, please answer thoroughly and in complete sentences

3) **Novel Reading** – Each semester, you will be reading one teacher-selected novel in its entirety. Additionally, students will self-select a novel for additional reading throughout the semester. Independent reading will be assessed near the end of the semester.

Materials Needed for Class:

- 1) 1 ½ inch binder
- 2) Notebook paper
- 3) Pencils/pens
- 4) Highlighter
- 5) Notebook dividers
- 6) Self-guided novel

Writing Assignments –

Every learning period, you will be assigned writing projects and essays that are varied in format. Final drafts must be typed and should reflect your very best efforts. Rubrics will be provided so that you will know how your writing assignment will be evaluated. Where possible, model samples will also be provided.

Approximate Weighting of Assignments & Assessments

Reading and Responses to Lit	30%
Writing Assignments	30%
Vocabulary Assignments	10%
Participation/Attendance	10%
Semester Final	20%

A note on plagiarism:

- Plagiarism is a serious offense and will result in the consequences as outlined in the TLC Parent/Student Handbook and TLC Discipline Policy.
- ALL student work should be original. If outside sources are used, they must be properly cited in MLA format.

Student signature:

Date: _____

Parent signature:

Date: _____

Week One - Getting to Know Me

Dear Student,

This first assignment will allow you to introduce yourself to me via writing, and will give you an opportunity to share a little about yourself. As your teacher, I am interested in getting to know who you are as a person, not just as a student. Please compose a 1-2 page typed, double-spaced, essay which tells me the following snippets of information about you:

The Basics:

- What is your name? What is the origin/ethnicity of your name? Also, if you know this, did your parents ever consider giving you a different name? If so, what was it?
- Do you have any siblings? If so, how many? What are their names and ages?
- How long have you been a student at TLC?
- How long have you lived in San Diego?
- What do you consider your strongest subject in school? Why?
- Do you have any pets? If so, describe them for me.

Fun Stuff:

- What is your favorite song? Why? (Please provide a reason).
- In your opinion, what is the coolest animal? Why do you feel this way?
- Name the most interesting book you have read during the past year. In what ways was it interesting to you?
- If you could spend a day anywhere, where would that be? Why?
- Describe the most severe weather you have ever experienced.
- What do you see yourself doing in five years?

I want you to have fun with this assignment. Be creative in your responses, as I will read all of them and gain valuable insight into who you are as a person!

I am looking forward to receiving your essay on our first class day.

-Mr. Chris Trompas
ctrompas@learningchoice.org

The Interlopers

by H.H. Munro (Saki)

In a forest of mixed growth somewhere on the eastern spurs of the Karpathians, a man stood one winter night watching and listening, as though he waited for some beast of the woods to come within the range of his vision, and, later, of his rifle. But the game for whose presence he kept so keen an outlook was none that figured in the sportsman's calendar as lawful and proper for the chase; Ulrich von Gradwitz patrolled the dark forest in quest of a human enemy.

The forest lands of Gradwitz were of wide extent and well stocked with game; the narrow strip of precipitous woodland that lay on its outskirts was not remarkable for the game it harboured or the shooting it afforded, but it was the most jealously guarded of all its owner's territorial possessions. A famous lawsuit, in the days of his grandfather, had wrested it from the illegal possession of a neighbouring family of petty landowners; the dispossessed party had never acquiesced in the judgment of the Courts, and a long series of poaching affrays and similar scandals had embittered the relationships between the families for three generations. The neighbour feud had grown into a personal one since Ulrich had come to be head of his family; if there was a man in the world whom he detested and wished ill to it was Georg Znaeym, the inheritor of the quarrel and the tireless game-snatcher and raider of the disputed border-forest. The feud might, perhaps, have died down or been compromised if the personal ill-will of the two men had not stood in the way; as boys they had thirsted for one another's blood, as men each prayed that misfortune might fall on the other, and this wind-scourged winter night Ulrich had banded together his foresters to watch the dark forest, not in quest of four-footed quarry, but to keep a look-out for the prowling thieves whom he suspected of being afoot from across the land boundary. The roebuck, which usually kept in the sheltered hollows during a storm-wind, were running like driven things to-night, and there was movement and unrest among the creatures that were wont to sleep through the dark hours. Assuredly there was a disturbing element in the forest, and Ulrich could guess the quarter from whence it came.

He strayed away by himself from the watchers whom he had placed in ambush on the crest of the hill, and wandered far down the steep slopes amid the wild tangle of undergrowth, peering through the tree trunks and listening through the whistling and skirling of the wind and the restless beating of the branches for sight and sound of the marauders. If only on this wild night, in this dark, lone spot, he might come across Georg Znaeym, man to man, with none to witness--that was the wish that was uppermost in his thoughts. And as he stepped round the trunk of a huge beech he came face to face with the man he sought.

The two enemies stood glaring at one another for a long silent moment. Each had a rifle in his hand, each had hate in his heart and murder uppermost in his mind. The chance had come to give full play to the passions of a lifetime. But a man who has been brought up under the code of a restraining civilisation cannot easily nerve himself to shoot down his neighbour in cold blood and without word spoken, except for an offence against his hearth and honour. And before the

moment of hesitation had given way to action a deed of Nature's own violence overwhelmed them both. A fierce shriek of the storm had been answered by a splitting crash over their heads, and ere they could leap aside a mass of falling beech tree had thundered down on them. Ulrich von Gradwitz found himself stretched on the ground, one arm numb beneath him and the other held almost as helplessly in a tight tangle of forked branches, while both legs were pinned beneath the fallen mass. His heavy shooting-boots had saved his feet from being crushed to pieces, but if his fractures were not as serious as they might have been, at least it was evident that he could not move from his present position till some one came to release him. The descending twig had slashed the skin of his face, and he had to wink away some drops of blood from his eyelashes before he could take in a general view of the disaster. At his side, so near that under ordinary circumstances he could almost have touched him, lay Georg Znaeym, alive and struggling, but obviously as helplessly pinioned down as himself. All round them lay a thick-strewn wreckage of splintered branches and broken twigs.

Relief at being alive and exasperation at his captive plight brought a strange medley of pious thank-offerings and sharp curses to Ulrich's lips. Georg, who was early blinded with the blood which trickled across his eyes, stopped his struggling for a moment to listen, and then gave a short, snarling laugh.

"So you're not killed, as you ought to be, but you're caught, anyway," he cried; "caught fast. Ho, what a jest, Ulrich von Gradwitz snared in his stolen forest. There's real justice for you!"

And he laughed again, mockingly and savagely.

"I'm caught in my own forest-land," retorted Ulrich. "When my men come to release us you will wish, perhaps, that you were in a better plight than caught poaching on a neighbour's land, shame on you."

Georg was silent for a moment; then he answered quietly:

"Are you sure that your men will find much to release? I have men, too, in the forest to-night, close behind me, and they will be here first and do the releasing. When they drag me out from under these damned branches it won't need much clumsiness on their part to roll this mass of trunk right over on the top of you. Your men will find you dead under a fallen beech tree. For form's sake I shall send my condolences to your family."

"It is a useful hint," said Ulrich fiercely. "My men had orders to follow in ten minutes time, seven of which must have gone by already, and when they get me out--I will remember the hint. Only as you will have met your death poaching on my lands I don't think I can decently send any message of condolence to your family."

"Good," snarled Georg, "good. We fight this quarrel out to the death, you and I and our foresters, with no cursed interlopers to come between us. Death and damnation to you, Ulrich von Gradwitz."

"The same to you, Georg Znaeym, forest-thief, game-snatcher."

Both men spoke with the bitterness of possible defeat before them, for each knew that it might be long before his men would seek him out or find him; it was a bare matter of chance which party would arrive first on the scene.

Both had now given up the useless struggle to free themselves from the mass of wood that held them down; Ulrich limited his endeavours to an effort to bring his one partially free arm near enough to his outer coat-pocket to draw out his wine-flask. Even when he had accomplished that operation it was long before he could manage the unscrewing of the stopper or get any of the liquid down his throat. But what a Heaven-sent draught it seemed! It was an open winter, and little snow had fallen as yet, hence the captives suffered less from the cold than might have been the case at that season of the year; nevertheless, the wine was warming and reviving to the wounded man, and he looked across with something like a throb of pity to where his enemy lay, just keeping the groans of pain and weariness from crossing his lips.

"Could you reach this flask if I threw it over to you?" asked Ulrich suddenly; "there is good wine in it, and one may as well be as comfortable as one can. Let us drink, even if to-night one of us dies."

"No, I can scarcely see anything; there is so much blood caked round my eyes," said Georg, "and in any case I don't drink wine with an enemy."

Ulrich was silent for a few minutes, and lay listening to the weary screeching of the wind. An idea was slowly forming and growing in his brain, an idea that gained strength every time that he looked across at the man who was fighting so grimly against pain and exhaustion. In the pain and languor that Ulrich himself was feeling the old fierce hatred seemed to be dying down.

"Neighbour," he said presently, "do as you please if your men come first. It was a fair compact. But as for me, I've changed my mind. If my men are the first to come you shall be the first to be helped, as though you were my guest. We have quarrelled like devils all our lives over this stupid strip of forest, where the trees can't even stand upright in a breath of wind. Lying here to-night thinking I've come to think we've been rather fools; there are better things in life than getting the better of a boundary dispute. Neighbour, if you will help me to bury the old quarrel I--I will ask you to be my friend."

Georg Znaeym was silent for so long that Ulrich thought, perhaps, he had fainted with the pain of his injuries. Then he spoke slowly and in jerks.

"How the whole region would stare and gabble if we rode into the market-square together. No one living can remember seeing a Znaeym and a von Gradwitz talking to one another in friendship. And what peace there would be among the forester folk if we ended our feud to-night. And if we choose to make peace among our people there is none other to interfere, no interlopers from outside . . . You would come and keep the Sylvester night beneath my roof, and I would come and feast on some high day at your castle . . . I would never fire a shot on your land,

save when you invited me as a guest; and you should come and shoot with me down in the marshes where the wildfowl are. In all the countryside there are none that could hinder if we willed to make peace. I never thought to have wanted to do other than hate you all my life, but I think I have changed my mind about things too, this last half-hour. And you offered me your wine-flask . . . Ulrich von Gradwitz, I will be your friend."

For a space both men were silent, turning over in their minds the wonderful changes that this dramatic reconciliation would bring about. In the cold, gloomy forest, with the wind tearing in fitful gusts through the naked branches and whistling round the tree-trunks, they lay and waited for the help that would now bring release and succour to both parties. And each prayed a private prayer that his men might be the first to arrive, so that he might be the first to show honourable attention to the enemy that had become a friend.

Presently, as the wind dropped for a moment, Ulrich broke silence.

"Let's shout for help," he said; he said; "in this lull our voices may carry a little way."

"They won't carry far through the trees and undergrowth," said Georg, "but we can try. Together, then."

The two raised their voices in a prolonged hunting call.

"Together again," said Ulrich a few minutes later, after listening in vain for an answering halloo.

"I heard nothing but the pestilential wind," said Georg hoarsely.

There was silence again for some minutes, and then Ulrich gave a joyful cry.

"I can see figures coming through the wood. They are following in the way I came down the hillside."

Both men raised their voices in as loud a shout as they could muster.

"They hear us! They've stopped. Now they see us. They're running down the hill towards us," cried Ulrich.

"How many of them are there?" asked Georg.

"I can't see distinctly," said Ulrich; "nine or ten,"

"Then they are yours," said Georg; "I had only seven out with me."

"They are making all the speed they can, brave lads," said Ulrich gladly.

"Are they your men?" asked Georg. "Are they your men?" he repeated impatiently as Ulrich did not answer.

"No," said Ulrich with a laugh, the idiotic chattering laugh of a man unstrung with hideous fear.

"Who are they?" asked Georg quickly, straining his eyes to see what the other would gladly not have seen.

"Wolves."

Questions for “The Interlopers,” by Saki

Read the short story and answer the following questions in complete sentences. Write at least three sentences for each answer. This assignment will be graded on effort and completeness.

1. What is your initial reaction after reading “The Interlopers”?

2. What were the men quarrelling about?

3. In literature, there are two basic types of conflict: “internal” and “external.” Internal conflict occurs within an individual character, while external conflict occurs between a character and outside forces. These “outside forces” can be another person, a group of people, a force of nature, the laws and customs of a society, etc. Here are some examples:

- Internal– an inside conflict
 - Man vs. self
 - For example: a hungry girl is debating whether or not to steal a candy bar from the store.
- External– an outside conflict
 - Man vs. man
 - For example: two students get into a fight over a basketball in gym class.
 - Man vs. group
 - For example: Jerome’s family doesn’t like Charmaine because she’s not from a rich family, so they belittle her every chance they get.
 - Man vs. nature
 - For example: a man fights against heavy winds but is swept away in a tornado.

What different instances of conflict do you see in this story? Give specific examples from the text. Are these conflicts internal or external?

What makes the men not want to fight anymore? How does their unfortunate situation affect their feelings toward each other?

In the disputed region of the forest, who or what holds the power at the end of the story? What do you think the author intended to say by having the story end in the way that it did?

