

Directions for Distance Learning: English I
Week 5: May 4 - May 8

Reading

- Read the short story “The Tell Tale Heart” by Edgar Allan Poe.
- Answer the discussion questions for “The Tell Tale Heart” 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

- We have been exploring our creative writing skills. Choose one of the following prompts to answer. Aim to write a minimum of seven complete sentences.
 1. Finish the story: “Driving down the empty dirt road, I couldn’t help but notice the warm, golden gleam of the sun as it made its way down the horizon. It made me feel at peace, even for just a moment. But in reality, I was headed to...”
 2. Describe something that you could sit and stare at forever.
 3. Treat today like Free Write Friday. Write about whatever you please! What’s on your mind?

LESSON 54

Combining and Expanding Sentences

A series of short sentences in a paragraph can make your writing sound choppy and boring. The reader might also have trouble understanding how your ideas are connected. By **combining and expanding sentences** you can connect related ideas, make sentences longer and smoother, and make a paragraph more interesting to read.

One way to combine sentences is to take a key word or phrase from one sentence and insert it into another sentence.

EXAMPLES

short, choppy sentences	The squirrels scrambled up the tree trunk. They were playful.
combined sentence (with key word)	The playful squirrels scrambled up the tree trunk.
short, choppy sentences	We visited my grandfather in October. He lives on the West Coast.
combined sentence (with key phrase)	We visited my grandfather on the West Coast in October.

Another way of combining sentences is to take two related sentences and combine them by using a coordinating conjunction—*and*, *but*, *or*, *so*, *for*, *yet*, or *nor*. By using a coordinating conjunction, you can form a compound subject, a compound verb, or a compound sentence.

EXAMPLES

two related sentences	Jessica is from Upper Michigan. She often writes poetry about the landscape of that area.
combined sentence	Jessica is from Upper Michigan, and she often writes poetry about the landscape of that area. (compound sentence)
two related sentences	Cockroaches infested the abandoned warehouse. Rats lived there, too.
combined sentence	Cockroaches and rats infested the abandoned warehouse. (compound subject)
two related sentences	Snow fell throughout the night. It buried the mountain village.
combined sentence	Snow fell throughout the night and buried the mountain village. (compound verb)

EXERCISE 1

Understanding How to Combine and Expand Sentences

Combine each of the following sentence pairs by taking the underlined word or word group from the second sentence and inserting it into the first sentence. Remember: You might need to change the form of words when combining sentences.

1. The Great Depression was a severe economic crisis. It occurred during the 1930s.

2. James Agee and Walker Evans documented the lives of families during the Great Depression. The families were sharecroppers.

3. They published their work in the book *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. The book is quite moving.

4. Fifty of Evans's photographs appear in the book. The photographs are starkly realistic.

5. The two men spent about six weeks with three families. They spent six weeks in Alabama.

6. Through their words and photographs, the two men convey an attitude toward the sharecroppers. Their attitude is one of respect.

7. In one photograph a chair stands next to a blackened stove. The chair is broken.

8. In another photograph a mother comforts a child. The child is in her arms.

9. The sharecroppers spent many long hours in the fields picking cotton. The fields were hot and dusty.

10. The Great Depression affected the lives of millions of Americans. The effect was profound.

EXERCISE 2

Using Coordinating Conjunctions to Combine Sentences

Combine each of the following sentence pairs by using one of the following coordinating conjunctions—*and*, *but*, *or*, *so*, *for*, *yet*, or *nor*. Remember to insert a comma if necessary.

1. Harold wanted to play outside. He decided to continue practicing his violin.

2. Aunt Louise hoped Harold would continue his violin lessons. She hoped he would become a famous musician someday.

3. Harold practiced playing the violin until supper. He often played basketball in the evening.

4. After shooting baskets, Harold did his homework. He also jumped rope.

5. At 9:00 p.m., Aunt Louise called for Harold. He had to quit playing and go inside the house.

6. Aunt Louise told Harold to take out the garbage. His brother Jeff had already taken the garbage to the curb.

7. Jeff might have done it out of the goodness of his heart. Maybe he wanted Harold to do a favor for him in return.

8. Harold went upstairs to Jeff's room. He asked him why he took out the garbage.

9. Jeff had a list to read to Harold. He asked Harold to have a seat.

10. Harold had no intention of doing all that Jeff requested. He stayed and listened to his brother anyway.



The Tell-Tale Heart

IT'S TRUE! YES, I HAVE BEEN ILL, very ill. But why do you say that I have lost control of my mind, why do you say that I am mad? Can you not see that I have full control of my mind? Is it not clear that I am not mad? Indeed, the illness only made my mind, my feelings, my senses stronger, more powerful. My sense of hearing especially became more powerful. I could hear sounds I had never heard before. I heard sounds from heaven; and I heard sounds from hell!

Listen! Listen, and I will tell you how it happened. You will see, you will hear how healthy my mind is.

It is impossible to say how the idea first entered my head. There was no reason for what I did. I did not hate the old man; I even loved him. He had never hurt me. I did not want his money. I think it was his eye. His eye was like the eye of a **vulture**, the eye of one of those terrible birds that watch and wait while an animal dies, and then fall upon the dead body and pull it to pieces to eat it. When the old man looked at me with his vulture eye a cold feeling went up and down my



back; even my blood became cold. And so, I finally decided I had to kill the old man and close that eye forever!

So you think that I am mad? A madman cannot plan. But you should have seen me. During all of that week I was as friendly to the old man as I could be, and warm, and loving.

Every night about twelve o'clock I slowly opened his door. And when the door was opened wide enough I put my hand in, and then my head. In my hand I held a light covered over with a cloth so that no light showed. And I stood there quietly. Then, carefully, I lifted the cloth, just a little, so that a single, thin, small light fell across that eye. For seven nights I did this, seven long nights, every night at midnight. Always the eye was closed, so it was impossible for me to do the work. For it was not the old man I felt I had to kill; it was the eye, his Evil Eye.

And every morning I went to his room, and with a warm, friendly voice I asked him how he had slept. He could not guess that every night, just at twelve, I looked in at him as he slept.

The eighth night I was more than usually careful as I opened the door. The hands of a clock move more quickly than did my hand. Never before had I felt so strongly my own power; I was now sure of success.

The old man was lying there not dreaming that I was at his door. Suddenly he moved in his bed. You may think I became afraid. But no. The darkness in his room was thick and black. I knew he could not see the opening of the door. I continued to push the door, slowly, softly. I put in my head. I put in my hand, with the covered light. Suddenly the old man sat straight up in bed and cried, "Who's there??!"

I stood quite still. For a whole hour I did not move. Nor did I hear him again lie down in his bed. He just sat there, listening. Then I heard a sound, a low cry of fear which escaped from the old man. Now I knew that he was sitting up in his bed, filled with fear; I knew that he knew that I was there. He did not see me there. He could not hear me there. He felt me there. Now he knew that Death was standing there.

Slowly, little by little, I lifted the cloth, until a small, small light escaped from under it to fall upon — to fall upon that vulture eye! It was open — wide, wide open, and my anger increased as it looked straight at me. I could not see the old man's face. Only that eye, that

hard blue eye, and the blood in my body became like ice.

Have I not told you that my hearing had become unusually strong? Now I could hear a quick, low, soft sound, like the sound of a clock heard through a wall. It was the beating of the old man's heart. I tried to stand quietly. But the sound grew louder. The old man's fear must have been great indeed. And as the sound grew louder my anger became greater and more painful. But it was more than anger. In the quiet night, in the dark silence of the bedroom my anger became fear — for the heart was beating so loudly that I was sure some one must hear. The time had come! I rushed into the room, crying, "Die! Die!" The old man gave a loud cry of fear as I fell upon him and held the bedcovers **tightly** over his head. Still his heart was beating; but I smiled as I felt that success was near. For many minutes that heart continued to beat; but at last the beating stopped. The old man was dead. I took away the bedcovers and held my ear over his heart. There was no sound. Yes. He was dead! Dead as a stone. His eye would **trouble** me no more!



So I am mad, you say? You should have seen how careful I was to put the body where no one could find it. First I cut off the head, then the arms and the legs. I was careful not to let a single drop of blood fall on the floor. I pulled up three of the boards that formed the floor, and put the pieces of the body there. Then I put the boards down again, carefully, so carefully that no human eye could see that they had been moved.

As I finished this work I heard that someone was at the door. It was now four o'clock in the morning, but still dark. I had no fear, however, as I went down to open the door. Three men were at the door, three officers of the

police. One of the neighbors had heard the old man's cry and had called the police; these three had come to ask questions and to search the house.

I asked the policemen to come in. The cry, I said, was my own, in a dream. The old man, I said, was away; he had gone to visit a friend in the country. I took them through the whole house, telling them to search it all, to search well. I led them finally into the old man's bedroom. As if playing a game with them I asked them to sit down and talk for a while.

My easy, quiet manner made the policemen believe my story. So they sat talking with me in a friendly way. But although I answered them in the same way, I soon wished that they would go. My head hurt and there was a strange sound in my ears. I talked more, and faster. The sound became clearer. And still they sat and talked.

Suddenly I knew that the sound was not in my ears, it was not just inside my head. At that moment I must have become quite white. I talked still faster and louder. And the sound, too, became louder. It was a quick, low, soft sound, like the sound of a clock heard through a wall, a sound I knew well. Louder it became, and louder. Why did the men not go? Louder, louder. I stood up and walked quickly around the room. I pushed my chair across the floor to make more noise, to cover that terrible sound. I talked even louder. And still the men sat and talked, and smiled. Was it possible that they could not hear??

No! They heard! I was certain of it. They knew! Now it was they who were playing a game with me. I was suffering more than I could bear, from their smiles, and from that sound. Louder, louder, louder! Suddenly I could bear it no longer. I pointed at the boards and cried, "Yes! Yes, I killed him. Pull up the boards and you shall see! I killed him. But why does his heart not stop beating?! Why does it not stop!?"

LESSON 58

Varying Sentence Beginnings

Just as you probably wouldn't like to eat the same thing for breakfast every morning, your readers wouldn't enjoy reading the same sentence pattern in every paragraph. By **varying sentence beginnings**, you can give your sentences rhythm, create variety, and keep your readers engaged.

Sentences often begin with a subject. To vary sentence beginnings, start some sentences with a one-word modifier, a prepositional phrase, a participial phrase, or a subordinate clause.

EXAMPLES

subject

She occasionally likes to fly a kite at the park.

one-word modifier

Occasionally, she likes to fly a kite at the park.

prepositional phrase

During breakfast he always reads the sports section of the paper.

participial phrase

Recalling yesterday's game, the coach devised a new strategy.

subordinate clause

Since it may rain tomorrow, Derrick mowed the lawn tonight.

EXERCISE 1

Identifying Varying Sentence Beginnings in Literature

Underline the varying sentence beginnings in the following passage. Read the passage aloud to hear the rhythm and interest that the variety creates.

That same night she worked into the early hours boiling chicken and frying ham. She made dough and filled the rolled-out pastry with meat. At last she went to sleep.

The next morning she left her house carrying the meat pies, lard, an iron brazier, and coals for a fire. Just before lunch she appeared in an empty lot behind the cotton gin. As the dinner noon bell rang, she dropped the savors into boiling fat and the aroma rose and floated over to the workers who spilled out of the gin, covered with white lint, looking like specters.

*from "New Directions," page 853
Maya Angelou*

EXERCISE 2

Understanding How to Vary Sentence Beginnings

Revise the following paragraph to vary sentence beginnings.

Jack Stone writes historical novels about the Boer War. He gathered information about the setting for his works by spending over a year in South Africa. Stone has also visited several historical archives in England to further his research. He has written three novels and is currently working on a fourth. Stone covers the Boer War from the perspective of a British Major and is planning to complete a five-novel series. Stone has been well received by the critics and has developed a large base of readers.

EXERCISE 3

Using Varying Sentence Beginnings in Your Writing

For your English teacher, write a paragraph about the characteristics and actions of one of your favorite characters in literature. Vary sentence beginnings in the paragraph.

LESSON 52

Sentence Fragments

A sentence contains a subject and a verb and expresses a complete thought. A **sentence fragment** is a word or word group that does not express a complete thought but that has been punctuated as though it does.

EXAMPLES

complete sentence	The hungry raccoon climbed into the garbage can.
sentence fragment	Climbed into the garbage can. (The subject is missing.)
sentence fragment	The hungry raccoon. (The verb is missing.)
sentence fragment	Into the garbage can. (The subject and verb are missing.)

As a rule, sentence fragments should be avoided. For stylistic reasons, however, authors sometimes include sentence fragments in their work.

EXERCISE 1

Identifying Sentence Fragments in Literature

Identify each of the following items as either a *sentence* or a *sentence fragment*.

1. We take you there. _____
2. Gone! _____
3. You shoot it. _____
4. Silence. _____
5. His fingers twitched. _____
6. Time was a film run backward. _____
7. The Machine stopped. _____
8. A sound of thunder. _____
9. Suddenly it all ceased, as if someone had shut a door. _____
10. After the nightmare, morning. _____

from "A Sound of Thunder," page 876

Ray Bradbury

EXERCISE 2

Understanding Sentence Fragments

In the blank provided, write what is missing in each of the following sentence fragments—subject, verb, or subject and verb.

- _____ 1. under the blue car
- _____ 2. landed the damaged airplane
- _____ 3. a towering jagged mountain
- _____ 4. the ferocious shark
- _____ 5. performed on the main stage
at the fairgrounds
- _____ 6. in front of the shed
- _____ 7. up in the old oak tree
- _____ 8. darted into the hole in the
floorboards
- _____ 9. the governor and his entourage
- _____ 10. glanced at the morning newspaper

EXERCISE 3

Correcting Sentence Fragments

Correct each of the following sentence fragments. Make each fragment into a complete sentence by supplying the missing element(s).

- 1. breathed the fresh country air

- 2. in the darkest cell in the dungeon

- 3. the tree at the top of the hill

- 4. sold the rusty tractor

5. a shooting star

6. about the rickety old stairs

7. on top of the statue

8. the winding river south of town

9. behind the garage

10. read his popular poems at the coffee shop

Name: _____

“The Tell Tale Heart” Discussion Questions

Directions: *After reading Edgar Allan Poe’s short story “The Tell Tale Heart”, answer the following questions in complete, thoughtful sentences.*

1. What is the significance of the title of the story, “The Tell Tale Heart”? What does the title mean?
2. Why does the narrator call himself “nervous” but not “mad” in paragraph one? What does this tell us about him? How does the author’s point of view impact the telling of the story?
3. What do you think the relationship between the old man and the narrator is? What could have been the reason for the old man’s “vulture eye”?
4. Do you think the narrator would have killed the man if he did not have an “evil eye”? Cite evidence from the text to support your answer.
5. The two main symbols in the story are the eye and the heart. What do these symbols represent? Why are they important?
6. What sound does the narrator hear after the murder? In reality, what could it be? Why does it get louder and louder?
7. Poe is known for using repetition in his work. Find a line that is repeated and tell how it impacts the story.

Focus Passage 1

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution— with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it— oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man’s sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! Would a madman have been so wise as this?

8. The narrator claims to have several qualities that insane people don’t have. Circle the qualities that he mentions. In your opinion, does having those qualities prove his sanity—or not? Explain.

Focus Passage 2

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man’s face or person, for I had directed the ray, as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but overacuteness of the senses?—now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well too. It was the beating of the old man’s heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

9. Underline three visual images, details that help you picture what is happening. Then, circle three sound images, details that help you hear what is happening.