

Due 5/10 10:00AM



Signpost Practice
The Chocolate War
Chapters 11-15

Directions: Use the signpost notes in the assignment on Google Classroom to remind yourself of what each signpost is, why they might be important to notice, and what questions to ask yourself when you see them.

#1: After reading chapter 11, notice the Aha Moment on page 33. The anchor question is provided for you. Do your best to make an inference and answer the question.

Signpost	Quote/Pg.#	Anchor Question	Answer
Aha Moment	Brother Leon figures out that Archie is responsible: "You! ... You did this..." pg. 33	How might this change things?	

#2: Now, find your own signpost in the remaining chapters, and fill out the remaining boxes. Remember to use the "6 Signposts table.pdf" in the assignment to guide your understanding.

Signpost	Quote/Pg.#	Anchor Question	Answer

FOCUS ON ALLUSION

RL 8.9 Analyze how a modern work of fiction draws on themes, patterns of events, or character types from myths, traditional stories, or religious works such as the Bible, including describing how the material is rendered new.

The Garden of Eden

The Book of Genesis in the Bible tells how God created the first human being, Adam. Then, because Adam needed a companion, God created the first woman, Eve, from one of Adam's ribs. God created for these first two humans a perfect garden (known as the Garden of Eden and later called paradise), where everything was beautiful and full of good things for them. However, also in this garden was the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil. Adam and Eve were told by God that they could eat anything in the garden except the fruit of this tree.

The Fall of Humankind

Eve was tempted by a serpent, which is traditionally held to be the devil in the shape of a snake. The serpent spoke to her, telling her that if she and Adam ate the fruit, they would 'be as gods, knowing good and evil' (Genesis 3:5). Eve gave in to the temptation and also persuaded Adam to eat. They were then, for the first time, aware of shame, and instead of being innocently naked, tried to make themselves clothes out of fig leaves. Their disobedience of God is known as the Fall of Humankind and fractured the relationship between God and humans. Adam and Eve were then expelled from the garden and kept out by an angel with a flaming sword. The serpent was cursed as an enemy of humankind.

“The Monkey Garden”

By Sandra Cisneros

The monkey doesn't live there anymore. The monkey moved---to Kentucky--and took his people with him. And I was glad because I couldn't listen anymore to his wild screaming at night, the twangy yakkety-yak of the people who owned him. The green metal cage, the porcelain table top, the family that spoke like guitars. Monkey, family, table. All gone.

And it was then we took over the garden we had been afraid to go into when the monkey screamed and showed its yellow teeth.

There were sunflowers big as flowers on Mars and thick cockscombs bleeding the deep red fringe or theater curtains. There were dizzy bees and bow-tied fruit flies turning somersaults and humming in the air. Sweet sweet peach trees. Thorn roses and thistle and pears. Weeds like so many squinty-eyed stars and brush that made your ankles itch and itch until you washed with soap and water. There were big green apples hard as knees. And everywhere the sleepy-smell of rotting wood, damp earth and dusty hollyhocks thick and perfumy like the blue-blond hair of the dead.

Yellow spiders ran when we turned rocks over and pale worms blind and afraid of light rolled over in their sleep. Poke a stick in the sandy soil and a few blue-skinned beetles would appear, an avenue of ants, so many crusty lady bugs. This was a garden, a wonderful thing to look at in the spring. But bit by bit, after the monkey left, the garden began to take over itself. Flowers stopped obeying the little bricks that kept them from growing beyond their paths. Weeds mixed in. Dead cars appeared overnight like mushrooms. First one and then another and then a pale blue pickup with the front windshield missing. Before you knew it the monkey garden became filled with sleepy cars.

Things had a way of disappearing in the garden, as if the garden itself ate them, or, as if with its old-man memory, it put them away and forgot them. Nenny found a dollar and a dead mouse between two rocks in the stone wall where the morning glories climbed, and once when we were playing hide and seek, Eddie Vargas laid his head beneath a hibiscus tree and fell asleep there like a Rip Van Winkle until somebody remembered he was in the game and went back to look for him.

This, I suppose, was the reason why we went there. Far away from where our mothers could find us. We and a few old dogs who lived inside the empty cars. We made a club-house once on the back of that old blue pickup. We used to pretend the cars were giant mushrooms. Somebody started the lie that the monkey garden had been there before anything. We liked to think the garden could hide things for a thousand years. There beneath the roots of soggy flowers were the bones of murdered pirates and dinosaurs, the eye of a unicorn turned to coal.

This is where I wanted to die and where I tried one day but not even the monkey garden would have me. It was the last day I would go there.

Who was it that said I was getting too old to play the games? Who was it I didn't listen to? I only remember that when the others ran, I wanted to run too, up and down and through the monkey garden, fast as the boys, not like Sally who screamed if she got her stockings muddy.

I said, Sally, come on, but she wouldn't. She stayed by the curb talking to Tito and his friends. Play with the kids if you want, she said, I'm staying here. She could be stuck-up like that if she wanted to, so I just left.

It was her own fault too. When I got back Sally was pretending to be mad... something about the boys having stolen her keys. Please give them back to me, she said punching the nearest one with a soft fist. They were laughing. She was too. It was a joke I didn't get.

I wanted to go back with the other kids who were still jumping on cars, still chasing each other through the garden, but Sally had her own game.

One of the boys invented the rules. One of Tito's friends said you can't get the keys back unless you kiss us and Sally pretended to be mad at first but she said yes. It was that simple.

I don't know why, but something inside me wanted to throw a stick. Something wanted to say no when I watched Sally going into the garden with Tito's buddies grinning. It was just a kiss, that's all. A kiss for each one. So what, she said.

Only how come I felt angry inside. Like something wasn't right. Sally went behind that old blue pickup to kiss the boys and get her keys back, and I ran up three flights of stairs to where Tito lived. His mother was ironing shirts. She was sprinkling water on them from an empty pop bottle and smoking a cigarette.

Your son and his friends stole Sally's keys and now they won't give them back unless she kisses them and right now they're making her kiss them, I said all out of breath from the three flights of stairs.

Those kids, she said, not looking up from her ironing.

That's all?

What do you want me to do, she said, call the cops? And kept on ironing.

I looked at her a long time, but couldn't think of anything to say, and ran back down the three flights to the garden where Sally needed to be saved. I took three big sticks and a brick and figured this was enough.

But when I got there Sally said go home. Those boys said, leave us alone. I felt stupid with' my brick. They all looked at me as if I was the one that was crazy and made me feel ashamed.

And then I don't know why but I had to run away. I had to hide myself at the other end of the garden, in the jungle part, under a tree that wouldn't mind if I lay down and cried a long time. I closed my eyes like tight stars so that I wouldn't, but I did. My face felt hot. Everything inside hiccupped.

I read somewhere in India there are priests who can will their heart to stop beating. I wanted to will my blood to stop, my heart to quit its pumping. I wanted to be dead, to turn into the rain, my eyes melt into the ground like two black snails. I wished and wished. I closed my eyes and willed it, but when I got up my dress was green and I had a headache.

I looked at my feet in their white socks and ugly round shoes. They seemed far away. They didn't seem to be my feet anymore. And the garden that had been such a good place to play didn't seem mine either.

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YOUR TASK: Indicate at least five pieces of evidence from “The Monkey Garden” that demonstrate the ways it alludes to The Garden of Eden story.

Symbols, character details, or events from the “Garden of Eden/Fall of Mankind” excerpt	Allusions from “The Monkey Garden” Vignette	How do the biblical allusions develop the theme?

Due 5/17 10:00AM



The Chocolate War: Chapter 16-20

Based on what you have read so far, consider a possible theme for *The Chocolate War*. Use this page to create a **THEME one-pager** to illustrate how that theme is being developed. On this page, place important **quotes**, **character names**, **pictures/symbols** (physical things from the story of importance), **and key words** (love, friendship, identity, etc.) that are contributing to a possible theme that is being developed. Add color and be creative in your design! It can be organized however you want.



Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce - On Surrender to US Army, 1877

[In 1877 the US government ordered the Nez Pierce to leave their land and relocate to a reservation (land reserved by the US government for Native Americans). The Nez Pierce refused to go. Instead, Chief Joseph tried to lead 800 of his people to Canada. During their 1,000 mile journey, The Nez Pierce repeatedly fought the U.S. Army. When they were only 40 miles from Canada, they were finally trapped. After a five-day fight, half of the Nez Pierce had been killed, and Chief Joseph surrendered. This is the speech he gave]

Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before, I have it in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our Chiefs are killed; Looking Glass is dead, Ta Hool Hool Shute is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led on the young men is dead.

It is cold, and we have no blankets; the little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are - perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children, and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead.

Hear me, my Chiefs! I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever.

Look at last week's Social Studies chart analysis on the population shifts in Oregon from 1800-1900. **How does this speech reinforce what you noticed about the population in the 1870s?** Use data from your Social studies chart and evidence from the reading above to make your CSET response.



The Chocolate War: Chapter 21-25

At this point, you're aware that Jerry is continuing to refuse selling the chocolates, even after the 10-day assignment from The Vigils has ended. There are a few different factors that could be influencing Jerry to make this decision. Consider **WHY** Jerry is refusing to sell the chocolates. Specifically, what **incidents or experiences** has Jerry been through, or seen, that could be influencing him to make this decision?

In the boxes below, capture **AT LEAST 2** incidents or experiences that Jerry has been through, or witnessed, that could be influencing his decision to not sell the chocolates:

Incident/Experience:	Incident/Experience:	Incident/Experience:
Text Evidence:	Text Evidence:	Text Evidence:
Why do you think this is influencing Jerry to say no to selling the chocolates?	Why do you think this is influencing Jerry to say no to selling the chocolates?	Why do you think this is influencing Jerry to say no to selling the chocolates?



John L. O'Sullivan on *Manifest Destiny*, 1839

America is destined for better deeds. It is our unparalleled glory that we have no reminiscences of battlefields, but in defense of humanity, of the oppressed of all nations, of the rights of conscience, the rights of personal enfranchisement. We have had patriots to defend our homes, our liberties, but no aspirants to crowns or thrones; nor have the American people ever suffered themselves to be led on by wicked ambition to depopulate the land, to spread desolation far and wide, that a human being might be placed on a seat of supremacy.

We have no interest in the scenes of antiquity, only as lessons of avoidance of nearly all their examples. The expansive future is our arena, and for our history. We are entering on its untrodden space, with the truths of God in our minds, beneficent objects in our hearts, and with a clear conscience unsullied by the past.

The far-reaching, the boundless future will be the era of American greatness. In its magnificent domain of space and time, the nation of many nations is destined to manifest to mankind the excellence of divine principles; to establish on earth the noblest temple ever dedicated to the worship of the Most High -- the Sacred and the True.

Yes, we are the nation of progress, of individual freedom, of universal enfranchisement. We must onward to the fulfillment of our mission -- to the entire development of the principle of our organization -- freedom of conscience, freedom of person, freedom of trade and business pursuits, universality of freedom and equality. This is our high destiny, and in nature's eternal, inevitable decree of cause and effect we must accomplish it. All this will be our future history, to establish on earth the moral dignity and salvation of man -- the immutable truth and beneficence of God. For this blessed mission to the nations of the world, which are shut out from the life-giving light of truth, has America been chosen; and her high example shall smite unto death the tyranny of kings, hierarchs, and oligarchs, and carry the glad tidings of peace and good will where myriads now endure an existence scarcely more enviable than that of beasts of the field. Who, then, can doubt that our country is destined to be *the great nation* of futurity?

Questions

1. What are some of the words he uses to describe the United States?
2. What are some of the things O'Sullivan suggests America is destined for?
3. Why was O'Sullivan talking about manifest destiny? What did he need to create an argument for?
4. What are some of the problems with O'Sullivan's argument for manifest destiny?