EOC REVIEW PACKET, 05/15 – 05/18

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Date** | **Standards Addressed:** | **Lesson** | **HW/Extension/Reminders** |
| Tuesday, May 15Honors | [RL.9-10.1](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/RL/9-10/1/)[RL.9-10.4](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/RL/9-10/4/)[RL.9-10.10](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/RL/9-10/10/)[SL.9-10.1](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/SL/9-10/1/) | * Students read Richard Wright’s, “Black Boy” and completed graphic organizer
* They then compared major themes and figurative language through music
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| **Date** | **Standards Addressed:** | **Lesson** | **HW/Extension/Reminders** |
| Wednesday, May 16 |  | * School was cancelled on this day. It was an Optional Teacher Workday
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| **Date** | **Standards Addressed:** | **Lesson** | **HW/Extension/Reminders** |
| Thursday, May 17Honors | [SL.9-10.1](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/SL/9-10/1/)[RL.9-10.1](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/RL/9-10/1/)[RL.9-10.2](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/RL/9-10/2/)[RL.9-10.10](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/RL/9-10/10/)[L.9-10.3](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/L/9-10/3/) | * We then reviewed argument by analyzing two news reports and their claims
* They then read “What's In That Chicken Nugget? Maybe You Don't Want To Know” and created EOC Questions
 |  |
| **Date** | **Standards Addressed:** | **Lesson** | **HW/Extension/Reminders** |
| Friday, May 18Honors | [SL.9-10.1](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/SL/9-10/1/)[RL.9-10.1](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/RL/9-10/1/)[RL.9-10.3](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/RL/9-10/3/)[RL.9-10.4](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/RL/9-10/4/)[RL.9-10.10](http://www.corestandards.org/ELA-Literacy/RL/9-10/10/) | * Students then read Guy de Maupassant’s “The Umbrella” and completed corresponding activities
 | * Assessment on readings, Monday
 |

This is your EOC Review Packet for the week. I have attached the lesson plans, so you know what we are doing every day. For those of you who are absent for AP exams you are still required to complete the packet. The following packet will be graded as a quiz grade and is due on Monday May 21, 2018 (not a completion grade). This packet will help prepare you for your **EOC Mock Exam (includes a CRQ)** you will be taking on **Monday May 21, 2018.**

**Tuesday**





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**Tuesday**

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| Positive Characterization of the Mother | Negative characterization of the Mother |
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|  |  |

Is the mother in Wright’s “Black Boy” a good mother? Why or why not?

Thesis if you were writing a paper:

**KATY PERRY LYRICS**

**"Roar"**

I used to bite my tongue and hold my breath
Scared to rock the boat and make a mess
So I sat quietly, agree politely
I guess that I forgot I had a choice
I let you push me past the breaking point
I stood for nothing, so I fell for everything

You held me down, but I got up (HEY!)
Already brushing off the dust
You hear my voice, you hear that sound
Like thunder gonna shake the ground
You held me down, but I got up (HEY!)
Get ready 'cause I've had enough
I see it all, I see it now

*[Chorus:]*
I got the eye of the tiger, a fighter, dancing through the fire
'Cause I am a champion and you're gonna hear me roar
Louder, louder than a lion
'Cause I am a champion and you're gonna hear me roar
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
You're gonna hear me roar

Now I'm floating like a butterfly
Stinging like a bee I earned my stripes
I went from zero, to my own hero

You held me down, but I got up (HEY!)
Already brushing off the dust
You hear my voice, you hear that sound
Like thunder gonna shake the ground
You held me down, but I got up (HEY!)
Get ready 'cause I've had enough
I see it all, I see it now

*[Chorus:]*
I got the eye of the tiger, a fighter, dancing through the fire
'Cause I am a champion and you're gonna hear me roar
Louder, louder than a lion
'Cause I am a champion and you're gonna hear me roar
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
(You're gonna hear me roar)
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
(You'll hear me roar)
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
You're gonna hear me roar...

Ro-oar, ro-oar, ro-oar, ro-oar, ro-oar

I got the eye of the tiger, a fighter, dancing through the fire
'Cause I am a champion and you're gonna hear me roar
Louder, louder than a lion
'Cause I am a champion and you're gonna hear me roar
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

**KELLY CLARKSON LYRICS**

**"What Doesn't Kill You (Stronger)"**

You know the bed feels warmer
Sleeping here alone
You know I dream in colour
And do the things I want

You think you got the best of me
Think you've had the last laugh
Bet you think that everything good is gone
Think you left me broken down
Think that I'd come running back
Baby you don't know me, cause you're dead wrong

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
Stand a little taller
Doesn't mean I'm lonely when I'm alone
What doesn't kill you makes a fighter
Footsteps even lighter
Doesn't mean I'm over cause you're gone

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger, stronger
Just me, myself and I
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
Stand a little taller
Doesn't mean I'm lonely when I'm alone

You heard that I was starting over with someone new
They told you I was moving on over you

You didn't think that I'd come back
I'd come back swinging
You try to break me, but you see

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
Stand a little taller
Doesn't mean I'm lonely when I'm alone
What doesn't kill you makes a fighter
Footsteps even lighter
Doesn't mean I'm over cause you're gone

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger, stronger
Just me, myself and I
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
Stand a little taller
Doesn't mean I'm lonely when I'm alone

Thanks to you I got a new thing started
Thanks to you I'm not the broken-hearted
Thanks to you I'm finally thinking about me
You know in the end the day you left was just my beginning
In the end...

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
Stand a little taller
Doesn't mean I'm lonely when I'm alone
What doesn't kill you makes a fighter
Footsteps even lighter
Doesn't mean I'm over cause you're gone

*[2x]*
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger, stronger
Just me, myself and I

**BRIAN MCKNIGHT LYRICS**

**"Win"**

Dark is the night
I can weather the storm
Never say die
I've been down this road before
I'll never quit
I'll never lay down, mm
See I promised myself that I'd never let me down

*[1]* - I'll never give up
Never give in
Never let a ray of doubt slip in
And if I fall
I'll never fail
I'll just get up and try again

Never lose hope
Never lose faith
There's much too much at stake
Upon myself I must depend
I'm not looking for place or show
I'm gonna win

No stopping now
There's still a ways to go, oh
Someway, somehow
Whatever it takes, I know
I'll never quit, no no
I'll never go down, mm, mm
I'll make sure they remember my name
A hundred years from now

*[Repeat 1]*

When it's all said and done
My once in a lifetime will be back again
Now is the time
To take a stand
Here is my chance
That's why I'll...

*[Repeat 1]*

Mmm, I'm gonna win

**Tuesday**

What common theme do “Black Boy” and the songs have in common? Write the theme on the following lines:

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Give two quotes from each text to support the common theme in all pieces.

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| “Black Boy” | “Roar” | “Stronger” | “Win” |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |

Find at least three examples of figurative language. For each, explain the **effect**.

1. Figurative Language:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Effect:

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

1. Figurative Language: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Effect: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

1. Figurative Language: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Effect: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Thursday**





What's In That Chicken Nugget? Maybe You Don't Want To Know

October 11, 2013 2:05 PM ET

[By: Maria Godoy](http://www.npr.org/people/348777820/maria-godoy)

Chicken nuggets: Call 'em tasty, call 'em crunchy, call 'em quick and convenient. But maybe you shouldn't call them "chicken."

So says [Dr. Richard deShazo](http://www.ummchealth.com/doctors/deshazo_richard/), a professor of pediatrics and medicine at the University of Mississippi Medical Center. In a [research note](http://www.amjmed.com/article/S0002-9343%2813%2900396-3/abstract) published in The American Journal of Medicine, deShazo and his colleagues report on a small test they conducted to find out just what's inside that finger food particularly beloved by children. Their conclusion?

"Our sampling shows that some commercially available chicken nuggets are actually fat nuggets," he tells The Salt. "Their name is a misnomer," he and his colleagues write. The nuggets they looked at were only 50 percent meat — at best. The rest? Fat, blood vessels, nerve, connective tissue and ground bone — the latter, by the way, is stuff that usually [ends up in dog food](http://www.petmd.com/dog/nutrition/evr_nutritional_aspects_of_bone_composition#.UlgugNKsjTo).

Now, this was an informal test. To conduct their chicken "autopsy," the researchers went to two different national fast-food chains near their health center in Jackson, Miss., and ordered chicken nuggets over the counter. The fast-food chains involved went unnamed — "we felt that would generate negative publicity off topic," deShazo told us via email.

When put under the microscope, one chicken sample consisted of just 40 percent skeletal muscle — what we tend to think of as "meat" — and just 19 percent protein. The other sample was 50 percent meat and only 18 percent protein.

While the sample size was obviously tiny, the findings, says deShazo, were nonetheless disturbing.

"The predominate component is not healthy, lean chicken meat, a great source of healthy protein," he says, "but an adulterated chicken product containing 50 percent or less chicken meat, with other chicken components, in a suspension of unknown carrier material."

Still, kids love chicken nuggets — even when informed of the less-than-savory ways they can be made, as chef Jamie Oliver [disturbingly demonstrated](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S9B7im8aQjo) with a bunch of school kids several years ago on his television show Food Revolution. "We were surprised that chicken nuggets have not been cleaned up" since that quite memorable episode, deShazo says.

And deShazo, who also hosts the wellness show [Southern Remedy](http://mpbonline.org/southernremedy/) on Mississippi Public Broadcasting, has a real professional interest in what kids are eating. About 1 in 3 adults are [obese in Mississippi](http://www.cdc.gov/obesity/data/adult.html), and the epidemic now includes kids, too. So, he writes, "we thought knowing a bit more about the content of the contemporary chicken nugget could be important." But the chicken nuggets the researchers looked at, he says, were a "poor source of proteins" with limited nutritional value.

In a [statement](http://www.nationalchickencouncil.org/ncc-response-university-mississippi-medical-center-study-small-study-chicken-nuggets/), the National Chicken Council said that you can't really make "scientifically justifiable" inferences "about an entire product category given a sample size of two."

"Chicken nuggets tend to have an elevated fat content because they are breaded and fried. But it's no secret what is in a chicken nugget — most quick service restaurants have nutritional information posted in the store or on their Website," the statement adds, noting that nuggets sold in grocery stores also list a complete nutritional profile.

DeShazo agrees that not all chicken nuggets are created equal. "There may well be healthy chicken nuggets on the market that are not dipped in batter and fried, but are grilled or baked," he says. The goal, he says, is to get people to read and understand food labels. "Folks need to choose the healthier alternative."

In case you're curious, we checked the websites of some major fast-food chains. Burger King [says](http://www.bk.com/en/us/menu-nutrition/snacks-203/chicken-strips-and-nuggets-231/chicken-nuggets-m15/index.html) its nuggets are made with "premium white meat," McDonald's [boasts](http://www.mcdonalds.com/us/en/food/product_nutrition.chicken.124.919.chicken-mcnuggets-4-piece.html) "USDA-inspected white meat," KFC [touts](http://www.kfc.com/food/chicken/original-recipe-bites.asp) "premium, 100% breast meat," and Chick-Fil-A [declares](http://www.chick-fil-a.com/Food/Menu-Detail/ChickfilA-Nuggets) its nuggets are "all breast meat."

### Friday

### The Umbrella

Mme. Oreille was a very economical woman; she thoroughly knew the value of a halfpenny, and possessed a whole storehouse of strict principles with regard to the multiplication of money, so that her cook found the greatest difficulty in making what the servants call their *market-penny*, while her husband was hardly allowed any pocket-money at all. They were, however, very comfortably off, and had no children; but it really pained Mme. Oreille to see any money spent; it was like tearing at her heartstrings when she had to take any of those nice crown-pieces out of her pocket; and whenever she had to spend anything, no matter how necessary it was, she slept badly the next night.

Oreille was continually saying to his wife:

“You really might be more liberal, as we have no children, and never spend our income.”

“You don’t know what may happen,” she used to reply. “It is better to have too much than too little.”

She was a little woman of about forty, very active, rather hasty, wrinkled, very neat and tidy, and with a very short temper.

Her husband very often used to complain of all the privations she made him endure; some of them were particularly painful to him, as they touched his vanity.

He was one of the upper clerks in the War Office, and only kept on there in obedience to his wife’s wish, so as to increase their income, which they did not nearly spend.

For two years he had always come to the office with the same old patched umbrella, to the great amusement of his fellow-clerks. At last he got tired of their jokes, and insisted upon his wife buying him a new one. She bought one for eight francs and a half, one of those cheap articles which large houses sell as an advertisement. When the others in the office saw the article, which was being sold in Paris by the thousands, they began their jokes again, and Oreille had a dreadful time of it with them, and they even made a song about it, which he heard from morning till night all over the immense building.

Oreille was very angry, and peremptorily told his wife to get him a new one, a good silk one, for twenty francs, and to bring him the bill, so that he might see that it was all right.

She bought him one for eighteen francs, and said, getting red with anger as she gave it to her husband:

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“This will last you for five years at least.”

Oreille felt quite triumphant, and obtained a small ovation at the office with his new acquisition.

When he went home in the evening, his wife said to him, looking at the umbrella uneasily:

“You should not leave it fastened up with the elastic; it will very likely cut the silk. You must take care of it, for I shall not buy you a new one in a hurry.”

She took it, unfastened it, and remained dumbfounded with astonishment and rage; in the middle of the silk there was a hole as big as a sixpenny-piece; it had been made with the end of a cigar.

“What is that?” she screamed.

Her husband replied quietly, without looking at it: “What is it? What do you mean?”

She was choking with rage, and could hardly get out a word.

“You — you — have burnt — your umbrella! Why — you must be — mad! Do you wish to ruin us outright?”

He turned round, and felt that he was growing pale.

“What are you talking about?”

“I say that you have burnt your umbrella. Just look here — ”

And rushing at him as if she were going to beat him, she violently thrust the little circular burnt hole under his nose.

He was so utterly struck dumb at the sight of it that he could only stammer out:

“What — what is it? How should I know? I have done nothing, I will swear. I don’t know what is the matter with the umbrella.”

“You have been playing tricks with it at the office; you have been playing the fool and opening it, to show it off,” she screamed.

“I only opened it once, to let them see what a nice one it was, that is all, I declare.”

But she shook with rage, and got up one of those conjugal scenes which make a peaceable man dread the domestic hearth more than a battlefield where bullets are raining.

She mended it with a piece of silk cut out of the old umbrella, which was of a different color, and the next day Oreille went off very humbly with the mended article in his hand. He put it into a cupboard, and thought no more about it than one thinks of some unpleasant recollection.

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But he had scarcely got home that evening when his wife took the umbrella from him, opened it, and nearly had a fit when she saw what had befallen it, for the disaster was irreparable. It was covered with small holes, which, evidently, proceeded from burns, just as if someone had emptied the ashes from a lighted pipe on to it. It was done for utterly, irreparably.

She looked at it without a word, in too great a passion to be able to say anything. He also, when he saw the damage, remained almost struck stupid, in a state of frightened consternation.

They looked at each other, then he looked on to the floor; and the next moment she threw the useless article at his head, screaming out in a transport of the most violent rage, for she had recovered her voice by that time:

“Oh! you brute! you brute! You did it on purpose, but I will pay you out for it. You shall not have another.”

And then the scene began again, and after the storm had raged for an hour, he, at last, was enabled to explain himself. He declared that he could not understand it at all, and that it could only proceed from malice or from vengeance.

A ring at the bell saved him; it was a friend whom they were expecting for dinner.

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Mme. Oreille submitted the case to him. As for buying a new umbrella, that was out of the question; her husband should not have another.

The friend very sensibly said that in that case his clothes would be spoilt, and they were certainly worth more than the umbrella. But the little woman, who was still in a rage, replied:

“Very well, then, when it rains he may have the kitchen umbrella, for I will not give him a new silk one.”

Oreille utterly rebelled at such an idea.

“All right,” he said; “then I shall resign my post. I am not going to the office with the kitchen umbrella.”

The friend interposed:

“Have this one re-covered; it will not cost much.”

But Mme. Oreille, being in the temper that she was, said:

“It will cost at least eight francs to re-cover it. Eight and eighteen are twenty-six. Just fancy, twenty-six francs for an umbrella! It is utter madness!”

The friend, who was only a poor man of the middle-classes, had an inspiration:

“Make your Fire Assurance pay for it. The companies pay for all articles that are burnt, as long as the damage has been done in your own house.”

On hearing this advice the little woman calmed down immediately, and then, after a moment’s reflection, she said to her husband:

“To-morrow, before going to your office, you will go to the *Maternelle*Assurance Company, show them the state your umbrella is in, and make them pay for the damage.”

M. Oreille fairly jumped, he was so startled at the proposal.

“I would not do it for my life! It is eighteen francs lost that is all. It will not ruin us.”

The next morning he took a walking-stick when he went out, and, luckily, it was a fine day.

Left at home alone, Mme. Oreille could not get over the loss of her eighteen francs by any means. She had put the umbrella on the dining-room table, and she looked at it without being able to come to any determination.

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Every moment she thought of the Assurance Company, but she did not dare to encounter the quizzical looks of the gentlemen who might receive her, for she was very timid before people, and grew red at a mere nothing, and was embarrassed when she had to speak to strangers.

But the regret at the loss of the eighteen francs pained her as if she had been wounded. She tried not to think of it any more, and yet every moment the recollection of the loss struck her painfully. What was she to do, however? Time went on, and she could not decide; but suddenly, like all cowards, on becoming determined, she made up her mind.

“I will go, and we will see what will happen.”

But first of all she was obliged to prepare the umbrella so that the disaster might be complete, and the reason of it quite evident. She took a match from the mantelpiece, and between the ribs she burnt a hole as big as the palm of her hand; then she delicately rolled it up, fastened it with the elastic band, put on her bonnet and shawl, and went quickly towards the Rue de Rivoli, where the Assurance Office was.

But the nearer she got the slower she walked. What was she going to say, and what reply would she get?

She looked at the numbers of the houses; there were still twenty-eight. That was all right, so she had time to consider, and she walked slower and slower. Suddenly she saw a door on which was a large brass plate with “*La Maternelle* Fire Assurance Office” engraved on it. Already! She waited for a moment, for she felt nervous and almost ashamed; then she went past, came back, went past again, and came back again.

At last she said to herself:

“I must go in, however, so I may as well do it sooner as later.”

She could not help noticing, however, how her heart beat as she entered.

She went into an enormous room with grated wicket openings all round, and a man behind each of them, and as a gentleman, carrying a number of papers, passed her, she stopped him and said, timidly:

“I beg your pardon, Monsieur, but can you tell me where I must apply for payment for anything that has been accidentally burnt?”

He replied in a sonorous voice:

“The first door on the left; that is the department you want.”

This frightened her still more, and she felt inclined to run away, to make no claim, to sacrifice her eighteen francs. But the idea of that sum revived her courage, and she went upstairs, out of breath, stopping at almost every other step.

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She knocked at a door which she saw on the first landing, and a clear voice said, in answer:

“Come in!”

She obeyed mechanically, and found herself in a large room where three solemn gentlemen, all with a decoration in their buttonholes, were standing talking.

One of them asked her: “What do you want, Madame?”

She could hardly get out her words, but stammered: “I have come — I have come on account of an accident, something — ”

He very politely pointed out a seat to her.

“If you will kindly sit down I will attend to you in a moment.”

And, returning to the other two, he went on with the conversation.

“The Company, gentlemen, does not consider that it is under any obligation to you for more than four hundred thousand francs, and we can pay no attention to your claim to the further sum of a hundred thousand, which you wish to make us pay. Besides that, the surveyor’s valuation — ”

One of the others interrupted him:

“That is quite enough, Monsieur; the Law Courts will decide between us, and we have nothing further to do than to take your leave.” And they went out after mutual ceremonious bows.

Oh! If she could only have gone away with them, how gladly she would have done it; she would have run away and given up everything. But it was too late, for the gentleman came back, and said, bowing:

“What can I do for you, Madame?”

She could scarcely speak, but at last she managed to say:

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“I have come — for this.”

The manager looked at the object which she held out to him in mute astonishment.

With trembling fingers she tried to undo the elastic, and succeeded, after several attempts, and hastily opened the damaged remains of the umbrella.

“It looks to me to be in a very bad state of health,” he said, compassionately.

“It cost me twenty francs,” she said, with some hesitation.

He seemed astonished. “Really! As much as that?”

“Yes, it was a capital article, and I wanted you to see the state it is in.”

“Very well, I see; very well. But I really do not understand what it can have to do with me.”

She began to feel uncomfortable; perhaps this Company did not pay for such small articles, and she said:

“But — it is burnt.”

He could not deny it.

“I see that very well,” he replied.

She remained open-mouthed, not knowing what to say next; then suddenly forgetting that she had left out the main thing, she said hastily:

“I am Mme. Oreille; we are assured in *La Maternelle*, and I have come to claim the value of this damage.”

“I only want you to have it re-covered,” she added quickly, fearing a positive refusal.

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The manager was rather embarrassed, and said:

“But, really, Madame, we do not sell umbrellas; we cannot undertake such kinds of repairs.”

The little woman felt her courage reviving; she was not going to give up without a struggle; she was not even afraid any more, and said:

“I only want you to pay me the cost of repairing it; I can quite well get it done myself.”

The gentleman seemed rather confused.

“Really, Madame, it is such a very small matter! We are never asked to give compensation for such trivial losses. You must allow that we cannot make good pocket-handkerchiefs, gloves, brooms, slippers, all the small articles which are every day exposed to the chances of being burnt.”

She got red, and felt inclined to fly into a rage.

“But, Monsieur, last December one of our chimneys caught fire, and caused at least five hundred francs’ damage; M. Oreille made no claim on the Company, and so it is only just that it should pay for my umbrella now.”

The manager, guessing that she was telling a lie, said, with a smile.

“You must acknowledge, Madame, that it is very surprising that M. Oreille should have asked no compensation for damages amounting to five hundred francs, and should now claim five or six francs for mending an umbrella.”

She was not the least put out, and replied:

“I beg pardon, Monsieur, the five hundred francs affected M. Oreille’s pocket, whereas this damage, amounting to eighteen francs, concerns Mme. Oreille’s pocket only, which is a totally different matter.”

As he saw that he had no chance of getting rid of her, and that he would only be wasting his time, he said, resignedly:

“Will you kindly tell me how the damage was done?”

She felt that she had won the victory, and said:

“This is how it happened, Monsieur: In our hall there is a bronze stick-and umbrella-stand, and the other day, when I came in, I put my umbrella into it. I must tell you that just above there is a shelf for the candlesticks and matches. I put out my hand, took three or four matches, and struck one, but it missed fire, so I struck another, which ignited, but went out immediately, and a third did the same.”

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The manager interrupted her, to make a joke.

“I suppose they were Government matches, then?”

She did not understand him, and went on:

“Very likely. At any rate, the fourth caught fire, and I lit my candle, and went into my room to go to bed; but in a quarter-of-an-hour I fancied that I smelt something burning, and I have always been terribly afraid of fire. If ever we have an accident it will not be my fault, I assure you. I am terribly nervous since our chimney was on fire, as I told you; so I got up, and hunted about everywhere, sniffing like a dog after game, and at last I noticed that my umbrella was burning. Most likely a match had fallen between the folds and burnt it. You can see how it has damaged it.”

**Page 26**

The manager had taken his clue, and asked her:

“What do you estimate the damage at?”

She did not know what to say, as she was not certain what amount to put on it, but at last she replied:

“Perhaps you had better get it done yourself. I will leave it to you.”

He, however, naturally refused.

“No, Madame, I cannot do that. Tell me the amount of your claim, that is all I want to know.”

“Well! — I think that — Look here, Monsieur, I do not want to make any money out of you, so I will tell you what we will do. I will take my umbrella to the maker, who will re-cover it in good, durable silk, and I will bring the bill to you. Will that suit you, Monsieur?”

“Perfectly, Madame; we will settle it so. Here is a note for the cashier, who will repay you whatever it costs you.”

He gave Mme. Oreille a slip of paper, who took it, got up and went out, thanking him, for she was in a hurry to escape lest he should change his mind.

She went briskly through the streets, looking out for a really good umbrella-maker, and when she found a shop which appeared to be a first class one, she went in, and said, confidently:

“I want this umbrella recovered in silk, good silk. Use the very best and strongest you have; I don’t mind what it costs.”

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Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

“The Umbrella” by Guy de Maupassant

Guided Reading Questions

Pg. 18:

1. Who are the main characters in the story? How are they described in the exposition?

2. Based on clues from the characters, dialogue, and narrator’s comments, what themes emerge in paragraphs 1-4?

Pg. 19:

3. What do the husband’s statements in paragraphs 10-19 reveal about his character?

Pg. 20:

4. In paragraph 22, the husband comes home a second time with damage to the umbrella. How do these plot events affect the story?

Pg. 21:

5. In paragraphs 28 and 29, the friend reminds Mme. Oreille that if her husband does not have an umbrella, then his clothes will get ruined—and they cost much more than an umbrella. How does Mme. Oreille respond? What evidence from earlier in the story supports her decision?

Pg. 22:

6. What new aspects of Mme. Oreille’s character are revealed here? Write at least three descriptions of Mme. Oreille from paragraphs 44-45 that show her in a different light.

Pg. 23:

7. Reread the exchange between the gentlemen. How does the dialogue in paragraphs 64-66 put Mme. Oreille’s eighteen francs in perspective? How does this exchange reflect the theme?

Pg. 24:

8. From details in paragraphs 71-75, what can you infer about the manager’s attitude toward Mme. Oreille and her problems? Write the words in the text that lead you to make that inference.

Pg. 25:

9. Summarize Mme Oreille’s reasoning as to why the assurance company should reimburse her for the ruined umbrella.

10. What is the climax of the story?

Pg. 26:

11. Authors are careful about when they reveal important details about a character. In paragraph 103, what does Mme. Oreille’s lie reveal about her character?

Pg. 27.

12. Is the author’s choice of ending an effective resolution? Explain.