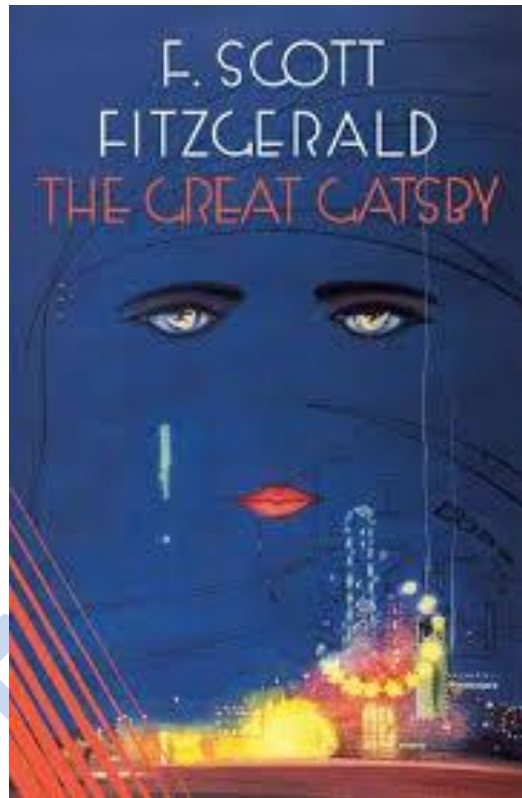


Quarterly Exemplar Module

11th–12th Grades Text Exemplar Band

READ • WRITE • RESEARCH



10 GE/1170

This Quarterly Module Contains:

- Audio link to book
- Close Analytic Reading per chapter
- Research Project /Writing Prompts/Resources
- CCSS & I CAN Statements

.....Quarter Texts and Writing Types

Extended Text	Short Text Suggestions	Writing Types-Essays
<p>Literature - 1 The Great Gatsby (E) (YouTube – Read Aloud – no text)</p> <p>Great Gatsby (E) (2nd choice print version)</p> <p>Great Gatsby (E) (1st Choice print version)</p> <p>Option1: 1 copy per teacher-use as a resource book:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Click on the links above for audio or text only version Display text using a Document Camera Teacher Reads Aloud Specific Passages <p>Option 2: 1 copy per student</p>	<p>TOTAL 3-5 Literature 2-3 Informational 1-2 US Historical Documents 1-2 American Literature 2-3</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Short Texts</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ELA Textbook Selections Slideshow/Images of The Great Gatsby The Love Song of J Alfred Prufrock (E) (inc) F Scott Fitzgerald Video & Text Character Map (visual) <p style="text-align: center;">US Historical Documents:</p> <p>Common Sense. The Declaration of Independence. **The Bill of Rights**</p>	<p>Informative, Explanatory, Argumentative 4-6</p> <p>Narrative 1</p>

Research Project	Writing Suggestions
<p>Group Project: 2 weeks (1 week for research and 1 week for presentations) Present an informal oral presentation on a topic related to the time period of The Great Gatsby such as:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> The Prohibition Era <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Videos & Pictures Timeline Temperance Group <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Pictures & articles Organized Crime <ul style="list-style-type: none"> In the 20's The Roaring 20's <ul style="list-style-type: none"> You Tube video of the Charleston Audio & Text of Jazz Music 1920's Fashion & Music Famous Book Covers <p>Presentations may include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Podcast/video/Power Points Text with facts Images depicting the setting and scenes 	<p>Suggested prompts for essay writing:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Hearsay is usually..... Growing up in the “Jazz Age”..... To me, success is..... Thinking you know someone-----. Study the book cover by Cugat. What are some of the symbols you see? What is going on in the painting? Can you make any inferences about the novel based on the cover art?? Fitzgerald considered a number of titles for his book. Look at the list and write about the ways in which these titles do and do not reflect the purpose of the novel: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Under the Red, White and Blue Gold-Hatted Gatsby Among the Ash-Heaps and Millionaires The High-Bouncing Lover On the Road to West Egg Trimalchio in West Egg

Recommendations for Pacing during each Quarter

Suggested Time Frame	Activity
1 week	I DO: Introduce Theme, Vocabulary, New Skills and Develop Background Knowledge
4 weeks	I DO/WE DO: Read the Extended Text, <i>The Great Gatsby</i> in its entirety and for close reading/routine writing and analyses. Read 3-5 short texts and write about the short texts (4-6 essays & 1-2 narrative).
2 weeks	YOU DO: Research Project
2 weeks	YOU DO: Narrative Writing/Skill Review/9 Weeks Assessment

Fundamental Skills for Reading, Writing, and Research – Embedded in the Module						
	RL 1-7	RI 1-10	W 1-8, 10	L 3-6 (L1,2 TBD))	L 1-6	
Cite Evidence	Analyze Content	Study & Apply Grammar	Study & Apply Vocabulary	Conduct Discussions	Report Findings	
RL/RI 1	RL/RI 2-9 SL. 2 SL .3	L 1 a, b, c, d L 2 a, b, L 3a, SL 6	L 4 a, b, c, d L 5 b, c L 6	SL 1	SL 4 SL 5 SL 6	

Focus Standards and I CAN Statements for Quarter.....

Reading Standards for Literature	Reading Standards for Informational Text	Writing Standards	Speaking and Listening	Language Standards
RL.11.1-5 RL.11.9 RL.11.10	RI.11.1-9 RI.11.10	W.11.1a-e W.11.2a-f W.11.3a-e W.11.4-10	SL.11.1 a-d SL.11.2-6	L.11.1 a-b L.11.2 a-c L.11.3 a L.11.4 4-d L.11.5 a-b

I CAN write arguments that demonstrate my ability to use varied syntax.

I CAN cite textual evidence that logically sequences claim, counterclaims, reasons, and evidence.

I CAN write an informative/explanatory text so that each new element builds on that which precedes it to create a unified whole.

I CAN write using techniques such as metaphor, simile, and analogy to manage the complexity of the topic.

I CAN evaluate the reasoning in seminal U.S. texts, use of legal reasoning, and arguments in works of public advocacy.

I CAN demonstrate the ability to synthesize comments, claims, and evidence made on all sides of an issue.

I CAN note discrepancies among data.

Close Analytic Reading
The Great Gatsby by F Scott Fitzgerald

- 1) Students read the passage independently (mark words/phrases needing further explanation)
- 2) Teacher or fluent reader reads passage aloud to the class (check for understanding of bold Tier 2 Academic words).
- 3) Discuss and write answers to the questions in the form of notes, annotations, or a formal response.

Selected Passage for Close Reading	Definitions and Text-Dependent Questions
<p>CHAPTER 1</p> <p>Gatsby, who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn. If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened <u>sensitivity</u> to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of the “creative temperament.”— it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. No — Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and short-winded <u>elations</u> of men.</p> <p>And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I <u>scarcely</u> knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion, overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran toward the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sun-dials and brick walks and burning gardens — finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run. The front was broken by a line of French windows, glowing now with reflected gold and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch.</p> <p>CHAPTER 2:</p> <p>His voice faded off and Tom glanced impatiently around the garage. Then I heard footsteps on a stairs, and in a moment the thickish figure of a woman blocked out the light from the office door. She was in the middle thirties, and faintly stout, but she carried her <u>surplus</u> flesh sensuously as some women can. Her face, above a spotted dress of dark blue crepe-de-chine, contained no facet or gleam of beauty, but there was an immediately perceptible <u>vitality</u> about her as if the nerves of her body were continually smoldering. She smiled slowly and, walking through her husband as if he were a ghost, shook hands with Tom, looking him flush in the eye. Then she wet her lips,</p>	<p>(Q1) Why does Nick describe Gatsby as having an “extraordinary gift for hope”?</p> <p>(Q2) What is the meaning of Nick’s thought, “And so it happened on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all”?</p> <p>(Q3) What is the effect on the reader of describing Wilson as coated with “white ashen dust”?</p>

and without turning around spoke to her husband in a soft, coarse voice:

“Get some chairs, why don’t you, so somebody can sit down.”

“Oh, sure,” agreed Wilson hurriedly, and went toward the little office, mingling immediately with the cement color of the walls. A white ashen dust **veiled** his dark suit and his pale hair as it veiled everything in the vicinity — except his wife, who moved close to Tom.

The bottle of whiskey — a second one — was now in constant demand by all present, excepting Catherine, who “felt just as good on nothing at all.” Tom rang for the janitor and sent him for some celebrated sandwiches, which were a complete supper in themselves. I wanted to get out and walk southward toward the park through the soft twilight, but each time I tried to go I became entangled in some wild, strident argument which pulled me back, as if with ropes, into my chair. Yet high over the city our line of yellow windows must have contributed their share of human secrecy to the **casual** watcher in the darkening streets, and I was him too, looking up and wondering. I was within and without, simultaneously enchanted and **repelled** by the inexhaustible variety of life.

CHAPTER 3:

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath; already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the centre of a group, and then, excited with triumph, glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light.

CHAPTER 4:

I had talked with him perhaps half a dozen times in the past month and found, to my disappointment that he had little to say: So my first impression, that he was a person of some undefined consequence, had gradually faded and he had become simply the proprietor of an elaborate road-house next door.

CHAPTER 5:

“If it wasn’t for the mist we could see your home across the bay,” said Gatsby. “You always have a green light that burns all night at the end of your dock.”

Daisy put her arm through his abruptly, but he seemed absorbed in what he had just said. Possibly it had occurred to him that the colossal significance of that light had now vanished forever.

Compared to the great distance that had separated him from Daisy it had seemed very near to her, almost touching her. It had seemed as close as a star to the moon. Now it was again a green light on a dock. His count of enchanted objects had diminished by one.

(Q4) What do we learn about Nick when he reflects, “I was within and without, simultaneously enchanted and repelled by the inexhaustible variety of life”?

to involve in difficulties or complications

harsh in sound

occurring at the same time

(Q5) What is the tone of the paragraph?

sudden leap to one side

extravagant wastefulness

(Q6) What has Nick’s first impression of Gatsby – “that he was a person of some undefined consequence” — changes to seeing him as “simply the proprietor of an elaborate roadhouse next door”?

the owner of a business

(Q7) Why would the significance of the green light have vanished for Gatsby now?

*“In the morning,
In the evening,
Ain’t we got fun——”*
*“One thing’s sure and nothing’s surer
The rich get richer and the poor get— children.
In the meantime,
In between time——”*

CHAPTER 6:

I suppose he’d had the name ready for a long time, even then. His parents were shiftless and unsuccessful farm people — his imagination had never really accepted them as his parents at all. The truth was that Jay Gatsby of West Egg, Long Island, sprang from his Platonic conception of himself. He was a son of God — a phrase which, if it means anything, means just that — and he must be about His Father’s business, the service of a vast, vulgar, and meretricious beauty. So he invented just the sort of Jay Gatsby that a seventeen-year-old boy would be likely to invent, and to this conception he was faithful to the end.

(Q8) What is the significance of the lyrics?

lacking ambition

alluring by a show of flashy attractions

(Q9) Luke 2:49 states, “Wish ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?” Nick describes Gatsby as “a son of God...he must be about His Father’s business”? If this is so, what “Father” does Gatsby follow, what business is he about, and what effect is gained by Fitzgerald using a Biblical allusion?

So "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" is totally a modernist poem. Its author, [T.S. Eliot](#), was an American who moved to Britain in 1914. Eliot wrote most of "Prufrock" when he was 22 years old, in the years before the start of [World War I](#). At that time, Britain was considered the most modern country in the world. The poem is set in a big, dirty city, and its speaker is a very unhappy man who is afraid of living and therefore bored all the time. War, cities, boredom, and fear: these are all classic modernist themes.

After reading and discussing the poem – write a short essay on the following prompt:

The poem ends with Prufrock drowning with his love in the ocean.

Is this ending real or some kind of dream? How does it relate to the rest of the poem?

Does it make sense? Is it supposed to?

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

by [T.S. Eliot](#)

*S'io credesse che mia risposta fosse
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,
Questa fiamma staria senza piu scosse.
Ma perciocche giammai di questo fondo
Non torno vivo alcun, s'i'odo il vero,
Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.*

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question...
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate;
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair—
[They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!"]
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin—
[They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!"]
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all—

Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare
[But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!]
Is it perfume from a dress
That makes me so digress?
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
And should I then presume?
And how should I begin?

.....

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? ...

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

.....

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep... tired... or it malingers,
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?

But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head [grown slightly bald] brought in upon a platter,
I am no prophet—and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"—
If one, settling a pillow by her head,
Should say: "That is not what I meant at all.
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor—
And this, and so much more?—
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:
"That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all."

.....

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,

Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—
Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old... I grow old...
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

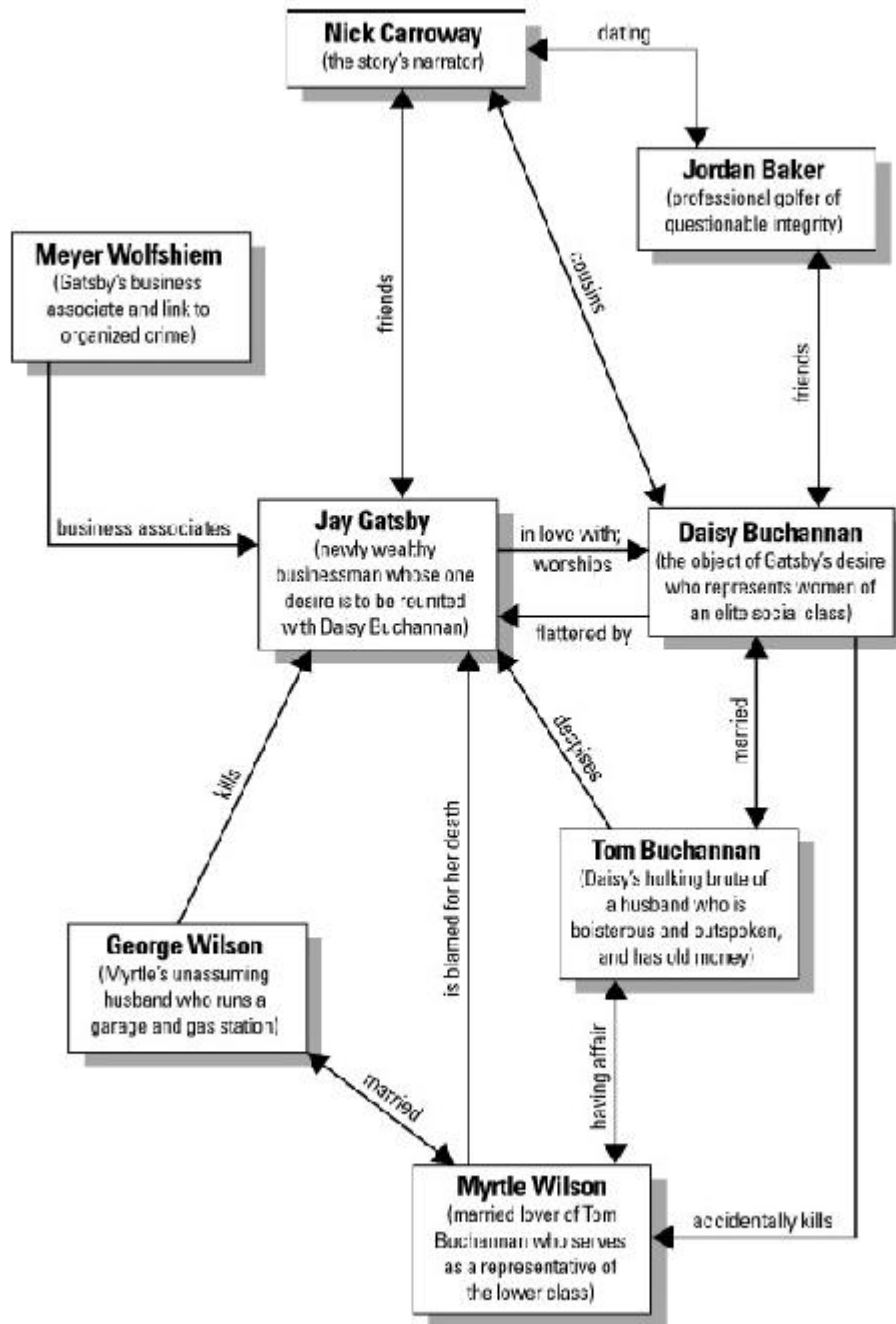
Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

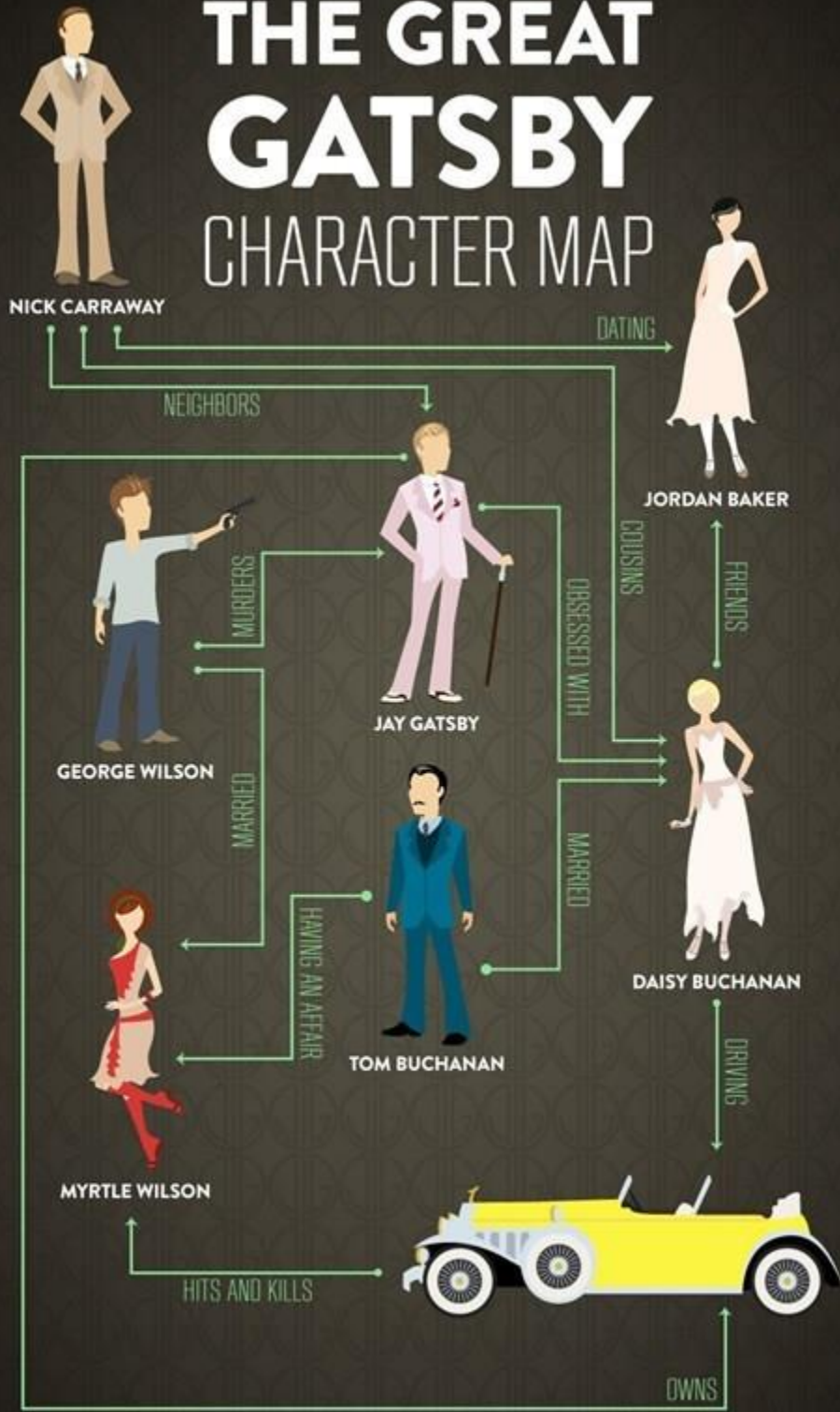
I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

The Great Gatsby Character Map



THE GREAT GATSBY CHARACTER MAP



somethingsosam.com