

## 10<sup>th</sup> Grade Semester One Final

Throughout the year, we practice the reading and writing processes that often lead to a magnificent sense of discovery. Students engage in critical inquiry and invest in their learning processes by cultivating skills such as the following: generating important questions; deriving meaning from texts; summarizing texts; identifying examples, drawing inferences, and making logical or comparative connections; organizing information in a variety of ways; synthesizing information to support one's purpose; evaluating and examining arguments; building one's understanding of visual literacy; writing and presenting to serve specific purposes and audiences; making significant connections between texts and real-life situations. The following questions allow you to demonstrate the knowledge and skills you have learned in class. In response to the following questions you will need to apply what you have learned in class and reflect on your academic career at FALA thus far.

**1) Please reflect on our class' theme of Personal Responsibility vs. Societal Expectations (5-7 sentences).**

**2) Narrative of your choice. Based on excerpt from either, *F-451* by Ray Bradbury or *1984* by George Orwell, write an alternative beginning (each excerpt is from the first pages of the book) for the book, or insert yourself into the excerpt and write an excerpt from the book from your point of view. \*Your response should be 1-2 paragraphs long and can be completed on a separate sheet of paper.**

### FAHRENHEIT 451 RAY BRADBURY

FAHRENHEIT 451:

The temperature at which book-paper catches fire and burns

#### PART I

#### IT WAS A PLEASURE TO BURN

IT was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things blackened and changed. With the brass nozzle in his fists, with this great python spitting its venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the symphonies of blazing and burning to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history. With his symbolic helmet numbered 451 on his stolid head, and his eyes all orange flame with the thought of what came next, he flicked the igniter and the house jumped up in a gorging fire that burned the evening sky red and yellow and black. He strode in a swarm of fireflies. He wanted above all, like the old joke, to shove a marshmallow on a stick in the furnace, while the flapping pigeon-winged books died on the porch and lawn of the house. While the books went up in sparkling whirls and blew away on a wind turned dark with burning.

Montag grinned the fierce grin of all men singed and driven back by flame. He knew that when he returned to the firehouse, he might wink at himself, a minstrel man, burnt-corked, in the mirror. Later, going to sleep, he would feel the fiery smile still gripped by his face muscles, in the dark. It never went away, that smile, it never ever went away, as long as he remembered.

He hung up his black-beetle-coloured helmet and shined it, he hung his flameproof jacket neatly; he showered luxuriously, and then, whistling, hands in pockets, walked across the upper floor of the fire station and fell down the hole. At the last moment, when disaster seemed positive, he pulled his hands from his pockets and broke his fall by grasping the golden pole. He slid to a squeaking halt, the heels one inch from the concrete floor downstairs.

He walked out of the fire station and along the midnight street toward the subway where the silent, air-propelled train slid soundlessly down its lubricated flue in the earth and let him out with a great puff of warm air an to the cream-tiled escalator rising to the suburb.

Whistling, he let the escalator waft him into the still night air. He walked toward the corner, thinking little at all about nothing in particular. Before he reached the corner, however, he slowed as if a wind had sprung up from nowhere, as if someone had called his name.

The last few nights he had had the most uncertain feelings about the sidewalk just around the corner here, moving in the starlight toward his house. He had felt that a moment before his making the turn, someone had been there. The air seemed charged with a special calm as if someone had waited there, quietly, and only a moment before he came, simply turned to a shadow and let him through. Perhaps his nose detected a faint perfume, perhaps the skin on the backs of his hands, on his face, felt the temperature rise at this one spot where a person's standing might raise the immediate atmosphere ten degrees for an instant. There was no understanding it. Each time he made the turn, he saw only the white, unused, buckling sidewalk, with perhaps, on one night, something vanishing swiftly across a lawn before he could focus his eyes or speak.

But now, tonight, he slowed almost to a stop. His inner mind, reaching out to turn the corner for him, had heard the faintest whisper. Breathing? Or was the atmosphere compressed merely by someone standing very quietly there, waiting?

He turned the corner.

The autumn leaves blew over the moonlit pavement in such a way as to make the girl who was moving there seem fixed to a sliding walk, letting the motion of the wind and the leaves carry her forward. Her head was half bent to watch her shoes stir the circling leaves. Her face was slender and milk-white, and in it was a kind of gentle hunger that touched over everything with tireless curiosity. It was a look, almost, of pale surprise; the dark eyes were so fixed to the world that no move escaped them. Her dress was white and it whispered. He almost thought he heard the motion of her hands as she walked, and the infinitely small sound now, the white stir of her face turning when she discovered she was a moment away from a man who stood in the middle of the pavement waiting.

The trees overhead made a great sound of letting down their dry rain. The girl stopped and looked as if she might pull back in surprise, but instead stood regarding Montag with eyes so dark and shining and alive, that he felt he had said something quite wonderful. But he knew his mouth had only moved to say hello, and then when she seemed hypnotized by the salamander on his arm and the phoenix-disc on his chest, he spoke again.

1984

GEORGE ORWELL

PART ONE

THOUGHTCRIME

Chapter 1 Big Brother Is Watching You

It was a bright, cold day in April and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith hurried home to Victory Mansions with his head down to escape the terrible wind. A cloud of dust blew inside with him, and the hall smelled of dust and yesterday's food.

At the end of the hall, a poster covered one wall. It showed an enormous face, more than a metre wide: the face of a handsome man of about forty-five, with a large, black moustache. The man's eyes seemed to follow Winston as he moved. Below the face were the words BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU.

Winston went up the stairs. He did not even try the lift. It rarely worked and at the moment the electricity was switched off during the day to save money for Hate Week. The flat was on the seventh floor and Winston, who was thirty-nine and had a bad knee, went slowly, resting several times on the way. Winston was a small man and looked even smaller in the blue overalls of the Party. His hair was fair and the skin on his face, which used to be pink, was red and rough from cheap soap, old razor blades and the cold of the winter that had just ended.

Inside his flat, a voice was reading out a list of figures for last year's production of iron. The voice came from a metal square, a telescreen, in the right-hand wall. Winston turned it down, but there was no way of turning it off completely.

He moved to the window. Outside, the world looked cold. The wind blew dust and bits of paper around in the street and there seemed to be no colour in anything, except in the posters that were everywhere. The face

with the black moustache looked down from every corner. There was one on the house opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, it said, and the eyes looked into Winston's.

Behind him the voice from the telescreen was still talking about iron. There was now even more iron in Oceania than the Ninth Three-Year Plan had demanded. The telescreen had a microphone, so the Thought Police could listen to Winston at any time of the day or night. They could also watch him through the telescreen. Nobody knew how often they actually did that but everybody behaved correctly all the time because the Thought Police might be watching and listening.

Winston kept his back to the telescreen. It was safer that way - they couldn't see your face. He looked out over London, the biggest city in this part of Oceania. The nineteenth-century houses were all falling down. There were holes in the streets where the bombs had fallen. Had it always been like this? He tried to think back to the time when he was a boy, but he could remember nothing.

He stared at the Ministry of Truth, where he worked. It was an enormous white building, three hundred metres high. You could see the white roof, high above the houses, even a kilometre away. From Winston's flat it was just possible to see the three slogans of the Party written in enormous letters on the side of the building:

WAR IS PEACE

FREEDOM IS SLAVERY

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

The Ministry of Truth was called Minitrue in Newspeak, the new language of Oceania. Minitrue, it was said, had more than three thousand rooms above the ground and a similar number below. The people there worked mainly on news and entertainment. High above the surrounding buildings, Winston could also see the Ministry of Peace, where they worked on war. It was called Minipax in Newspeak. And the Ministry of Plenty — Miniplenty — which was responsible for the economy. And he could see the Ministry of Love — Miniluv which was responsible for law and order.

The Ministry of Love was the really frightening one. There were no windows in it. Nobody could get anywhere near it unless they had business there. There were guards with guns in black uniforms even in the streets half a kilometre away.

Winston turned round quickly. He smiled. It was a good idea to look happy when you were facing the telescreen. He went to his small kitchen. He had not had lunch in the canteen before he left work, but there was no food there except a piece of dark, hard bread for tomorrow's breakfast. He poured himself a cup of colourless, oily gin and drank it down like medicine. It burned him inside, but he felt more cheerful afterwards.

He went back to the living room and sat down at a small table to the left of the telescreen. It was the only place in the room where the telescreen could not see him. From a drawer in the table he took out a pen and a big diary with beautiful cream paper, which he had bought in an old-fashioned shop in a poor part of the town. Party members like Winston were not allowed to go into ordinary shops, but many of them did. It was the only way to get things like razor blades.

Winston opened the diary. This was not illegal. Nothing was illegal, as there were no laws now. But if the diary was found they would punish him with death or with twenty-five years in a prison camp. He took the pen in his hand, then stopped. He felt sick. It was a decisive act to start writing.

### **3) Please describe how you have exemplified FALA's Five Habits of Heart and Mind in and out of class this year (5-7 sentences total).**

a. Common Good: Building a functional community by evaluating the impact of individual actions on the rest of the group and making decisions accordingly.

b. Connection and Collaboration: Working with diverse concepts, techniques, objects and people to further meaningful intellectual and artistic understandings.

c. Investment: Demonstrating a commitment to education and learning by taking responsibility for personal success and making significant contributions to FALA.

d. Creativity: Pushing the boundaries of accepted understandings and ideas by making innovative interpretations, connections, creations, and productions.

e. Critical Inquiry: Seeking out, analyzing, and synthesizing different perspectives and allowing these perspectives to change individual understandings, thought processes, and actions.

**4) Do you know what your current grade is in Ms. Gilmore’s English Class? If so, what is your current letter grade? What grade do you believe you deserve in Ms. Gilmore’s English Class?**

1) \_\_\_\_/10 pts                      3) \_\_\_\_/15 pts                      5) \_\_\_\_/50 pts (Comparative Essay/Semester Project)

2) \_\_\_\_/20 pts                      4) \_\_\_\_/5 pts                      Total: \_\_\_\_/100 pts

