



ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS 10– 1

January 2008

Mrs. Adolf

Description

Part A: Written Response contributes 50% of the total ELA 10-1 Final Examination mark and consists of two assignments:

Personal Response to Text Assignment

- *Suggested time:* 45 minutes
- *Value:* 40 marks

Critical/Analytical Response to Literary Text Assignment

- *Suggested time:* 1½ to 2 hours
- *Value:* 60 marks

Time: 2½ hours.

You may take an additional ½ hour to complete the examination.

Instructions

Read the whole examination carefully before you begin to write.

- Follow instructions carefully.
- Complete both assignments.
- You may use the following print references:
 - a dictionary
 - a thesaurus
- Budget your time carefully; the suggested time for each part is only a guideline for you.
- **Format your work using Times New Roman 12-point font.**

Overview of the Examination

Read and reflect upon the whole examination before you begin to write.

Time spent in planning may result in better writing.

The Personal Response to Text Assignment is designed to allow you time to think and reflect upon the ideas you will explore in greater depth in the Literary Essay Assignment.

Save your exam as **ELA101FINALsurname**

Please enter this label in the subject box of your email as well.

Please print this document.

Complete both written assignments of this exam in the answer document open on your computer.

PERSONAL RESPONSE TO TEXT ASSIGNMENT

(suggested time: 45 minutes)

Carefully read and consider the texts below and complete the assignment that follows.

Attachment

Her friends hadn't liked him much, but Kathy thought they might be jealous. He was a good-looking boy, with an air of superiority that Kathy found intriguing.

"Mr. Possessive! He really cares about you," her mother said, laughing, when Alan began calling every evening to see if she was at home. If she had been out, he wanted to know whom she was with, where they went, what they did.

By her junior year she didn't bother going out anymore, except with him. "He's really attached to Kathy," she heard her mother tell her father with satisfaction. "She's hooked him."

If they only knew how true it was! Kathy hadn't noticed it at first. It was a gradual thing. Invisible, too. First, a vague feeling of heaviness on her left side: a sort of bulkiness to her body. One Monday morning when she dressed, it was difficult raising her arm on that side, a little unwieldy as she slid her left arm into a sweater sleeve. At first she thought she might be coming down with the flu.

Then suddenly, she was uncomfortable on the bar stool in the kitchen, the same place she had sat for years. Now she felt unbalanced. She had to sit sideways, to accommodate the weight that occupied the space on her left.

It was Alan.

"Get off of me," she muttered, when she realized what was weighing her down, dragging at her side.

But he remained attached, and she had a sense that he was smirking.

She tried to remember when it might have begun. Had there been a moment, a fleeting sensation of stickiness, or suction?

Her friends—the group of girls who had been part of her life since elementary school—had gradually stopped calling. They still waved and beeped their horns if they passed her in the street. But in the cafeteria they began to sit at another table, and she sat only with Alan.

At first she had tried combining the two parts of her life. A movie, maybe, with Alan on Friday night. Then, on Saturday, an outing with Annie and Jess, who had been her closest friends for years. It had worked for a few weekends. But then there had been an incident at the mall.

"Look!" Annie had said, pointing. "There's that guy who likes you!"

He was leaning against the wall across from the escalator. He was watching her. Kathy had smiled and waved, thinking she might introduce him, that they could all stop in the Food Court together, maybe have some lunch.

But his look had been hostile.

"Of course I wasn't following you," he told her later, when she asked.

"Go ahead," he told her once, when she mentioned that she might spend the night at Annie's house. "You don't need my permission." But she could see that he was angry. He didn't have friends, as she did. He needed her more than Annie did. So she changed her plans.

Was it then?

There were other boys who liked her. One had been her pal for years: Jeff, who lived next door. They had always done science projects together, she and Jeff. And they had built a treehouse once, when they were small. It was still there above the uneven boards hammered into the trunk for a ladder.

"He's a jerk," Alan had said, of Jeff.

Maybe that was when it began, Kathy thought now. She and Jeff had often run together: setting out early on spring mornings, heading out on the road that led from town, running easily through the countryside, taking the loop that led back. If they left at six, they were back in time to get ready for school. Sometimes they ate breakfast together in Jeff's kitchen. His mother always scrambled eggs with a little hot pepper.

"I'll pick you up in the morning," Alan said. "Be in your driveway at seven."

"Can't," Kathy had said at first. "I'm going running with Jeff. We'll get the bus."

"Why do you hang out with that jerk?" Alan had asked.

"He's nice."

"He's a loser. And you need to study in the morning for the history exam."

"I can do that at lunch. The exam's not till afternoon."

Alan's eyes were hard with threat. "Your jacket's in my car," he said. "If you want it back, be there in your driveway at seven."

She didn't really care about the jacket. But she felt apprehensive. If she didn't do what he wanted, he would leave her. So she called Jeff and cancelled the morning run.

It was *then*, she thought now. She could remember a twinge, a feeling she barely noticed at the time: something painful burrowing into her side.

Kathy began to look at other people in a new way, aware that her own deformity—a strange, burdensome being attached to her—was invisible. She wondered now whether others lived with such a handicap.

She noticed that her algebra teacher, Mrs. Carson, had a particular way of carrying herself, as if her shoulders were weighted. Sometimes, seated at her desk, Mrs. Carson pressed her hand into the side of her own neck as if she were trying to pry something loose.

In a flickering glimpse, one morning, Kathy saw what it was. Startled, she looked around at her classmates, but no one else could see that, wedged heavily across the teacher's shoulders, was an old woman wearing a cardigan sweater. Her long-fingered hands were grasping Mrs. Carson's neck and shoulder. Kathy couldn't make out the words, but it was clear that she was speaking in a non-stop murmur. Her mouth was close to the teacher's ear, the tone of her low voice an ongoing scold.

While Kathy watched, her algebra quiz ignored on her desk, the teacher shrugged

suddenly, and loosened the grasping creature slightly. Mrs. Carson sighed, stood, and began to explain the fourth question on the quiz to the class. The weight on the woman's shoulders faded from Kathy's sight and became invisible, but she could see that the heaviness of it was still there.

One morning, briefly, in a flicker, she saw that the school bus driver, a heavysset woman with red hair, carried against her chest a sickly infant who whimpered and smelled of vomit. When Kathy looked again, the infant was invisible. But now she could see that the woman's posture, hunched over the steering wheel of the bus, was protective, and she could hear that the woman's voice, calling good-natured warnings and cheerful wisecracks to her passengers, was actually desperate and sad.

Several classmates, she saw now in momentary glimpses, dragged and carried such creatures with them through their days. It made her feel no less alone. Each clawing burden, Kathy understood, was solitary and individual. She saw, too, with horror, that some of the creatures had begun to permeate their hosts.

An old friend, a girl named Heather who had moved away, called one evening and invited Kathy to visit for a weekend.

"The bus gets you here in two hours," Heather said. "Come Friday after school, and my mom and I'll pick you up at the station."

Standing in the kitchen, holding the phone while her mother did the dishes and her father poured a cup of coffee, Kathy felt something in her side. She felt invisible fingers grasp and pinch. Suddenly she was tired of the weight. She said yes to her friend. The creature stabbed her and twisted the knife. But she said yes a second time and could bear the pain.

She called Alan and told him of her plans. His voice on the telephone was steel. "You can't," he said.

Kathy stopped listening to his cold blade of a voice. She was breathing deeply, feeling herself made strong, and aware that he was not yet embedded in her. She twisted loose for an instant. He grabbed again, but now she had had that momentary feeling of freedom.

Her father turned a page of the newspaper and muttered something about tax cuts. Her mother leaned toward a cupboard and put away a pitcher.

"Bye, Alan," Kathy said, and hung up the phone. She could feel the monstrous thing clawing and clinging. It bit her, and she winced.

The telephone rang.

"Mom," Kathy said, "if that's Alan, would you tell him I'm not home?"

The creature writhed and screamed, but she could tell that it was weak, now.

The telephone rang again. Her mother, with a worried look, moved toward it, wiping her hands on a dish towel. "Kathy," she said, "the prom's coming up. Maybe no one else will ask you."

With sadness, Kathy saw for the first time that her mother, too, had a creature. It was her own remembered self, a young girl, timid and uncertain, whispering in a fearful voice. It had been clinging there inside her heart for a long, long time

I, TOO

Langston Hughes

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
 They send me to eat in the kitchen
 When company comes,
 But I laugh,
 And eat well,
 And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
 I'll be at the table
 When company comes.
 Nobody'll dare
 Say to me,
 "Eat in the kitchen,"
 Then.

Besides,
 They'll see how beautiful I am
 And be ashamed—
 I, too, am America.

This poem was first published in 1925. Langston Hughes is one of America's most revered poets. He was a major figure of the Harlem Renaissance in the 1920s. This important cultural movement based in Harlem, a neighbourhood in New York City, celebrated African-American contributions to the arts.

**Lifestyle adventures**

Cross country skiers make their way along the beach as a surfer walks out of the ocean at Reid State park in Georgetown, Maine, on Monday, Dec. 31, 2007.

Pat Wellenbach / AP

Section I: Personal Response to Texts Assignment

(Suggested time: approximately 45 minutes)

As the three previous texts depict, while adapting to new situations is part of life, some adaptations are more difficult than others.

What do these texts suggest to you about the nature of adaptation?

Support your ideas with reference to ONE of the texts presented and to your previous knowledge and/or experience.

Instructions

- You may respond from a personal, critical, and/or creative perspective.
- **Support** your response with reference to the text and/or to your own ideas and/or experiences.
- **Select** a prose form that is appropriate to what you wish to communicate and that will effectively communicate to the reader. Do not use a poetic form.
- **Choose** a planning strategy that is effective for you.
- **Discuss** ideas and/or impressions that are *meaningful to you*.
- **Consider** how you can create a strong unifying effect.

Complete your assignment in the answer document.

Section II: Critical / Analytical Response to Literary Text Assignment

(Suggested time: approximately 1½ to 2 hours)

Reflect on the ideas and impressions that you discussed in the Personal Response to Text Assignment regarding adaptation.

Much literature examines the degree to which characters are successful in adapting to the unfamiliar.

Write a literary essay based on other literature you have studied that examines an individual's ability to adapt to situations in his or her life.

What idea does the author develop regarding adaptation?

Support and develop your controlling idea with reference to specific details from the text you choose to discuss.

Reminders for planning and writing

- **Select ONE** literary text that is relevant to this assignment and interesting to you from the texts that you have studied in ELA 10-1 this semester. **You should be very familiar with the literature you choose to discuss.**
- You **must** focus your discussion on literature *other than* the texts provided in this examination booklet.
- Carefully consider your *controlling idea* or how you will create a strong *unifying effect* in your composition. **Organize** your composition so that your ideas are clearly, effectively, and coherently presented.
- As you **develop** your ideas, **support** them with appropriate, relevant, and meaningful examples from the literary text.

Complete your assignment in the answer document.