

Name: _____

English 10



September 2016

Cultural Identity

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
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12	13	14	15	16
19	20	21	22	23
26	27	28	29	30
October 3	4	5	6	7

Unit 1 - Literary Analysis & Reading Comprehension

Texts

“Same Love”
 “Ethnic Hash”
 “What is Cultural Identity?”
 “Legal Alien”
 “Mexicans Begin Jogging”
 “Elena”
 “Immigrants”
 Excerpt from *Funny in Farsi*
 “Identity”
 “Rose that Grew from Concrete”
 “Theme for English B”
 Excerpt from *Citizen*
 Excerpt from *How Does It Feel to Be a Problem*
 “Marriage is a Private Affair”
 “Imagine”
Tuesdays With Morrie

Literary Elements

imagery
 setting
 characterization
 point of view
 conflict
 theme
 tone
 symbolism
 figurative language (metaphor and simile)
 irony

Essential Questions

- How does culture shape identity?
- How does cultural identity shape an individual’s perspective?
- Why is it important to promote a tolerance of cultures?
- How does an author use literary elements to establish a theme?

Quarter 1 Assessments

Participate in an “Accountable Talk” about issues related to cultural identity
 Write a literary analysis paragraph that analyzes the passage provided in terms of how that passage relates to a theme of the work as a whole. The analysis should discuss the passage in terms of a specific literary element (characterization, conflict, imagery, tone, etc.).

Vocabulary

Culture

Subculture

Ethnic

Dynamic

Biologically predetermined

Stereotypes

Internalize

Inevitably

Fixed

Static

Cultural heritage

Cultural inheritance

Anthropologist

Narcissist

Ethnocentric

Materialistic

Pluralism

Quandary

Stereotype

Preconceived

Pluralism

Exotic

IDENTITY WEB/ORGANIZER/MAP ASSIGNMENT

The focus of this project is to create an in-depth map of your identity, which includes cultural influences as well as internal, personal traits and external factors.

You may include pictures, lists, or a collage, but you must make it in-depth. Cover as many components of your identity as you can. **DO NOT LEAVE OUT ANY OF THE CATEGORIES WHICH WE DISCUSSED IN CLASS.**

Then, write a **REFLECTIVE ESSAY** (one page minimum) explaining your cultural identity. Consider using the following guiding questions to develop your essay:

- How have the cultures and subcultures detailed in your map/web influenced your identity?
- How does your sense of cultural identity compare to that of your parents and/or your peers?
- How much of your identity comes from EXTERNAL factors (social or cultural traits, such as class, race, religion, family, and country)?
- How much of your identity is INTERNAL (composed of personal traits that are unique to you/self-determined)?
- How might your cultural identity influence your perspective?

Be prepared to share your Identity Project with your classmates as a vehicle for getting to know one another. ☺

Project Due Friday, September 16th

Costa's Level of Questioning

Directions: After listening to the song "Same Love" by Macklemore, write down one costa question for each level on the blank costa house provided.

"Same Love" by Macklemore & Ryan Lewis Featuring Mary Lambert



When I was in the third grade I thought that I was gay
 'Cause I could draw, my uncle was, and I kept my room straight
 I told my mom tears rushing down my face
 She's like "Ben you've loved girls since before pre-k tripping,"
 Yeah, I guess she had a point, didn't she?
 Bunch of stereotypes all in my head.
 I remember doing the math like, "Yeah, I'm good at little league"
 A preconceived idea of what it all meant
 For those that liked the same sex
 Had the characteristics
 The right wing conservatives think it's a decision
 And you can be cured with some treatment and religion
 Man made rewiring of a predisposition
 Playing god, aw nah here we go
 America the brave still fears what we don't know
 And god loves all his children, is somehow forgotten
 But we paraphrase a book written thirty-five-hundred years ago
 I don't know

And I can't change
 Even if I tried
 Even if I wanted to
 I can't change
 Even if I try
 Even if I wanted to
 My love
 She keeps me warm

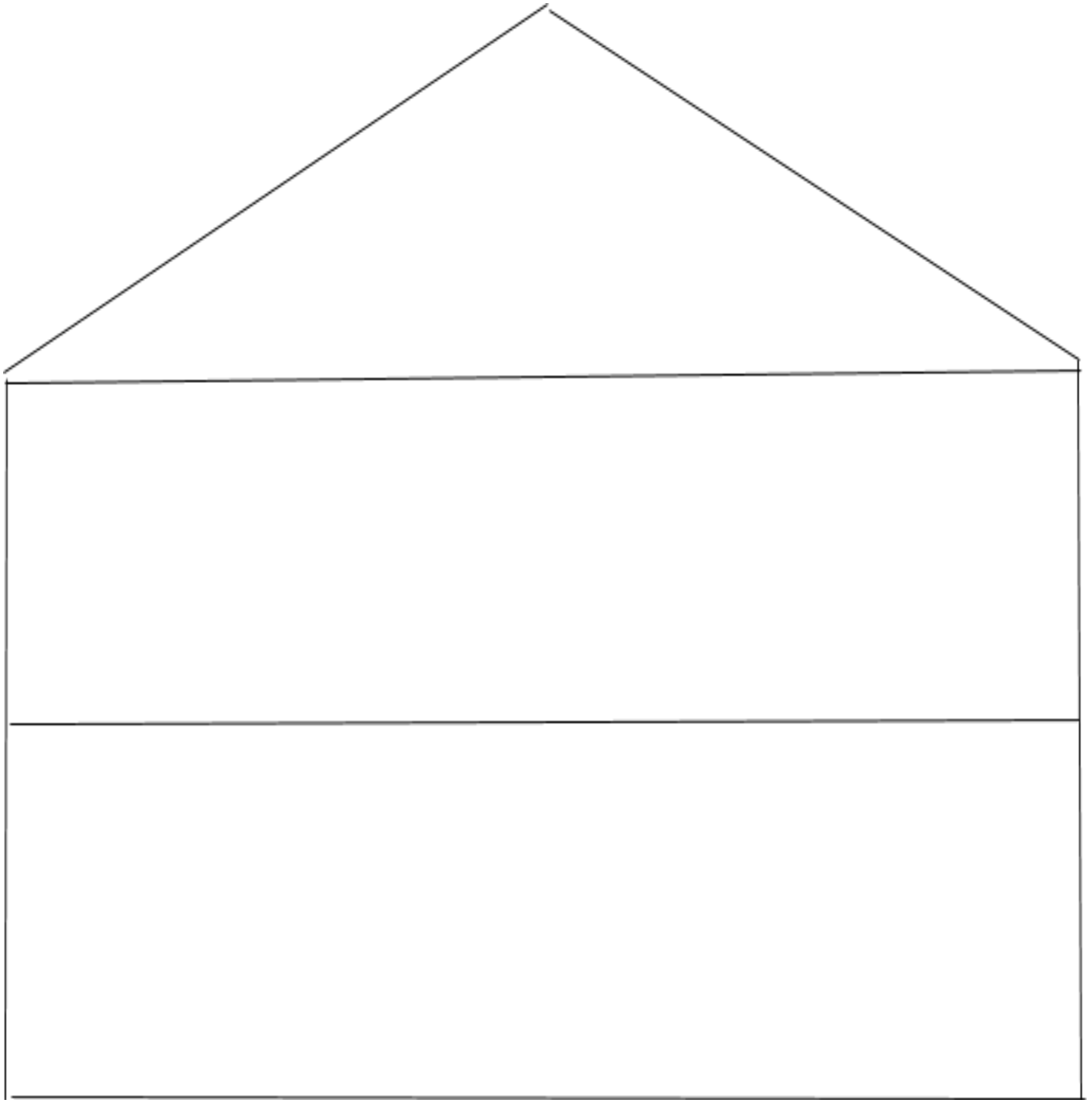
If I was gay, I would think hip-hop hates me
 Have you read the YouTube comments lately
 "Man, that's gay" gets dropped on the daily
 We become so numb to what we're saying
 A culture founded from oppression
 Yet we don't have acceptance for 'em
 Call each other faggots behind the keys of a message board
 A word rooted in hate, yet our genre still ignores it
 Gay is synonymous with the lesser
 It's the same hate that's caused wars from religion
 Gender to skin color, the complexion of your pigment
 The same fight that led people to walk outs and sit ins
 It's human rights for everybody, there is no difference!
 Live on and be yourself
 When I was at church they taught me something else
 If you preach hate at the service those words aren't anointed
 That holy water that you soak in has been poisoned
 When everyone else is more comfortable remaining voiceless
 Rather than fighting for humans that have had their rights stolen
 I might not be the same, but that's not important
 No freedom till we're equal, damn right I support it

(Chorus)

We press play, don't press pause
 Progress, march on
 With the veil over our eyes
 We turn our back on the cause
 Till the day that my uncles can be united by law
 When kids are walking 'round the hallway plagued by pain in their heart
 A world so hateful some would rather die than be who they are
 And a certificate on paper isn't gonna solve it all
 But it's a damn good place to start
 No law is gonna change us
 We have to change us
 Whatever god you believe in
 We come from the same one
 Strip away the fear
 Underneath it's all the same love
 About time that we raised up

Costa's Level of Questioning

Directions: Using the song lyrics from "Same Love" by Macklemore and the three-story house handout on Costa's Levels of Questions, come up with two level one, two level two, and two level three questions.



Do Now: Make a prediction. What does the title suggest about the author's cultural identity?

Ethnic Hash By Patricia J. Williams

1

Recently, I was invited to a book party. The book was about pluralism. "Bring an hors d'oeuvre representing your ethnic heritage," said the hostess, innocently enough. Her request threw me into a panic. Do I even have an ethnicity: I wondered. It was like suddenly discovering you might not have a belly button. I tell you, I had to go to the dictionary. What were the flavors, accents, and linguistic trills that were passed down to me over the ages: What are the habits, customs, and common traits of the social group by which I have been guided in life-and how do I cook them?

My last name is from a presumably Welsh plantation owner. My mother chose my first name from a dictionary of girls' names, "It didn't sound like Edna or Myrtle," she says, as though that explains anything. I have two mostly Cherokee grandparents, There's a Scottish great grandfather, a French-Canadian great uncle, and a bunch of other relations no one ever talks about. Not one of them left recipes. Of course the ancestors who have had the most tangible influence on my place in the world were probably the West Africans, and I can tell you right off that I haven't the faintest idea what they do for hors d'oeuvres in West Africa (although I have this Senegalese friend who always serves the loveliest, poufiest little fish mousse things in puff pastries that look, well, totally French).

2

Ethnic recipes throw me into the same sort of quandary as that proposed "interracial" box on the census form: the concept seems so historically vague, so cheerfully open-ended, as to be virtually meaningless. Everyone I know has at least three different kinds of cheese in their fondue. I suppose I could serve myself up as something like Tragic Mulatta Souffle, except that I've never gotten the hang of souffles. (Too much fussing, too little reward.) So as far as this world's concerned, I've always thought of myself as just plain black. Let's face it: however much my categories get jumbled when I hang out at my favorite kosher sushi spot, it's the little black core of me that moves through the brave new world of Manhattan as I hail a cab, rent an apartment, and apply for a job.

Although it's true, I never have tried hailing a cab as an ethnic ...

So let me see. My father is from the state of Georgia. When he cooks, which is not often, the results are distinctly Southern. His specialties are pork chops and pies; he makes the good-luck black-eyed peas on New Year's. His recipes are definitely black in a regional sense, since most blacks in the United States until recently lived in the Southeast. He loves pig, He uses lard.

3

My mother's family is also black, but relentlessly steeped in the New England tradition of hard-winter cuisine. One of my earliest memories is of my mother borrowing my father's screwdriver so she could pry open a box of salt cod. In those days, cod came in wooden boxes,

nailed shut, and you really had to hack around the edges to loosen the lid. Cod-from-a-box had to be soaked overnight. The next day you mixed it with boiled potatoes and fried it in Crisco Then you served it with baked beans in a little brown pot, with salt pork and molasses. There was usually some shredded cabbage as well, with carrots for color. And of course there was piccalilli-every good homemaker had piccalilli on hand. Oh, and hot rolls served with homemade Concord grape jelly. Or maybe just brown bread and butter. These were the staples of Saturday night supper.

We had baked chicken on Sundays, boiled chicken other days. My mother has recipes for how to boil a chicken: a whole range of them, with and without bay leaf, onions, potatoes, carrots. With boiled chicken, life can never be dull. The truth is we liked watermelon in our family. But the only times we ate it-well, those were secret moments, private moments, guilty, even shameful moments, never unburdened by the thought of what might happen if our white neighbors saw us enjoying the primeval fruit. We were always on display when it came to things stereotypical. Fortunately, my mother was never handier in the kitchen than when under political pressure. She would take that odd, thin-necked implement known as a melon-baller and gouge out innocent pink circlets and serve them to us, like 140e mounds of faux sorbet, in fluted crystal goblets. The only time we used those goblets was to disguise watermelon, in case someone was peering idly through the windows, lurking about in racial judgment.

I don't remember my parents having many dinner parties, but for those special occasions requiring actual hors d'oeuvres, there were crackers and cream cheese, small sandwiches with the crusts cut off, Red Devil deviled ham with mayonnaise and chopped dill pickles. And where there were hors d'oeuvres, there had to be dessert on the other end to balance things out. Slices of home-made cake and punch. "Will you take coffee or tea?" my mother would ask shyly, at the proud culmination of such a meal...

QUADROON SURPRISE

Some have said that too much salt cod too early in life hobbles the culinary senses forever. I have faith that this is not the case, and that any disadvantage can be overcome with time and a little help from Williams-Sonoma. Having grown up and learned that you are what you eat, I have worked to broaden my horizons and cultivate my tastes. I entertain global gastronomic aspirations, and my palate knows no bounds. After all, it Aunt Jemima and Uncle Ben can Just Get Over it who am I to cling to the limitations of the past? Yes, I have learned to love my inner ethnic child.

4

And so, I leave you with a recipe for the Twenty-first Century:

Chicken with Spanish Rice and Not-Just-Black Beans

- Boil the chicken
- Boil the rice
- Boil the beans

Throw in as many exotic-sounding spices and mysterious roots as you can lay your hands on-go on, use your imagination! - and garnish with those fashionable little wedges of lime that make everything look vaguely Thai. Watch those taxis screech to a halt! A guaranteed

crowd-pleaser that can be reheated or rehashed generation after generation.

Reciprocal Teaching

Directions: In your groups, each individual must choose one role for each chunk of the text. You can choose to be the Visualizer, Clarifier, Questioner, or Summarizer. After each chunk, rotate roles.

1	2
3	4

“Ethnic Hash” Reading Comp Activities

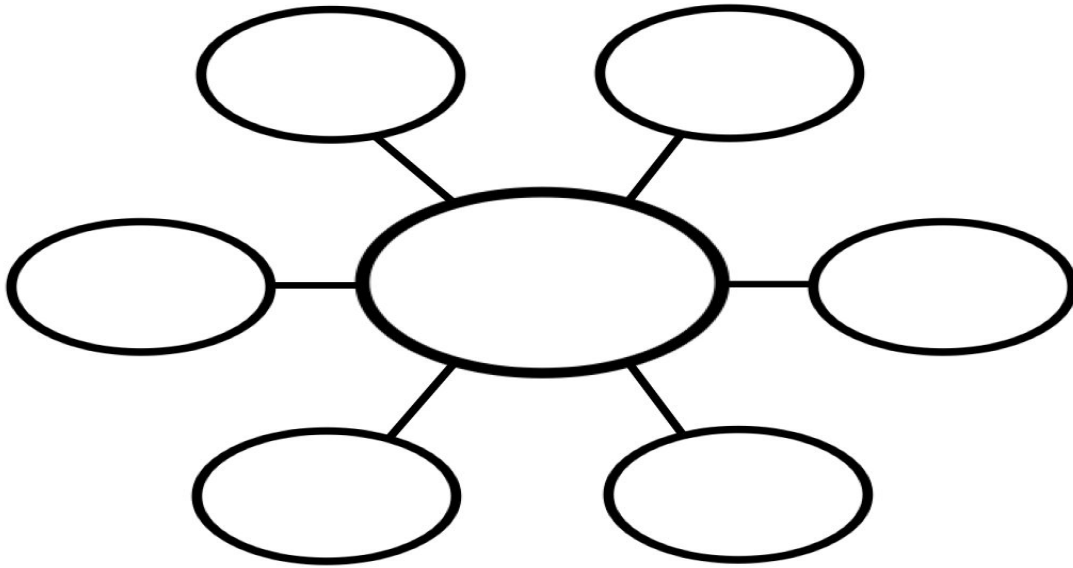
Part I: Answer the following questions in complete sentences. Use evidence from the text to support you answers.

1.) What is Williams’ conflict in the beginning of the essay?

2.) By the end of the essay, Williams introduces her “ethnic dish.” What does Williams’ dish represent?

3.) What is your understanding of cultural identity based on the text “Ethnic Hash”?

Part II: Fill out the identity web below for Patricia J. Williams. Look over the text



“What is Cultural Identity?”

by **Elise Trumbull and Maria Pacheco**

Children begin to develop a sense of identity as individuals and as members of groups from their earliest interactions with others (McAdoo, 1993; Sheets, 1999a). One of the most basic types of identity is ethnic identity, which entails an awareness of one’s membership in a social group that has a common culture. The common culture may be marked by a shared language, history, geography, and (frequently) physical characteristics (Fishman, 1989; Sheets, 1999a).

Not all of these aspects need to be shared, however, for people to psychologically identify with a particular ethnic group. Cultural identity is a broader term: people from multiple ethnic backgrounds may identify as belonging to the same culture. For example, in the Caribbean and South America, several ethnic groups may share a broader, common, Latin culture. Social groups existing within one nation may share a common language and a broad cultural identity but have distinct ethnic identities associated with a different language and history. Ethnic groups in the United States are examples of this ...

Definitions of Culture and the Invisibility of One’s Own Culture

... Anthropologists and other scholars continue to debate the meaning of this term. Garcia (1994) refers to culture as:

The system of understanding characteristics of that individual’s society,

or of some subgroup within that society. This system of understanding includes values, beliefs, notions about acceptable and unacceptable behavior, and other socially constructed ideas that members of the society are taught are “true.” (p. 51)

Geertz (1973) asserts that members of cultures go about their daily lives within shared webs of meaning. If we link Garcia and Geertz’s definitions, we can imagine culture as invisible webs composed of values, beliefs, ideas about appropriate behavior, and socially constructed truths.

One may ask, why is culture made up of invisible webs? Most of the time, our own cultures are invisible to us (Greenfield, Raeff, & Quiroz, 1996; Philips, 1983), yet they are the context within which we operate and make sense of the world. When we encounter a culture that is different from our own, one of the things we are faced with is a set of beliefs that manifest themselves in behaviors that differ from our own.

In this way, we often talk about other people’s cultures, and not so much about our own. Our own culture is often hidden from us, and we frequently describe it as “the way things are.” Nonetheless, one’s beliefs and actions are not any more natural or biologically predetermined than any other group’s set of beliefs and actions; they have emerged from the ways one’s own group has dealt with and interpreted the particular conditions it has faced. As conditions change, so do cultures; thus, cultures are considered to be dynamic.

Individual Differences Within Cultures and the Dynamic Nature of Culture

Individual cultural identity presents yet another layer of complexity. Members of the same culture vary widely in their beliefs and actions. How can we explain this phenomenon? The argument for a “distributive model” of culture addresses the relationship between culture and personality (García, 1994; Schwartz, 1978). This argument says that individuals select beliefs, values, and ideas that guide their actions from a larger set of cultural beliefs, values, and ideas. In most cases, we do not consciously pick and choose attributes from the total set; rather, the conditions and events in our individual lives lead us to favor some over others. In summarizing Spiro’s concept of “cultural heritage,” García (1994) draws a distinction between “cultural heritage” and “cultural inheritance.” Cultural heritage refers to what society as a whole possesses, and a cultural inheritance is what each individual possesses. In other words, each individual inherits some (but not all) of the cultural heritage of the group.

We all have unique identities that we develop within our cultures, but these identities are not fixed or static. This is the reason that stereotypes do not

hold up: no two individuals from any culture are exactly alike. While living inside a culture allows members to become familiar with the total cultural heritage of that society, no individual actually internalizes the entire cultural heritage. In fact, it would be impossible for any one person to possess a society's entire cultural heritage; there are inevitably complex and contradictory values, beliefs, and ideas within that heritage, a result of the conditions and events that individuals and groups experience. For example, arranged marriage has long been a cultural practice in India based on the belief that the families of potential spouses best know who would make a desirable match. More and more frequently, however, individuals reject the practice of arranged marriage; this is partly due to the sense of independence from family brought on by both men's and women's participation in a rapidly developing job market. The changing experience of work is shifting cultural attitudes towards family and marriage. These different experiences and the new values, beliefs, and ideas they produce contribute to the dynamic nature of culture.

Reading Comprehension Questions:

1.) What is ethnic identity? Give an example.

2.) What is cultural identity? Give an example.

3.) Discuss why the author uses the words “static” and “dynamic” in reference to cultural identity. **Why are cultures considered dynamic?**

4.) Explain why the anthropologists describe culture as an “invisible web”.

5.) What is cultural heritage? Give an example.

MINI-LESSON: VOICE

Directions: Review the following mini-lesson on voice and answer the corresponding questions below.

Voice is defined as writing in a way that shows individual personality.

- It can be formal or informal.
- Formal is “What is Cultural Identity”by Elise Trumbell
- Often, as much is learned about the writer by HOW they say something as WHAT they say.

1.) Would you say “Ethnic Hash” is formal or informal? Why? Come up with 3 reasons or examples to support your opinion.

2.) What stylistic choices does Williams make to achieve an informal voice in "Ethnic Hash"?

3.) What makes the voice used in the "Cultural Identity" more formal?

Chunking and Annotating Activity

Directions: The poem below has been divided into 6 chunks. Paraphrase each chunk on the right side of the page. Circle any literary devices that you may see (metaphors, similes, imagery, anaphora (repetition), alliteration, etc.). Answer the questions on the back of this handout.

"Legal Alien" by Pat Mora

Bi-lingual, Bi-cultural,
able to slip from "How's life?"
to "Me'stan volviendo loca,"

able to sit in a paneled office
drafting memos in smooth English,
able to order in fluent Spanish
at a Mexican restaurant,

American but hyphenated,
viewed by Anglos as perhaps exotic,
perhaps inferior, definitely different,

viewed by Mexicans as alien,
(their eyes say, "You may speak
Spanish but you're not like me")
an American to Mexicans
a Mexican to Americans

a handy token
sliding back and forth
between the fringes of both worlds
by smiling
by masking the discomfort
of being pre-judged
Bi-laterally.

Reading Comprehension Questions:

1.) What does the title mean? _____

2.) What are the narrator's cultures? _____

3.) What does it mean to be a "handy token?"

4) What does it mean to be judged bi-laterally? (Hint: use the prefix bi to inform your definition).

Analysis Questions:

What impact would being a token have on someone's identity?

How does this narrator's culture determine their identity?

Pick one of the literary devices you annotated. Quote it and explain what it means.

MINI-LESSON: TONE

Directions: Review the following mini-lesson on tone and answer the corresponding questions below.

Tone is the author's attitude toward a subject.

- **In order to identify the tone of a text or chunk of a text, you must FIRST identify the subject.**

Ex. We will never improve our country. I am no longer interested in politics. All politicians are self-serving and corrupt. My vote won't change a thing.

Subject: _____ Politics _____

Tone: _____ Irritated, Pessimistic _____

Textual Evidence (words or phrases): _____

Guided Practice

- 1.) "I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape

features of the domain—upon the bleak walls—upon the vacant eyelike windows—upon a few rank sedges—and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees” (from “The Fall of the House of Usher” by Edgar Allan Poe)

Subject: _____

Tone: _____

Textual Evidence (words or phrases): _____

2.) “This battle with Mr. Covey was the turning-point in my career as a slave. It rekindled the few expiring embers of freedom, and revived within me a sense of my own manhood.” (from The Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass by Frederick Douglass)

Subject: _____

Tone: _____

Textual Evidence (words or phrases):

3.) Excerpt from the poem “Legal Alien” by Pat Mora:

sliding back and forth
between the fringes of both worlds
by smiling
by masking the discomfort
of being pre-judged
Bi-laterally.

Subject: _____

Tone: _____

Textual Evidence (words or phrases): _____

4) Excerpt of your choice from any of the texts we have read together in class.

Text Title: _____

Text Author: _____

Write the excerpt here:

Subject: _____

Tone: _____

Textual Evidence (words or phrases): _____

Tone Vocabulary List

Positive Tone/Attitude Words

Amiable	Consoling	Friendly	Playful
Amused	Content	Happy	Pleasant
Appreciative	Dreamy	Hopeful	Proud
Authoritative	Ecstatic	Impassioned	Relaxed
Benevolent	Elated	Jovial	Reverent
Brave	Elevated	Joyful	Romantic
Calm	Encouraging	Jubilant	Soothing
Cheerful	Energetic	Lighthearted	Surprised
Cheery	Enthusiastic	Loving	Sweet
Compassionate	Excited	Optimistic	Sympathetic
Complimentary	Exuberant	Passionate	Vibrant
Confident	Fanciful	Peaceful	Whimsical

Negative Tone/Attitude Words

Accusing	Choleric	Furious	Quarrelsome
Aggravated	Coarse	Harsh	Shameful
Agitated	Cold	Haughty	Smooth
Angry	Condemnatory	Hateful	Snooty
Apathetic	Condescending	Hurtful	Superficial
Arrogant	Contradictory	Indignant	Surly
Artificial	Critical	Inflammatory	Testy

Audacious	Desperate	Insulting	Threatening
Belligerent	Disappointed	Irritated	Tired
Bitter	Disgruntled	Manipulative	Uninterested
Boring	Disgusted	Obnoxious	Wrathful
Brash	Disinterested	Outraged	
Childish	Facetious	Passive	

Humor-Irony-Sarcasm Tone/Attitude Words

Amused	Droll	Mock-heroic	Sardonic
Bantering	Facetious	Mocking	Satiric
Bitter	Flippant	Mock-serious	Scornful
Caustic	Giddy	Patronizing	Sharp
Comical	Humorous	Pompous	Silly
Condescending	Ironic	Quizzical	Taunting
Contemptuous	Irreverent	Ridiculing	Teasing
Critical	Joking	Sad	Whimsical
Cynical	Malicious	Sarcastic	Wry

Sorrow-Fear-Worry Tone/Attitude Words

Aggravated	Embarrassed	Morose	Resigned
Agitated	Fearful	Mournful	Sad
Anxious	Foreboding	Nervous	Serious
Apologetic	Gloomy	Numb	Sober
Apprehensive	Grave	Ominous	Solemn
Concerned	Hollow	Paranoid	Somber
Confused	Hopeless	Pessimistic	Staid
Dejected	Horrific	Pitiful	Upset
Depressed	Horror	Poignant	
Despairing	Melancholy	Regretful	
Disturbed	Miserable	Remorseful	

Neutral Tone/Attitude Words

Admonitory	Dramatic	Intimate	Questioning
Allusive (not <i>illusiv</i> e)	Earnest	Judgmental	Reflective
Apathetic	Expectant	Learned	Reminiscent
Authoritative	Factual	Loud	Resigned
Baffled	Fervent	Lyrical	Restrained
Callous	Formal	Matter-of-fact	Seductive
Candid	Forthright	Meditative	Sentimental
Ceremonial	Frivolous	Nostalgic	Serious
Clinical	Haughty	Objective	Shocking
Consoling	Histrionic	Obsequious	Sincere
Contemplative	Humble	Patriotic	Unemotional
Conventional	Incredulous	Persuasive	Urgent

Detached	Informative	Pleading	Vexed
Didactic	Inquisitive	Pretentious	Wistful
Disbelieving	Instructive	Provocative	Zealous

Try combining words to get a more precise description of tone as in these examples:

cautious speculation	dramatic revelation	philosophical resignation
weary resignation	unqualified endorsement	apologetic approval
analytic objectivity	tolerant acceptance	grudging admiration
unalloyed suspicion	gentle mockery	lofty indifference
excited enthusiasm	indulgent tolerance	fascinated curiosity
cautious skepticism	disapproving dismissal	politically offensive
delightfully sentimental	morally admirable	carelessly irrelevant
deep despair	pretended indifference	casual indifference
calm assurance	apprehensive resolve	excited expectation

Chunking and Annotating Activity

Directions: The poem below has been divided into 6 chunks. Paraphrase each chunk on the right side of the page. Circle any literary devices that you may see (metaphors, similes, imagery, anaphora (repetition), alliteration). Answer the questions below.

Mexicans Begin Jogging

by Gary Soto

At the factory I worked
 In the fleck of rubber, under the press
 Of an oven yellow with flame,

Until the border patrol opened
 Their vans and my boss waved for us to run.
 "Over the fence, Soto," he shouted,
 And I shouted that I was an American.

"No time for lies," he said, and passes
 A dollar in my palm, hurrying me
 Through the back door.

Since I was on his time, I ran

And became the wag to a short tail of Mexicans--
 Ran past the amazed crowds that lined
 The street and blurred like photographs, in rain.

I ran from that industrial road to the soft
 Houses where people paled at the turn of an autumn sky.
 What could I do but yell vivas
 To baseball, milkshakes, and those sociologists

Who would clock me
 As I jog into the next century
 On the power of a great, silly grin.

Comprehension and Analysis Questions

1.) Describe the setting of this poem.

2.) What is this poem about?

3.) Soto describes the suburbs outside the industrial city as “soft houses” and full of “paled people”. What can you infer about these suburbs from Soto’s description?

4.) Soto yells live “baseball” and “milkshakes” and smiles thinking about them. What could these items represent?

5.) Provide at least two examples of irony (unexpected events) in this poem?

Name: _____

Date: _____

Tone of “Mexicans Begin Jogging”

Directions: After analyzing “Mexicans Begin Jogging”, answer the questions below using textual evidence from the poem.

1.) What is the tone (author’s attitude toward the subject) of the poem? Provide textual evidence.

2.) Identify at least one line of imagery in the poem. Explain how it helps to convey the tone.

3.) Identify one example of figurative language in the poem. Explain how it helps convey the tone.

Sketch to Stretch

Sketch a visual representation of the imagery from chunks 4-6 in “Mexicans Begin Jogging” by Gary Soto.



Explain your sketch in 3-5 sentences.

Directions: The poem below has been divided into 6 chunks. Paraphrase each chunk on the right side of the page. Circle any literary devices that you may see (metaphors, similes, imagery, anaphora (repetition), alliteration). Answer the questions below.

“Elena”

by Pat Mora

My Spanish isn't good enough

I remember how I'd smile

Listening my little ones

Understanding every word they'd say,

Their jokes, their songs, their plots

Vamos a pedirle dulces a mama. Vamos.

(Let's go ask Mama for candy)

But that was in Mexico.

Now my children go to American High Schools.

They speak English. At night they sit around the

Kitchen table, laugh with one another.

I stand at the stove and feel dumb, alone.

I bought a book to learn English.

My husband frowned, drank more beer.

My oldest said, “Mama, he doesn't want you to

Be smarter than he is.” I'm forty,

Embarrassed at mispronouncing words,

Embarrassed at the laughter of my children,

The grocery, the mailman. Sometimes I take my

English book and lock myself in the bathroom,

say the thick words softly, for if I stop trying,

I will be deaf when my children need my help.

Comprehension Questions:

Who was Elena in Mexico and who is she in the USA?

Why does Elena describe speaking English as “say thick words softly?”

Why is Elena trying to learn English? Please give two possible reasons.

Analysis Questions:

How did the change in culture affect Elena’s identity?

Identify the tone of the poem. Supply a quoted literary device that supports that tone.

Task: While you read, underline or highlight any references to Iranian or American culture. Remember that culture is included but not limited to:

- Language – English or Farsi, not being able to speak the language
- Country – United States or Iran
- Gender Roles – expectations for a man or a woman
- Education – educational expectations for a region

Excerpt from *Funny in Farsi*

by Firoozeh Dumas

When I was seven, my parents, my fourteen-year-old brother, Farshid, and I moved from Abadan, Iran, to Whittier, California. Farid, the older of my two brothers, had been sent to Philadelphia the year before to attend high school. Like most Iranian youths, he had always dreamed of attending college abroad and, despite my mother's tears, had left us to live with my uncle and his American wife. I, too, had been sad at Farid's departure, but my sorrow soon faded—not coincidentally, with the receipt of a package from him. Suddenly, having my brother on a different continent seemed like a small price to pay for owning a Barbie complete with a carrying case and four outfits, including the rain gear and mini umbrella.

Our move to Whittier was temporary. My father, Kazem, an engineer with the National Iranian Oil Company, had been assigned to consult for an American firm for about two years. Having spent several years in Texas and California as a graduate student, my father often spoke about America with the eloquence and wonder normally reserved for a first love. To him, America was a place where anyone, no matter how humble his background, could become an important person. It was a kind and orderly nation full of clean bathrooms, a land where traffic laws were obeyed and where whales jumped through hoops. It was the Promised Land. For me, it was where I could buy more outfits for Barbie.

We arrived in Whittier shortly after the start of second grade; my father enrolled me in Leffingwell Elementary School. To facilitate my adjustment, the principal arranged for us to meet my new teacher, Mrs. Sandberg, a few days before I started school. Since my mother and I did not speak English, the meeting consisted of a dialogue between my father and Mrs. Sandberg.

My father carefully explained that I had attended a prestigious kindergarten where all the children were taught English. Eager to impress Mrs. Sandberg, he asked me to demonstrate my knowledge of the English language. I stood up straight and proudly recited all that I knew: "White, yellow, orange, red, purple, blue, green."

The following Monday, my father drove my mother and me to school. He had decided that it would be a good idea for my mother to attend school with me for a few weeks. I could not understand why two people not speaking English would be better than one, but I was seven, and my opinion didn't matter much.

Until my first day at Leffingwell Elementary School, I had never thought of my mother as an embarrassment, but the sight of all the kids in the school staring at us before the bell rang was enough to make me pretend I didn't know her. The bell finally rang and Mrs. Sandberg came and escorted us to class. Fortunately, she had figured out that we were precisely the kind of people who would need help finding the right classroom.

My mother and I sat in the back while all the children took their assigned seats. Everyone continued to stare at us. Mrs. Sandberg wrote my name on the board: F-I-R-O-O-Z-E-H. Under my name, she wrote "I-R-A-N." She then pulled down a map of the world and said something to my mom. My mom looked at me and asked me what she had said. I told her that the teachers probably wanted her to find Iran on the map.

The problem was that my mother, like most women of her generation, had been only briefly educated. In her era, a girl's sole purpose in life was to find a husband. Having an education ranked far below more desirable attributes such as the ability to serve tea or prepare baklava. Before her marriage, my mother, Nazireh, had dreamed of becoming a midwife. Her father, a fairly progressive man, had even refused the two earlier suitors who had come for her so that his daughter could pursue her dream. My mother planned to obtain her diploma, then go to Tabriz to learn midwifery from a teacher whom my grandfather knew. Sadly, the teacher died unexpectedly, and my mother's dreams had to be buried as well.

Bachelor No. 3 was my father. Like the other suitors, he had never spoken to my mother, but one of his cousins knew someone who knew my mother's sister, so that was enough. More important, my mother fit my father's physical requirements for a wife. Like most Iranians, my father preferred a fair-skinned woman with straight, light-colored hair. Having spent a year in America as a Fulbright scholar, he had returned with a photo of a woman he found attractive and asked his older sister, Sedigeh, to find someone who resembled her. Sedigeh had asked around, and that is how at age seventeen my mother officially gave up her dreams, married my father, and had a child by the end of the year.

As the students continued staring at us, Mrs. Sandberg gestured to my mother to come up to the board. My mother reluctantly obeyed. I cringed. Mrs. Sandberg, using a combination of hand gestures, started pointing to the map and saying, "Iran? Iran? Iran?" Clearly, Mrs. Sandberg had planned on incorporating us into the day's lesson. I only wished she had told us that earlier so we could have stayed home.

After a few awkward attempts by my mother to find Iran on the map, Mrs. Sandberg finally understood that it wasn't my mother's lack of English that was causing a problem, but rather her lack of world geography. Smiling graciously, she pointed my mother back to her seat. Mrs. Sandberg then showed everyone, including my mother and me, where Iran was on the map.

My mother nodded her head, acting as if she had known the location all along but had preferred to keep it a secret. Now all the students stared at us, not just because I had come to school with my mother, not because we couldn't speak their language, but because we were stupid. I was especially mad at my mother, because she had negated the positive impression I

had made previously by reciting the color wheel. I decided that starting the next day, she would have to stay home.

The bell finally rang and it was time for us to leave. Leffingwell Elementary was just a few blocks from our house and my father, grossly underestimating our ability to get lost, had assumed that my mother and I would be able to find our way home. She and I wandered aimlessly, perhaps hoping for a shooting star or a talking animal to help guide us back.

None of the streets or houses looked familiar. As we stood pondering our predicament, an enthusiastic young girl came leaping out of her house and said something. Unable to understand her, we did what we had done all day: we smiled. The girl's mother joined us, then gestured for us to follow her inside. I assumed that the girl, who appeared to be the same age as I, was a student at Leffingwell Elementary; having us inside her house was probably akin to having the circus make a personal visit.

Her mother handed us a telephone, and my mother, who had, thankfully, memorized my father's work number, called him and explained our situation. My father then spoke to the American woman and gave her our address. This kind stranger agreed to take us back to our house.

Perhaps fearing that we might show up at their doorstep again, the woman and her daughter walked us all the way to our front porch and even helped my mother unlock the unfamiliar door. After making one last futile attempt at communication, they waved good-bye. Unable to thank them in words, we smiled even more broadly.

After spending an entire day in America, surrounded by Americans, I realized that my father's description of America had been correct. The bathrooms were clean and the people were very, very kind.

Funny in Farsi One-Pager

Task: Create a One-Pager based on the theme of cultural identity in *Funny in Farsi*. Reveal how the differences in culture between Iran and America are revealed during her first day of school.

Directions: Read the following activities to include on your One-Pager.

Elements to include:

Include a notable word(s), quote(s), phrase(s), etc. that jump out at you. Write them down anywhere on your page. Use different colors or writing style to make them stand out.
Use a visual image, either drawn or cut out from magazines, which create a “visual focus” on your one-pager. Pictures should represent what you have visually in mind about the reading.
Make a personal statement about what you have read. What did the reading mean to you? What is your opinion, final thought, big question, or personal connection?
Ask a level 2 or 3 question and answer it.
Be creative. Communicate your understanding or interpretation of the reading. Create in a way that your audience will understand something about the literature piece.

Fill the page up. Make it rich with quotes, images, color!

Do not...

- Summarize the entire story
- Think half page will do

A successful One-Pager will include:

_____ One quote from the text that reveals how the culture of Firoozeh’s parents is different from the culture in America (5 pts)

_____ One quote from the text that reveals how either Iranian or American culture affects Firoozeh’s identity (5 pts)

_____ A personal statement about your final thoughts, personal connections, or opinion of the quote (5 points)

_____ One level 2 or 3 question you pose and an answer to that question (5 pts)

_____ A creative and thoughtful visual image (5 points)

_____ **Total (25 pts)**

Authentic Learning Immigration Assessment

Goal: I will be able to identify a central idea of a news product and respond to that central idea.

So What? Why does identity or culture matter? Some of the texts we have been reading explore identity in America, a country that prides itself on its multicultural society. Except for Native People, we are all immigrant or children of immigrants.

2016 is an election year. On both sides of the political spectrum, immigration is a controversial issue. Your assignment is to **enter into the public conversation about immigration** in America.

Please identify and respond to an article, video, or political cartoon that mentions immigration in America or people who are immigrants to America.



Your Task:

- Provide the link
- Summarize the article, video, or political cartoon in 2-4 sentences.
 - As part of that summary, identify the central idea or message of the cartoon. Identify the message the author is trying to make.
- Explain your personal reaction to the article, political cartoon, or video. Do you agree or disagree with the author's message or central idea?
- Sign your post to earn credit for your learning
- Read and respond to a post from one of your classmates (it cannot be a post that has already been commented upon). Agree or disagree with their reaction to the article, political cartoon, or video
- Sign your response to a classmate to earn credit for your learning.

This assignment will be submitted to our Class Website in the Blog section.



Remember:

- 1) You have to sign your comment to earn credit for your learning
- 2) Your comment will not appear until we approve it
(We will be as quick as we can!)

“Identity”

by Julio Noboa Polanco

Let them be as flowers,

always watered, fed, guarded, admired,
but harnessed to a pot of dirt.

I'd rather be a tall, ugly weed,
clinging on cliffs, like an eagle
wind-wavering above high, jagged rocks.

To have broken through the surface of stone,
to live, to feel exposed to the madness
of the vast, eternal sky.
To be swayed by the breezes of an ancient sea,
carrying my soul, my seed,
beyond the mountains of time or into the abyss of the bizarre.

I'd rather be unseen, and if
then shunned by everyone,
than to be a pleasant-smelling flower,
growing in clusters in the fertile valley,
where they're praised, handled, and plucked
by greedy, human hands.

I'd rather smell of musty, green stench
than of sweet, fragrant lilac.
If I could stand alone, strong and free,
I'd rather be a tall, ugly weed.

“Identity” by Julio Noboa Polanco Analysis

PART I: Reader Response

Directions: Choose TWO of the sentence starters below and complete the sentences.

1. I really don't understand the line...
2. This poem makes me think about _____ because...
3. I really like/dislike this poem because...
4. I noticed...
5. I wonder why...
6. I think....

1. _____

2. _____

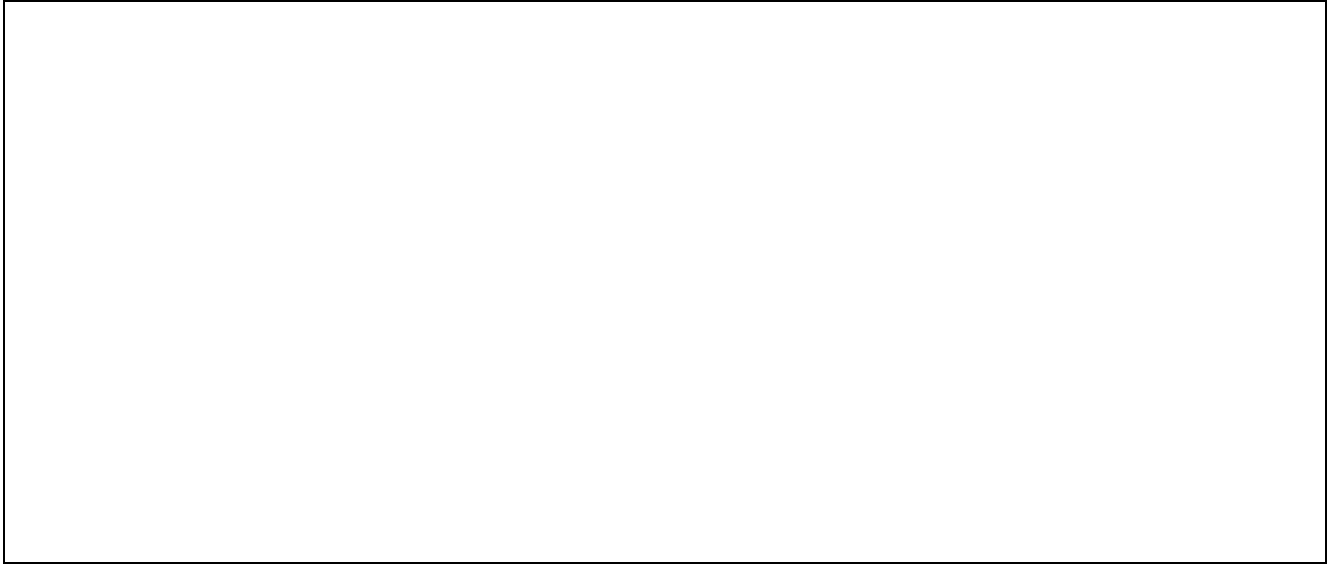
PART II: T Chart Analysis

Directions: Record all of the images related to “flowers” in the left hand column and all of the images related to “a weed” in the right hand column.

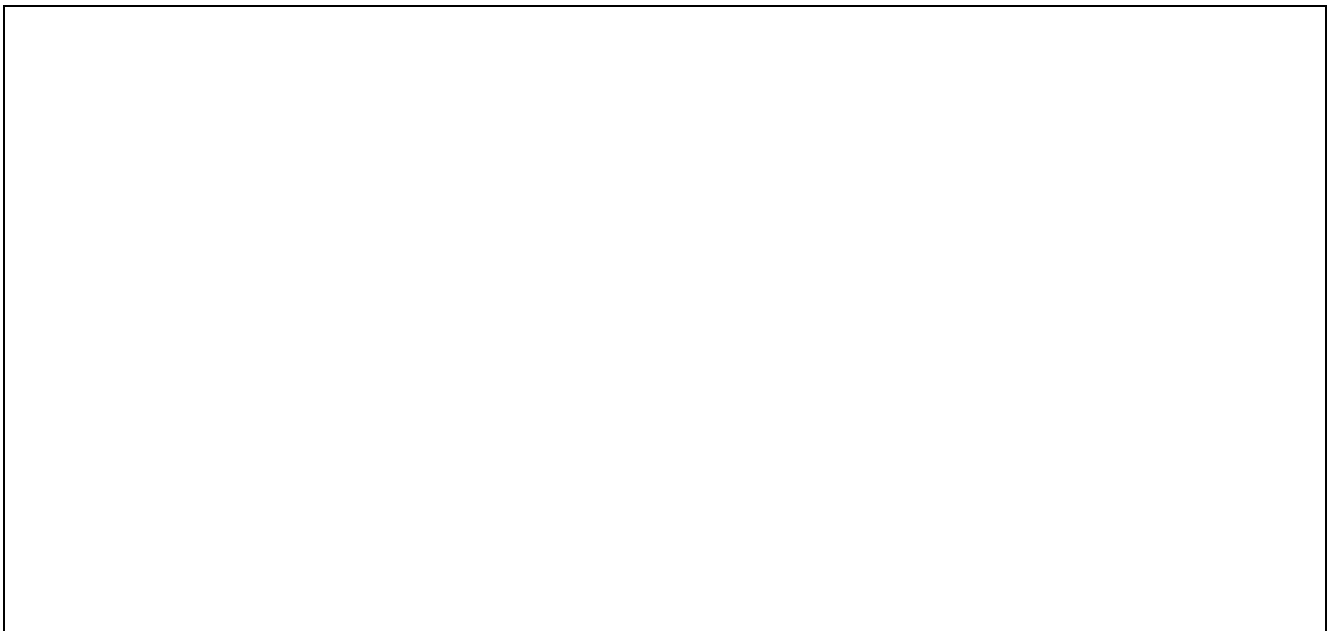
Flower	Weed

PART III: Imagery

Directions: Draw an image that represents a flower from the poem (must be able to support with textual evidence).



Directions: Draw an image that represents a weed from the poem (must be able to support with textual evidence).



PART IV: Reading Comprehension Questions

Directions: After reading the poem “Identity” by Julio Noboa Polanco and completing parts 1-3, answer the questions below in complete sentences.

1.) What three adjectives do you think Julio would use to describe himself?

2.) Why do you think Polanco compares himself to a weed?

3.) What kind of a person do you think Polanco is, from the way he describes “weeds” in his poem? (Use evidence from the poem)

4.) What kind of people do you think are the “flowers,” and what are Polanco’s feelings towards the “flowers” of our society? (Use evidence here, too)

5.) What is the central idea of the poem?

One-Pager

Directions: Create a One-Pager based on the central idea of the poem “Identity” and how imagery enhances this central idea.

Central Idea: It is better to be different than to be like everyone else.

Elements to include:

<p>Include the title of the poem and author Include the central idea Included two examples of imagery that jump out at you. Write them down anywhere on your page. Use different colors or writing style to make them stand out.</p>
<p>Use a visual image, either drawn or cut out from magazines, which create a “visual focus” on your one-pager. Pictures should represent what you have visually in mind about the reading.</p>
<p>Make a personal statement about what you have read. What did the reading mean to you? What is your opinion, final thought, big question, or personal connection?</p>
<p>Answer the following question: How do the examples of imagery enhance the central idea of the poem?</p>
<p>Be creative. Communicate your understanding or interpretation of the reading. Create in a way that your audience will understand something about the literature piece.</p>

Fill the page up. Make it rich with quotes, images, color!

Do not...

- Summarize the entire poem
- Think half page will do

A successful One-Pager will include:

____ Two quotes that reveal strong imagery (10 pts)

____ A personal statement about your final thoughts, personal connections, or opinion of the quote (5 points)

____ Answer the question: How do the examples of imagery enhance the central idea? (5 pts)

____ A creative and thoughtful visual image (5 points)

____ Total (25 pts)

Obj: I will be able to identify symbolism and explain what the symbols could represent.

“The Rose That Grew From Concrete”

By Tupac Shakur

Did you hear about the rose that grew
from a crack in the concrete?
Proving nature's law is wrong it
learned to walk with out having feet.
Funny it seems, but by keeping its dreams,
it learned to breathe fresh air.
Long live the rose that grew from concrete
when no one else ever cared.

Comprehension Questions:

1) How did the rose “prove nature’s law is wrong?”

2) How did the rose “learn to breathe fresh air” and grow tall?

Analysis Questions

3) What does it mean to be a “rose that grew from a crack in the concrete?”

4) Can you think of anyone, either someone you know or a celebrity, that can be considered a “rose that grew from concrete?” Explain why this metaphor explains his or her identity.

a page tonight.
And let that page come out of you—
Then, it will be true.

I wonder if it's that simple?
 I am twenty-two, colored, born in Winston-Salem.
 I went to school there, then Durham, then here
 to this college on the hill above Harlem.
 I am the only colored student in my class.
 The steps from the hill lead down into Harlem,
 through a park, then I cross St. Nicholas,
 Eighth Avenue, Seventh, and I come to the Y,
 the Harlem Branch Y, where I take the elevator
 up to my room, sit down, and write this page:

It's not easy to know what is true for you or me
 at twenty-two, my age. But I guess I'm what
 I feel and see and hear, Harlem, I hear you:
 hear you, hear me—we two—you, me, talk on this page.
 (I hear New York, too.) Me—who?
 Well, I like to eat, sleep, drink, and be in love.
 I like to work, read, learn, and understand life.
 I like a pipe for a Christmas present,
 or records—Bessie, bop, or Bach.
 I guess being colored doesn't make me *not* like
 the same things other folks like who are other races.
 So will my page be colored that I write?

Being me, it will not be white.
 But it will be
 a part of you, instructor.
 You are white—
 yet a part of me, as I am a part of you.
 That's American.
 Sometimes perhaps you don't want to be a part of me.
 Nor do I often want to be a part of you.
 But we are, that's true!
 As I learn from you,
 I guess you learn from me—
 although you're older—and white—
 and somewhat more free.

This is my page for English B.

Comprehension Questions:

What do we learn about our narrator? Please provide as many details as possible.

Our narrator notes: “I guess being colored doesn’t make me not like the same things other folks like who are different raves/ So will my page be colored that I write?”

What do you think he means?

Your assignment: Compose your own “Theme for English B” poem.

I wonder if it’s that simple?

I am

I went

I go

I am

The steps from school lead me to

It's not easy to know what's true for you or me

At

I feel and see and hear

Well, I liked to

I like to

I guess

Excerpts from *Citizen* by Claudia Rankine

Excerpt 1

You are in the dark, in the car, watching the black-tarred street being swallowed by speed; he tells you his dean is making him hire a person of color when there are so many great writers out there.

You think maybe this is an experiment and you are being tested or retroactively insulted or you have done something that communicates this is an okay conversation to be having.

Why do you feel okay saying this to me? You wish the light would turn red or a police siren would go off so you could slam on the brakes, slam into the car ahead of you, be propelled forward so quickly both your faces would suddenly be exposed to the wind.

As usual you drive straight through the moment with the expected backing off of what was previously said. It is not only that confrontation is headache producing; it is also that you have a destination that doesn't include acting like this moment isn't inhabitable¹, hasn't happened before, and the before isn't part of the now as the night darkens and the time shortens between where we are and where we are going.

Comprehension Questions

- 1) What did the person in the car say to the narrator that upset her?

- 2) The narrator says “you have a destination that doesn't include acting like this moment isn't inhabitable, hasn't happened before, and the before isn't part of the now.” Why is this incident so frustrating to the narrator?

Excerpt 2

When you arrive in your driveway and turn off the car, you remain behind the wheel another ten minutes. Sitting there staring at the closed garage door you are reminded that a friend

¹ Acceptable to live in

once told you there exists a medical term — John Henryism — for people exposed to stresses stemming from racism. They achieve themselves to death trying to dodge the build up of erasure. Sherman James, the researcher who came up with the term, claimed the physiological² costs were high. You hope by sitting in silence you are bucking the trend.

Comprehension Questions:

- 1) Define John Henryism in your own words.

- 2) What are the effects on an individual's identity when their culture does not value parts of their identity?

Excerpt 3

² Health, both mental and physical

When the stranger asks, “Why do you care?” you just stand there staring at him. He has just referred to the boisterous³ teenagers in Starbucks as niggers. “Hey, I am standing right here,” you responded, not necessarily expecting him to turn to you.

He is holding the lidded paper cup in one hand and a small paper bag in the other. “They are just being kids. Come on, no need to get all KKK on them,” you say.

“Now there you go,” he responds.

The people around you have turned away from their screens. The teenagers are on pause. “There *I* go? you ask,” feeling irritation begin to rain down. Yes, and something about hearing yourself repeating this stranger’s accusation in a voice usually reserved for fighting with your partner makes you smile.

Comprehension and Analysis Questions:

- 1) Why is the stranger’s statement offensive to the narrator?

- 2) What does the narrator say in response to the offensive comment in the coffee shop?

- 3) What do you think the stranger means when he says “There you go”?

Excerpt 4

³ Energetic and loud

The new therapist specializes in trauma counseling. You have only ever spoken on the phone. Her house has a side gate that leads to a back entrance she uses for patients. You walk down a path bordered on both sides with deer grass and rosemary to the gate, which turns out to be locked.

At the front door the bell is a small round disc that you press firmly. When the door finally opens, the woman standing there yells, at the top of her lungs, “Get away from my house. What are you doing in my yard?”

It’s as if a wounded Doberman pinscher or a German shepherd has gained the power of speech. And though you backup a few steps, you manage to tell her you have an appointment. You have an appointment? she spits back. Then she pauses. Everything pauses. “Oh,” she says, followed by, “oh, yes, that’s right. I am sorry.”

“I am so sorry, so, so sorry.”

Comprehension and Analysis Questions:

- 1) Describe what happens when the narrator shows up for her first appointment with her new therapist.

- 2) What does the simile “It’s as if a wounded Doberman pinscher or a German shepherd has gained the power of speech” mean? The simile describes the therapist’s reaction to seeing the narrator on her front porch.

- 3) Why is it ironic that the therapist “specializes in trauma counseling?”

Directions: In your groups, each individual must choose one role for each excerpt of the text. You can choose to be the Visualizer, Clarifier, Questioner, or Summarizer. After each chunk, rotate roles.

Annotation Task: This text is driven by the Sami's conflict.

Sami feels an internal conflict between the expectations of his Arab culture, the Army culture, and his identity. He experiences external conflicts with Arab and Army individuals. Please underline or highlight any moments where Sami:

- **Explains** how his identity is different from the typical Arab person or Army soldier
- **Thinks** or **says** a correction to an Arab or Army individual about their treatment or opinion of Arab people or Army soldiers
- **Feels a connection** to his Arab or Army identity

In the margin, label the underlined or highlighted comment A for Arab or S for Soldier. The label should represent the culture he defends or feels a connection with.

Excerpt from *How Does It Feel to Be a Problem*

By Moustafa Bayou

“Sami”

It’s January 2006 and after a four year absence, Sami--a door-size man with soft eyes, a cliff for a nose, and shoulders the mass of Rhode Island--was finally going back to college. For the last six months, he had been living in his parent’s house and surviving on unemployment. The days were slow and the money meager, though he had managed to squeeze in a few side trips with Ana, his girlfriend, and was basically enjoying himself. But he knew that this period in his life was cresting to an end. Now was the time to start some serious planning for his future. He was already twenty-four years old, after all. What he needed was a career.

So Sam enrolled in a sports-management program at a local private university. It’s the kind of place that has well-dressed students strolling around green lawns with flat hedges and century-old trees. But instead of the luster of autumnal golds and reds that greet most students, Sami saw the campus as grey and cold. He had arrived in January, and the leaves had abandoned their trees long before.

When he showed up on campus, the other students were returning from winter break, and he would see them congregating in small groups, sitting down on benches, laughing loudly into cell phones, or hanging out in vestibules with their cigarettes. The air was cold enough to disguise smoke in breath.. Sami knew no one here, so on most days he would come and go without much conversation. But he was always smiling regardless, a huge, real, and athletic grin. Sami was fundamentally happy to be in school again. The world--not just school, but the whole world--seemed open and exciting and full of possibility.

One day, after classes had barely begun for the semester, Samu was walking down one of the paths. Out of nowhere he heard two young women calling to him from a distance. “Yusef! Mohammed!” they yelled, looking right at him. “Yusef!” one called out again. “Mohammed!” the other repeated, and they waved their hands madly in his direction. He looked behind reflexively, but no one was there. Confused, he shrugged them off, figuring

they had the wrong guy, and continued walking. It must be a case of mistaken identity, he surmised.

And then, a few days later, he passed them again. There they were, all flowing dark hair and liquid eyes, and so he stopped to talk to them, especially since they were cute, vocal, and charmingly aggressive. He asked them why they were yelling out to him the other day. “We were wondering if you are Arab,” one of them replied, smiling straight at him. They were Palestinian from Brooklyn, like him, and they invited him to come to the next meeting of the Arab Students Club.

Sami was surprised. He wasn’t accustomed to people identifying him as Arab-American. “Are you Spanish?” is the question he hears most of the time. His Sunset Park high school was populated mostly with Puerto Ricans, Dominicans, and African Americans. All his girlfriends have been Latinas. He’s darker-skinned than the rest of his family, to the point that even his father will joke with him by asking, “Are you sure you are part of this family?”

Nor did he particularly identify with his Arab background. Sami’s parents are Arab Christians; his Egyptian mother, a waitress at a local diner, came to New York from Cairo in 1974, and his septuagenarian⁴ father, a Palestinian from Haifa, arrived in Brooklyn in 1949, mere months after the establishment of the state of Israel, what Palestinians refer to as the nakba, “the catastrophe.” But that was a long time ago, and his father--a retired cabdriver who owns his own medallion, the official and coveted permit assigned to each taxi by the city, and a brownstone in Park Slope, Brooklyn-- doesn’t talk much about it much. Sami, too, is not particularly political, especially when it comes to the upheavals of the Arab region. He sums up the paroxysms⁵ of the Middle East with commonsense talk. “There will never be peace over there while there’s tension even between the Arabs,” he told me with Christian detachment one spring afternoon. He’s a Brooklynite through and through. He spends his days at school and most nights working two jobs: as a security guard at a gym and as a car-service driver, what he jokingly refers to as “a stereotypical Arab job.” But lately his circumstances kept bringing him back to the importance of his Arab roots.

So he decided to go to the campus meeting. There he met other Arab students at his college and began hanging out with them, partly from the ethnic tribalism that pervades much of higher education (and American society at large) and partly in a search for new friends. He’s naturally affable, so he got along with everyone immediately, even if most were several years his junior. But after awhile, he was finding himself getting into heated arguments with some of the guys, disputes specifically over the war in Iraq and American military presence there. The quarrels could often become heated, and they would frustrate Sami. But still he would continue to return to the club. It was if he were looking for something and escaping it at the same time.

“I’m like the most far-off Arab you’ll find,” he complained to me one day when talking about his relationship with some of the guys in the club. We were sitting in the backyard of a

⁴ A person who is 70-79 years old

⁵ a sudden attack or violent expression of a particular emotion or activity

Starbucks in Park Slope. “You have to be a Muslim to be an Arab. You have to listen on Arabic music all the time to be an Arab. Certain things. You’re not a real Arab if you’re like me. I don’t listen to Arabic music. I don’t watch Arabic programming. I hate going to Egypt. I hate going overseas. I date a Puerto Rican female.”

Is blood thicker than water? This is the question swirling around Sami. But his disagreements with the others are less theoretical in character. Rather, they hang like talismans around his neck. When I asked him about these verbal sparrings, he reached under his collar and pulled out his dog tags. “I chill with a lot of Arab guys now, and they hate these!” he said, looking right through me. “They ask me how many Iraqis did I kill, how could I fight in this war.” Sami doesn’t care much for the criticism. He thinks most of it is armchair politics, misplaced and misinformed. He didn’t kill anyone, didn’t see much direct combat, and now he is strongly critical of the war but solidly behind the troops. Yet Sami is something quite rare in the United States today. He’s an Arab-American soldier, an accidental fighter-turned-proud-Marine who has been away from his formal education for four years because he has served two tours in Iraq.

Three years ago everything was different.

“WAKE UP. WAKE UP, New York. We need you out here right now!”

The time was past 2:00 A.M., and Sami was asleep on top of the truck. An hour earlier, from his perch on the vehicle, he had stripped down to his T-shirt and shorts and climbed into his sleeping bag with his nine-millimeter pistol. The major had mercifully told him to get some rest. Sami had been leading the convoy of twelve trucks for hours.

It had been a month since they’d crossed the Kuwait-Iraq border. Each day they would drive a little closer to their destination, the ancient city of Babylon, set up their equipment, and take it down the next morning. The infantry units were always ahead of them, clearing the areas so that Radio Sector could set up its equipment in safety, and so far Sami hadn’t seen any indications of a fighting enemy. In fact, as soon as they had passed the border, they started seeing uniforms lying indifferently on the ground: lace-up boots, military blouses, and even trousers, all tossed and discarded like broken umbrellas in a windy rainstorm.

They drove by individual Iraqis and then groups of men, from a drip into a flow, many of them walking without shirts and shoes and in half military uniforms. Sami stared at them from his vehicle, and they looked at him hard. He recalled what he’d been told before, that these guys were all murderous that they didn’t care about anything but killing, that they’d fight to the last tooth. But then here they were, just walking along the side of the road like farmers. “That was all horseshit!” he decided. “They lied. They were trying to scare the living hell out of me, and there it was!” It eased his mind to know that these Iraqis weren’t putting up a fight. Maybe it would be like this the whole way, he reasoned.

They passed peasant kids and their families on the road, and something interesting happened. The landscape began to remind Sami of parts of Egypt where he visited family, as did the grinding poverty, which was reminiscent of the streets of some neighborhoods of

Cairo. People were walking around on cement in 120-degree heat, without shoes. They lived simply in makeshift houses. He found that the destitution⁶ was causing him pangs of regret, and he wanted to give the people he passed something, but regulations barred it, for fear of starting a riot. Eventually he found ways around this. When he was riding in other open vehicles, he would surreptitiously hand off two-liter bottles of water, cases of MREs, and wrapped Tootsie Rolls to people they passed. As his feelings of dread waned, his notions of kinship⁷ with the Iraqis were awakened. He told me later “I wanted to give them that kind of dignity. If I did that, at least it would show some sort of humane feeling toward them, you know, that we were not just here to murder everybody. That we were here to help.”

A few of his fellow Marines didn’t take well to his sympathies. “Fuck those guys. Get rid of them all,” they would say, and then Sami would stop them and ask “Do you really think we should just kill everybody here?” Hell yeah, fuck them all!” they replied. Sami would just shake his head, and they would call him “terrorist.” With his friends at least, there was none of this talk.

“Come on, WAKE UP! We need you out here right now.”

“What happened?”

“We got like fifty Iraqis coming toward us, and we need to search them all. We need you to speak to them.”

Wearing only his T-shirt, shorts, and boots, he climbed down off the truck. And there they were, a group of old men surrounded by Marines armed to the teeth. The men were on their knees in the gravel, looking lost and pathetic. Private Andrews, a kid with an M16, was so wound up, so stressed out from not being able to shoot off his gun, and so pumped up by being this close to his Iraqi enemy that he was yelling and screaming at the elders with massacre in his eyes.

“Don’t fuckin’ move! Don’t move! Don’t move!” he screamed, his fingers loose on the weapon.

Sami shook the sleep out of his eyes and saw the situation for what it was. He looked at his fellow soldier in disbelief. “Hey, Andrews,” he said. “Relax! These are just some old men. Let me get you on *your* knees on the gravel and see how long you can take it.”

Andrews told Sami to fuck off and mind his own business. Sami was getting more worried by the bloodlust he saw in Andrews’s eyes. But at the same time, he worried that he would be branded as being soft on the enemy. “I am wearing name tapes that say ‘U.S. Marine, United States’ but my parents are Arab and I can’t forget that,” he told me. “I wanted to treat them as good as I can without showing bias. It’s not like I didn’t want to win the war or to rectify what happened,” he said, referring to the September 11 attacks, “I just wanted to be mindful of Arab people, to show some compassion.”

⁶ Severe poverty

⁷ Blood relationship

He decided to take advantage of his privileged position as the major's driver. Sami had been on excellent terms with the commanding officer since being assigned to him, and he had never met a man like the major before--fair, disciplined, and thoughtful. The man was a born marine. Sami approached him.

"Hey, sir," he said. "Can you tell Andrews to ease off a bit? He threw in the request like it was nothing, like asking to be passed the plate of potatoes at the dinner table, but he was scared as to how this would look. "It's not that serious, sir. There are a lot of old guys here. These people are kneeling on gravel. They've been through enough. Can I get them to sit on their butts and not on their knees?"

"All right, get them to sit on their butts."

"Thank you, sir."

He told the men in Arabic how to sit, and he got what he wanted. He looked at Andrews, but rather than feeling relieved, he felt angry, almost irrationally upset. He could have punched the soldier in the face. He wanted to get in Andrew's face and scream at him, "What is wrong with you? You act like you're all big and tough because you have a gun? What if the roles were reversed? What if you were the one on the ground? How would you feel? They've already been through hell. They've probably already had their houses blown up. God knows what happened to their families. And now *you* want to add undue pressure? Was he--this old Iraqi man--a threat to you? You've got thirty other Marines with guns here. Are you serious?"

But he didn't want to appear soft on the enemy, so he didn't say anything.

TEXT TO TEXT CONNECTIONS

Vocabulary

Directions – Underline these words in the story and make sure you know them. Add any words you boxed to the list and we will help you define them.

1. Lagos - capital of Nigeria
2. Ibo - African people in Nigeria
3. Cosmopolitan - urban
4. Kindly-disposed - nice
5. Fond - like
6. Cassia - kind of tropical tree
7. Retreat - peaceful place
8. Reviving - bringing new life
9. Disconcertingly - in a confusing and disturbing manner
10. Vehemently - forcefully
11. Homily - sermon
12. Perplex - confuse
13. Dissuasion - advising against
14. Commiserate - sympathize
15. Optimistic - positive
16. Essentially - basically
17. Deference - courteous respect
18. Persevere - keep trying
19. Perfunctorily - not interested
20. Implore - plead, beg, pray
21. Steel - harden

“Marriage is A Private Affair” by Chinua Achebe

(1930-2013)

‘Have you written to your dad yet?’ asked Nene one afternoon as she sat with Nnaemeka in her room at 16 Kasanga Street, Lagos.

‘No. I’ve been thinking about it. I think it’s better to tell him when I get home on leave!’

‘But why? Your leave is such a long way off yet—six whole weeks. He should be let into our happiness now.’ Nnaemeka was silent for a while, and then began very slowly as if he groped for his words: ‘I wish I were sure it would be happiness to him.’

‘Of course it must,’ replied Nene, a little surprised. ‘Why shouldn’t it?’

‘You have lived in Lagos all your life, and you know very little about people in remote parts of the country.’

‘That’s what you always say. But I don’t believe anybody will be so unlike other people that they will be unhappy when their sons are engaged to marry.’

‘Yes. They are most unhappy if the engagement is not arranged by them. In our case it’s worse—you are not even an Ibo.’

This was said so seriously and so bluntly that Nene could not find speech immediately. In the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the city it had always seemed to her something of a joke that a person’s tribe could determine whom he married.

At last she said, ‘You don’t really mean that he will object to your marrying me simply on that account? I had always thought you Ibos were kindly disposed to other people.’

‘So we are. But when it comes to marriage, well, it’s not quite so simple. And this,’ he added, ‘is not peculiar to the Ibos. If your father were alive and lived in the heart of Ibibo-land he would be exactly like my father.’

‘I don’t know. But anyway, as your father is so fond of you, I’m sure he will forgive you soon enough. Come on then, be a good boy and send him a nice lovely letter . . .’

‘It would not be wise to break the news to him by writing. A letter will bring it upon him with a shock. I’m quite sure about that.’

‘All right, honey, suit yourself. You know your father.’

As Nnaemeka walked home that evening he turned over in his mind different ways of overcoming his father’s opposition, especially now that he had gone and found a girl for him. He had thought of showing his letter to Nene but decided on second thoughts not to, at least for the moment. He read it again when he got home and couldn’t help smiling to himself. He remembered Ugoye quite well, an Amazon of a girl who used to beat up all the boys, himself included, on the way to the stream, a complete dunce at school.

I have found a girl who will suit you admirably—Ugoye Nweke, the eldest daughter of our neighbour, Jacob Nweke. She has a proper Christian upbringing. When she stopped schooling some years ago, her father (a man of sound judgment) sent her to live in the house of a pastor where she has received all the training a wife could need. Her Sunday School teacher has told me that she reads her Bible very fluently. I hope we shall begin negotiations when you come home in December.

On the second evening of his return from Lagos Nnaemeka sat with his father under a cassia tree. This was the old man’s retreat where he went to read his Bible when the parching December sun had set and a fresh, reviving wind blew on the leaves.

‘Father,’ began Nnaemeka suddenly, ‘I have come to ask for forgiveness.’

‘Forgiveness? For what, my son?’ he asked in amazement.

‘It’s about this marriage question.’

‘Which marriage question?’

‘I can’t—we must—I mean it is impossible for me to marry Nweke’s daughter.’

‘Impossible? Why?’ asked his father.

‘I don’t love her.’

‘Nobody said you did. Why should you?’ he asked.

‘Marriage today is different . . .’

‘Look here, my son,’ interrupted his father, ‘nothing is different. What one looks for in a wife are a good character and a Christian background.’

Nnaemeka saw there was no hope along the present line of argument.

‘Moreover,’ he said, ‘I am engaged to marry another girl who has all of Ugoye’s good qualities, and who . . .’ His father did not believe his ears. ‘What did you say?’ he asked slowly and disconcertingly.

‘She is a good Christian,’ his son went on, ‘and a teacher in a Girls’ School in Lagos.’

‘Teacher, did you say? If you consider that a qualification for a good wife I should like to point out to you, Nnaemeka, that no Christian woman should teach. St. Paul in his letter to the Corinthians says that women should keep silence.’ He rose slowly from his seat and paced forwards and backwards. This was his pet subject, and he condemned vehemently those church leaders who encouraged women to teach in their schools. After he had spent his emotion on a long homily he at last came back to his son’s engagement, in a seemingly milder tone.

‘Whose daughter is she, anyway?’

‘She is Nene Atang.’

‘What!’ All the mildness was gone again. ‘Did you say Nene Atang, what does that mean?’

‘Nene Atang from Calabar. She is the only girl I can marry.’ This was a very rash reply and Nnaemeka expected the storm to burst. But it did not. His father merely walked away into his room. This was most unexpected and perplexed Nnaemeka. His father’s silence was infinitely more menacing than a flood of threatening speech. That night the old man did not eat.

When he sent for Nnaemeka a day later he applied all possible ways of dissuasion. But the young man’s heart was hardened, and his father eventually gave him up as lost.

‘I owe it to you, my son, as a duty to show you what is right and what is wrong. Whoever put this idea into your head might as well have cut your throat. It is Satan’s work.’ He waved his son away.

‘You will change your mind, Father, when you know Nene.’

‘I shall never see her,’ was the reply. From that night the father scarcely spoke to his son. He did not, however, cease hoping that he would realise how serious was the danger he was heading for. Day and night he put him in his prayers.

Nnaemeka, for his own part, was very deeply affected by his father’s grief. But he kept hoping that it would pass away. If it had occurred to him that never in the history of his people had a man married a woman who spoke a different tongue, he might have been less optimistic. ‘It has never been heard,’ was the verdict of an old man speaking a few weeks later. In that short sentence he spoke for all of his people. This man had come with others

to commiserate with Okeke when news went round about his son's behaviour. By that time the son had gone back to Lagos.

'It has never been heard,' said the old man again with a sad shake of his head.

'What did Our Lord say?' asked another gentleman.

'Sons shall rise against their Fathers; it is there in the Holy Book.'

'It is the beginning of the end,' said another.

The discussion thus tending to become theological, Madubogwu, a highly practical man, brought it down once more to the ordinary level.

'Have you thought of consulting a native doctor about your son?' he asked Nnaemeka's father.

'He isn't sick,' was the reply.

'What is he then? The boy's mind is diseased and only a good herbalist can bring him back to his right senses.

The medicine he requires is Amalile, the same that women apply with success to recapture their husbands' straying affection.'

'Madubogwu is right,' said another gentleman. 'This thing calls for medicine.'

'I shall not call in a native doctor.' Nnaemeka's father was known to be obstinately ahead of his more superstitious neighbours in these matters. 'I will not be another Mrs. Ochuba. If my son wants to kill himself let him do it with his own hands. It is not for me to help him.'

'But it was her fault,' said Madubogwu. 'She ought to have gone to an honest herbalist. She was a clever woman, nevertheless.'

'She was a wicked murderess,' said Jonathan who rarely argued with his neighbours because, he often said, they were incapable of reasoning. 'The medicine was prepared for her husband, it was his name they called in its preparation and I am sure it would have been perfectly beneficial to him. It was wicked to put it into the herbalist's food, and say you were only trying it out.'

Six months later, Nnaemeka was showing his young wife a short letter from his father:

It amazes me that you could be so unfeeling as to send me your wedding picture. I would have sent it back. But on further thought I decided just to cut off your wife and send it back to you because I have nothing to do with her. How I wish that I had nothing to do with you either.

When Nene read through this letter and looked at the mutilated picture her eyes filled with tears, and she began to sob.

'Don't cry, my darling,' said her husband. 'He is essentially good-natured and will one day look more kindly on our marriage.' But years passed and that one day did not come.

For eight years, Okeke would have nothing to do with his son, Nnaemeka. Only three times (when Nnaemeka asked to come home and spend his leave) did he write to him.

‘I can’t have you in my house,’ he replied on one occasion. ‘It can be of no interest to me where or how you spend your leave—or your life, for that matter.’

The prejudice against Nnaemeka’s marriage was not confined to his little village. In Lagos, especially among his people who worked there, it showed itself in a different way. Their women, when they met at their village meeting, were not hostile to Nene. Rather, they paid her such excessive deference as to make her feel she was not one of them. But as time went on, Nene gradually broke through some of this prejudice and even began to make friends among them. Slowly and grudgingly they began to admit that she kept her home much better than most of them.

The story eventually got to the little village in the heart of the Ibo country that Nnaemeka and his young wife were a most happy couple. But his father was one of the few people in the village who knew nothing about this. He always displayed so much temper whenever his son’s name was mentioned that everyone avoided it in his presence. By a tremendous effort of will he had succeeded in pushing his son to the back of his mind. The strain had nearly killed him but he had persevered, and won.

Then one day he received a letter from Nene, and in spite of himself he began to glance through it perfunctorily until all of a sudden the expression on his face changed and he began to read more carefully:

. . . . Our two sons, from the day they learnt that they have a grandfather, have insisted on being taken to him. I find it impossible to tell them that you will not see them. I implore you to allow Nnaemeka to bring them home for a short time during his leave next month. I shall remain here in Lagos. . . .’

The old man at once felt the resolution he had built up over so many years falling in. He was telling himself that he must not give in. He tried to steel his heart against all emotional appeals. It was a re-enactment of that other struggle. He leaned against a window and looked out. The sky was overcast with heavy black clouds and a high wind began to blow filling the air with dust and dry leaves. It was one of those rare occasions when even Nature takes a hand in a human fight. Very soon it began to rain, the first rain in the year. It came down in large sharp drops and was accompanied by the lightning and thunder which mark a change of season. Okeke was trying hard not to think of his two grandsons. But he knew he was now fighting a losing battle. He tried to hum a favourite hymn but the pattering of large raindrops on the roof broke up the tune. His mind immediately returned to the children. How could he shut his door against them? By a curious mental process he imagined them standing, sad and forsaken, under the harsh angry weather—shut out from his house.

That night he hardly slept, from remorse—and a vague fear that he might die without making it up to them.

“Marriage is a Private Affair” Thinking Questions

Recall

1. Who does Nnaemeka marry against his father’s will? _____
2. Where does the young couple live? _____
3. Whom does Okeke want his son to marry? _____

Infer

4. Why is Nnaemeka’s father opposed to his marriage?

5. Explain what makes Okeke change his mind about the marriage.

6. How does the world of nature reflect Okeke’s internal struggle?

Apply

7. Predict what happened next.

8. Do you think Nnaemeka is right to break the traditions of his people? Why? Have you challenged any of your parent’s traditions?

10. Imagine that Nneameka complies with his father's wishes. Do you think he would have been happy? Explain.

Central Idea

11. Describe the basic conflict.

12. What is the central idea of the short story?

13. How are conflict and central idea related?

14. What character changes in the story?

15. How does the setting – in this case, forces of nature – reflect the changing character's inner conflict?

“Marriage is a Private Affair” Central Idea Mini-Poster

Create a One-Pager based on the central idea from the short story “Marriage is a Private Affair” by Chinua Achebe

Directions:

- 1.) Create a central idea and place it in a circle in the middle of your mini poster.
- 2.) Choose four literary techniques from the story that help enhance this central idea (conflict, characterization, setting, imagery, symbolism, etc.).
- 3.) Divide your paper into four sections and place one literary technique in each section.
- 4.) In each box, choose one quote that reveals that literary technique.
- 5.) Draw an image to represent the quote you chose.

Elements to include:

Your central idea in a complete sentence.
Include notable quotes for each literary technique (4 total). Use different colors or writing style to make them stand out.
Use visual image which creates a “visual focus” for each literary technique on your mini-poster. Pictures should represent what you have visually in mind about the reading.
Be creative. Communicate your understanding or interpretation of the reading. Create in a way that your audience will understand something about the literature piece.

Fill the page up. Make it rich with quotes, images, color!

A successful Mini-Poster will include:

_____ Central idea (5 points)

_____ 4-6 quotes from the short story (10 pts)

_____ 4 creative and thoughtful visual images (10 points)

_____ **Total (25 pts)**

Task:

Literary techniques help the author to create the Central Idea. Each technique serves a purpose in helping the reader to infer the author’s message. Explain each technique and how it leads to determine the central idea.

Directions: What is your central idea? Explain how each literary technique enhances your central idea. See the example. You should have 3-6 sentences for each technique. You must explain the technique and show how it connects to the central idea.

Example:

Central idea: Traditions can cause conflicts in families.

Setting. Page 1 and 2

EXPLANATION --The setting is in Lagos and Ibiboland. Lagos is a cosmopolitan city where people have more modern ideas. Ibiboland is a rural traditional community where people have traditional ideas and they do not think in modern ways. Nnaemeka and Nene live in Lagos.

CONNECTION-- Okeke lives in Ibiboland. This helps the author show that they have different settings and think differently. This helps set up the CI that traditions can cause conflict in families.

1. Imagery: page 56 (old man’s retreat) page 59 (weather and grandchildren)

EXPLANATION

CONNECTION

2. Conflict: page 57 – (man v. man) page 57-58 (man v. society) page 59 (man v. himself)

EXPLANATION

CONNECTION

3. Epiphany:
EXPLANATION

(Okeke, page 59)

CONNECTION

4. Characterization (Nene page 55-56; Okeke pages 56-59; Nnaemeka pages 56-57)
EXPLANATION

CONNECTION

5. Symbolism:

(page 58-wedding picture; page 59-weather)

EXPLANATION

CONNECTION

“Immigrants”

by Pat Mora

wrap their babies in the American flag,
 feed them mashed hot dogs and apple pie,
 name them Bill and Daisy,
 buy them blonde dolls that blink blue
 eyes or a football and tiny cleats
 before the baby can even walk,
 speak to them in thick English,
 hallo, babee, hallo,
 whisper in Spanish or Polish
 when the babies sleep, whisper
 in a dark parent bed, that dark
 parent fear, Will they like
 our boy, our girl, our fine american
 boy, our fine american girl?

Analysis

Compose a claim that answers the question:

Does “Immigrants” by Pat Mora argue for or against maintaining cultural identity?

_____ because of the
 evidence:

Evidence 1) _____

Explain 1) This evidence supports my claim because: _____

Evidence 1) _____

Explain 1) This evidence supports my claim because: _____

Unit 1 Accountable Talk

Content Objective: SWBAT articulate opinions on various topics as well as listen to and respond to other perspectives.

Language Objective: SWBAT use sentence starters in order to express opinions.

Tomorrow we will have our first Accountable Talk discussion! We will discuss the themes from our first unit in three, 7 minute rounds. **You will participate in all rounds of discussion.** One round you will participate as a speaker and the other two rounds you will participate as an active observer of the other two rounds.

Directions: Answer all questions in your round. In order to effectively answer the questions, you may use the following to support your opinions:

- personal experiences
- news
- literary works
- historical events
- anthology
- classwork (this year or previous years)
- vocabulary from cultural anthology as well as tone vocabulary

Round 1

The first round will focus on how culture influences identity.

Focus question: What are the parts of our culture that have influenced your identity? You can use examples such as media, social media, family, friends, educational experiences, music, language, customs and traditions. You must clearly explain both the part of culture that influenced you and how it has shaped your identity.

Focus question: Using any of the texts that we have read so far, explain how one of the authors or characters in the text is influenced by their surrounding culture. You must use at least two quotes from one or more texts in order to substantiate your answers.

Possible vocabulary words to use:

Round 2

The second round will focus on how our culture values or devalues our identity.

Focus Question: Which parts of your identity are valued or devalued by our culture?

Focus Question: Using any of the texts that we have read so far, explain how one of the author's identity is either valued or devalued by our culture. You must use at least two quotes from one or more texts in order to substantiate your answers.

Possible vocabulary words to use:

Round 3

The third round will focus on diversity or lack thereof.

Focus question: Would the world be a better place if there were no religions, no countries, and no possessions as explained in "Imagine" by John Lennon?

Focus Question: Using any of the texts that we have read so far, explain how one of the authors would view this idea of no religions, no possessions, and no country. You must use at least two quotes from one or more texts in order to substantiate your answers.

Possible vocabulary words to use:

Accountable Talk: Observation Sheet

Directions: For each round that you are observing, please select one discussion participant to observe during each round and complete the chart below.

Round: _____

Focus: _____

Participant you are observing: _____

Make a tally mark () each time this participant contributes to the discussion:

What is this person's view on the topic?

Round: _____

Focus: _____

Participant you are observing: _____

Make a tally mark () each time this participant contributes to the discussion:

What is this person's view on the topic?