

Directions for Distance Learning: English I
Week 4: April 27 - May 1

Reading

- Read the short story “The Lottery” by Shirley Jackson.
- Answer the discussion questions for “The Lottery” in complete, thoughtful sentences. Feel free to work on these discussion questions with peers via FaceTime, Skype, Zoom, etc.

Grammar

- Complete the grammar assignment.

Creative Writing

- During these weeks, we will be exploring our creative writing skills. Choose one of the following prompts to answer. Aim to write a minimum of seven complete sentences.
 1. What is your favorite memory? Why? Write about it in detail.
 2. We all make mistakes. What is a recent mistake you made? How did it make you feel? Write about it.
 3. Treat today like Free Write Friday. Write about whatever you please! What’s on your mind?

JUNE 26, 1948 ISSUE

THE LOTTERY

By Shirley Jackson

June 19, 1948

Photograph by Alec Soth / Magnum Photos

The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 26th, but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took only about two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play, and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix—the villagers pronounced this name “Dellacroy”—eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at the boys, and the very small children rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather, surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted—as were the square dances, the teen-age club, the Halloween program—by Mr. Summers, who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him, because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called, “Little late today, folks.” The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three-legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool, and when Mr. Summers said, “Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?”, there was a hesitation before two men, Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done. The black box grew shabbier each year; by now it was no longer

completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them into the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves' barn and another year underfoot in the post office, and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up—of heads of families, heads of households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory, tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on, "and then I looked out the window and the kids was gone, and then I remembered it was the twenty-seventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there."

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through; two or three people said, in voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your Mrs., Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully, "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said, grinning, "Wouldn't have had me leave m'dishes in the sink, now, would you, Joe?," and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

"Well, now," Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started, get this over with, so's we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?"

"Dunbar," several people said. "Dunbar, Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar," he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

"Me, I guess," a woman said, and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband," Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

“Horace’s not but sixteen yet,” Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. “Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year.”

“Right,” Mr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, “Watson boy drawing this year?”

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. “Here,” he said. “I’m drawing for m’mother and me.” He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said things like “Good fellow, Jack,” and “Glad to see your mother’s got a man to do it.”

“Well,” Mr. Summers said, “guess that’s everyone. Old Man Warner make it?”

“Here,” a voice said, and Mr. Summers nodded.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. “All ready?” he called. “Now, I’ll read the names—heads of families first—and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?”

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions; most of them were quiet, wetting their lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, “Adams.” A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. “Hi, Steve,” Mr. Summers said, and Mr. Adams said, “Hi, Joe.” They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he stood a little apart from his family, not looking down at his hand.

“Allen,” Mr. Summers said. “Anderson. . . . Bentham.”

“Seems like there’s no time at all between lotteries any more,” Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row. “Seems like we got through with the last one only last week.”

“Time sure goes fast,” Mrs. Graves said.

“Clark. . . . Delacroix”

“There goes my old man.” Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

“Dunbar,” Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said, “Go on, Janey,” and another said, “There she goes.”

“We’re next,” Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hands, turning them over and over nervously. Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

“Harburt. . . . Hutchinson.”

“Get up there, Bill,” Mrs. Hutchinson said, and the people near her laughed.

“Jones.”

“They do say,” Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, “that over in the north village they’re talking of giving up the lottery.”

Old Man Warner snorted. “Pack of crazy fools,” he said. “Listening to the young folks, nothing’s good enough for them. Next thing you know, they’ll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live that way for a while. Used to be a saying about ‘Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.’ First thing you know, we’d all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There’s always been a lottery,” he added petulantly. “Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody.”

“Some places have already quit lotteries,” Mrs. Adams said.

“Nothing but trouble in that,” Old Man Warner said stoutly. “Pack of young fools.”

“Martin.” And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. “Overdyke. . . . Percy.”

“I wish they’d hurry,” Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. “I wish they’d hurry.”

“They’re almost through,” her son said.

“You get ready to run tell Dad,” Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, “Warner.”

“Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery,” Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. “Seventy-seventh time.”

“Watson.” The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, “Don’t be nervous, Jack,” and Mr. Summers said, “Take your time, son.”

“Zanini.”

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, “All right, fellows.” For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all the women began to speak at once, saying. “Who is it?,” “Who’s got it?,” “Is it the Dunbars?,” “Is it the Watsons?” Then the voices began to say, “It’s Hutchinson. It’s Bill,” “Bill Hutchinson’s got it.”

“Go tell your father,” Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers, “You didn’t give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn’t fair!”

“Be a good sport, Tessie.” Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, “All of us took the same

chance.”

“Shut up, Tessie,” Bill Hutchinson said.

“Well, everyone,” Mr. Summers said, “that was done pretty fast, and now we’ve got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time.” He consulted his next list. “Bill,” he said, “you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?”

“There’s Don and Eva,” Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. “Make them take their chance!”

“Daughters draw with their husbands’ families, Tessie,” Mr. Summers said gently. “You know that as well as anyone else.”

“It wasn’t fair,” Tessie said.

“I guess not, Joe,” Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. “My daughter draws with her husband’s family; that’s only fair. And I’ve got no other family except the kids.”

“Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it’s you,” Mr. Summers said in explanation, “and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that’s you, too. Right?”

“Right,” Bill Hutchinson said.

“How many kids, Bill?” Mr. Summers asked formally.

“Three,” Bill Hutchinson said. “There’s Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me.”

“All right, then,” Mr. Summers said. “Harry, you got their tickets back?”

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. “Put them in the box, then,” Mr. Summers directed. “Take Bill’s and put it in.”

“I think we ought to start over,” Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. “I tell you it wasn’t fair. You didn’t give him time enough to choose. Everybody saw that.”

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box, and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground, where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

“Listen, everybody,” Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

“Ready, Bill?” Mr. Summers asked, and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children, nodded.

“Remember,” Mr. Summers said, “take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave.” Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. “Take a paper out of the box, Davy,” Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. “Take just one paper,” Mr. Summers said. “Harry, you hold it for him.” Mr. Graves took the child’s hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

“Nancy next,” Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward, switching her skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box. “Bill, Jr.,” Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet overlarge, nearly knocked the box over as he got a paper out. “Tessie,” Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly, and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

“Bill,” Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, “I hope it’s not Nancy,” and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

“It’s not the way it used to be,” Old Man Warner said clearly. “People ain’t the way they used to be.”

“All right,” Mr. Summers said. “Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave’s.”

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it

up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill, Jr., opened theirs at the same time, and both beamed and laughed, turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

“Tessie,” Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

“It’s Tessie,” Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. “Show us her paper. Bill.”

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal-company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

“All right, folks,” Mr. Summers said. “Let’s finish quickly.”

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Mrs. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. “Come on,” she said. “Hurry up.”

Mrs. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath. “I can’t run at all. You’ll have to go ahead and I’ll catch up with you.”

The children had stones already. And someone gave little Davy Hutchinson a few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. “It isn’t fair,” she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head.

Old Man Warner was saying, “Come on, come on, everyone.” Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

“It isn’t fair, it isn’t right,” Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her. ♦

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More: **Small towns**

Name: _____

“The Lottery” Discussion Questions

Directions: *After reading Shirley Jackson’s short story “The Lottery”, answer the following questions in complete, thoughtful sentences.*

1. Why do you think so much time is spent describing the black box?

2. What do you think the purpose of the lottery is in the village? Why do you think people continue to participate in it?

3. Why do you think the lottery is such a long-standing tradition in the village? Does this compare to anything you know in real life? Explain.

4. How do you think the village people feel about the lottery? Explain.

5. What would you have done in Tessie Hutchinson’s situation? Explain.

6. How did you feel about the lottery at the end of the story? What was your reaction?

7. Do you think this sort of lottery could take place in your own community? Why or why not? Are there any events that have occurred in your community that remind you of the events in "The Lottery?"

8. How did your initial understanding of the term "lottery" compare to the lottery in the story? How did your initial understandings help or confuse your interpretation of the story?

9. Do you think this story has a message for readers? Explain your view.

LESSON 32

Prepositional Phrases

A **prepositional phrase** consists of a preposition, its object, and any modifiers of that object. A prepositional phrase adds information by relating its object to another word in the sentence. The phrase may function as an adjective or an adverb.

EXAMPLES

adjectives

Sue planned a party **with music and dancing**.

(The prepositional phrase *with music and dancing* tells what kind of party Sue planned. The phrase is used as an adjective, modifying the noun *party*.)

She found the CDs and tapes in a box **under her bed**.

(The prepositional phrase *under her bed* tells in which box Sue found the CDs and tapes. The phrase is used as an adjective, modifying the object of the prepositional phrase *in a box*.)

adverbs

Albert struggled **into his jacket**.

(The prepositional phrase *into his jacket* tells how Albert struggled. The phrase is used as an adverb, modifying the verb *struggled*.)

My friend is generous **with her time**.

(The prepositional phrase *with her time* tells how the friend is generous. The phrase is used as an adverb, modifying the adjective *generous*.)

Use prepositional phrases to create sentence variety. When every sentence in a paragraph starts with its subject, the rhythm of the sentences becomes boring. Revise your sentences, where it is appropriate, to start some with prepositional phrases.

EXAMPLE

Chad stacked sand bags **for nearly eight hours**.

For nearly eight hours Chad stacked sand bags.

EXERCISE 1

Identifying Prepositional Phrases in Literature

On the lines below, write the word that each underlined word group modifies. Then label each prepositional phrase an adjective phrase or adverb phrase.

PRINCE. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Profaners 'of this neighbor-stained steel—

Will they not hear?—What ho, you men, you beasts!

That quench the fire ²of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing ³from your veins—
On pain of torture, ⁴from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons ⁵to the ground,
And hear the sentence ⁶of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred ⁷of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet ⁸of our streets,

from "The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet" Act 1, page 504
William Shakespeare

- | | |
|----------|----------|
| 1. _____ | 5. _____ |
| 2. _____ | 6. _____ |
| 3. _____ | 7. _____ |
| 4. _____ | 8. _____ |

EXERCISE 2

Understanding Prepositional Phrases

Rewrite the following sentences so that each begins with a prepositional phrase.

1. The negotiation ended without any progress.

2. Journalists stood ravenously waiting outside the meeting rooms.

3. No progress still made headlines from their point of view.

4. Phones would be ringing at newspaper offices around the world.

5. Headlines would scream “No Progress” across a dozen front pages.

6. The negotiators started another round of meetings in their secure bunker.

7. Exhaustion had begun to show beneath their careful politeness.

8. Some began to return to their rooms during the evening meal break.

9. These men and women looked more rested at the end of the break.

10. Perhaps they’d grabbed a quick catnap in the hour away from negotiating.

EXERCISE 3

Using Prepositional Phrases in Your Writing

Write a proposal, to a member of your school council, for a school function, such as a dance or overnight field trip. Make sure to give the necessary information about who will be involved in the function, when and where the function will be, why it should happen, and what students will gain from it. Use prepositional phrases in the proposal to help express your goals, and vary the placement of the phrases in your sentences.

LESSON 33

Verbal Phrases

Verbals are verb forms that act as namers (nouns) or modifiers (adjectives and adverbs). There are three kinds of verbals: participles, gerunds, and infinitives.

Participial Phrases

A **participle** is a verb form that ends in *-ing*, *-d*, or *-ed* and acts as an adjective, modifying a noun or a pronoun. A **participial phrase** is made up of a participle and all of the words related to the participle, which may include objects, modifiers, and prepositional phrases. The entire phrase acts as an adjective.

EXAMPLES

Swimming quickly toward the shore, Diego thought eagerly about a warm shower. (The participle *swimming*, the adverb *quickly*, and the prepositional phrase *toward the shore* make up the participial phrase that modifies *Diego*.)

Jeffrey picked up the clothes **scattered around his bedroom**. (The participle *scattered* and the prepositional phrase *around his bedroom* make up the participial phrase that modifies *clothes*.)

For variety, begin some of your sentences with participial phrases. However, be sure to place each participial phrase close to the word it modifies. Otherwise, you may say something you do not mean.

EXAMPLES

misplaced participial phrase

I saw the craters on the moon looking through a telescope.

revised sentence

Looking through a telescope, I saw the craters on the moon.

EXERCISE 1

Identifying Participial Phrases in Literature

For each underlined participial phrases in the literature passage below, identify the noun or pronoun the participial phrase modifies.

The power of the story itself is evident in that it has been told for centuries; in fact, it was not even new to Shakespeare's audience. According to legend, the real story of Romeo and Juliet took place in Verona in 1303, although similar stories were told in Greece 'dating back to the second century. Shakespeare's source for the play is thought to be *The Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet*, a long poem

²written by Englishman Arthur Brooke in 1562. Brooke himself based his poem on an earlier Italian work that had been translated into French.

from "Romeo and Juliet Over the Centuries," page 617
Dorothy May

1. _____ 2. _____

EXERCISE 2

Understanding Participial Phrases

For each of the following participial phrases, write a complete sentence. Try to vary your sentence structure, but be sure to place the participial phrase close to the word it modifies.

1. soaked to the skin

2. starting last Sunday

3. filmed by a helicopter crew

4. gathering more and more speed

5. flying through the air

6. struck by lightning

7. glimpsing the grin on her sister's face

8. smelling of garlic

9. run by parents

10. diving to the ground
-

EXERCISE 3

Using Participial Phrases in Your Writing

Imagine you have to explain a recent news event to a younger brother or sister. To help your sibling understand, write a short, simple summary of the event. Use participial phrases in your summary to explain both the event and its importance.

Gerund Phrases

A **gerund phrase** is a phrase made up of a gerund (a verb form ending in *-ing*) and all of its modifiers and complements. The entire phrase functions as a noun. This means that the phrase may be the subject, predicate nominative, direct object, indirect object, or object of the preposition in a sentence. A gerund's modifiers include adjectives, adverbs, and prepositional phrases.

EXAMPLES

Waiting for the school bus gives Henry time to read. (The gerund phrase functions as the subject of the sentence.)

One of Henry's favorite quiet times is **waiting for the school bus**. (The gerund phrase functions as the predicate nominative of the sentence.)

Jim, however, hated **waiting for the school bus** more than anything else. (The gerund phrase functions as the direct object of the sentence.)

He always stopped for snacks before **waiting for the school bus**. (The gerund phrase functions as the object of the preposition.)

EXERCISE 4

Identifying Gerund Phrases

Underline the gerund phrases in the sentences below. Then write whether each gerund phrase is used as a subject, predicate nominative, direct object, indirect object, or object of the preposition.

1. Leaving his family behind while he pursued a career as an actor and a playwright was a difficult thing for Shakespeare to do.

2. Only by earning the support of a wealthy patron could a theater troupe survive.

3. Imagining the setting became easier as the audience listened to the characters' descriptions of it.

4. The fanfare of trumpets that signaled the beginning of a play was heard by some twenty-five hundred spectators, a cross-section of the Elizabethan population.

5. Reading the last scene of *Romeo and Juliet* was the best use of her time before class started.

EXERCISE 5

Understanding Gerund Phrases

Write a sentence for each of the following gerund phrases. Be sure to use each phrase as the subject, predicate nominative, direct object, indirect object, or object of a preposition.

1. spilling the pitcher of ice water

2. sitting on a crowded bus

3. meeting every voter

4. starting an hour early

5. shooting hoops

6. finishing his English course

7. calling the airport

8. playing classical music

9. eating healthy meals

10. sleeping under the stars

EXERCISE 6

Using Gerund Phrases in Your Writing

For a food magazine, write an informational paragraph explaining how to use a kitchen gadget such as a pizza slicer or handheld mixer. In your paragraph, use at least four gerund phrases.

Infinitive Phrases

An **infinitive phrase** is made up of an infinitive (a verb form preceded by the word *to*) and all its modifiers and complements. Infinitive phrases can function as nouns, adjectives, or adverbs.

EXAMPLES

He is happy **to eat strawberries with whipped cream.**

(The infinitive phrase functions as an adverb modifying *happy*.)

The general intends **to charge at the enemy's flank.**

(The infinitive phrase functions as a noun, the direct object of *intends*.)

Sometimes the *to* of an infinitive phrase is left out; it is understood.

EXAMPLES

Eli helped [to] build the deck.

I'll go [to] turn off the porch light.

EXERCISE 7

Identifying Infinitive Phrases in Literature

Identify the three infinitive phrases in the literature passage below. Beside each phrase, tell whether it is used as a noun, adjective, or adverb.

WEBSTER [*unwillingly*]. You seem to have an excellent acquaintance with the law, sir.

SCRATCH. Sir, that is no fault of mine.

Where I come from, we have always gotten the pick of the Bar.

WEBSTER [*changing his note, heartily*]. Well, come now, sir. There's no need to make hay and oats of a trifling matter when we're both sensible men. Surely we can settle this little difficulty out of court. My client is quite prepared to offer a compromise.

from "The Devil and Daniel Webster," page 628

Stephen Vincent Benét

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

EXERCISE 8

Understanding Infinitive Phrases

Complete each of the following sentences with an infinitive phrase.

1. _____ will be a huge challenge.
2. Alicia hurried _____.
3. The dog's greatest trick is _____.
4. That is an amazing theory _____.
5. The crew leader hollered _____.
6. The flowers struggled _____.
7. Surely you have the commitment _____.

8. I led the ambassador around the room _____.
9. It's thrilling _____ when you visit your hometown.
10. Father put his hand on her shoulder _____.

EXERCISE 9

Using Infinitive Phrases in Your Writing

Write a brief advertisement to help sell your favorite computer game or program. Tell what the game or program can do and why teen consumers should buy it. Use at least five infinitive phrases in your advertisement.
