Tell-Tale Heart Unit Resources

Student Resource	Location
Section 1: Lessons 1-2	
Text: *The Treachery of Images* (This is not a pipe) by Rene Magritte	Tell-Tale Heart Unit Reader
Text: *Monster* by Walter Dean Myers	Purchased text
Text: *Nothing But the Truth* by Avi	Purchased text
Lesson handouts	Pages 3 – 13
Section 2: Lessons 3-8	
Text: "The Ransom of Red Chief" by O. Henry	Pages 14 – 22
Lesson handouts	Page 23 – 30
Section 3: Lessons 9-12	
Text: "The Ransom of Red Chief" by O. Henry	Pages 14 – 22
Text: *Monster* by Walter Dean Myers	Purchased text
Text: *Nothing But the Truth* by Avi	Purchased text
Lesson handouts	Pages 31 – 32
Section 4: Lessons 13-17	
Text: "The Tell-Tale Heart" by Edgar Allan Poe	Pages 33 – 38
Lesson handouts	Pages 39 – 44
Section 5: Lessons 18-21 (Culminating Writing Task)	
Text: "The Tell-Tale Heart" by Edgar Allan Poe	Pages 33 – 38
Lesson handouts	Page 45-46
Section 6: Lessons 22-24 (Culminating Writing Task)	
Text: "The Tell-Tale Heart" by Edgar Allan Poe	Pages 33 – 38
Lesson handouts	Page 47
Section 7: Lessons 25-28	
Text: "The Allegory of the Cave" from Book VII of Plato's *Republic*	Tell-Tale Heart Unit Reader
Text: "The Allegory of the Cave" explanation video	Digital access
Text: *The Treachery of Images* (This is not a pipe) by Rene Magritte	Tell-Tale Heart Unit Reader
Text: "The Ransom of Red Chief" by O. Henry	Pages 14 – 22
Text: "The Tell-Tale Heart" by Edgar Allan Poe	Pages 33 – 38
Lesson handouts	Pages 48 – 51
Section 8: Lessons 29-32	
Text: "Best-Selling Memoir Draws Scrutiny" by Edward Wyatt	Tell-Tale Heart Unit Reader
Text: "A Million Little Pieces Revisited: Can the Truth Ever Set James Frey Free?" by Daniel Honan	Tell-Tale Heart Unit Reader
Text: "Good Form" from *The Things They Carried* by Tim O'Brien	Tell-Tale Heart Unit Reader
Text: Excerpt from "By the Waters of Babylon"	Page 57
Text: *Monster* by Walter Dean Myers	Purchased text
Text: *Nothing But the Truth* by Avi	Purchased text
Lesson handouts	Pages 52 – 56
Section 9: Lessons 33-35	
Text: *Monster* by Walter Dean Myers	Purchased text
Text: *Nothing But the Truth* by Avi	Purchased text

Lesson handouts	Pages 59 – 60
Section 10: Lessons 36-41 (Extension Task)	
Text: *Monster* by Walter Dean Myers	Purchased text
Text: *Nothing But the Truth* by Avi	Purchased text
Lesson handouts	Pages 61 – 66
Section 11: Lessons 42-43 (Cold-Read Task)	

The Treachery of Images Questions

Discuss the questions about *The Treachery of Images* by Rene Magritte with a partner. Then write your answers below.

1. Describe the image of the painting.

2. Why is the caption surprising?

3. What message do you think the author is trying to convey through the painting? Consider the title, the painting image, and caption.

Conversation Stems[1]

Clarifying

- Is it your position that…
- To be clear, you're saying that…
- I'm confused when you say X. Can you elaborate?

Paraphrasing

- Put another way, you're saying…
- So you're saying that…
- Is it fair to say that you believe…
- I hear you saying that…

Agreeing

- I agree with ___ because…
- ___'s point about ___ was important because…
- The reasons you provided support what I am saying because...
- You and I are coming from the same position.

Disagreeing

- I see it differently because…
- The reasons and details ___ provided better support ___ because...
- There is no evidence to suggest that is true.
- I agree that ___, but we also have to consider that…
- We see ___ differently.

Elaborating

- ___ mentioned that…
- Yes, and furthermore…
- Adding to what you said,…
- I agree, and I want to add that...

Summarizing

- Overall, what I'm trying to say is…
- My whole point in one sentence is…
- More than anything else, I believe that…
- Ultimately, my goal is to demonstrate that…

[1] Adapted from te@chthought at http://www.teachthought.com/learning/sentence-stems-higher-level-conversation-classroom/

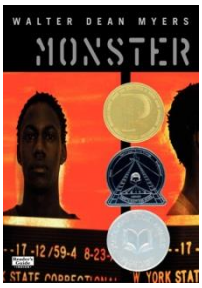
Concept Map

PERCEPTION versus **REALITY**

Independent Reading Handout

Read the summaries and reviews of *Monster* by Walter Dean Myers and *Nothing But the Truth* by Avi to help you select your independent reading book for the unit.

***Monster*, by Walter Dean Myers**



Summary:

This *New York Times* bestselling novel and National Book Award nominee from acclaimed author Walter Dean Myers tells the story of Steve Harmon, a teenage boy in juvenile detention and on trial. Presented as a screenplay of Steve's own imagination, and peppered with journal entries, the book shows how one single decision can change our whole lives.

Reviews:

School Library Journal Review:

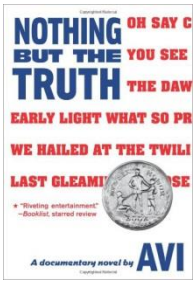
Steve Harmon, 16, is accused of serving as a lookout for a robbery of a Harlem drugstore. The owner was shot and killed, and now Steve is in prison awaiting trial for murder. From there, he tells about his case and his incarceration. Many elements of this story are familiar, but Myers keeps it fresh and alive by telling it from an unusual perspective. Steve, an amateur filmmaker, recounts his experiences in the form of a movie screenplay. His striking scene-by-scene narrative of how his life has dramatically changed is riveting. Interspersed within the script are diary entries in which the teen vividly describes the nightmarish conditions of his confinement.

Myers expertly presents the many facets of his protagonist's character and readers will find themselves feeling both sympathy and repugnance for him. Steve searches deep within his soul to prove to himself that he is not the "monster" the prosecutor presented him as to the jury. Ultimately, he reconnects with his humanity and regains a moral awareness that he had lost.

User Review from Amazon.com, 5 stars:

Steven Harmon was only a lookout in the four-person holdup of a drugstore, but during the robbery attempt the store owner was killed. Steven wasn't even IN the store at the time of the murder. How guilty does that make Steven? Does his participation make him a MONSTER? That is the question left up to the jury in this courtroom trial. While the book in made up entirely of the trial, Myers uses mixed modes to depict the case. Steven, an aspiring filmmaker, records the trial's events as a screenplay, complete with close ups, reaction shots, and voice overs. Between scenes, we read Steven's handwritten journal about the case and see his fears of prison life and apprehensions about the proceedings in court. Mixed in are photographs of "Steven" in anguish. I found the telling of the story to be riveting and I feel it would provide terrific discussion in a classroom, perhaps 9th grade. Not only must we judge Steven's guilt, we also judge others involved and learn about the justice system in all its glory. By the time the novel ends, we feel as if we've been with Steven the whole time, and know we would never want to experience these events. It makes us consider peer pressure, the choices we make, the integrity of people, and different degrees of guilt. I enjoyed MONSTER very much and highly recommend it for personal use or with a class.

***Nothing But the Truth*, by Avi**



Summary:
In this thought-provoking examination of freedom, patriotism, and respect, ninth-grader, Philip Malloy, is kept from joining the track team by his failing grades in English class. Convinced that the teacher just doesn't like him, Philip concocts a plan to get transferred out of her class. Breaking the school's policy of silence during the national anthem, he hums along, and ends up in a crisis at the center of the nation's attention.

Reviews:

School Library Journal Review:

Ninth grader Philip Malloy finds himself unable to participate on the track team because of his failing grade in English. Convinced the teacher, Margaret Narwin, dislikes him, he concocts a scheme to get transferred from her homeroom: instead of standing "at respectful, silent attention" during the national anthem, Philip hums. Throughout the ensuing disciplinary problems at school, his parents take his side, ignore the fact that he is breaking a school rule, and concentrate on issues of patriotism. The conflict between Philip and his school escalates, and he quickly finds the situation out of his control; local community leaders, as well as the national news media, become involved. At this point, the novel surges forward to a heartbreaking, but totally believable, conclusion.

Avi carefully sets forth the events in the story, advancing the plot through conversations between students, Philip's parents, school personnel, and community politicians, while Philip's point of view is revealed through his diary entries, and Margaret Narwin's through letters to her sister. Also enriching the narrative are copies of school memos and newspaper articles, transcripts of speeches delivered, and copies of letters received by both Philip and his teacher.

User Review from Amazon.com, 5 stars:

It seems simple. Tell the truth. But what is the truth? NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH by Avi is a book that will have you questioning what is true at every turn.

Philip Malloy is a 9th-grader who learns about truth the hard way. An avid track runner, he is hoping to try out for the high school track team. He knows he has the support of his parents and is even hoping they will chip in to help him purchase some new shoes to start the season. Unfortunately, Philip is about to receive some bad news - his English grade. It doesn't surprise him when the coach calls him into his office for a little talk. He has a D in Miss Narwin's class, and according to the school handbook, that makes him ineligible. He can't even try out for the team.

What happens next involves Philip's misguided attempt to fix the problem. The solution is simple. Just find a way to get out of Miss Narwin's class, hopefully get a better grade with a different teacher, all before his parents and even his friends find out. Instead, Philip ends up creating a situation that involves the teacher, the administration, his parents, a neighbor, the local newspaper, and eventually people from across the country.

Written in script form, with bits and pieces from Philip's diary, as well as letters and memos written by staff members at the high school, NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH explores what happens if one person manipulates the truth. The far-reaching consequences will amaze readers and remind them that our actions impact the lives of others. What begins as a harmless attempt to withhold information ends up changing an entire community.

Independent Reading Log for _____

(Independent Reading Text Title)

	Date of next reading check-in	Reading Goal: Page _____ to Page _____	Initials
1			
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
7			
8			
9			

To demonstrate you've met your reading goal, select one of the following standards and write a response addressing the selected standard. Be sure to include a written response for each of your reading goals.

- Standard 2a: Determine how a theme of your independent reading text relates to the characters, setting, and plot. For example, what points of view or perspectives are portrayed in your independent reading text? How do they relate to and/or contrast one another? What message does this reveal?
- Standard 2b: Write a summary of a scene or chapter of your independent reading text.
- Standard 3: Select a line of dialogue or an incident from your independent reading text and explain how it propels the action, reveals aspects of a character, or provokes a decision. For example, can the narrator of your independent reading text be believed? Is he or she reliable? How do you know?
- Standard 4: Select a word or phrase from the text and determine how it is used in your independent reading text.
- Standard 5: Compare and contrast the structure of your independent reading text and a unit text and examine how the differing structure of each text contributes to its meaning and style.
- Standard 6: Analyze how differences in the points of view of the characters and the audience or reader (e.g., created through the use of dramatic irony) create such effects as suspense or humor in your independent reading text.
- Standard 9: Analyze how your independent reading text draws on themes, patterns of events, or character types from myths, traditional stories, or foundational religious works; describe how the material is rendered new.

Demonstration of Understanding	
Date of check-in: _____ Did I meet my goal? Yes _____ No _____ If not, why not? _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	

Demonstration of Understanding	
Date of check-in: _____ Did I meet my goal? Yes _____ No _____ If not, why not? _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	
Date of check-in: _____ Did I meet my goal? Yes _____ No _____ If not, why not? _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	

Demonstration of Understanding	
Date of check-in: _____ Did I meet my goal? Yes _____ No _____ If not, why not? _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	
Date of check-in: _____ Did I meet my goal? Yes _____ No _____ If not, why not? _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	

Demonstration of Understanding	
Date of check-in: _____ Did I meet my goal? Yes _____ No _____ If not, why not? _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	
Date of check-in: _____ Did I meet my goal? Yes _____ No _____ If not, why not? _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	

Demonstration of Understanding	
Date of check-in: _____ Did I meet my goal? Yes _____ No _____ If not, why not? _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	
Date of check-in: _____ Did I meet my goal? Yes _____ No _____ If not, why not? _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	

"The Ransom of Red Chief"

O. Henry

It looked like a good thing: but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama--Bill Driscoll and myself-when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, 'during a moment of temporary mental apparition'; but we didn't find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel-cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-lot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables and, maybe, some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the *Weekly Farmers' Budget.* So, it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the colour of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news-stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

'Hey, little boy!' says Bill, 'would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?'

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

'That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars,' says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

That boy put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tailfeathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

'Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?'

'He's all right now,' says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. 'We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard.'

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

'I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet 'possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?'

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a warwhoop that made Old Hank the Trapper, shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

'Red Chief,' says I to the kid, 'would you like to go home?'

'Aw, what for?' says he. 'I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?'

'Not right away,' says I. 'We'll stay here in the cave a while.'

'All right!' says he. 'That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life.'

We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: 'Hist! pard,'

in mine and Bill's ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs--they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case-knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He laid down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sun-up I remembered that Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

'What you getting up so soon for, Sam?' asked Bill.

'Me?' says I. 'Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it.'

'You're a liar!' says Bill. 'You're afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?'

'Sure,' said I. 'A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoitre.'

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man ploughing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. 'Perhaps,' says I to myself, 'it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!' says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

'He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back,' explained Bill, 'and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?'

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. 'I'll fix you,' says the kid to Bill. 'No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!'

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

'What's he up to now?' says Bill, anxiously. 'You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?'

'No fear of it,' says I. 'He don't seem to be much of a home body. But we've got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbours. Anyhow, he'll be missed to-day. To-night we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return.'

Just then we heard a kind of war-whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: 'Sam, do you know who my favourite Biblical character is?'

'Take it easy,' says I. 'You'll come to your senses presently.'

'King Herod,' says he. 'You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?'

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

'If you don't behave,' says I, 'I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?'

'I was only funning,' says he sullenly. 'I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout to-day.'

'I don't know the game,' says I. 'That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go, at once.'

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

'You know, Sam,' says Bill, 'I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood--in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?'

'I'll be back some time this afternoon,' says I. 'You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset.'

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. 'I ain't attempting,' says he, 'to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me.'

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:

Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.:

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skilful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely, the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box as your reply--as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence-post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit.

If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them no further communication will be attempted.

TWO DESPERATE MEN.

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says:

'Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone.'

'Play it, of course,' says I. 'Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?'

'I'm the Black Scout,' says Red Chief, 'and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I 'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout.'

'All right,' says I. 'It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages.'

'What am I to do?' asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.

'You are the hoss,' says Black Scout. 'Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?'

'You'd better keep him interested,' said I, 'till we get the scheme going. Loosen up.'

Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit's when you catch it in a trap.

' How far is it to the stockade, kid? ' he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

'Ninety miles,' says the Black Scout. 'And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!'

The Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels in his side.

'For Heaven's sake,' says Bill, 'hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me or I '11 get up and warm you good.'

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the postoffice and store, talking with the chawbacons that came in to trade. One whiskerand says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price

of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously and came away. The postmaster said the mail-carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wabbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

'Sam,' says Bill, 'I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defence, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times,' goes on Bill, 'that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit.'

'What's the trouble, Bill?' I asks him.

'I was rode,' says Bill, 'the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then, when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black-and-blue from the knees down; and I've got two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized.

'But he's gone'--continues Bill--'gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse.'

Bill is puffing and blowing, but there is a look of ineffable peace and growing content on his rose-pink features.

'Bill,' says I, 'there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?'

'No,' says Bill, 'nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?'

'Then you might turn around,' says I, 'and have a look behind you.'

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak

sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnappers. The tree under which the answer was to be left--and the money later on--was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for any one to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fencepost, slips a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

Two Desperate Men,

> Gentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbours believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.
>
> Very respectfully,
> EBENEZER DORSET.

'Great pirates of Penzance!' says I; 'of all the impudent--'

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

'Sam,' says he, 'what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?'

'Tell you the truth, Bill,' says I, 'this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom and make our get-away.'

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

'How long can you hold him?' asks Bill.

'I'm not as strong as I used to be,' says old Dorset, 'but I think I can promise you ten minutes.'

'Enough,' says Bill. 'In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border.'

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of summit before I could catch up with him.

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Vocabulary Chart

Keep a list of words you have learned throughout the unit.

Word	Part of Speech	My Definition	Synonyms, Antonyms, and Similar Words (Word Family)	Picture and Source Sentence

Word	Part of Speech	My Definition	Synonyms, Antonyms, and Similar Words (Word Family)	Picture and Source Sentence

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Character Chart for "The Ransom of Red Chief"

Character	Thoughts, Feelings, and Actions Related to the Kidnapping	How do you know? Evidence from the Text	What is unexpected about how the characters think, feel, or act? What is the effect on you, the reader?

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Evidence Chart: The Ransom of Red Chief

Question	Evidence (quotation or paraphrase)	How are these actions/events ironic?
How does Ebenezer respond to the ransom note? What details in the text foreshadow that he might respond in an unexpected way?		

Question	Evidence (quotation or paraphrase)	How are these actions/events ironic?

What clues in the text reveal that the kidnapping of Red Chief was an ill-advised idea?		

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Essay Evidence Chart

Writing Prompt: Write an essay which explains how O. Henry's use of irony creates humor and develops a theme in "The Ransom of Red Chief." Be sure to use proper grammar, conventions, spelling, and grade-appropriate words and phrases. Cite several pieces of relevant textual evidence, including direct quotations which parenthetical citations.

Text Title and Page Number	**Evidence** (quotation or paraphrase)	**How does this evidence support your ideas?**

Text Title and Page Number	Evidence (quotation or paraphrase)	How does this evidence support your ideas?

"The Tell-Tale Heart"

Edgar Allan Poe

TRUE!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed— not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily— how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye for ever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution— with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha!—would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at

midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own powers—of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out—"Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening;—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh, no!—it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless,

but could not. He had been saying to himself—"It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he has been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. All in vain; because Death, in approaching him, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard—to feel the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and full upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the senses?—now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!—do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must

burst. And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart,—for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled,—for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search well. I led them, at length, to

his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct:—it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definitiveness—until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale;—but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations, but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observation of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard!—they suspected!—they knew!—they were making a mockery of my horror!—this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Any thing was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!— hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!—

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed!—tear up the planks!—here, here!—it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

This text is in the public domain.

Vocabulary Chart

Keep a list of words you have learned throughout the unit.

Word	Part of Speech	My Definition	Synonyms, Antonyms, and Similar Words (Word Family)	Picture and Source Sentence

Word	Part of Speech	My Definition	Synonyms, Antonyms, and Similar Words (Word Family)	Picture and Source Sentence

"The Tell Tale Heart" T-Chart

Complete the graphic organizer below with evidence from the text that makes you suspicious of the narrator or trusting of the narrator. Determine whether the narrator's intentions are good or bad and how you know.

Makes me trust the narrator	Makes me suspicious of the narrator

"The Tell Tale Heart" T-Chart

Complete the graphic organizer below with evidence from the text that makes you suspicious of the narrator or trusting of the narrator. Determine whether the narrator's intentions are good or bad and how you know.

Makes me trust the narrator	Makes me suspicious of the narrator

Conversation Stems[1]

Clarifying

- Is it your position that…
- To be clear, you're saying that…
- I'm confused when you say X. Can you elaborate?

Paraphrasing

- Put another way, you're saying…
- So you're saying that…
- Is it fair to say that you believe…
- I hear you saying that…

Agreeing

- ___'s point about ___ was important because…
- The reasons you provided support what I am saying because...
- You and I are coming from the same position.

Disagreeing

- I see it differently because…
- The reasons and details ___ provided better support ___ because...
- There is no evidence to suggest that is true.
- I agree that ___, but we also have to consider that…
- We see ___ differently.

Elaborating

- ___ mentioned that…
- Yes, and furthermore…
- Adding to what you said,…
- I agree, and I want to add that...

Summarizing

- Overall, what I'm trying to say is…
- My whole point in one sentence is…
- More than anything else, I believe that…
- Ultimately, my goal is to demonstrate that…

Revising

- Before I thought ___, but now I think ___ because…
- I still think ___, but now I wonder…
- My new thinking is...

[1] Adapted from te@chthought at http://www.teachthought.com/learning/sentence-stems-higher-level-conversation-classroom/

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Split-page Notes

Keywords/Quotations	Notes
How does the point of view of the narrator create suspense and uncertainty for the reader? What ideas do *The Treachery of Images*, "The Ransom of Red Chief," and "The Tell-Tale Heart" convey about perception and reality?	

Culminating Writing Task Directions

Rewrite “The Tell-Tale Heart” from a new perspective. Then compare and contrast the original version and a rewritten version to determine which version has more impact and why.

To complete this task:

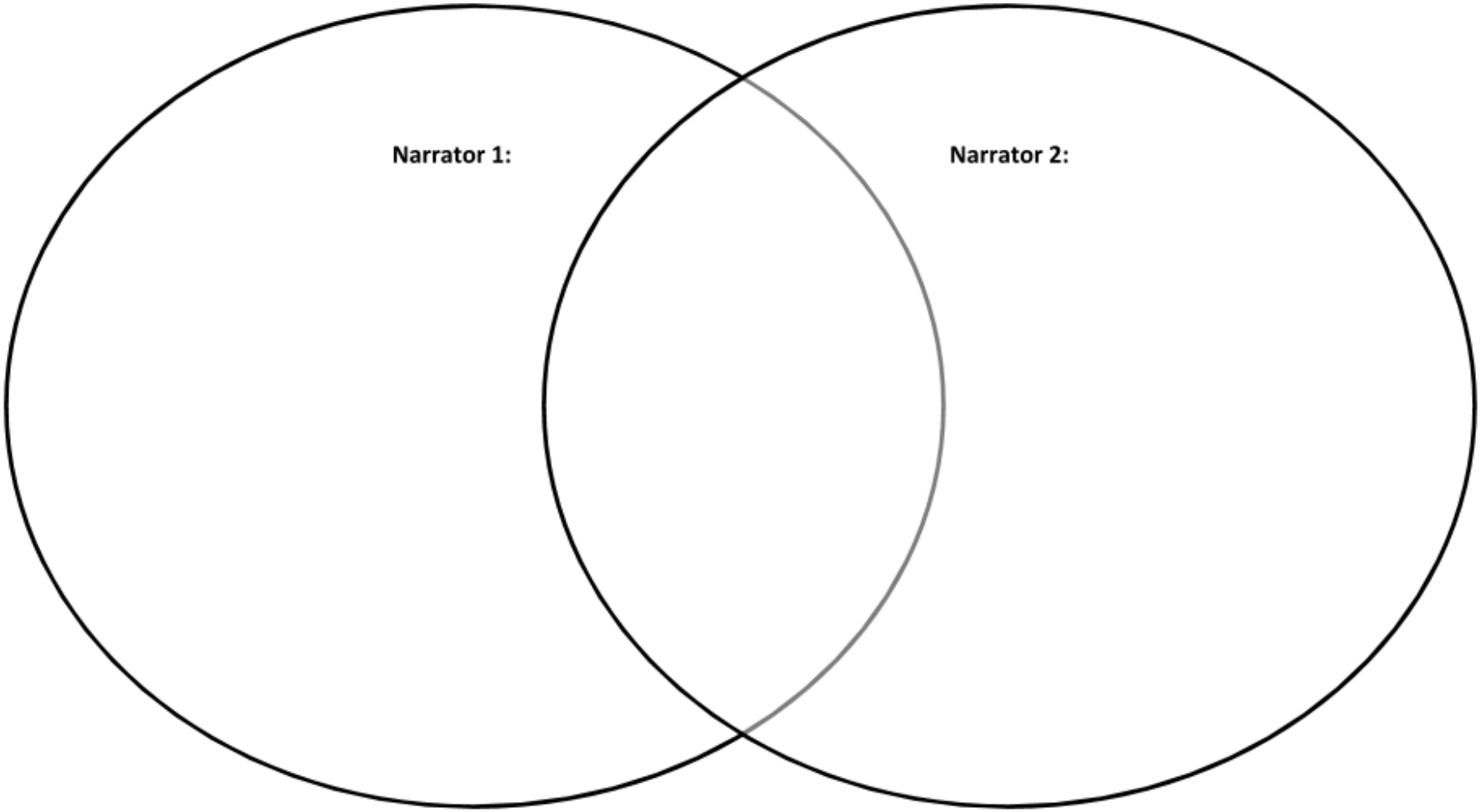
- Select a new narrator (e.g., one of the police officers who visit the narrator, one of the old man’s relatives, etc.).
- Establish a different point of view and purpose in telling the story.
- Determine a new tone and vary the word choice to reflect the narrator’s “real” motives and personality.
- Use narrative techniques, such as dialogue, pacing, and description, including sensory language, to develop events and characters according to the changed point of view and purpose.
- After completing your rewritten version, compare and contrast it to the original version.
- Identify the differences in character development and plot development and pacing.
- Evaluate how those differences impact the mood and development of irony and suspense.

Rewrite “The Tell-Tale Heart” from a new perspective using effective techniques and incorporating relevant details and dialogue from the original text. The write a literary analysis in which you make a claim about which version has a greater impact and support the claim through the evaluation of the different effects of each version of the story. Be sure to use proper grammar, conventions, spelling, and grade-appropriate words and phrases. Cite several pieces of textual evidence, including direct quotations and parenthetical citations.

T-chart

Police Perspective	Old Man Perspective

Compare and Contrast: Two Versions of "The Tell-Tale Heart"



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Split-Page Notes for "The Allegory of the Cave" (Part One)

Key Points/Questions	Notes
1. What is in front of the men in the cave? What is behind them? 2. Describe what the men see. What is their reality or "truth"? How is that different from others?	

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Split-Page Notes for "The Allegory of the Cave" (Parts Two and Three)

Key Points/Questions	Notes
3. Describe the first stage of freedom. What is the prisoner told about the objects? What is he shown? How does he react?	
4. How does the light affect the man when he first leaves the cave? Why?	
5. What does the man see and understand as his eyes adjust? Consider what the man understands about the world both outside and inside of the cave.	

6. What is the “hidden meaning” of “The Allegory of the Cave”?	

Plato's allegory explores the concepts of reality, truth, and knowledge. What are the advantages and disadvantages of various mediums in presenting these concepts?

Advantages	Disadvantages

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Cornell Notes for "Best-Selling Memoir Draws Scrutiny"

Key Points/Questions	Notes
List what you know about memoir as a genre.	
James Frey says that his book is true, but also admitted that "events were embellished in the book for obvious dramatic reasons." What does embellished mean in this context?	

Cornell Notes for "Best-Selling Memoir Draws Scrutiny"

Key Points/Questions	Notes
How did James Frey portray his arrest and jail time in the book? What actually happened?	
Summary	

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Cornell Notes for "Best-Selling Memoir Draws Scrutiny"

Key Points/Questions	Notes
The author states, "Mr. Frey has repeatedly stated that his book is true." How does the author develop a counterpoint to Frey's claim?	
Record words from the video which relate to "truth." Explain how they relate.	

Cornell Notes for "Best-Selling Memoir Draws Scrutiny"

Key Points/Questions	Notes
What are the advantages and disadvantages of each medium (text and video) in presenting the controversy surrounding Frey's memoir?	

What is a central idea of "Best-Selling Memoir Draws Scrutiny"? How is it developed?

Comparing Narrators

Questions	**Narrator of "The Tell-Tale Heart"**	**James Frey, Author/Narrator of *A Million Little Pieces***
What is the genre, and what do readers expect from that genre?		
What are readers led to believe about the narrator **through his version** of the story?		
What is actually true and how do readers discover it?		
What is the impact or effect of the unreliable narrator on readers? Why?		

Excerpt from "By the Waters of Babylon"[1]

Stephen Vincent Benét

That is all my story, for then I knew he was a man--I knew then that they had been men, neither gods nor demons.[2] It is a great knowledge, hard to tell and believe. They were men--they went a dark road, but they were men. I had no fear after that--I had no fear going home, though twice I fought off the dogs and once I was hunted for two day by the Forest People. When I saw my father again, I prayed and was purified. He touched my lips and my breast, he said, "You went away a boy. You come back a man and a priest." I said, "Father, they were men! I have been in the Place of the Gods and seen it! Now slay me, if it is the law--but still I know they were men."

He looked at me out of both eyes. He said, "The law is not always the same shape--you have done what you have done. I could not have done it my time, but you come after me. Tell!"

I told and he listened. After that, I wished to tell all the people but he showed me otherwise. He said, "Truth is a hard deer to hunt. If you eat too much truth at once, you may die of the truth. It was not idly that our fathers forbade the Dead Places." He was right--it is better the truth should come little by little. I have learned that, being a priest. Perhaps, in the old days, they ate knowledge too fast.

Nevertheless, we make a beginning. It is not for the metal alone we go to the Dead Places now--there are the books and the writings. They are hard to learn. And the magic tools are broken--but we can look at them and wonder. At least, we make a beginning. And, when I am chief priest we shall go beyond the great river. We shall go to the Place of the Gods--the place newyork--not one man but a company. We shall look for the images of the gods and find the god ASHING[3] and the others--the gods Lincoln and Biltmore and Moses. But they were men who built the city, not gods or demons. They were men. I remember the dead man's face. They were men who were here before us. We must build again.

[1] Excerpted from http://www.tkinter.smig.net/outings/rosemountghosts/babylon.htm.

[2] The setting of this short story is the future after the destruction of the United States as we know it now. A tribe survives and sends its boys to the Dead Places as a spiritual journey and to gain knowledge about life before destruction. The speaker returns after visiting the Place of the Gods (i.e., New York City) to inform his father of his new knowledge.

[3] ASHING are the remaining letters on a statue of George Washington. The speaker is not aware of who George Washington is, so his only knowledge of Washington's name is what remains of the statue.

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Split-page Notes for Truth Jigsaw Activity

Keywords/Quotations	Notes

Independent Reading Presentations

Throughout our unit, you have read either *Monster* by Walter Dean Myers or *Nothing But the Truth* by Avi, and considered the way in which various points of view and perspectives presented in your text shape meaning. Over the next few days, you will prepare and present a multimedia presentation to the class on your independent reading novel. Your presentation should address the following questions:

- Who is the narrator of your independent reading novel? Is the narrator reliable? What quotations, lines of dialogue, or incidents reveal the narrator's reliability?
- What points of view or perspectives are presented in the text? How do those points of view relate to or contrast each other? What is the effect of presenting contrasting points of view?
- Select one of the other texts we've read in this unit. How does the structure of your independent reading novel (i.e., format, genre, narrative voice, point of view) compare and contrast to the structure of the other text? How do the different structures of each text contribute to the development of meaning, theme, and style of each text?
- What does your novel say about "truth"? How does personal truth or reality relate to a person's perspective?

Your presentation must include the following:

- At least <u>two</u> quotations, lines of dialogue, or incidents from the text that support your conclusion on whether the narrator is/ is not reliable.
- Text evidence to show at least <u>two</u> different perspectives that are portrayed in the text, and an explanation on the effect of these contrasting points of view.
- A visual to compare and contrast your independent reading novel with one text that we've read this unit.
    - You may choose to use a T-chart, Venn diagram, table, or any other structure that helps you convey the similarities and differences across texts.
    - Include an explanation of how the structure (i.e., format, genre, narrative voice, point of view) is similar and different, with text evidence selected to demonstrate these similarities and differences.
    - An explanation of how the different structures contribute to the development of the text's meaning, theme, and style.
- A claim statement that shares what your novel says about "truth," with at least two pieces of text evidence to support why you've drawn this conclusion.

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Multimedia Presentation Rubric

	3	2	1
Demonstration of understanding	The presentation addresses all elements of the task and effectively demonstrates understanding of the topic, text(s), or findings.	The presentation partially addresses the task and generally demonstrates understanding of the topic, text(s), or findings.	The presentation does not address the task or demonstrates a lack of understanding of the topic, text(s), or findings.
Organization and development of presentation	The presentation is organized clearly and logically so that listeners can easily identify the central ideas or claims and follow the line of reasoning; the supporting evidence is relevant and from credible sources.	The presentation is organized and has a clear central idea or claim and supporting evidence from credible sources.	The presentation has a central idea or claim and/or supporting evidence.
Multimedia components	The presentation effectively incorporates multimedia components (e.g., videos, graphics, images, music, sound) and visual displays to clarify, support, or enhance, the central ideas or claims.	The presentation incorporates multimedia components (e.g., videos, graphics, images, music, sound) and visual displays.	The presentation either fails to incorporates multimedia components (e.g., videos, graphics, images, music, sound) and visual displays or the components are distracting and ineffective.
Delivery of presentation	Speaker maintains consistent and appropriate eye contact, adequate volume, and clear pronunciation.	Speaker makes eye contact and can be generally heard and understood.	Speaker sometimes makes eye contact and is generally difficult to understand.

T-chart

First Viewing: Listen	Second Viewing: Watch

Extension Task

Now that you have explored narrative voice and its effect on readers, you will evaluate perspective in real-world situations. You will determine the reliability of sources and become critical readers and viewers of media who can discern fact from fiction. As you evaluate media, you will explore the question: How do I know whether information is reliable?

Select a specific topic to research. Consider the various ways that media attempts to persuade readers and viewers. As you come across two or more texts that provide conflicting information on the same topic, identify where the texts disagree on matters of fact or interpretation. Possible places of research include:

- social media postings
- online hoaxes and urban legends
- television commercials
- print/online advertisements
- campaigns
- television talk shows
- newspaper articles

Then create and deliver a multimedia report that explains how persuasive techniques are used and present the advantages and disadvantages of using different mediums to present a particular topic or idea. Provide examples and evaluate the motives behind the various examples. Within the presentation, quote or paraphrase the conclusions of others while avoiding plagiarism and following a standard format for citation.

Possible resources for research:

- **"Science of Persuasion**," Influence at Work
- "Episode 5: Power of Persuasion" from *Brain Games*, National Geographic Channel
- **"Reference Source for Media Literacy**" from Center for Teaching, The University of Iowa
- **"Buy Me That: Kids and Advertising**," Frank Baker
- **"Dove: Evolution**," DoveGlobal
- **"News Bias Explored: The Art of Reading the News"**
- "**What You See, What You Don't: Television**," Frank Baker
- **"Evaluating Internet Resources**" from Teacher Tap
- "**Advertisements—What psychological tricks do they use?**"
- "**Did You Get the Message?**" from econedlink, Council for Economic Education
- "**Believe It or Not?**" from econedlink, Council for Economic Education
- "**Be an Ad Detective**" from econedlink, Council for Economic Education

Comparing Media Sources

Source 1: Excerpt from "7 Unexpected Ways Facebook is Good For You" by Chad Brooks, *Business News Daily*

Boosts self-esteem

Spending time on the social networking giant also makes people feel good about themselves, according to research.

A study conducted by researchers at Cornell University was the first to show a psychological benefit to using Facebook, revealing that people get a self-esteem boost just by looking at their Facebook wall.

Researcher Jeffrey Hancock said the results are most likely the effect of Facebook users being able to put their best image forward by choosing what they reveal about themselves. In addition, the positive feedback friends and family bring to a Facebook wall also contributes to the self-esteem boost.

"Unlike a mirror, which reminds us of who we really are and may have a negative effect on self-esteem if that image does not match with our ideal, Facebook can show a positive version of ourselves," Hancock told the Cornell Chronicle. "We're not saying that it's a deceptive version of self, but it's a positive one."

Hancock said the study was one of the first to show a psychological benefit to using Facebook.

Source 2: Excerpt from "7 Ways Facebook is Bad for Your Mental Health" by Douglas T Kenrick, Ph.D., *Psychology Today*

Like all benefits in life, Facebook comes with its psychological costs - many of them invisible. Indeed, a recent study found that heavy Facebook users experience decreases in subjective well-being over time (Kross et al., 2013). Below, we review some research suggesting 7 ways that Facebook may be hurting you.

1. **It can make you feel like your life isn't as cool as everyone else's.** Social psychologist Leon Festinger observed that people are naturally inclined to engage in social comparison. To answer a question like "Am I doing better or worse than average?" you need to check out other people like you. Facebook is a quick, effortless way to engage in social comparison, but with even one glance through your News Feed you might see pictures of your friends enjoying a mouth-watering dinner at Chez Panisse, or perhaps winning the Professor of the Year award at Yale University. Indeed, a study by Chou and Edge (2012) found that chronic Facebook users tend to think that other people lead happier lives than their own, leading them to feel that life is less fair.
2. **It can lead you to envy your friends' successes.** Not only can Facebook make you feel like you aren't sharing in your friends' happiness, but it can also make you feel envious of their happy lives. Buxmann and Krasnova (2013) have found that seeing others' highlights on your News Feed can make you envious of friends' travels, successes, and appearances. Additional findings suggest that the negative psychological impact of passively following others on Facebook is driven by the feelings of envy that stem from passively skimming your News Feed.

	"7 Unexpected Ways Facebook is Good for You"	"7 Ways Facebook is Bad for Your Mental Health"
What is the central idea or message of the text (based on the excerpt)?		
How does the author support this idea?		
Is the author's message compelling? Why/why not?		
Which article is more compelling? Why?		

Extension Task Research Handout

Topic: _____

Title and Location of Source	What is the central idea or message of the source?	How does the source convey this idea or message? What persuasive techniques are used?	Is the source compelling? Why/why not?

DEPARTMENT of EDUCATION
Louisiana Believes

Multimedia Presentation Rubric

	3	2	1
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