

Home Instruction Packet for English III

Mrs. Mooney

Period 8 Mr. Silberlight

In this packet you will find all of the **materials and assessments you need to complete assignments over the course of** our school closure. All work should be emailed back to me **completed** thoroughly no later than 12:00 PM on the day **the work was assigned**. For those of you without **any internet access**, I will collect this work upon our return to school. All work will be **graded and counted towards** your marking period grade. **For those of you who do have internet access at home, the assignments will be posted on the school web site.**

Here is the schedule of due **dates for each assignment:**

Lesson 1 will be due on Monday by midnight **the week it is assigned.**

Lesson 2 will be due on Wednesday by midnight the week it is assigned.

Lesson 3 will be due on Friday by midnight **the week it is assigned.**

I am available to support you during the hours 7:50am-2:50 pm **to answer any of your questions. I will be responding to your** emails within the hour.

You contact me at KMooney@rpsd.org

Week 1

Lesson 1

Lesson: Reading comprehension and close reading analysis

Read the article "Kids Don't Know the Dangers of Vaping" and take notes on the article. This article is also posted on Genesis.

Lesson 2

Type a one-page summary which addresses a) What are the dangers of vaping? and b) How are schools trying to prevent vaping among teenagers?

Lesson 3

Read "Thank You, Ma'am." Take notes as you read.

Week 2

Lesson 1

Complete quiz for "Thank You, Ma'am." Number paper 1-11 and select the correct answer.

Lesson 2

Read "There Will Come Soft Rains." Take notes and write annotations as you read.

Lesson 3

Complete the quiz on “There Will Come Soft Rains.”

Week 3

Lesson 1

Read “The Monkey's Paw

Lesson 2

Complete "Close Read/ACT Prep" for "The Monkey's Paw"

Lesson 3

Work on research for college 3 (college research paper).

"What are the Dangers of Vaping?"

Health

Kids don't know the dangers of vaping and schools are desperate to educate

A high school student uses a vaping device near a school campus in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Photo by: Steven Senne/AP Photo

By Education Week, adapted by Newsela staff

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There have been reports of at least one death linked to vaping. Vaping is inhaling nicotine in vapor form using an electronic device. Dozens of teens and young adults have recently been hospitalized from vaping. There are even reports of electronic cigarettes exploding and causing injuries.

School leaders are anxious about the rise of electronic-cigarettes. They are vowing to intensify prevention and treatment.

Many administrators were caught off-guard when the vaping trend started to take off several years ago. They tried to tackle the issue with various approaches.

They tried strict zero-tolerance policies such as mandatory suspensions for students caught vaping or with vaping paraphernalia on campus. They also tried programs teaching high school and middle school students the dangers of vaping.

However, educators are reconsidering their disciplinary approach.

Administrators in one high school near Milwaukee, Wisconsin, installed devices in bathrooms that detect vaping. The devices send automatic email alerts to the associate principal.

"I would rather convince a kid to not start, than to ever have to convince them to stop," Principal Gregg Wiczorek said.

Vaping Puts Teens

At Risk

In Colorado, the Boulder Valley School District developed a community-wide approach. About 33 percent of Boulder Valley high school students vape.

The school district is focusing on prevention efforts. Those efforts include educating students about the risks of vaping, as well as how to make good decisions. Other efforts include informational parent nights with the county's public health department, law enforcement and local doctors.

The district is also supporting a series of measures before the Boulder City Council. Those measures would ban the sale of flavored nicotine and tobacco products. It would also raise the minimum age to buy nicotine and tobacco products from 18 to 21.

Educators and health experts also worry about the long-term effects of nicotine on students' developing brains.

Experts agree that vaping is harmful to students' bodies and brains. There are toxic chemicals and metals in many e-cigarettes. Vaping can cause respiratory issues, potential cardiovascular problems and even seizures.

However, many teens are not aware of such hazards of vaping. The National Institute on Drug Abuse found that 66 percent of teens believe their e-cigarettes contain just flavoring.

Students may not know that they contain harmful substances such as nicotine, lead and cancer-causing chemicals, according to Ashley Merianos, an associate professor at the University of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sending The Right Message

About Smoking

Another concern is that a significant number of teenagers who start vaping progress to traditional cigarettes within six months.

Merianos, who specializes in adolescent substance use prevention, said education and counseling in conjunction with discipline are important tools.

However, educating today's teens on the harmful effects of vaping may be more complicated than that of regular cigarettes and chewing tobacco.

E-cigarettes are generally believed to be better than smoking regular cigarettes for adults. It is also viewed as a pathway to quitting. That contradiction makes e-cigarette messaging difficult, according to experts.

However, not all educators think that heavily punitive measures like suspension alone are the right way to deal with this issue.

In the Arrowhead district in Wisconsin, for example, even the threat of being suspended from school sports did not prevent athletes from vaping on campus.

Parents are key allies. They must set the tone at home that there is a zero-tolerance policy for drugs, school officials say.

School officials in Boulder, Colorado, have been developing a comprehensive approach over the last two years.

Elizabeth Blackwell saw an "explosion of vaping incidents" when she started as a nurse at Fairview High School in Boulder, Colorado.

Working with a dean, Blackwell started sending informational letters to parents

discussing the prevalence of vaping. This was a key step because parents were not talking to their children about vaping.

They also organized professional development for nurses, school counselors and teachers, including explaining the types of devices and the vocabulary that students use. They also discussed the health effects and how to refer students for treatment.

Blackwell also introduced a screening, intervention and referral program to reduce the time students were out of school.

Make Healthy Decisions

Students were not always receptive or were dismissive of the concerns over vaping.

That start at Fairfield has evolved into a collaborative district approach. Now there are both prevention and awareness strategies that include the school community and the city.

The prevention program was expanded this spring to the elementary school level. There, students are taught about making good decisions and how to say no to vaping. They are also taught to question advertising for e-cigarettes.

Officials had learned from students that high school is too late to start talking about vaping, and that parents were not talking about it at home.

It will be another year before Boulder Valley obtains data from the Healthy Kids Colorado Survey to see the full impact of their efforts. But they are confident that their collaborative approach with the city and community groups is having an impact.

"I do think that knowledge is power, and I do think that information is important," Blackwell said.

Thank You, Ma'am (by Langston Hughes)

She was a luge woman with a large purse that had everything in it but hammer and nails. It had a long strap, and she carried it slung across her shoulder. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and she was walking alone, when a boy ran up behind her and tried to snatch her purse. The strap broke with the single tug the boy gave it from behind. But the boy's weight and the weight of the purse combined caused him to lose his balance so, instead of taking off full blast as he had hoped, the boy fell on his back on the sidewalk, and his legs flew up. The large woman simply turned around and kicked him right square in his blue-jeaned sitter. Then she reached down, picked the boy up by his shirt front, and shook him until his legs rallied.

Aller that the woman said, "Pick up my pocketbook, boy, and give it here." She still held him. But she bent down enough to permit him to stoop and pick up her purse. Then she said, "Now ain't you ashamed of yourself?!"

Firmly gripped by his shirt front, the boy said, "Yes'in."

The woman said, "What did you want to do it for?)"

The boy said, "I didn't aim to."

She said, "You a lie!"

By that time (two or three people passed, stopped, turned to look, and some stood watching.

"If I turn you loose, will you run?" asked the woman.

"Yes'm," said the boy.

"Then I won't turn you loose," said the woman. She did not release him.

"I'm very sorry, lady, I'm sorry," whispered the boy.

"Um-hum! And your face is dirty. I got a great mind to wash your lace for you. Ain't you got nobody home to tell you to wash your face?"

"No'm," said the boy.

"Then it. will get washed this evening," said the large woman starting up the street, dragging the frightened boy behind her.

He looked as if he were Fourteen or listeen, Trail and willow-wild, in tennis shoes and blue jeans.

The woman said, "You ought to be my son. I would teach you right from wrong. Least I can do right now' is to wash your face. Are you hungry??"

"No'in," said the being dragged boy. "I just want you to turn me loose."

"Was I bothering you when I luurned that comer?" asked the woman.

"No'm
."

"But you put yourself in contact with *me*," said the woman. "If you think that that contact is not going to last awhile, you got another thought coming. When I get through with you, sir, you are going to reinember Mrs. Luella Bales Washington Jones."

Sweal popped out on the boy's face and he began to stuggle. Mrs. Jones stopped, jerked him around in front of her, put a hall-nelson about his neck, and continued to drag him up the street. When she got to her door, she dragged the boy inside, down a hall, and into a large kitchenette furnished room at the rear of the house. She switched on the light and left the door open. The boy could hear other roomers laughing and talking in the large house. Some of their doors were open, lov, so he knew he and the woman were not alone. The woman still had him by the neck in the middle of her room.

She said, "What is your name:?"

"Roger," answered the boy.

"Then, Roger, you go to that sink and wash your face," said the woman, whereupon she turned him loose-at last. Roger looked at the door-looked at the woman-looked at the door *and went to the sink.*

Let the waler rum until it gets warm," she said. "Here's a clean towel."

"You gonna take me to jail!" asked the boy, bending over the sink.

"Not with that lace, I would not take you nowhere," said the woman. "Here I am trying to get home to cook me a bite to eat and vou snatch my pocketbook! Maybe, you ain't been to your supper either, late as ii be. Have you?"

"There's nobody home at any house," said the boy.

"Then we'll eai," said the woman, "I believe you're hungry-or been hungry-to try to snatch my pockekbook."

"I wanted a pair of blue suede shoes," said the boy.

"Well, you didn't have to snatch my pocketbook to get some suede shoes," said Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones. "You could of asked me."

"M'am"

The water dripping from his face, the boy looked at her. There was a long pause. A very long pause. After he had dried his face and not knowing what else to do dried it again, the boy turned around, wondering what next. The door was open. He could make a dash for it down the hall. He could run, run, run, run, *run!*

The woman was sitting on the clav-bed. After a while she said, "I were young once and I wanted things I could not get."

There was another long pause. The boy's mouth opened. Then he frowned, but not knowing he frowned.

The woman said, "Um-hum! You thought I was going to say *but*, didn't you? You thought I was going to *say, but I didn't snatch people's pocketbooks.* Well, I wasn't going to say that." Pause. Silence. "I have done things, too, which I would not tell you, son-neither tell God,

if he didn't already know. So you set down while I **lix us** something to **eat**. You might **run** that comb **through** your hair so you will look presentable."

In another corner of the room behind a screen was a gas plate and an icebox. Mrs. Jones got up and went behind the screen. The woman did not watch **the** boy to see if he was going to **run** now, nor did she watch her purse which she left behind her on **the** day-bed. But the **boy** took care to sit on the far side of the **room** where he thought she could easily see him out of the corner of her eye, if she wanted to. He did not trust the woman *not* to trust him. And he did not want to be inistrusted now.

"Do **you** need somebody to go to the store," asked the boy, "maybe to get some milk or something?"

"Don't believe I do," said the woman, "unless you just want sweet milk yourself. I was going to make cocoa out of this canned milk I got here."

"That will be fine," said the boy.

She heated some lima beans and ham she had in the icebox, made the cocoa, and set the table. The woman did not ask the boy anything about where he lived, or his folks, **or** anything else that would embarrass him. Instead, as they ate, she told him about her job in a hotel beauty-shop that stayed **open** late, what the work was like, and how all kinds of women came in and out, blondes, red-heads, and Spanish. Then she cut him a half of her ten-cent cake.

"Eat some more, son," she said.

When they were finished eating she got up and said, "Now, here, take this ten dollars and buy yourself some blue suede shoes. And next time, do not make the mistake of latching onto *my* pocketbook *wor nobody else's*--because shoes come by **devilish** like that will **burn** your feet. I golly get my **rest** now. But I wish you would behave yourself, son, **from** here on in."

She led him down the hall to the front door and opened it. "Good-night! Behave yourself, boy!" she said, looking out into the street.

The boy wanted to say something else other than "Thank you, **m'am**" to Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones, but he couldn't do so as he turned at the barren sloop and looked back at the large woman in the door. He barely managed to say "Thank

you" before she shut the door. And he never saw her again.

Nam

e:

*"Thank You
Ma'am"*

by Langston
Hughes

1. What does the boy attempt to steal? A.

A cell phone B. **A car** C. A purse D.

A bicycle E. Earrings

2. What does the boy's intended victim do in

response? A. She screams for help B. She dials 911

C. She faints, but quickly regains consciousness D. She

kicks him in the backside E. She gives him a stern

lecture on morality

3. Why won't the boy be "turned loose"? A. He is a danger

to those nearby B. He confesses he will run away C. He has

a criminal history and must be arrested D. He confesses he will

just try to steal again E. He has agreed to do

community service before being released

4. Why does the woman start dragging the boy up

the street? A. She's going to have his face washed B. She's

going to put soap in his mouth C. She's going to take him to

the police station personally D. She's going to confront the

boy's parents with the boy beside her E. She's going to

teach him to respect his elders

5. Readers learn that the boy's name

is... A. Raymond B. Roger C. Arnold D.

6. After the boy agrees to do what Mrs. Jones instructs him to do, what does he ask?
A. "You gonna tell my parents about this?" B. "You gonna take me to jail?" C. "You gonna let me go home after this?" D. "You gonna take me to a doctor?"
E. "You gonna pray for me?"

7. Afterward, what does Mrs. Jones offer the boy? A. A deal -- for him to clean her house in exchange for letting him go B. A deal -- for him to write a letter of apology in exchange for letting him go
C. Money D. A backpack E. Supper

8. What reason does the boy give for trying to steal money from Mrs. Jones?
A. He wanted to buy shoes B. He wanted to buy food C. He wanted to buy drugs
D. He wanted to buy CDs E. He wanted to help his mom pay this month's rent

9. As Mrs. Jones prepares a meal, the boy chooses to sit on the far side of the room. Why?

A. He wants her to trust him B. He is afraid of her and wants to stay as far away as possible
C. He is debating whether to run off, and this location makes for the easiest **getaway**
D. He wants to be near her son, who has been through similar hardships in the past,
and talk E. He wants to give her space

10. What does Mrs. Jones wish near the end of the story? A.

That the boy had never tried to steal from her B. That the boy will behave from now on C. That the boy were her own son D. That the boy's family were wealthy like she is E. That the boy share his story with other boys his age

11. The story ends... A. With the boy's parents picking him up, grateful to Mrs. Jones B. With the boy wanting to express gratitude, but not being able to do so C. With the boy going home, imagining what his role model would think about him D. With the boy bowing his head, crying gently as Mrs. Jones finishes the meal E. With the police responding to Mrs. Jones request for help, only to be turned away by Mrs. Jones now that the boy has learned a lesson

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Teacher Kind

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Ray Bradbury. There Will Come
Soft Rains

There Will Come Soft Rains

By: Ray
Bradbury

In the living room the voice-clock sang, *Tick-tock, seven o'clock, time to get up, time to get up, seven o'clock!* as if it were afraid that nobody would. The morning house lay empty. The clock ticked on, repeating and repeating its sounds into the emptiness. *Seven-nine, breakfast time, seven-nine!*

In the kitchen the breakfast stove gave a hissing sigh and ejected from its warm interior eight pieces of perfectly browned toast, eight eggs sunny side

up, sixteen slices of bacon, two coffees, and two cool glasses of milk.

"Today is August 4, 2026," said a second voice from the kitchen ceiling, *"in the city of Allendale, California."* It repeated the date three times for memory's sake. *"Today is Mr. Featherstone's birthday. Today is the anniversary of Tilita's marriage. Insurance is payable, as are the water, gas, and light bills."*

Somewhere in the walls, relays clicked, memory tapes glided under electric eyes.

Eight-one, tick-tock, eight-one o'clock, off to school, off to work, run, run, eight-one! But no doors slammed, no carpets took the soft tread of rubber heels. It was raining outside. The weather box on the front door sang quietly: *"Rain, rain, go away; umbrellas, raincoats for today..."* And the rain tapped on the empty house, echoing.

Outside, the garage chimed and lifted its door to reveal the waiting car. After a long wait the door swung down again.

At eight-thirty the eggs were shrivelled and the toast was like stone. An aluminium wedge scraped them into the sink, where hot water whirled them down a metal throat which digested and flushed them away to the distant sea. The dirty dishes were dropped into a hot washer and emerged twinkling dry.

Nine-fifteen, sang the clock,
time to clean.

Out of warrens in the wall, tiny robot mice darted. The rooms were a crawl with the small cleaning animals, all rubber and metal. They thudded against chairs, whirling their moustached runners, kneading the rug nap, sucking gently at hidden dust. Then, like mysterious invaders, they popped

into their burrows. Their pink electric eyes faded. The house was clean.

Ten o'clock. The sun came out from behind the rain. The house stood alone in a city of rubble and ashes. This was the one house left standing. At night the ruined city gave off a radioactive glow which could be seen for miles.

Ten-fifteen. The garden sprinklers whirled up in golden founts, filling the soft morning air with scatterings of brightness. The water pelted window panes, running down the charred west side

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Ray Bradbury. There Will Come Soft Rains where the house had been burned, evenly free of its white paint. The entire west face of the house was black, save for five places. Here the silhouette in paint of a man mowing a lawn. Here, as in a photograph, a woman bent to pick flowers. Still farther over, their images burned on wood in one titanic instant, a small boy, hands flung into the air; higher up, the image of a thrown ball, and opposite him a girl, hands raised to catch a ball which never came down.

The five spots of paint - the man, the woman, the children, the ball - remained. The rest was a thin charcoaled layer.

The gentle sprinkler rain filled the garden with falling light.

Until this day, how well the house had kept its peace. How carefully it had inquired, "Who goes there? What's the password?" and, getting no answer from lonely foxes and whining cats, it had shut up its windows and drawn shades in an old-maidenly preoccupation with self-protection

which bordered on a mechanical paranoia.

It quivered at each sound, the house did. If a sparrow brushed a window, the shade snapped up. The bird, startled, flew off! No, not even a bird must touch the house!

Twelve
noon.

A dog whined, shivering, on the
front porch.

The front door recognized the dog voice and opened. The dog, once huge and fleshy, but now gone to bone and covered with sores, moved in and through the house, tracking mud. Behind it whirred angry mice, angry at having to pick up mud, angry at inconvenience.

For not a leaf fragment blew under the door but what the wall panels flipped open and the copper scrap rats flashed swiftly out. The offending dust, hair, or paper, seized in miniature steel jaws, was raced back to the burrows. There, down tubes which fed into the cellar, it was dropped into the sighing vent of an incinerator which sat like evil Baal in a dark corner.

The dog ran upstairs, hysterically yelping to each door, at last realizing, as the house realized, that only silence was here.

It sniffed the air and scratched the kitchen door. Behind the door, the stove was making pancakes which filled the house with a rich baked odour and the scent of maple syrup.

The dog frothed at the mouth, lying at the door, sniffing, its eyes turned to fire. It ran wildly in circles, biting at its tail, spun in a frenzy, and died. It lay in the parlor for an hour.

Two o'clock, sang a

voice.

Delicately sensing decay at last, the regiments of mice hummed out as softly as blown gray leaves in an electrical wind.

Two-fifteen.
n.

www.dennissylvesterhurd.com/blog/softrain.htm

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Ray Bradbury. There Will
Come Soft Rains

The dog
was gone.

In the cellar, the incinerator glowed suddenly and a whirl of sparks leaped up the chimney.

Two
thirty-five.

Bridge tables sprouted from patio walls. Playing cards fluttered onto pads in a shower of pips. Martinis manifested on an oaken bench with egg-salad sandwiches. Music played.

But the tables were silent and the cards untouched.

At four o'clock the tables folded like great butterflies back through the paneled walls .

Four-thirty

The nursery walls glowed.

Animals took shape: yellow giraffes, blue lions, pink antelopes, lilac panthers cavorting in crystal substance. The walls were glass. They looked out upon color and fantasy. Hidden films clocked through well-oiled sprockets, and the walls lived. The nursery floor was woven to resemble a crisp, cereal meadow. Over this ran aluminum roaches and iron crickets, and in the hot still air butterflies of delicate red tissue wavered among the sharp aroma of animal spoor! There was the sound like a great matted yellow hive of bees within a dark bellows, the lazy bumble of a purring lion. And there was the patter of okapi feet and the murmur of a fresh jungle rain, like other hoofs, falling upon the summer-starched grass. Now the walls dissolved into distances of parched grass, mile on mile, and warm endless sky. The animals drew away into thorn brakes and water holes. It was the children's hour.

Five o'clock. The bath filled with clear hot water.

Six, seven, eight o'clock. The dinner dishes manipulated like magic tricks, and in the study a click. In the metal stand opposite the hearth where a fire now blazed up warmly, a cigar popped out, half an inch of soft gray ash on it, smoking, waiting.

Nine o'clock. The beds warmed their hidden circuits, for nights were cool here.

Nine-five. A voice spoke from the study ceiling: "*Mrs. McClellan, which poem would you like this evening?*" The house v

The voice said at last, "*Since you express no preference, I shall select a poem at random.*" Quiet music rose to back the voice. "Sara

Teasdale. As I recall, your favourite... .

*There will come soft rains and the smell of
the ground, And swallows circling with their
shimmering sound;*

*And frogs in the pools singing at
night, And wild plum trees in
tremulous white;*

Robins will wear

their feathery fire,

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Ray Bradbury. There Will Come

Soft Rains *Whistling their whims on a low
fence-wire;*

*And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.*

*Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree, If
mankind perished utterly;*

*And Spring herself, when she
woke at dawn Would scarcely
know that we were gone."*

The fire burned on the stone hearth and the cigar fell away into a mound of quiet ash on its tray. The empty chairs faced each other between the silent walls, and the music played.

At ten o'clock the house began

to die.

The wind blew. A falling tree bough crashed through the kitchen window. Cleaning solvent, bottled, shattered over the stove. The room was ablaze in an instant!

"Fire!" screamed a voice. The house lights flashed, water pumps shot water from the ceilings. But the solvent spread on the linoleum, licking, eating, under the kitchen door, while the voices took it up in chorus: *"Fire, fire, fire!"*

The house tried to save itself. Doors sprang tightly shut, but the windows were broken by the heat and the wind blew and sucked upon the fire.

The house gave ground as the fire in ten billion angry sparks moved with flaming ease from room to room and then up the stairs. While scurrying water rats squeaked from the walls, pistoled their water, and ran for more. And the wall sprays let down showers of mechanical rain.

But too late. Somewhere, sighing, a pump shrugged to a stop. The quenching rain ceased. The reserve water supply which had filled baths and washed dishes for many quiet days was gone.

The fire crackled up the stairs. It fed upon Picassos and Matisse in the upper halls, like delicacies, baking off the oily flesh, tenderly crisping the canvases into black shavings.

Now the fire lay in beds, stood in windows,
changed the colors of drapes!

And then, reinforcements. From attic trapdoors, blind robot faces peered down with faucet mouths gushing green chemical.

The fire backed off, as even an elephant must at the

sight of a dead snake.

Now there were twenty snakes whipping over the floor, killing the fire with a clear cold venom of green froth.

But the fire was clever. It had sent flame outside the house, up through the attic to the pumps there. An explosion! The attic brain which directed the pumps was shattered into bronze shrapnel on the beams.

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Ray Bradbury. There Will
Come Soft Rains The fire rushed back into every closet
and felt of the clothes hung there.

The house shuddered, oak bone on bone, its bared skeleton cringing from the heat, its wire, its nerves revealed as if a surgeon had torn the skin off to let the red veins and capillaries quiver in the scalded air. *Help, help! Fire! Run, run!* Heat snapped mirrors like the first brittle winter ice. And the voices wailed. *Fire, fire, run, run*, like a tragic nursery rhyme, a dozen voices, high, low, like children dying in a forest, alone, alone. And the voices fading as the wires popped their sheathings like hot chestnuts. One, two, three, four, five voices died.

In the nursery the jungle burned. Blue lions roared, purple giraffes bounded off. The panthers ran in circles, changing color, and ten million animals, running before the fire, vanished off toward a distant steaming river.... Ten more voices died.

In the last instant under the fire avalanche, other choruses, oblivious, could be heard announcing the time, cutting the lawn by remote-control mower, or setting an umbrella frantically out and in, the slamming and opening

front door, a thousand things happening, like a clock shop when each clock strikes the hour insanely before or after the other, a scene of maniac confusion, yet unity, singing, screaming, a few last cleaning mice darting bravely out to carry the horrid ashes away! And one voice, with sublime disregard for the situation, read poetry aloud in the fiery study, until all the film spools burned, until all the wires withered and the circuits cracked.

The fire burst the house and let it slam flat down, puffing out skirts of spark and smoke.

In the kitchen, an instant before the rain of fire and timber, the stove could be seen making breakfasts at a psychopathic rate, ten dozen eggs, six loaves of toast, twenty dozen bacon strips, which, eaten by fire, started the stove working again, hysterically hissing!

The crash. The attic smashing into kitchen and parlour. The parlour into cellar, cellar into sub-cellar. Deep freeze, armchair, film tapes, circuits, beds, and all like skeletons thrown in a cluttered mound deep under.

Smoke and silence. A great quantity of smoke.

Dawn showed faintly in the east. Among the ruins, one wall stood alone. Within the wall, a last voice said, over and over again and again, even as the sun rose to shine upon the heaped rubble and steam:

"Today is August 5, 2026, today is August 5, 2026, today is..."

Name:

*“There Will Come Soft
Rains.”*

by Ray
Bradbury

1. Identify some special qualities about the house.
2. In what year does the story take place?
3. What is the purpose of the robotic animals?
4. What happened to other houses

in the city?

5. What is imprinted in charcoal on the west face of the house?

6. Who or what is allowed into the house?

7. What is the subject matter of the poem "There Will Come Soft Rains"?

8. After the tree bough crashes through the kitchen window, what happens to the house?

9. How does the house try to preserve itself?

10. How much time elapses during this story?

© inquiring Mind of the English
Teacher Kind

W.W. Jacobs

(1863-1943)

The Monkey's Paw
(1902)

Without, the night was cold and wet, but in the small parlour of Laburnam Villa the

blinds were drawn and the fire burned brightly. Father and son were at chess, the former, who

possessed ideas about the game involving radical changes, putting his king into such sharp and

unnecessary perils that it even provoked comment from the white-haired old lady knitting

placidly by the fire.

"Hark at the wind," said Mr. White, who, having seen a fatal mistake after it was too

late, was amiably desirous of preventing his son from seeing it.

"I'm listening," said the latter, grimly surveying the board as he stretched out his hand.

"Check
."

"I should hardly think that he'd come to-night," said his father, with his hand poised over the board.

"Mate," replied the son.

"That's the worst of living so far out," bawled Mr. White, with sudden and unlooked

for violence; "of all the beastly, slushy, out-of-the-way places to live in, this is the worst.

Pathway's a bog, and the road's a torrent. I don't know what people are thinking about. I suppose

because only two houses on the road are let, they think it doesn't matter."

"Never mind, dear," said his wife soothingly; "perhaps you'll win the next one."

Mr. White looked up sharply, just in time to intercept a knowing glance between mother

and son. The words died away on his lips, and he hid a guilty grin in his thin grey beard.

"There he is," said Herbert White, as the gate banged to loudly and heavy footsteps

came toward the door.

The old man rose with hospitable haste, and opening the door, was heard condoling with

the new arrival. The new arrival also condoled with himself, so that Mrs. White said, "Tut, tut!"

and coughed gently as her husband entered the room, followed by a tall burly man, beady of eye

and rubicund of visage.

“Sergeant-Major Morris,” he said,
introducing him.

The sergeant-major shook hands, and taking the proffered seat
by the fire, watched

contentedly while his host got out whisky and tumblers and stood a small
copper kettle on the

fire.

At the third glass his eyes got brighter, and he began to talk, the little
family circle

regarding with eager interest this visitor from distant parts, as he squared
his broad shoulders in

the chair and spoke of strange scenes and doughty deeds; of wars
and plagues and strange

people
s.

“Twenty-one years of it,” said Mr. White, nodding at his wife and son. “When he
went away he was a slip of a youth in the warehouse. Now look at
him.”

“He don't look to have taken much harm,” said Mrs. White,
politely.

“I'd like to go to India myself,” said the old
man,

“just to look round a bit,
you

know.
”

“Better where you are,” said the sergeant-major, shaking his head. He put down the empty glass, and sighing softly, shook it again.

“I should like to see those old temples and fakirs and jugglers,” said the old man.

“What was that you started telling me the other day about a monkey's paw or something,

Morris?”

“Nothing,” said the soldier hastily. “Leastways, nothing worth hearing.”

“Monkey's paw?” said Mrs. White curiously.

“Well, it's just a bit of what you might call magic, perhaps,” said the sergeant-major

off-hand
dedly

His three listeners leaned forward eagerly. The visitor absentmindedly put his empty glass to his lips and then set it down again. His host filled it for him.

“To look at,” said the sergeant-major, fumbling in his pocket, “it's just an ordinary

little paw, dried to a mummy.”

He took something out of his pocket and proffered it. Mrs. White drew back with a

grimace, but her son, taking it, examined it curiously.

“And what is there special about it?” inquired Mr. White, as he took it from his son

son

and, having examined it, placed it upon the table.

“It had a spell put on it by an old fakir,” said the sergeant-major, “a very holy man.

He wanted to show that fate ruled people's lives, and that those who interfered with it did so to

their sorrow. He put a spell on it so that three separate men could each have three wishes from

it.
”

His manner was so impressive that his hearers were conscious that their light laughter

jarred somewhat.

“Well, why don't you have three, sir?” said Herbert White cleverly.

The soldier regarded him in the way that middle age is wont to regard presumptuous

youth. “I have,” he said quietly, and his blotchy face whitened.

“And did you really have the three wishes

granted?" asked Mrs. White.

"I did," said the sergeant-major, and his glass tapped against his strong teeth.

"And has anybody else wished?" inquired the old lady.

"The first man had his three wishes, yes," was the reply. "I don't know what the first

two were, but the third was for death. That's how I got the paw."

His tones were so grave that a hush fell upon the group.

"If you've had your three wishes, it's no good to you now, then, Morris," said the old

man at last. "What do you keep it for?"

The soldier shook his head. "Fancy, I suppose," he said slowly.

"If you could have another three wishes," said the old man, eyeing him keenly,

"would you have them?"

"I don't know," said the other. "I don't know."

He took the paw, and dangling it between his front finger and thumb, suddenly threw it

upon the fire. White, with a slight cry, stooped down and snatched it off.

"Better let it burn," said the soldier solemnly.

"If you don't want it, Morris," said the old man, "give it to me."

"I won't," said his friend doggedly. "I threw it on the fire. If you keep it, don't blame

me for what happens. Pitch it on the fire again, like a sensible man."

The other shook his head and examined his new possession closely. "How do you do

it?" he inquired.

"Hold it up in your right hand and wish aloud," said the sergeant-major, "but I warn

you of the consequences."

"Sounds like the *Arabian Nights*," said Mrs. White, as she rose and began to set the supper. "Don't you think you might wish for four pairs of hands for me?"

Her husband drew the talisman from his pocket and then all three burst into laughter as

the sergeant-major, with a look of alarm on his face, caught him by the arm.

"If you must wish," he said gruffly, "wish for something sensible."

Mr. White dropped it back into his pocket, and placing chairs, motioned his friend to the

table. In the business of supper the talisman was partly forgotten, and afterward the three sat

listening in an enthralled fashion to a second instalment of the soldier's adventures in India.

"If the tale about the monkey paw is not more truthful than those he has been telling

us," said Herbert, as the door closed behind their guest, just in time for him to catch the last train,

"we shan't make much out of it."

"Did you give him anything for it, father?" inquired Mrs. White, regarding her husband

closely

"A trifle," said he, coloring slightly. "He didn't want it, but I made him take it. And

he pressed me again to throw it away."

"Likely," said Herbert, with pretended horror. "Why, we're going to be rich, and

famous, and happy. Wish to be an emperor, father, to begin with; then you can't be henpecked."

He darted round the table, pursued by the maligned Mrs. White armed with an

antimacassar.

Mr. White took the paw from his pocket and eyed it dubiously. "I don't know what to

wish for, and that's a fact," he said slowly. "It seems to me I've got all I want."

"If you only cleared the house, you'd be quite happy, wouldn't you?" said Herbert, with

his hand on his shoulder. "Well, wish for two hundred pounds, then; that'll just do it."

His father, smiling shamefacedly at his own credulity, held up the talisman, as his son,

with a solemn face somewhat marred by a wink at his mother, sat down at the piano and struck a

few impressive chords.

"I wish for two hundred pounds," said the old man distinctly.

A fine crash from the piano greeted the words, interrupted by a shuddering cry from the

old man. His wife and son ran toward him.

"It moved, he cried, with a glance of disgust at the object as it lay on the floor. "As I

wished it twisted in my hands like a snake."

"Well, I don't see the money," said his son, as he picked it up and placed it on the

table, "and I bet I never shall."

"It must have been your fancy, father," said his wife, regarding him anxiously.

He shook his head. "Never mind, though; there's no harm done, but it gave me a shock

all the same."

They sat down by the fire again while the two men finished their pipes. Outside, the

wind was higher than ever, and the old man started nervously at the sound of a door banging

upstairs. A silence unusual and depressing settled upon all three, which lasted until the old

couple rose to retire for the night.

"I expect you'll find the cash tied up in a big bag in the middle of your bed," said

Herbert, as he bade them good-night, "and something horrible squatting up on top of the

wardrobe watching you as you pocket your ill-gotten gains."

He sat alone in the darkness, gazing at the dying fire, and seeing faces in it. The last face

was so horrible and so simian that he gazed at it in amazement. It got so vivid

that, with a little

uneasy laugh, he felt on the table for a glass containing a little water to throw over it. His hand

grasped the monkey's paw, and with a little shiver he wiped his hand on his coat and went up to

bed.

In the brightness of the wintry sun next morning as it streamed over the breakfast table

Herbert laughed at his fears. There was an air of prosaic wholesomeness about the room which it

had lacked on the previous night, and the dirty, shrivelled little paw was pitched on the sideboard

with a carelessness which betokened no great belief in its virtues.

“I suppose all old soldiers are the same,” said Mrs White. “The idea of our listening

to such nonsense! How could wishes be granted in these days? And if they could, how could two

hundred pounds hurt you, father?”

“Might drop on his head from the sky,” said the frivolous Herbert.

“Morris said the things happened so naturally,” said his father, “that you might if you

so wished attribute it to

coincidence."

"Well, don't break into the money before I come back," said Herbert, as he rose from

the table. "I'm afraid it'll turn you into a mean, avaricious man, and we shall have to disown you."
"

His mother laughed, and following him to the door, watched him down the road, and

returning to the breakfast table, was very happy at the expense of her husband's credulity. All of

which did not prevent her from scurrying to the door at the postman's knock, nor prevent her

from referring somewhat shortly to retired sergeant-majors of bibulous habits when she found

that the post brought a tailor's bill.

"Herbert will have some more of his funny remarks, I expect, when he comes home,"

she said, as they sat at dinner.

"I dare say," said Mr. White, pouring himself out some beer; "but for all that, the thing

moved in my hand; that I'll swear to."

"You thought it did," said the old lady soothingly.

"I say it did," replied the other. "There was no thought about it; I

had just—What's

the
matter?"

His wife made **no** reply. She **was** watching the mysterious movements of a man outside,

who, peering in an undecided fashion at the house, appeared to be trying to make up his mind to

enter. In mental connection with the **two** hundred pounds, she noticed that the stranger was well

dressed and wore a silk hat of glossy newness. Three times he paused at the gate, and then

walked **on** again. The fourth time he stood with his **hand upon** it, and then with sudden **resolution**

flung it **open** and walked up the path. Mrs. White at the same moment placed her **hands** behind

her, and hurriedly unfastening the strings of her apron, put that useful article of apparel beneath

the cushion of her chair.

She brought the stranger, who seemed ill at ease, into the room. He gazed at her

furtively, and listened in a preoccupied fashion as the old lady apologized for the appearance of

the **room**, and her husband's coat, a garment which he usually reserved for the garden. She then

waited **as** patiently **as** her sex would permit, for him to broach his business, but he was at first

strangely
silent.

"I—was asked to call," he said at last, and stooped and picked a piece of cotton from

his trousers. "I come from Maw and Meggins."

The old lady started. "Is anything the matter?" she asked breathlessly. "Has anything

happened to Herbert? What is it? What is it?"

Her husband interposed. "There, there, mother," he said hastily. "Sit down, and don't

jump to conclusions. You've not brought bad news, I'm sure, sir" and he eyed the other wistfully.

"I'm sorry"—began the visitor.

"Is he hurt?" demanded the mother.

The visitor bowed in assent. "Badly hurt," he said quietly, "but he is not in any pain."

"Oh, thank God!" said the old woman, clasping her hands. "Thank God for that!

Om

Thank"

She broke off suddenly as the sinister meaning of the assurance dawned upon her and

she saw the awful confirmation of her fears in the other's averted face. She caught her breath, and

turning to her slower-witted husband, laid her trembling old hand upon his. There was a long

silence.

"He was caught in the machinery," said the visitor at length, in a low voice.

"Caught in the machinery," repeated Mr. White, in a dazed fashion, "yes."

He sat staring blankly out at the window, and taking his wife's hand between his own,

Wn1

pressed it as he had been wont to do in their old courting days nearly forty years before.

"He was the only one left to us," he said, turning gently to the visitor. "It is hard."

The other coughed, and rising, walked slowly to the window.

"The firm wished me to

"

convey their sincere sympathy with you in your great loss," he said, without looking round. "I

beg that you will understand I am only their servant and merely obeying orders."

There was no reply; the old woman's face was white, her eyes staring, and her breath

inaudible; on the husband's face was a look such as his friend the sergeant might have carried

into his first action.

"I was 10 say that Maw and Meggins disclaim all responsibility," continued the other.

"They admit no liability at all, but in consideration of your son's services they wish to present

you with a certain sum as compensation."

Mr. White dropped his wife's hand, and rising to his feet, gazed with a look of horror at his visitor. His dry lips shaped the words, "How much?"

"Two hundred pounds," was the answer.

Swor

Unconscious of his wife's shriek, the old man smiled faintly, put out his hands like a

sightless man, and dropped, a senseless heap, to the floor.

III

In the huge new cemetery, some two miles distant, the old people buried their dead, and

new CE

came back to a house steeped in shadow and silence. It was all over so quickly that at first they

Ca
US
er

could hardly realize it, and remained in a state of expectation as though of something else to

happen--something else which was to lighten this load, too heavy

for old hearts to bear.

But the days passed, and expectation gave place to resignation--the
hopeless resignation

of the old, sometimes miscalled, apathy. Sometimes they hardly exchanged
a word, for now they

had nothing to talk about, and their days were long to weariness.

It was about a week after that that the old man, waking suddenly in the
night, stretched

out his hand and found himself alone. The room was in darkness, and the sound of
subdued

weeping came from the window. He raised himself in bed and listened.

"Come back," he said tenderly. "You will be cold."

"It is colder for my son," said the old woman, and wept afresh.

The sound of her sobs died away on his ears. The bed was warm,
and his eyes heavy

with sleep. He dozed fitfully, and then slept until a sudden wild cry from his wife awoke
him

with a start.

"*The paw!*" she cried wildly. "The monkey's paw!"

He started up in alarm. "Where? Where is it? What's the matter?"

She came stumbling across the room toward him. "I want it," she said quietly.

"You've

not destroyed

it?"

"It's in the parlor, on the bracket," he replied, marveling. "Why?"

She cried and laughed together, and bending over, kissed his cheek.

"I only just thought of it, " she said hysterically. "Why didn't I think of it before? Why

didn't *you* think of it?"

"Think of what?" he questioned.

"The other two wishes," she replied rapidly. "We've only had one."

"Was not that enough?" he demanded fiercely.

"No," she cried, triumphantly; "we'll have one more. Go down and get it quickly, and

wish our boy alive again."

The man sat up in bed and flung the bedclothes from his quaking limbs. "Good God,

you are mad!" he cried aghast.

"Get it," she panted; "get it quickly, and wish-Oh, my boy, my boy!"

Her husband struck a match and lit the candle. "Get back to bed," he said, unsteadily.

"You don't know what you are saying."

"We had the first wish granted," said the old woman, feverishly; "why not the second ."

"A coincidence," stammered the old man.

"Go and get it and wish," cried the old woman, quivering with excitement.

The old man turned and regarded her, and his voice shook. "He has been dead ten days,

and besides he

would not tell you else, but I could only recognize him by his clothing. If he was too terrible for you to see then, how now?"

"Bring him back," cried the old woman, and dragged him toward the door. "Do you

think I fear the child I have nursed?"

He went down in the darkness, and felt his way to the parlor, and then to the mantelpiece. The talisman was in its place, and a horrible fear that the unspoken wish might

bring his mutilated son before him ere he could escape from the

room seized upon him, and he

caught his breath as he found that he had lost the direction of the door. His brow cold with sweat,

he felt his way round the table, and groped along the wall until he found himself in the small

passage with the unwholesome thing in his hand.

Even his wife's face seemed changed as he entered the room. It was white and

expectant, and to his fears seemed to have an unnatural look upon it. He was afraid of her.

"Wish!" she cried, in a strong voice.

"It is foolish and wicked," he faltered.

"Wish!" repeated his wife.

He raised his hand. "I wish my son alive again."

The talisman fell to the floor, and he regarded it fearfully. Then he sank trembling into a

chair as the old woman, with burning eyes, walked to the window and raised the blind.

He sat until he was chilled with the cold, glancing occasionally at the figure of the old

woman peering through the window. The candle end, which had burnt below the rim of the china

candlestick, was throwing pulsating shadows on the ceiling and walls, until, with a flicker larger

than the rest, it expired. The old man, with an unspeakable sense of relief at the failure of the

talisman, crept back to his bed, and a minute or two afterward the old woman came silently and

apathetically beside him.

Neither spoke, but both lay silently listening to the ticking of the clock. A stair creaked,

and a squeaky mouse scurried noisily through the wall. The darkness was oppressive, and after

lying for some time screwing up his courage, the husband took the box of matches, and striking

one, went downstairs for a candle.

At the foot of the stairs the match went out, and he paused to strike another, and at the

same moment a knock, so quiet and stealthy as to be scarcely audible, sounded on the front door.

The matches fell from his hand. He stood motionless, his breath suspended until the

knock was repeated. Then he turned and fled swiftly back to his room, and closed the door

behind him. A third knock sounded through the house.

"*What's that?*" cried the old woman, starting up.

"A rat," said the old man, in shaking tones—"a rat. It passed me on the stairs."

His wife sat up in bed listening. A loud knock resounded through the house.

"It's Herbert!" she screamed. "It's Herbert!"

She ran to the door, but her husband was before her, and catching her by the arm, held

her tightly.

"What are you going to do?" he whispered hoarsely.

"It's my boy; it's Herbert!" she cried, struggling mechanically. "I forgot it was two

miles away. What are you holding me for? Let go. I must open the door."

"For God's sake, don't let it in," cried the old man trembling.

"You're afraid of your own son," she cried, struggling. "Let me go. I'm coming,

Herbert; I'm coming."

There was another knock, and another. The old woman with a sudden wrench broke free

and ran from the room. Her husband followed to the landing, and called after her appealingly

as

she hurried downstairs. He heard the chain rattle back and the bottom bolt drawn slowly and stiffly from the socket. Then the old woman's voice, strained and panting.

"The bolt," she cried loudly. "Come down. I can't reach it."

But her husband was on his hands and knees groping wildly on the floor in search of the paw. If he could only find it before the thing outside got in. A perfect fusillade of knocks

reverberated through the house, and he heard the scraping of a chair as his wife put it down in the

passage against the door. He heard the creaking of the bolt as it came slowly back, and at the

same moment he found the monkey's paw, and frantically breathed his third and last wish.

The knocking ceased suddenly, although the echoes of it were still in the house. He

heard the chair drawn back and the door opened. A cold wind rushed up the staircase, and a long

loud wail of disappointment and misery from his wife gave him courage to run down to her side,

and then to the gate beyond. The street lamp flickering opposite shone on a quiet and deserted

road.

Name

:

The Mankey's

Paw Close

Read/ACT

Prep

Directions: Read "The Monkey's Paw" by W.W. Jacobs and answer the following questions. Each question is designed to have you analyze the text more deeply for understanding.

1. Authors use language intentionally, helping to create effects in their writing. In the exposition of this story, the author incorporates the following words: *wind*, *beastly*, *torrent*. What effect do **these** words have on the **reader**?

2. When Mr. White was "amiably desirous of preventing his son from seeing it," this refers to...

- A. Not wanting his son to notice the bad behavior. B. Trying to prevent Herbert from seeing the white-haired old lady. C. Trying to distract him from noticing the bad chess move Mr. White just made. D. Not wanting his son to notice the mistake **his** wife made while knitting.

3. Herbert says, "If the tale about the monkey's paw **is** not more truthful than those **he** has been telling us, we shan't make much out of it." Determine what he meant by this.

- A. Morris **told** the truth about everything except the monkey's **paw**. B. Morris probably lied about all his stories, including that of the monkey's paw. C. Herbert is incapable of making sense of Morris's tale. D. Herbert believes Morris and what he says about the paw, but nothing else.

4. When Mr. White **is** "smiling shamefacedly at his own credulity," this means that...

- A. He feels **good** that he was not foolish enough to fall for the story. B. He is ashamed that he did not listen to Morris while he shared his tales.

c. He is humiliated that he did believe the story. D. He is embarrassed that his best friend, Morris, told his parents such a ridiculous story.

5. When the "dirty, shriveled little paw was pitched on the sideboard with a carelessness which betokened no great belief in its virtues," this means that...

A. They tossed it aside as if they no longer took it seriously. B. They take exceptionally good care of it, expecting that it will have a positive impact on

their futures. C. They want to act as though they don't care about the paw, but they all believe in its

powers deeply D. They display it where it will get much attention, like Christians hanging a cross on a wall.

6. When Mrs. White put that "useful article of apparel beneath the cushion of the chair," she...

A. Hid the monkey's paw, afraid it will be stolen. B. Hid the alcohol, afraid Morris will return and drink too much. C. Hid her apron. D. Hid the tailor's bill she retrieved from the post.

___7. The "long, loud wail of disappointment and misery" Mr. White heard was...

A. His wife's shock at seeing her mangled son. B. His wife's disappointment that the second wish had not worked. C. His wife's disappointment that they have now used up all three wishes. D. His wife's disappointment at finding nobody at the door.

8. The morning after the family comes into possession of the monkey's paw, how does the tone of the story change? Why do you think the author manipulated the tone?

9. After her husband makes the first wish, Mrs. White "[scurried] to the door at the postman's knock." What inference should be drawn about Mrs. White based upon the author's choice of the verb *scurry*?

10. Identify an example of situational irony unrelated to any wishes the family makes. Explain how the incident is ironic.