

*Language Work*  
*Language Play—*  
*Let's do it*  
*The Enjoyable way*

**A Language Acquisition Work-Shop for  
World Language Educators**

**The University of Arizona, Tucson, AZ**

**June 27<sup>th</sup> and 28<sup>th</sup>**

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## **My Name**

**By Sandra Cisneros from *The House on Mango Street***

In English, my name means hope. In Spanish, it means too many letters. It means sadness, it means waiting. It is like the number nine. A muddy color. It is the Mexican records my father plays on Sunday mornings when he is shaving, songs like sobbing.

It was my great-grandmother's name and now it is mine. She was a horse woman too, born like me in the Chinese year of the horse—which is supposed to be bad luck if you're born female---but I think this is a Chinese lie because the Chinese like the Mexicans, don't like their women strong.

My great-grandmother. I would've liked to have known her, a wild horse of a woman, so wild she wouldn't marry until my great-grandfather threw a sack over her head and carried her off. Just like that, as if she were a fancy chandelier. That's the way he did it.

And the story goes she never forgave him. She looked out the window all her life, the way so many women sit their sadness on an elbow. I wonder if she made the best with what she got or was she sorry because she couldn't be all the things she wanted to be. Esperanza. I have inherited her name, but I don't want to inherit her place by the window.

At school they say my name funny as if the syllables were made out of tin and hurt the roof of your mouth. But in Spanish my name is made out of a softer something like silver, not quite as thick as my sister's name Magdalena which is uglier than mine. Maddalena, who at least can come home and become Nenny. But I am always Esperanza.

I would like to baptize myself under a new name, a name more like the real me, the one nobody sees. Esperanza as Lisandra or Maritza or Zeze the X. Yes, something like Zeze the X will do.

- Why were you given your name?
- Does your name have a meaning?
- Have you always liked your name? Why or why not?
- Have you ever wanted to change your name?
- Do you feel insulted if people mispronounce your name?
- Immigrants frequently have their name changed by the culture to which they have immigrated. How do you feel about such a name change?
- How do you feel about women changing their last names to the name of their husband's family?
- Do you know what would you have been named if you had been born the opposite sex?

## **My Name**

**My name is a strange one**

**My name means God's oath**

**My name is Elisheva**

**My name was given to me by my parents—I wonder what was on their minds!**

**My name has a good solid sound**

**My name can be translated to Elizabeth**

**My name becomes normal**

**Is it really my name now?**

**My name is Steven**

**My name means much to me in all its forms**

**My name is Estaban in Spanish**

**My name was given to me in English by my first English teacher**

**My name has given me an identity—or maybe two.**

**My name can be shortened to Steve—I like it that way!**

**My name becomes sweet when my girlfriend Sally uses it. We are Sally and Steve—  
a sassy unit!**

**Can we call our children Susie and Sam?**

## **Letters with problems.**

Dear advisers,

Please help me out. I am getting married in July to Ken, a wonderful man. We have planned a perfect small wedding and are very happy, but here is the problem. We have arranged a wonderful honey-moon in England, a place that both Ken and I have always wanted to visit, and we were both so looking forward to it. Then suddenly Ken's parents decided that they wanted to join us. Now I really love Ken's parents and the last thing in the world that I want to do is to insult them, but honestly this is our honey moon and I want to be alone with my husband. Ken says he doesn't care. He likes his parents and he says they won't bother us and he doesn't mind having them along, but I sure do! I am miserable about this. What should I do.

Unhappy Bride

### **Dear Advisers,**

My daughter Kathy, who is fifteen year old, has always been messy. This has never really bothered me because I was very messy as a child too and I sort of grew out of it. I have let Kathy make as much of a mess as she wants to in her own room. I just never go in there, and once in a while, Kathy gets tired of the mess and cleans it up, so this has seemed like a good arrangement with me, but lately Kathy has been acting strangely, and I don't like the friends she brings home. My husband says we ought to go into Kathy's room when she isn't there and investigate what is going on. He is, of course, afraid of drugs. I feel that it is unethical to invade out daughter's privacy. What shall I do?

*A confused mom*

### **Dear Advisers,**

I have a job that I like very much, but there is no job security in it, and the pay is low. I love the town where I live and I have many good friends here. I also like my house and my neighborhood.

Now suddenly I have been offered a new job in a city far away where I don't know anyone. It is really a good job with much more pay, security, prestige, and possibility for promotion, but it is work that I am not really all that familiar with. I would have to learn many new things, and I don't know if I could become as good at it as the people who want to hire me evidently think that I can be. I would have to sell my house and buy one in the new city and start a whole new life. Is it really worth it? I have to add that even though I like my present job, I have been very frustrated because I feel that I just can't move on to anything better. Please tell me what to do.

*Very troubled.*

## **Working With Sophie through a Jigsaw Formula**

Rate the Statements Below on a Scale of 1-10

- The teacher's role implies distance, authority, evaluation, and objectivity
- A teacher's role implies warmth and nurturance
- The job of teaching often leaves a practitioner drained of energy, a person who can no longer communicate
- Teaching like any other passion it is addictive and enslaving.
- Professional Development Occurs Naturally as you teach

## A

“A sense of knowing where one is going” is Erikson’s definition of identity (1959,p.118), and it describes precisely how I felt when I found my identity as an educator. It was an identity delayed until midlife, leaving me with a compelling urge to make up for lost years. It was greatly enriched by earlier experiences that I had brought to it, or that had brought me to it. The first forty years of my life were an apprenticeship that led to the goal of becoming an educator. My apprenticeship as a social worker, therapist, friend to other women, wife, and mother would become an integral part of the perspective that orders the passion and power, the doubts and challenges of my role as teacher.

My ambitions had progressed from being the best behaved child in Vienna to being the perfect mother, to being the flawless teacher. To reveal this quest for perfection is risky: claiming such successful hurdling of obstacles smacks of hubris. But I believe that my own efforts played only a part in bringing me to a respected position in society. Although striving for control has been a lifelong goal, deep down I agree with Amelie Rorty (1977):

In truth the real agents of my life have been, as I believe they are in every life, Time and Chance. Most of the events that were formative were coincidences.... Everything crucial might easily have been wholly different. The good things that have happen to me--and there have been many--seem to have been largely a matter of good fortune. I am less convinced that damaging things might have gone otherwise. I do not have the sense of having been at the center of my life, directing its course. (p.41)

I have decided to risk self-exposure because my students, readers, and audiences belong to my group of “significant others.” They give meaning to my identity as an educator, and consequently I now want to share thoughts about my life with them as a way of repaying my debt for their affirmation and support.

At the age of forty-two, I suddenly had a vivid image of self-fulfillment: I wanted to teach adults skills and help generate ideas that would enhance their professional competence and enrich their lives and the lives of the people with whom they worked. While I had interesting and challenging jobs before then, they had essentially been ready-made. This time I created my own, designing a course on the parent-teacher relationship for teachers-in-training, which grew out of my experience as a parent and out of my professional work with children and their families. My object was to train teachers in interviewing skills and help them see the parents’ reality, because my drawings with my own children’s teachers had often been disappointing. Designing this course was, then, really an early characteristic attempt to master life’s frustrations through an intellectual project.

Sophie Freud Loewenstein

## B

I started to work part time when my daughter was one year old and continued to do so while nursing and rearing two more children, gradually increasing my working hours as the family grew older. Splitting my life into the two roles of social worker and mother raised problems of organization and energy, but no major emotional conflicts. I had been reared primarily by frauleins and was quite determined to be the emotional anchor for my own children. Although I had the luxury of household help, I remained my children's primary caretaker and in full charge of the household. My husband was certainly ready to help with the household and rearing the children, but he was pursuing his own career in a more goal-directed way than I, working long hours and supporting our family financially. We had an unspoken agreement that all major decisions regarding our children would be in my hands. I admire and wonder at some of today's young mothers who seem so eager to share child-rearing with their husbands. Although I do not know whether my husband could have arranged his working life differently, I wish I had had the wisdom and generosity of spirit to move in that direction.

I want to bear witness loudly and clearly to the fact that none of my jobs were approached in difficulty the emotional and intellectual demands of rearing children in our society. My heart beats faster even today when I remember the stress and anxiety of dealing with delayed developmental milestones, prolonged bedwetting, eczemas that must not be scratched, difficulties in reading and spelling, homesickness at summer camp, drug experimentation, refusal to get out of bed in the morning, Valentine's Day without valentines, getting into college and, once there, making it to graduation.

As a psychoanalytically trained mental health professional, I was convinced that early development, especially the early mother-child interaction, irreversibly sets the stage for later personality formation, and felt guilty whenever I saw my emotional problems reflected in my children. But even worse, I saw each passing development problem as a threatening portent, and now I sometimes feel that my background in psychoanalytic theory poisoned my child-rearing years with needless, excessive anxiety.

Sophie Freud Loewenstein

## C

In teaching, too, with every new class, there is the fear of establishing new criteria against which one will be measured in the future. I fear having to live up to ever-increasing and eventually unattainable standers. I fear that a successful class will not be matched next week, and sometimes warn my students that the next one will be less interesting. In the same vein, I receive compliments about a good class uneasily, perceiving them as subtle criticism of prior classes.

I am especially vulnerable to criticism from my students. One critical comment, especially from a respected student, can undermine my self-confidence for days. With increasing self-confidence, I find myself more open to criticism, more able to learn from it, more ready to see it in perspective. I now try to be less devastated by student criticism and more philosophical about not being liked or appreciated by every student. It is rewarding to find that, in the process of becoming more open and vulnerable, I have actually become stronger. I no longer interpret criticism as a total invalidation of my worth, but rather as an issue to be examined.

As a woman, I have been brought up to please others (Miller, 1976, p.110), and it is hard for me to displease my students or to feel in disharmony with them. Students are not usually aware of the extent to which teaching involves interaction. The mere presence of one or two silently or openly hostile students in a small class inhibits my ability to enjoy the class and to give fully of myself. I am even sensitive to the quality of the response of an audience in a large lecture hall; if it is missing or I cannot elicit it, I am drained of energy and can no longer communicate. I suspect that my characteristically feminine sensitivity to the moods of other (Miller, 1976, p.61) is both an asset and a liability in my professional life.

I find it difficult to weigh the value of my own goals against the opinion of students when the two clash. There are so many of them and only one of me--how can I be sure I am right? Although teaching is a lonely enterprise most of the time, I feel that great autonomy is one of the most enviable privileges of an educator. Ultimately I can find the key to good teaching within myself; I can use my own power.

From "The Passion and Challenge of Teaching." By Sophie Freud Loewenstein (Sigmund's grand-daughter)

## D

Teachers are in an exposed position, scrutinized and judged daily by hundreds of students. There are days when I grow weary of performing, entertaining, and filling up others' emptiness. There are days when I tire of offering stimulation, encouragement, and comfort, and of being the target of my students' unresolved parental loves and hates. But curiously, as the years go by, those days grow fewer, perhaps because along with being more open, I have also become more detached. I used to get angry at students who did not meet my standards, and positively disliked and scorn them. With greater wisdom I have become less narcissistically engaged, both in my praise and criticism. I had to relearn the same lesson that motherhood had taught me. Students, like children, must learn and achieve for themselves, not for their teachers. I must take care that my love and concern for my students, like motherly love and concern, does not become a prison. Sarton (1961) made this dilemma the subject of one of her early novels; it is one familiar to women teachers. The teacher role implies distance, authority, evaluation, and objectivity, as well as warmth and nurturance.

I have thus grown from a passive, eager learner and teacher whose talent was to abstract and explain others' concepts into a person able to evaluate ideas and to build my own values. As a teacher, I have been forced continually to examine my values and ideas because I must state them clearly and defend them well. My acts and words are both very visible. As a model to my students I must live by the values that I teach. Above all, teaching is a way of sharing myself, of making an impact on the world, of making my intellectual and political contribution to society.

Thus I find myself in midlife with a passion for my work. Like any other passion it is addictive and enslaving. Although a passion for work makes one less dependent on other people, it does not assure invulnerability. I still rely on students, institutions, health, and other circumstances for the opportunity to continue teaching. A passion for teach, however, seems to be a little more one's own than other passions.

Sophie Freud Loewenstein

## Discussion

1. Do you agree with Ericson's definition of identity as "A sense of knowing where one is going." Please explain.
2. Is there anything in Sophie's words that particularly rings true for you?
3. Sophie identifies teaching with passion and power. Please comment.
4. Sophie dreams about being a flawless teacher. Is this possible? Why or why not?
5. Drawing of Rorty, Sophie speaks about the role of time and chance in our lives. How do you feel about this?
6. How does Sophie describe the gender-division in her life? Do such divisions still hold?
7. How does Sophie deal with the issue of parental guilt? Can you identify?
8. What does Sophie say about student compliments and criticisms? Can you identify?
9. Sophie claims that by becoming more vulnerable, she has grown stronger. Please comment.
10. What does Sophie say about Respect? Please comment.
11. What does Sophie say about interaction? Please comment.
12. Sophie states that as a woman she was brought up to please. Comment.
13. Sophie calls teaching "a lonely enterprise—please comment.
14. Sophie is happy about the autonomy she has in teaching—comment.

15. Sophie claims that teachers are the subjects of unresolved parental loves and hates—comment.
16. Sophie says that sometimes she gets tired of “filling up the emptiness of others.” Comment.
17. Sophie tells her readers that as she grows more experienced, she has become more open and curiously also more detached—please comment.
18. Sophie states that students must learn to achieve for themselves and not for the teacher. What do you think. Please explain.
19. Sophie tells us that our love and concern should not become a prison. What is she talking about? How do you feel about this?

## **MESSENGER DICTATION—IMMIGRANTS**

EACH YEAR THE UNITED STATES BECOMES MORE ETHNICALLY, LINGUISTICALLY AND CULTURALLY DIVERSE WITH MORE THAN 90 PERCENT OF RECENT IMMIGRANTS COMING FROM NON-ENGLISH SPEAKING COUNTRIES. SINCE 2000, THE NON-ENGLISH SPEAKING POPULATION IN OUR SCHOOLS HAS INCREASED BY 95%., WHILE THE ENGLISH SPEAKING POPULATION HAS INCREASED BY ONLY 18 PERCENT. MANY OF THESE CHILDREN HAVE DROPPED OUT OF SCHOOL. ARE YOU POSSIBLY TEACHING THESE CHILDREN'S PARENTS? THERE ARE 180 LANGUAGES SPOKEN IN THE U.S. TODAY. ARE THESE LANGUAGES A TREASURE OR A BURDEN? WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A COUNTRY OF IMMIGRANTS AND WE HAVE THRIVED. IS THIS TIME DIFFERENT? WILL THIS INFLUX MAKE US RICHER OR POORER?

## OP-ED COLUMNIST

 A Well of Smiths and Xias

By **THOMAS L. FRIEDMAN**

Published: June 7, 2006

Muhammad Waqar, Avi Wolfman-Arent, Yiran Xia, Victoria Sandoval, Jacqueline Orellana-Flores, Elizabeth Packer, Ramona Singh, Anuja Shah, Mayra Ramos, Emily-Kate Hannapel, Natasha Perez, Samir Paul, Ekta Taneja, Linden Vongsathorn, Michael Tsai, Nardos Teklebrahan, Matiwos Wondwosen ...



I went to a high school graduation Monday and a United Nations meeting broke out.

The commencement was my daughter Natalie's, the high school was Montgomery Blair in Silver Spring, Md. There were some 700 kids receiving their diplomas, and as I sat there for two hours listening to each one's name pronounced, I became both fascinated and touched by the stunning diversity — race, religion, ethnicity — of the graduating class. I knew my daughter's school was diverse, but I had no idea it was this diverse.

The names above, which I just pulled from the graduation book, were typical of her entire class, which included exactly five people named "Smith." In my high school in Minnesota it seemed like there were only five people not named "Smith."

My daughter told me that the names in her class can be so difficult to pronounce that for graduation the school had all the students write their names phonetically on a card so the announcer would not mangle them in front of family and friends.

There is a lot to be worried about in America today: a war in Iraq that is getting worse not better, an administration whose fiscal irresponsibility we will be paying for for a long time, an education system that is not producing enough young Americans skilled in math and science, and inner cities where way too many black males are failing. We must work harder and get smarter if we want to maintain our standard of living.

But if there is one reason to still be optimistic about America it is represented by the stunning diversity of the Montgomery Blair class of 2006. America is still the world's greatest human magnet. We are not the only country that embraces diversity, but there is something about our free society and free market that still attracts people like no other. Our greatest asset is our ability to still cream off not only the first-round intellectual draft choices from around the world but the low-skilled-high-aspiring ones as well, and that is the main reason that I am not yet ready to cede the 21st century to China. Our Chinese will still beat their Chinese.

This influx of brainy and brawny immigrants is our oil well — one that never runs dry. It is an endless source of renewable human energy and creativity. Congress ought to stop debating gay marriage and finally give us a framework to maintain a free flow of legal immigration.

What is so striking about Blair is that it is just a neighborhood public high school. It was not designed to be diverse. Yes, it has some magnet programs, but for the most part it just reflects its surroundings — about one-third black, one-third Hispanic and one-third Noah's Ark of everyone else.

As I mingled with the other parents afterward, waiting for our kids to emerge from the ceremony, I found myself at one point surrounded by families in which no one was speaking English.

The only familiar voice that came through the din was one that made me laugh — an African-American mom, gripping her child's diploma, saying: "This diploma is

mine! I'm keeping this!" She said she had worked as hard as her kid for this day. Bless her heart, as I am sure she spoke for many parents.

It is hard to watch a graduation like this and not think about our enemies in Iraq and Afghanistan — the Taliban, Islamo-totalitarians like bin Laden and Zarqawi, and the retrograde regimes that support them. Their whole mind-set is about how to purify their world from "the other," from diversity, from "infidels." With enough brutality, they may win in Iraq. I still hope not.

But they will never win the future — because as soon as their oil wells run dry, their societies will be as barren, bland and unproductive as their deserts.

Our oil wells, by contrast, will still be pumping. They're right there, hiding in plain sight, in the Blair commencement book:

Yueyang Li, Kenia Lopez-Reyes, Lucy Fromyer, Raya Steinberg, Zahra Gordon, Sreva Ghosh, Juan-Jesus Louis, Yendil Furcal, Yenusu Eke, Sofonias Frezghi, Yohanes Dejen, Edra Comegys-Brisbane, Yoel Castillio-Ortiz, Elijah Zuares, Placido Zelaya, Mimi Zou. And Jessica Smith.

**Arrange the following words in 3-4 categories—Any categories you want—But be able to explain you categories**

Library  
Spaces  
Torn  
Poems  
Wished  
Imagined  
Directory  
Information  
Address  
Forever  
Decided  
Fought  
Soldier  
Expensive  
Continued  
Curly  
Elderly  
Grey  
Disappointed  
Dreamed  
Imagined  
Introduced  
Dinner  
Drugstore

**RATE AND RANK/ ADD YOUR OWN  
Choosing Partners for Life**

My partner should be attractive  
My partner should be economically viable.  
My partner should share interests with me  
My partner must be intelligent  
My partner must be good company  
My partner must be kind  
My partner should be generous  
My partner should be sensible  
Yours \_\_\_\_\_

## **The Test**

### **A short story from *Stories with a Twist* by Natalie Hess**

Charlie was a student at the University of Indiana. He studied hard, and often went to the library to read books. One day he found a book of poems. Its pages were torn, and in the white spaces by the poems there were notes written in pencil. Charlie enjoyed reading the poems, but more than anything, he enjoyed reading the notes written in pencil by the poems. The person who wrote them seemed very smart, and the writing was perfect. Charlie wished he knew the person; even just to see what the person looked like. He imagined the person to be very good-looking, just like the writing. Then one day, on one of the last pages of the book, Charlie found a note with a name under it. The name was "Stella Richardson." "Maybe this is the name of the person who has written all these wonderful things in pencil," Charlie thought. He looked up the name "Stella Richardson" in the student directory.

It took Charlie a few weeks to find out information about Stella. He had to ask many people and go many places. Stella was no longer a student at the university. He found out that she had moved to New York, and when he got her address, he wrote her a long letter. Stella wrote him back. Her writing was even more beautiful than her notes in the book of poems. Soon, Charlie was writing Stella once a week, and through letters they learned many things about each other. Charlie felt like he had known Stella forever. He couldn't wait to meet Stella and he decided that he would take a trip to New York to see her.

But Charlie's plans quickly changed. World War II had started, and Charlie was sent away with the army. He was sent to France, where he lived and fought as a soldier for three years.

It was difficult and expensive to send letters from France, but for three years Charlie and Stella continued to write each other. Charlie told Stella everything he did through his letters, and Stella wrote back wonderful letters that helped Charlie make it through the war. When the war was over, Charlie wrote to Stella to tell her that he was coming home. The army was sending him through New York, and he hoped he could meet Stella at the train station. Stella wrote that she would be wearing a red rose in her hair so Charlie could recognize her.

Charlie dreamed of red roses on his way back from France. He was so excited to meet the person who he felt was his best friend through all the letters they had written. When Charlie got off the train in New York, he saw a young woman. She had lovely green eyes and thick, curly brown hair. He thought she was beautiful, and he wished that this were Stella, but there was no red rose in her hair. Charlie looked and looked at all the people in the station. Finally he saw an elderly woman standing alone holding a black purse. There were wrinkles across her face, and her hair was grey like the color of the train. She looked up at Charlie, and Charlie saw the red rose in her hair.

Poor Charlie felt very sad and disappointed. This was not the woman he had dreamed about. But this was the woman who never stopped writing him such wonderful letters for so many years. Charlie knew that he loved the way she wrote. He loved the way she thought about things, and he decided that she could be a good friend, even if she wasn't what he had imagined.

Charlie walked up to the woman and introduced himself. “Hello,” he said. “I’m Charlie, and you must be Stella. May I take you out to dinner?”

The elderly woman smiled. “You seem like a very nice young man,” she said, “But I am not Stella, and I don’t quite understand what this is all about. A young woman with brown curls just walked by and asked me to put this rose in my hair. She told me that if someone named Charlie asked me out to dinner, I should tell him that Stella is waiting for him in the corner drugstore. She said that it was an important test.”

And so Charlie had passed the test of a lifetime—the test of love!

## **Bulletin One**

President John Fitzgerald Kennedy was shot and killed by an assassin today. He died of a wound in the brain caused by a rifle that was fired at him as he riding through downtown Dallas in a motorcade. Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson was sworn in as the thirty-sixth president of the United States ninety-nine minutes after President Kennedy's death.

## **Bulletin Two**

Is Dead. Is Dead. How all  
The radios sound the same.  
The static is our seed.  
Is dead. We heard. Again.

We peck at words like bran  
Strung on a string of air.  
Is dead. Again. Is dead.  
Too rhythmic for despair.

Our faces all the same,  
Learning to taste the words.  
Lock-jawed with awkwardness.  
Is dead. We know. We heard.

**Buenos Aires**  
**By Jorge Louis Borges**

**What is Buenos Aires to me?**

*It's*

the Plaza de Mayo to which tired and happy men come home after having fought on the continent.

*It's*

the growing maze of lights we glimpse from a returning plane, below us, the flat roofs, the side walks, the innermost patios—these quiet things.

*It's*

the wall of the Recoleta, against which one of my ancestors was executed.

*It's*

the great tree at the head of Junin street which, all unknowing gives us coolness and shade.

*It's*

a long street of low houses lost and transfigured by the sunsets.

*It's*

the south Docks ,from which the Saturno and the Cosmos once sailed across to Uruguay.

*It's*

that walk on Quintana Street from which my father, who had been blind, cried when he saw the ancient stars again.

*It's*

a numbered door behind which I lay rigid, in utter darkness, for ten days and ten nights—days and nights that now in memory are a single moment.

*It's*

the rider cast in heavy metal, throwing its rhythmic pattern of shadows from on high.

*It's*

the same rider under the rain.

*It's*

a certain corner on Peru Street, where Julio Cesar Dabove told us that the worst sin a man can commit is to father a son and sentence him to this unbearable life.

*It's*

Elivira De Alvear, writing in painstaking notebooks a long novel—at the beginning it was made of words and at the end of meaningless scrawls.

*It's*

Norah's hand, drawing the face of a friend that is also the face of an angel.

*It's*

a sword that once served in old wars and is now less a weapon than a memory

*What is Kuwait to me?*

It is my mother. When I make mistake, it will forgive me

It is my wife. When I feel sad, it will sit beside me.

It is my children. When I like to express out of my chest, I will talk with it.

It is my book. When I like to spend my spare time, I will read it.

It is my pen. When I feel to write about love, I will write with it.

It is my eraser. When I feel like erase something bad from my mind, I will remember the happy days I live in it.

It is my lungs that I will breathe fresh air with it

It is my eyes that I will see the light after dark with it.

It is my life. I was born in it and I will die in it.

It is my heart.

It is my love

It is everything to me.

My life is nothing without it.

*Fahed Jaber, a very homesick student from Kuwait 11/3/93*

*Center for English as a Second Language (CESL), The University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona*

What is school to me?

It is an addiction.

It is exhilarating.

It is learning things that seem impossible.

It is a place for growing and achieving.

It is expensive.

It is money well spent.

It is the ability to thumb my nose at all those who thought I couldn't do it.

It is where I can be "student" when all day I am "teacher."

It is what made me ME!

By Isabelle Santa Cruz—4<sup>th</sup> grade teacher, Yuma, Arizona, Summer '06



## Varieties of Pattern Poems

### The Couplet

This is the simplest rhyming pattern. It consists of two rhyming lines that usually bring out a humorous twist. The lines can be any length, but make sure that they rhythm and the rhyme match and the thought and mood of the poem.

Example:

The teacher called the students in  
Then wished he could escape the din!

I love ice-cream on my lips  
But I don't like it on my hips

Can't you really figure out  
What our Yuma is about?

### The Lantern Poem

Lantern poems are shaped like Japanese lanterns. Here is how you write a lantern poem.

First line: one syllable

Second line: two syllables

Third line: three syllables

Fourth line: four syllables

Fifth line: one syllable

Examples:

Boys  
Climbing  
Running Fast  
Playing some games  
Fast

Sky  
So blue  
Many clouds  
Above the earth  
Now

### The Haiku

The Haiku is an unrhymed Japanese poem  
Containing five, seven, and five syllables respectively

It is usually light and delicate in feeling and talks about something beautiful in nature.

Examples:

Loud crashing thunder  
And then the rain pouring down  
The rainbow appears

Sweet daisies smiling  
Like little sunshines at me  
Swedish summer day

### **Tanka**

The Tanka is another oriental poem, very much like the Haiku, except that it has two more lines of seven syllables each. The Tanka has a total of 31 syllables. Here is how the Tanka looks:

Line one: 5 syllables  
Line two: 7 syllables  
Line three: 5 syllables  
Line four: 7 syllables  
Line five: line five seven syllables

Example:

The gate is unlocked  
Boys and girls with shining shoes  
And full lunch boxes  
Gather to talk of summer  
While they listen for the bell.

### **Cinquain**

The Cinquain is a short poem made up of five lines. Here is how it looks:

Line one: One word made up of two syllables (This can be the title.)  
Line two: Four syllables describing the subject of the title  
Line three: Six syllables showing action  
Line four: Eight syllables expressing feeling or observation about the subject  
Line five: Two syllables describing or re-naming the subject

Examples:

Kittens  
Frisky, playful  
Mewing, bouncing, jumping  
Creep silently on padded feet

Mischief

Mountain  
Isolated  
Snowcapped and cloud touching  
White against shining azure sky  
High Peak

### **The Diamond Poem**

This poem is named for its shape. It compares two things. Linguistically speaking, it uses nouns, adjectives, present participles (the “ing” form of the verb), and adverbs. It describes one object and half-way through after the second adverb in the fourth line it switches to describing the compared object.

Start the poem by considering the two objects/people you will compare

**First line**—names first object/person—one word

**Second line**—two words associated with object

**Third line**—Three participles describing object

**Fourth line** four adverbs—two describing 1<sup>st</sup> subject last two describing 2<sup>nd</sup> object

**Fifth line** Three participles describing second object/subject/person

**Sixth line** two words associated with second object

**Seventh line**- names second object/person—one word

**Example:**

Corn  
Tortillas, grain  
Grinding, cooking, tasting  
Delicately, deliciously, cheerfully, painfully  
Burning, glowing, rising  
Sun

Darcy  
Reward, punishment  
Piercing, pointing, placing  
Severely, strictly, kindly, forgivingly  
Sharing, giving, promising  
Reader, knower  
Teacher

### **Acrostic**

The basic acrostic is a poem in which the first letters of the lines read downward forming a word, a phrase or a sentence. Acrostics are easy to write. They should first be tried with student names. Start with one word and move to sentences. Then the acrostic can become a paragraph.

**Example: (The word is Perception)**

Pizaro went back to ask for permission.  
Every Inca thought the Spanish were gods.  
Reception for the Spanish was friendly.  
Cajamarca was the home of the Incas.  
Emperor Althualpa did not know about Christianity.  
Pizaro held the emperor captive.  
The emperor did not think the Spanish immortal  
Incas at first trusted the Spaniards  
Offers were made to help Altahualpa  
New perceptions came later

**The Bio Poem**

A “bio-poem” encapsulates your life and your opinions in a very basic and poetic form. In the ELL framework, we can use bio poems in many interesting ways:

- Students can introspect and write about their own lives, share their poems and thus learn about one another.
- Students can interview classmates and write bio-poems about one another.
- Students can write bio-poems about characters in stories.
- Students can write bio-poems about historical figures.
- Students can write bio poems about members of their families.
- Students can write bio poems about people they admire.
- A class can collect bio poems from all class-mates and create a bio poem book for the whole class. This makes an excellent conclusion to a writing class. If each student gets a copy of the book, students can write notes in one another’s books—year-book style.

*The Basic Pattern*

Line One: First Name \_\_\_\_\_

Line Two: Relative of \_\_\_\_\_

Line Three: Lover of \_\_\_\_\_ (List several people and/or things)

Line Five: Who feels \_\_\_\_\_ (several things)

Line Six: Who needs \_\_\_\_\_ (several things)

Line Seven: Who fears \_\_\_\_\_ (several things)

Line Eight: Who gives \_\_\_\_\_ (several things)

Line Nine: Who would like to see \_\_\_\_\_ (several things)

Line ten: Resident of \_\_\_\_\_

Line eleven: Last Name \_\_\_\_\_

**Example from Yuma Teacher**

Elizabeth

Hard-working, trying, setting goals

Mother of Susan, James, and baby Anna

Lover of ice-cream, daisies, and Yuma clear skies

Who feels frustrated in her work, but happy and grateful to have a job just the same.

Who needs a hug every day and more time.

Who fears terrorism, disease, and old age.

Who gives of herself every day.

**My name is Jorge**

**My name is Jorge  
I know my name is Jorge  
But everybody calls me George**

**George  
What an ugly sound!  
Like a sneeze!  
GEORGE!**

**And worst of all  
Is that  
This morning  
A girl called to me,  
“George”  
And I turned my head.**

**I don’t want to turn  
Into a sneeze!**

---

**“T-Shirt”**

**Teacher?  
George, please call me Mrs. Roberts.**

**Yes, teacher!  
George, please don’t call me “teacher.”**

**Yes, T---  
I mean, Mrs. Roberts.**

**You see, George, it’s a sign of respect to call me by my last name.  
Yes. . .Mrs. Roberts.**

**Besides, when you say it, it sounds like “t-shirt. And I don’t want to turn into a t-shirt!**

**Mrs. Robert?**

**Yes, George!  
Please call me, Jorge!**

A--

O Henry (1862-1910)

O. Henry was the pen name of William Sidney Porter. He was born and spent his childhood and early youth in Greensboro, N.C. His father, Dr. Porter was really a skilled druggist, but nevertheless practiced medicine in the town. His mother died when he was very young and his father, who was a drunkard, didn't really have much influence in the bringing up of his children. Young Will was brought up mostly by his stern Aunt Lina, who was a school teacher.

At age sixteen he quit school and went to work in his uncle's drugstore. Even though he didn't shine as a student, young Will had quite early displayed both artistic and literary talents.

When he was twenty years old, he was invited to accompany Dr. and Mrs. Hall from Greensboro for a visit to Texas where the Halls had two sons living. Will stayed on in Texas, where people were kind to him and enjoyed his creativity. He was a good story teller and a fine drinking companion. He presumably supported himself by working as a ranch helper, but mostly he survived because people were kind and hospitable. Eventually he moved to Austin where he found work as a bank clerk.

In Austin, Will met and fell in love with the nineteen-year-old Athol Estes and married her over the protests of her family. They had one daughter, Margaret. Athol believed in her husband's literary talents and encouraged his writing and the publication of a Magazine called The Rolling Stone. The magazine was soon in great financial trouble. This, in spite of the fact that Athol's family did its best to help will out.

Probably in a state of desperation, Will embezzled funds from the bank where he worked as a clerk.

B--He pleaded innocent to the charges and might well have been exonerated, had it not been for his sudden escape. He ran away--first to New Orleans and later to Honduras and returned only when he was notified that Athol, who had always been sickly, was dying with Tuberculosis.

Soon after his return to Austin, William Sidney Porter was convicted of embezzlement and started his life as Federal Prisoner No. 30664 in the Ohio Penitentiary. He was thirty five years old and he served a thirty-nine-months sentence. His daughter Margaret stayed with her maternal grandparents and the family moved to Pittsburgh where no one would know about the fate that had befallen her father. In the letters William Porter wrote to his daughter, he kept up the pretense that he had to go away on an important job.

In prison William Sidney Porter soon distinguished himself through his good behavior and through his excellent work as a druggist. He became a trusty and enjoyed many privileges. It was the first time that he dedicated serious time to writing. Many of his later well known stories were written in prison. Some of the stories dealt with prison life, although Porter refused to describe the real horrors of such life and stuck to a rather romanticized, escapist and polished versions. One reason why he might not want have wanted to write realistically was that he was constantly terrified of being identified as an ex-con.

One of the most poignant and certainly the most celebrated characters he created was Jimmy Valentine in "A Retrieved Reformation." As Alias Jimmy Valentine it was adapted for the theater and became one of the greatest hits on Broadway.

C--The character was drawn from a safe-cracker Will met and worked with in the Ohio Penitentiary.

After his release from prison, Porter went to live in Pittsburgh with his in-laws and his daughter. He truly hated Pittsburgh and when he was offered a job as a newspaper reporter in New York, he happily escaped. In New York he took the pen name O. Henry and became known as the great chronicler of that city. Here all his well known stories such as "The Gift of the Magi" and "The Leaf" were written and William Sidney Porter of Greensboro, North Carolina became O. Henry of New York. In spite of consuming an average of two quarts of whiskey a day, he managed to produce uncountable stories about the little people of New York--the waiters, the shop girls and the clerks. It is his sympathy with human weakness and his compassion for human failure which have always made his writing appealing and which still makes him a favorite writer with readers around the world. He was a person who saw life around him in story form. In a very short time he began to enjoy enormous fame. Magazines like The Saturday Evening Post which originally had rejected all his contributions, pleaded for anything--anything from his pen, and O. Henry enjoyed malicious pleasure in refusing them. Still, O. Henry never joined the New York literary establishment. He was always terrified of being discovered as the ex-con. Most people, of course, knew and didn't care, but they never told him so, and O. Henry went to his grave feeling that he carried a mark of shame. It is significant to note that when he entered the hospital dying at the age of forty eight he had registered under yet another assumed name.

## A Retrieved Reformation or Jimmy Valentine

O. Henry

A guard came to the prison shoe-shop, where Jimmy Valentine was assiduously stitching uppers, and escorted him to the front office. There the warden handed Jimmy his pardon, which had been signed that morning by the governor. Jimmy took it in a tired kind of way. He had served nearly ten months of a four-year sentence. He had expected to stay only about three months, at the longest. When a man with as many friends on the outside as Jimmy Valentine had is received in the "stir" it is hardly worth while to cut his hair.

"Now, Valentine," said the warden, "you'll go out in the morning. Brace up, and make a man of yourself. You're not a bad fellow at heart. Stop cracking safes and live straight".

"Me?" said Jimmy, in surprise. "Why, I never cracked a safe in my life."

"Oh, no," laughed the warden. "Of course not. Let's see, now. How was it you happened to get sent up on that Springfield job? Was it because you wouldn't prove an alibi for fear of compromising somebody in extremely high-toned society? Or was it simply a case of a mean old jury that had it in for you? It's always one or the other with you innocent victims."

"Me?" said Jimmy, still blankly virtuous. "Why, warden, I never was in Springfield in my life!"

"Take him back, Cronin," smiled the warden, "and fix him up with outgoing clothes. Unlock him at seven in the morning, and let him come to the bull pen. Better think over my advice, Valentine."

At a quarter past seven on the next morning Jimmy stood in the Warden's outer office. He had on a suit of the villainously fitting, ready-made clothes and a pair of the stiff, squeaky shoes that the state furnishes to its discharged compulsory guests.

The clerk handed him a railroad ticket and the five-dollar bill with which the law expected him to rehabilitate himself into good citizenship and prosperity.

The warden gave him a cigar, and shook hands. Valentine 9762, was chronicled on the books "Pardoned by Governor," and Mr. James Valentine walked out into the sunshine.

Disregarding the song of the birds, the waving green trees, and the smell of the flowers, Jimmy headed straight for a restaurant. There he tasted the first sweet joys of liberty in the shape of a broiled chicken and a bottle of white wine -

followed by a cigar a grade better than the one the warden had given him. From there he proceeded leisurely to the depot. He tossed a quarter into the hat of a blind man sitting by the door, and boarded his train. Three hours set him down in a little town near the state line. He went to the cafe of one Mike Dolan and shook hands with Mike, who was alone behind the bar.

A.

"Sorry we couldn't make it sooner, Jimmy, me boy," said Mike. "But we had that protest from Springfield to buck against, and the governor nearly balked. Feeling all right?"

"Fine," said Jimmy. "Got my key?"

He got his key and went upstairs, unlocking the door of a room at the rear. Everything was just as he had left it. There on the floor was still Ben Price's collar-button that had been torn from that eminent detective's shirt-band when they had overpowered Jimmy to arrest him. Pulling out from the wall a folding-bed, Jimmy slid back a panel in the wall and dragged out a dust-covered suitcase. He opened this and gazed fondly at the finest set of burglar's tools in the East. It was a complete set, made of specially tempered steel, the latest designs in drills, punches, braces and bits, jimmies, clamps, and augers, with two or three novelties invented by Jimmy himself, in which he took pride. Over nine hundred dollars they had cost him to have made at a place where they make such things for the profession.

In half an hour Jimmy went downstairs and through the cafe. He was now dressed in tasteful and well-fitting clothes, and carried his dusted and cleaned suitcase in his hand. "Got anything on?" asked Mike Dolan, genially. "Me?" said Jimmy, in a puzzled tone. "I don't understand. I'm representing the New York Amalgamated Short Snap Biscuit Cracker and Frazzled Wheat Company."

This statement delighted Mike to such an extent that Jimmy had to take a seltzer-and-milk on the spot. He never touched "hard" drinks.

A week after the release of Valentine, 9762, there was a neat job of safe-burglary done in Richmond, Indiana, with no clue to the author. A scant eight hundred dollars was all that was secured. Two weeks after that a patented, improved, burglar-proof safe in Logansport was opened like a cheese to the tune of fifteen hundred dollars, currency; securities and silver untouched. That began to interest the rogue-catchers. Then an old-fashioned bank safe in Jefferson City became active and threw out of its crater an emption of bank-notes amounting to five thousand dollars. The losses were now high enough to bring the matter up into Ben Price's class of work. By comparing notes, a remarkable similarity in the methods of the burglaries was noticed. Ben Price investigated the scenes of the robberies, and was heard to remark:

"That's Dandy Jim Valentine's autograph. He's resumed business.

Look at that combination knob - jerked out as easy as pulling up a radish in wet weather. He's got the only clamps that can do it. And look how clean those tumblers were punched out! Jimmy never has to drill but one hole. Yes, I guess I Want Mr Valentine. He'll do his bit next time without any short-time or clemency foolishness."

Ben Price knew Jimmy's habits. He had learned them while working up the Springfield case. Long jumps, quick getaways, no confederates, and a taste for good society - these ways had helped Mr. Valentine to become noted as a successful dodger of retribution. It was given out that Ben Price had taken up the trail of the elusive cracksman, and other people with burglar-proof safes felt more at ease.

**What kind of a man is Jimmy? Back up your statement with as many details as possible.**

**What kind of a man is Ben Price? Back up your statement with as many details as possible.**

**What is the relationship between these two? How might it develop?**

**B.**

One afternoon Jimmy Valentine and his suitcase climbed out of the mail-hack in Elmore, a little town five miles off the rail-road down in the black-jack country of Arkansas. Jimmy, looking like an athletic young senior just home from college, went down the board sidewalk toward the hotel.

A young lady crossed the street, passed him at the corner and entered a door over which was the sign "The Elmore Bank." Jimmy Valentine looked into her eyes, forgot what he was, and became another man. She lowered her eyes and colored slightly. Young men of Jimmy's style and looks were scarce in Elmore.

Jimmy collared a boy that was loafing on the steps of the bank as if he were one of the stock-holders, and began to ask him questions about the town, feeding him dimes at intervals. By and by the young lady came out, looking royally unconscious of the young man with the suitcase, and went her way.

"Isn't that young lady Miss Polly Simpson?" asked Jimmy, with specious guile.

"Naw," said the boy. "She's Annabel Adams. Her pa owns this bank. What'd you come to Elmore for? Is that a gold watch-chain? I'm going to get a bull dog. Got any more dimes?"

Jimmy went to the Planters' Hotel, registered as Ralph D. Spencer, and engaged a room. He leaned on the desk and declared his platform to the clerk. He said he had come to Elmore to look for a location to go into business. How was the shoe business, now, in the town? He had thought of the shoe business. Was there an opening?

The clerk was impressed by the clothes and manner of Jimmy. He, himself, was something of a pattern of fashion to the thinly gilded youth of Elmore, but he now perceived his shortcomings. While trying to figure out Jimmy's manner of tying his four-in-hand he cordially gave information.

Yes, there ought to be a good opening in the shoe line. There wasn't an exclusive shoe-store in the place. The dry-goods and general stores handled them. Business in all lines was fairly good. Hoped Mr. Spencer would decide to locate in Elmore. He would find it a pleasant town to live in, and the people very sociable.

Mr. Spencer thought he would stop over in the town a few days and look over the situation. No, the clerk needn't call the boy. He would carry up his suitcase, himself; it was rather heavy.

**How Does Jimmy make his entrance to Elmore? Where do we see irony? What clearly attracts him to Elmore? Why is the clerk so forthcoming?**

**C**

Mr. Ralph Spencer, the phoenix that arose from Jimmy Valentine's ashes - ashes left by the flame of a sudden and alternative attack of love - remained in Elmore, and prospered. He opened a shoe-store and secured a good run of trade.

Socially he was also a success, and made many friends. And he accomplished the wish of his heart. He met Miss Annabel Adams, and became more and more captivated by her charms.

At the end of a year the situation of Mr. Ralph Spencer was this: he had won the respect of the community, his shoe-store was flourishing, and he and Annabel were engaged to be married in two weeks. Mr. Adams, the typical, plodding, country banker, approved of Spencer. Annabel's pride in him almost equaled her affection. He was as much at home in the family of Mr. Adams and that of Annabel's married sister as if he were already a member.

One day Jimmy sat down in his room and wrote this letter, which he mailed to the safe address of one of his old friends in St. Louis:

Dear Old Pal:

I want you to be at Sullivan's place, in Little Rock, next Wednesday night at nine o'clock, I want you to wind up some little matters for me. And, also, I want to make you a present of my kit of tools. I know you'll be glad to get them--you couldn't duplicate the lot for a thousand dollars. Say, Billy, I've quit the old business - a year ago. I've got a nice store. I'm making an honest living, and I'm going to marry the finest girl on earth two weeks from now. It's the only life, Billy - the straight one. I wouldn't touch a dollar of another man's money now for a million. After I get married I'm going to sell out and

go West, where there won't be so much danger of having old scores brought up against me. I tell you, Billy, she's an angel. She believes in me; and I wouldn't do another crooked thing for the whole world. Be sure to be at Sully's, for I must see you. I'll bring along the tools with me.

Your old friend, Jimmy

**What happens in one short year? How and why has Jimmy accomplished all this? What literary clichés are we dealing with here?**

**D**

On the Monday night after Jimmy wrote this letter, Ben Price jogged unobtrusively into Elmore in a livery buggy. He lounged about town in his quiet way until he found out what he wanted to know. From the drug-store across the street from Spencer's shoe-store he got a good look at Ralph D. Spencer.

"Going to marry the banker's daughter are you, Jimmy?" said Ben to himself, softly. "Well, I don't know!"

The next morning Jimmy took breakfast at the Adamses. He was going to Little Rock that day to order his wedding-suit and buy something nice for Annabel. That would be the first time he had left town since he came to Elmore. It had been more than a year now since those last professional "jobs," and he thought he could safely venture out.

After breakfast quite a family party went down town together - Mr. Adams, Annabel, Jimmy, and Annabel's married sister with her two little girls, aged five and nine. They came by the hotel where Jimmy still boarded, and he ran up to his room and brought along his suitcase. Then they went on to the bank. There stood Jimmy's horse and buggy and Dolph Gibson, who was going to drive him over to the railroad station.

All went inside the high, carved oak railings into the banking room - Jimmy included, for Mr. Adams's future son-in-law was welcome anywhere. The clerks were pleased to be greeted by the good-looking, agreeable young man who was going to marry Miss Annabel.

Jimmy set his suitcase down. Annabel, whose heart was bubbling with happiness and lively youth, put on Jimmy's hat and picked up the suitcase. "Wouldn't I make a nice drummer?" said Annabel. "My! Ralph, how heavy it is. Feels like it was full of gold bricks."

"Lot of nickel-plated shoe-horns in there," said Jimmy, coolly, "that I'm going to return. Thought I'd save express charges by taking them up. I'm getting awfully economical."

The Elmore Bank had just put in a new safe and vault. Mr. Adams

was very proud of it, and insisted on an inspection by everyone. The vault was a small one, but it had a new patented door. It fastened with three solid steel bolts thrown simultaneously with a single handle, and had a time-lock. Mr. Adams beamingly explained its workings to Mr. Spencer, who showed a courteous but not too intelligent interest. The two children, May and Agatha, were delighted by the shining metal and funny clock and knobs.

While they were thus engaged Ben Price sauntered in and leaned on his elbow, looking casually inside between the railings. He told the teller that he didn't want anything; he was just waiting for a man he knew.

Suddenly there was a scream or two from the women, and a commotion. Unperceived by the elders, May, the nine-year-old girl, in a spirit of play, had shut Agatha in the vault. She had then shot the bolts and turned the knob of the combination as she had seen Mr. Adams do.

The old banker sprang to the handle and tugged at it for a moment. "The door can't be opened," he groaned. "The clock hasn't been wound nor the combination set."

Agatha's mother screamed again, hysterically.

"Hush!" said Mr. Adams, raising his trembling hand. "All be quiet for a moment, Agatha!" he called as loudly as he could: "Listen to me." During the following silence they could just hear the faint sound of the child wildly shrieking in the dark vault in a panic of terror.

"My precious darling!" wailed the mother. "She will die of fright! Open the door! Oh, break it open! Can't you men do something?"

"There isn't a man nearer than Little Rock who can open that door," said Mr. Adams, in a shaky voice. "My God! Spencer, what shall we do? That child - she can't stand it long in there. There isn't enough air, and, besides, she'll go into convulsions from fright."

Agatha's mother, frantic now, beat the door of the vault with her hands. Somebody wildly suggested dynamite. Annabel turned to Jimmy, her large eyes full of anguish, but not yet despairing. To a woman nothing seems quite impossible to the powers of the man she worships.

"Can't you do something, Ralph - try, won't you?"

He looked at her with a queer, soft smile on his lips and in his keen eyes. "Annabel," he said, "give me that rose you are wearing, will you?"

Hardly believing that she heard him aright, she unpinned the bud from the bosom of her dress, and placed it in his hand. Jimmy stuffed it into his vest-pocket, threw off his coat and pulled up his shirt-sleeves. With that act Ralph D. Spencer passed away and Jimmy Valentine took his place.

"Get away from the door, all of you," he commanded, shortly.

He set his suitcase on the table, and opened it out flat. From that time on he seemed to be unconscious of the presence of any one else. He laid out the shining, queer implements swiftly and orderly, whistling softly to himself as he always did when at work. In a deep silence and immovable, the others watched him as if under a spell.

In a minute Jimmy's pet drill was biting smoothly into the steel door. In ten minutes - breaking his own burglarious record - he threw back the bolts and opened the door.

Agatha, almost collapsed, but safe, was gathered into her mother's arms.

Jimmy Valentine put on his coat, and walked outside the railings toward the front door. As he went he thought he heard a far-away voice that he once knew call "Ralph!", but he never hesitated. At the door a big man stood somewhat in his way.

"Hello, Ben!" said Jimmy, still with his strange smile. "Got around at last, have you? Well, let's go. I don't know that it makes much difference, now."

And then Ben Price acted rather strangely.

"Guess you're mistaken, Mr. Spencer," he said. "Don't believe I recognize you. Your buggy's waiting for you, ain't it?"

And Ben Price turned and strolled down the street.

**How is drama created in this section? What literary stereo-types appear? Why does Ben behave in this way? Is this a satisfactory resolution?**

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Please read the journal prompt below and, in writing, react to all or any of the questions below. Also, please react to the definition of culture as stated below. Is the story about Jane and Lynda in any way connected to the cultural definition?

**Cultural Journal Prompt**

Jane Roberts is dashing down the hall. She is on her way to a midterm exam. Her class will start in three minutes. She runs into a very good friend, Lydia Gonzales, who immigrated to the United States from Mexico three years previously. Lydia is crying. She has just broken up with her boyfriend. She wants to talk. Jane hugs her friend and says, "Listen, Lydia. I have to run to take a test. Let's meet in the cafeteria at 3:00 today. I am free until 5:00. Then we can talk. See you then, Sweetie." And Jane scurries off.

At three o'clock promptly Jane shows up in the cafeteria. Lydia is not there. Jane waits for half-an-hour, and then walks away.

Consider the following:

1. Why doesn't Lydia show up?
2. How does Jane feel?
3. What are Lydia's emotions?
4. What is really at stake here?
5. Who, if anyone is to blame? Please explain.

What is Culture?

Culture is the story of reality by which people live and organize their lives.

## **For Beginners**

### **Lost and Found**

It is 1963, and Gunilla is 18 years old.

She lives in Sweden.

Gunilla puts her wallet in her pocket.

In her wallet are pictures of her family and her boyfriend.

In her wallet she has 90 kronor.

90 kronor is Gunilla's rent.

She rides her bicycle to work.

Gunilla puts her hand in her pocket.

The wallet is not there.

The wallet is lost!

It is 2003, and Gunilla is 58 years old.

A package comes.

The wallet is in the package.

The pictures and the money are there.  
 A note is in the package.  
 The note says, "Surprise!"

### **A Big Surprise**

Victoria is from Liberia.  
 She comes to Tucson, Arizona  
 She lives in Apartment 1C.  
 The apartment has a kitchen, a living room, a bedroom, and a bathroom.  
 Charles is from Liberia, too.  
 He lives in Apartment 3D.  
 He lives alone. He sits on his sofa.  
 He thinks about his mother and his father.  
 He thinks about his brother and his sister. He is sad.  
 A neighbor says to Charles, "A woman from Liberia lives in Apartment 1C. Do you want to meet her?"  
 Charles goes to Victoria's apartment.  
 Victoria opens the door. She smiles.  
 They laugh.  
 They cry.  
 They hug. Victoria is Charles' sister!

### **Critical Reading**

<b>Text</b>	<b>Inferences and Critical Reading</b>
It is still there, the Chinese school on Yale Street where my brother and I used to go. Despite the new coat of paint and the high wire fence, the school I used to know ten years ago remains remarkably and stoically the same.	What can we infer? Who is talking? What do we learn about this person?
Every day at 5:00 p.m., instead of playing with our fourth and fifth-grade friends or sneaking out to the empty lot to hunt ghosts and animal bones, my brother and I had to go to Chinese school. No amount of kicking, or screaming, or pleading, could dissuade my mother who was solidly determined to have us learn the language of our heritage.	What can we infer about the children? What can we infer about the mother? What can we infer about the entire social situation here? What can we infer about the neighborhood? What can we infer about family values? How do we know all this?

<p>We all sat in little chairs in an empty auditorium. The room smelled like Chinese medicine, an imported far-away mustiness—like ancient moth-balls or dirty closets. I hated that smell. I favored crisp new scents. Like the soft French perfume my American teacher wore in public school.</p>	<p>Who are the “we”? How do you know?          What do you infer about the social situation?          What do you infer about the American Teacher?          How do you know all that?</p>
<p>There was a stage far to the right, flanked by an American Flag and a flag of the Nationalist Republic of China, which was also red, white, and blue but not as pretty. Although the emphasis of the school was mainly on language—speaking, reading, writing---the lessons always began with an exercise in politeness. With the entrance of the teacher, the best students would tap a bell and everyone would get up, kowtow and chant, “Sing san ho,” the phonetic for “How are you teacher?”</p>	<p>What do we infer about the allegiances of the narrator?          Is this a male or a female narrator? How do you know?          What to you infer about the feeling that the narrator has for his/her teacher? How do you know?</p>
<p>Being ten years old, I had better things to learn than ideographs copied painstakingly in lines that ran right to left from the tip of a <i>moc but</i>, a real ink pen that had to be held in an awkward way if blotches were to be avoided. After all, I could do the multiplication tables, name the satellites of Mars, and write reports on <i>Little Women</i> and <i>Black Beauty</i>. Nancy Drew, my favorite book heroine never spoke Chinese.</p>	<p>What do we infer about the narrator’s feeling for Chinese language?          What do we infer about her standing as a student in the Chinese school? Is she a good or a bad student/          What do we infer about her abilities as a student in the American school?</p>
<p>The language was a source of embarrassment. More times than not, I had tried to disassociate myself from the nagging, loud voice that followed me wherever I wandered in the nearby American super market outside China Town. The voice belonged to my grandmother, a fragile woman in her seventies who could out shout the best of the street vendors. Her humor was raunchy. Her Chinese rhythm less, pattern less. Her voice was quick. It was loud. It was not the lilting romance of French or the gentle refinement of the American south. Chinese sounded pedestrian. Public. In China town the comings and goings of hundreds of Chinese on their daily tasks sounded chaotic and frenzied. I did not want to be thought of as mad, as talking gibberish. When I spoke English, people nodded at me, smiled sweetly, said encouraging words. Even the people in my culture would cluck and say that I would do well in life. “My doesn’t she move her lips</p>	<p>What can we infer about Immigrant culture?           What can we infer about the relationship of the narrator and her grandmother?</p>

<p>fast,” they would say, meaning that I would be able to keep up with the world outside of China town.</p>	
<p>My brother was even more fanatical than I about speaking English. He was especially hard on my mother, criticizing her of the cruelty, for her pigeon speech—smatterings of Chinese scattered like chop suey in her conversation. “It’s not ‘what it is’, mom,” he would say in desperation. “It’s what is it . . . what is it!” Sometimes mom might leave out and occasional “a” or “the” or perhaps a verb of being. He would stop her in mid sentence: “Say it again, mom. . . Say it right.” When he tripped over his own tongue, he’d blame it on her. “See mom. It’s all your fault. You set a bad example.”</p>	<p>What can we infer about cultural and family relationships? How do we know this?</p>
<p>What infuriated my mother most was when my brother cornered her on her consonants, especially the “r.” My father had played a cruel joke on Mom by assigning her an American name that her tongue wouldn’t allow her to say. No matter how hard she tried, “Ruth” always ended up as “Luth” or “Roof.”</p>	<p>What can we infer about the marriage of the parents of this narrator?</p>
<p>After two years of writing with a <i>moc but</i>, I finally was granted a cultural divorce. I was permitted to stop Chinese school. I thought of myself as multicultural. I preferred tacos to egg rolls: I enjoyed Cinco de Mayo more than Chinese New Year.</p>	<p>What is the joke of this paragraph? How do we know this?</p>
<p>At last, I was one of you; I wasn’t one of them. Sadly I still am.</p>	<p>Who is “You?” “Who is them?” What is the sensation at the end? How do we know?</p>

## ***Living in the Library***

Steven is a student at New York University.  
He is poor.  
He pays for university tuition.  
*He pays for books.*  
Rent in New York is very expensive.  
*So Steven lives in the university library.*  
He sleeps on four chairs in the library.  
He washes his clothes in the library bathroom.  
He eats crackers and drinks orange juice.  
Steven is a good student and a good writer.  
He knows many things about life.  
Steven writes about his life on the WEB.  
Many people read about Steven's life.  
Many people help him.  
The university finds a room for him.  
He writes new stories.  
Steven likes his new life.

### **Giving Gifts:**

Dear \_\_\_\_\_

I would like to send (give) you a

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Because \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Sincerely,

Yours Friend,

\_\_\_\_\_

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,

Thank you so much for the

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---

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It was so nice of you to think of me and remember that

---

---

It was the perfect gift because

---

---

I really loved

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Again, Many thanks,

Sincerely, Your friend

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