

Weekly Assignment Sheet
Writing 8
Ms. Sandlin

Middle School Writing

10/17/23

Instructions: After completing/working on each day's assignment include a parent initial signature below.

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| Day One/Tuesday: |
| - Ellipsis handout Parent Initial: _____ |
| Day Two/Wednesday: |
| - <i>HJ: Myths/Adventure Stories</i> <i>Story & Character Archetype Writing Outline Q's: 5-9</i> Parent Initial: _____ |
| Day Three/Thursday: |
| - <i>HJ: Myths/Adventure Stories</i> - <i>Story & Character Archetype Writing Outline Q's: 10-15</i> Parent Initial: _____ |
| Day Four/Friday: |
| - Quotation Marks with Direct Quotations Parent Initial: _____ |
| Day Five/Monday: |
| - <i>Characters: Characterization Practice (1 hr. max: Not necessary to complete.) Use handout for reference, if helpful.</i> Parent Initial: _____ |

The weekly schedule has been broken down to maximize parent and student success. Parents: please oversee that student work is at individual/grade-level standard. Please sign below after checking students' daily work.

I have looked over each day's assigned work and verify its quality and completion.

Parent signature: _____ Date: _____

The Ellipsis to Show a Pause

An ellipsis is a series of three dots (. . .). While it often shows that some text has been left out, it may also be used to show a pause, a hesitation, or an incomplete thought, especially in quotations. Note there is a space before and after the ellipsis. If the ellipsis is at the end of a quotation followed by a speaker reference, there is no comma.

Example 1:

“I’m confused . . .” said Elaine.

Example 2:

The painting was . . . curious.

If the ellipsis comes at the end of a sentence, the ellipsis is followed by a space and a period.

Example 3:

She cried “Hello”

Rewrite each sentence below using an ellipsis.

1. I thought the party was nice.
2. Otto said, “There’s nothing inside.”
3. The dog looked at the large cat and then looked away.
4. “I want,” Stacy said, dreamily.
5. “No, no, no, no!” exclaimed Horace.
6. The flower arrangement was unusual.

Name: _____

The Hero's Journey: Myths and Adventure Stories Story and Character Archetype

Instructions:

/46 pts

- 1) What is a movie or story you think is exceptionally well written?

- 2) Why do you consider this film or story to be exceptional? (What traits make it exceptional?)

1) Call to adventure/hook/setting:

a)

b)

2) Refusal of the call:

a)

b)

3) Beginning of adventure:

a)

b)

4) Road of trials:

Name: _____

a)

b)

c)

5) Experience with unconditional love:

a)

b)

6) The Ultimate Boon/Climax:

a)

b)

7) Refusal of return:

a)

b)

8) The Magic Flight:

a)

b)

9) Rescue from without

a)

Name: _____

b)

10) The Crossing/Threshold:

a)

b)

11) Would you prefer an implicit or explicit theme to your story? (a main idea communicated outright or that must be inferred)

12) What will the theme be?

13) Describe in detail the setting for your story.

14) What are five or more character archetypes that you will include in your story? (Hero, villain, jester, innocent, sage, etc.)

15) Choose one of the ten points above. What two or more characters will be communicating during this period? Include a conversation between them, with dialogue formatted according to quotation conventions.

16.4 Quotation Marks with Direct Quotations

Place a question mark or exclamation mark outside the final quotation mark if the end mark is not part of the quotation.

EXAMPLES: Did you hear that speaker when he said, "We must reduce energy consumption"?

I was thrilled when they said, "And for president, Debbie Schmidt"!

With question marks and exclamation marks, only one mark is needed. In the following, the quote is a question and the sentence is a statement. No period, however, is needed.

EXAMPLE: My mother asked, "Did you feed the animals?"

EXERCISE C: Adding Other Punctuation Marks. Copy the following sentences, adding any needed commas, colons, semicolons, or end marks.

EXAMPLE: The young child shouted gleefully, "Someone just found my lost dog"

The young child shouted gleefully, "Someone just found my lost dog!"

1. The woman asked, "Officer, how much will this ticket cost"
2. My mother remarked, "Today, please clean your room"
3. "The next stop will be Fresno" the bus driver announced.
4. The girl shrieked, "There is a spider on my desk"
5. "But I have already seen that movie" I patiently explained.
6. "What time is your appointment" my mother inquired.
7. She had the nerve to call it "a piece of junk not worth paying to tow away" my beloved Chevy!
8. I let loose a blood-curdling scream when the doctor said, "This won't hurt a bit"
9. My mother usually says, "Harry, you're getting fat around the middle" my father then tells her that she is looking at muscle, not fat.
10. Did you hear the coach say, "Run the track three times"

Name: _____

Characters:

Instructions: Using your *Characterization Activity* and *In Cold Blood* example handout as a guide, build five characters that will be included in some way in the plot in your story. Try to choose diverse facets of your main character's life as points where the main character interacts with these other characters. Consider the purpose of their interaction.

Main Character (Hero):

1. Name:
2. Age:
3. Appearance:
4. Identifying characteristics:
5. Purpose in the story:
6. Daily life (including what occupies their time or their job):
7. Life back-story: What is an area of their life that needs resolution?
8. What is a transition in life that your character is currently experiencing?

Character 2 (Villain):

9. Name:
10. Age:
11. Appearance:

Name: _____

12. Identifying characteristics:

13. Purpose in the story:

14. Daily life (including what occupies their time or their job):

15. Life back-story: What is an area of their life that needs resolution?

16. What is a transition in life that your character is currently experiencing?

17. In what area does this character's life contact the main character's life?

Character 3 (Sage/Elder):

18. Name:

19. Age:

20. Appearance:

21. Identifying characteristics:

22. Purpose in the story:

23. Daily life (including what occupies their time or their job):

24. Life back-story: What is an area of their life that needs resolution?

Name: _____

25. In what area does this character's life contact the main character's life?

Character 4 (Unconditional Love):

26. Name:

27. Age:

28. Appearance:

29. Identifying characteristics:

30. Purpose in the story:

31. Daily life:

32. Life back-story: What is an area of their life that needs resolution?

Name: _____

33. In what area does this character's life contact the main character's life?

Character 5 (Screwball, Clown, Out-of-It):

34. Name:

35. Age:

36. Appearance:

37. Identifying characteristics:

38. Purpose in the story:

39. Daily life:

40. Life back-story: What is an area of their life that needs resolution?

41. In what area does this character's life contact the main character's life?

Name: _____

42. What is a transition in life that your character is currently experiencing?

Characterization:

"Assef was the son of one of my father's friends, Mahmood, an airline pilot. His family lived a few streets south of our home, in a posh, high-walled compound with palm trees. If you were a kid living in the Wazir Akbar Khan section of Kabul, you knew about Assef and his famous stainless-steel brass knuckles, hopefully not through personal experience. Born to a German mother and Afghan father, the blond, blue-eyed Assef towered over the other kids. His well-earned reputation for savagery preceded him on the streets. Flanked by his obeying friends, he walked the neighborhood like a Khan strolling through his land with his eager-to-please entourage. His word was law, and if you needed a little legal education, then those brass knuckles were just the right teaching tool. I saw him use those knuckles once on a kid from the Karteh-Char district. I will never forget how Assef's blue eyes glinted with a light not entirely sane and how he grinned, how he *grinned*, as he pummeled that poor kid unconscious. Some of the boys in Wazir Akbar Khan had nicknamed him Assef *Goshkebor*, or Assef "The Ear Eater." Of course, none of them dared utter it to his face unless they wished to suffer the same fate as the poor kid who had unwittingly inspired that nickname when he had fought Assef over a kite and ended up fishing his right ear from a muddy gutter. Years later, I learned an English word for the creature that Assef was, a word for which a good Farsi equivalent does not exist: "sociopath" (*The Kite Runner*, 38).

"Does it?" He used this preoccupied tone when he was thinking of something more interesting than what you had said. But his mind always recorded what was said and played it back to him when there was time, so as he was buttoning the high collar in front of the mirror he said mildly, 'I wonder what would happen if I looked like a fairy to everyone' "(25).

"It was held in the deserted Headmaster's house, and Mr. Patch-Withers' wife trembled at every cup tinkle"(25).

"In his chamber the doctor sat up in his high bed. He had on his dressing gown of red watered silk that had come from Paris, a little tight over the chest now if it was buttoned. On his lap was a silver tray with a silver pot and a tiny cup of eggshell china, so delicate that it looked silly when he lifted it with his big hand, lifted it with the tips of thumb and forefinger and spread the other three fingers wide to get them out of the way. His eyes rested in puffy little hammocks of flesh and his mouth drooped with discontent. He was growing very stout, and his voice was hoarse with the fat that pressed on his throat"(*The Pearl*, 10).

pgs. 322-323 *In Cold Blood*

"It didn't take long for the pickup to return. Mr. Pendanski stepped out of the cab. A tall woman with red hair stepped out of the passenger side. She looked even taller than she was, since Stanley was down in his hole. She wore a black cowboy hat and black cowboy boots which were studded with turquoise stones. The sleeves on her shirt were rolled up, and her arms were covered with freckles, as was her face. She walked right up to X-Ray"(66).

"He weighed a hundred and fifty pounds, a galling ten pounds more than I did, which flowed from his legs to torso around shoulders to arms and full strong neck in an uninterrupted, unemphatic unity of strength"(A Separate Peace, 16).

"Phineas just walked serenely on, or rather flowed on, rolling forward in his white sneakers with such unthinking unity of movement that 'walk' didn't describe it"(18).

"Green, a suavely tough little septuagenarian, has an imposing reputation among his peers, who admire his stagecraft—a repertoire of actor-ish gifts that includes a sense of timing acute as a night-club comedian's. An expert criminal lawyer, his usual role is that of defender, but in this instance the state had retained him as a special assistant to Duane West, for it was felt that the young county attorney was too unseasoned to prosecute the case without experienced support"(303).

"We went inside. There was a young light-skinned Hazara woman sewing a shawl in a corner of the room. She was visibly expecting. 'This is my wife, Rahim Khan,' Hassan said proudly. 'Her name is Farzana jan.' She was a shy woman, so courteous she spoke in a voice barely higher than a whisper and she would not raise her pretty hazel eyes to meet my gaze. But the way she was looking at Hassan, he might as well have been sitting on the throne at the *Arg*"(206).

"Omar Faisal was chubby, dark, had dimpled cheeks, black button eyes, and an affable, gap-toothed smile. His thinning gray hair was tied back in a ponytail. He wore a brown corduroy suit with leather elbow patches and carried a worn, overstuffed briefcase. The handle was missing, so he clutched the briefcase to his chest. He was the sort of fellow who started a lot of sentences with a laugh and an unnecessary apology, like *I'm sorry, I'll be there at five. Laugh*"(334).

"The master of River Valley Farm, Herbert William Clutter, was forty-eight years old, and as a result of a recent medical examination for an insurance policy, knew himself to be in first-rate condition. Though he wore rimless glasses and was of but average height, standing just under five feet ten, Mr. Clutter cut a man's-man figure. His shoulders were broad, his hair had held its dark color, his square-jawed, confident face retained a healthy-hued youthfulness, and his teeth, unstained and strong enough to shatter walnuts, were still intact. He weighted a hundred and fifty-four—the same as he had the day he graduated from Kansas State University, where he had majored in agriculture. He was not as rich as the richest man in Holcomb... He was, however, the community's most widely known citizen, prominent both there and in Garden City, the close-by county seat, where he had headed the building committee for the newly completed First Methodist Church, an eight-hundred-thousand dollar edifice. He was currently chairman of the Kansas Conference of Farm Organizations, and his name was everywhere respectfully recognized among Midwestern agriculturists, as it was in certain Washington offices, where he had been a member of the Federal Farm Credit Board during the Eisenhower administration."

"Always certain of what he wanted from the world, Mr. Clutter had in large measure obtained it. On his left hand, on what remained of a finger once mangled by a piece of farm machinery, he wore a plain gold band, which was the symbol, a quarter-century old, of his marriage to the person he had wished to marry—the sister of a college classmate, a timid, pious, delicate girl named Bonnie Fox, who as three years younger than he. She had given four children..."(*In Cold Blood*, 6).

"Perry folded the map. He paid for the root beer and stood up. Sitting, he had seemed a more than normal-sized man, a powerful man, with the shoulders, the arms, the thick, crouching torso of a weight lifter—weight lifting was, in fact, his hobby. But some sections of him were not in proportion to others. His tiny feet, encased in short black boots with steel buckles, would have neatly fitted into a delicate lady's dancing

As usual, Willie-Jay understood; disheartened but not disenchanted, he had persisted in courting Perry's soul until the day of its possessor's parole and departure, on the eve of which he wrote Perry a farewell letter, whose last paragraph ran: 'You are a man of extreme passion, a hungry man not quite sure where his appetite lies, a deeply frustrated man striving to project his individuality against a backdrop of rigid conformity. You exist in a half-world suspended between two superstructures, one self-expression and the other self-destruction. You are strong, but there is a flaw in your strength, and unless you learn to control it the flaw will prove stronger than your strength and defeat you. The flaw? *Explosive emotional reaction out of all proportion to the occasion.* Why? Why this unreasonable anger at the sight of others who are happy or content, this growing contempt for people and the desire to hurt them? All right, you think they're fools, you despise them because their morals, their happiness is the source of *your* frustration and resentment. But these are dreadful enemies you carry within yourself—in time destructive as bullets. Mercifully, a bullet kills its victim. This other bacteria, permitted to age, does not kill a man but leaves in its wake the hulk of a creature torn and twisted; there is still fire within his being but it is kept alive by casting upon it faggots of scorn and hate. He may successfully accumulate, but he does not accumulate success, for he is his own enemy and is kept from truly enjoying his achievements"(43-44).

"I know Nancy loved Kenyon very specially, but I don't think even she, or anybody, exactly understood him. He seemed to be off somewhere. You never knew what he was thinking, never even knew if he was looking at you—on account of he was slightly cockeyed. Some people said he was a genius, and maybe it was true. He sure did read a lot. But, like I say, he was restless; he didn't want to watch the TV, he wanted to practice his horn, and when Nancy wouldn't let him, I remember Mr. Clutter told him why didn't he go down to the basement, the recreation room, where nobody could hear him. But he didn't want to do that either" (51-52).

"She is a tall, languid young lady with a pallid, oval face and beautiful pale-blue-gray eyes; her hands are extraordinary—long-fingered, flexible, nervously elegant. She was dressed for church, and expected momentarily to see the Clutters' Chevrolet, for she too, always attended services chaperoned by the Clutter family"(59).

"Holcomb's mail messenger, Mrs. Sadie Truitt—or Mother Truitt, as the townspeople call her—does seem younger than her years, which amount to seventy-five. A stocky, weathered widow who wears babushka bandannas and cowboy boots ('Most comfortable things you can put on your feet, soft as a loon feather'), Mother Truitt is the oldest native-born Holcombite. 'Time was wasn't anybody here wasn't my kin. Them days, we called this place Sherlock. Then along came this stranger. By the name Holcomb. A *bog* raiser, he was.

Made money, and decided the town ought to be called after him. Soon as it was, what did he do? Sold out. Moved to California. Not us. I was born her, my children was born here. And! Here! We! Are! One of her children is Mrs. Myrtle Clare, who happens to be the local postmistress”(66).

“Mrs. Clare is a famous figure in Finney County. Her celebrity derives not from her present occupation but a previous one—dance-hall hostess, an incarnation not indicated by her appearance. he is a gaunt, trouser-wearing, woolen-shirted, cowboy-booted, gingery-tempered woman of unrevealed age (“That’s for me to know, and you to guess”) but promptly revealed opinions, most of which are announced in a voice of rooster-crow altitude and penetration. Until 1955 she and her late husband operated the Holcomb Dance Pavilion, and enterprise that owing to its uniqueness in the area, attracted from a hundred miles around a fast-drinking, fancy-stepping clientele, whose behavior, in turn, attracted the interest of the sheriff now and then. “We had some tough times, all right,” says Mrs. Clare, reminiscing. ‘Some of those bowlegged country boys, you give ‘em a little...One day Homer Clare—he passed on seven months and twelve days ago today, after a five-hour operation out in Oregon—he said to me, ‘Myrt, we’ve lived all our lives in hell, now we’re going to die in heaven.’ The next day we closed the dance hall. I’ve never regretted it. Oh, along at first I missed being a night owl—the tunes, the jollity. But now that Homer’s gone, I’m just glad to do my work here at the Federal Building. Sit a spell. Drink a cup of coffee”(67-68).

.....

“Envy was constantly with him; the Enemy was anyone who was something he wanted to be or who had anything he wanted to have”(200).

"Enoch was short and slight of build, and always seemed in great haste. His feet were short and broad, and when he stood or walked his heels came together and his feet opened outwards as if they had quarrelled and meant to go in different directions"(175).

“Only Phineas never was afraid, only Phineas never hated anyone. Other people experienced this fearful shock somewhere, this sighting of the enemy, and so began an obsessive labor of defense, began to parry the menace they saw facing them by developing a particular frame of mind, ‘You see,’ their behavior toward everything and everyone proclaimed, ‘I am a humble ant, I am nothing, I am not worthy of this menace,’ or else, like Mr. Ludsbury, ‘How dare this threaten me, I am much too good for this sort of handling, I shall rise above this,’ or else, like Quackenbush, strike out at it always and everywhere, or else, like Brinker, develop a careless general resentment against it, or else, like Leper, emerge from a protective cloud of vagueness only to meet it, the horror, face to face, just as he had always feared, and so give up the struggle absolutely”(204).

“At Devon crutches had almost as many athletic associations as shoulder pads. And I had never seen an invalid whose skin glowed with such health, accenting the sharp clarity of his eyes, or one who used his arms and shoulders on crutches as though on parallel bars, as though he would do a somersault on them if he felt like it. Phineas vaulted across the spread....”(104).

1. “By the time we had reached it sweat was running like oil from Finny’s face, and when he paused involuntary tremors shook his hands and arms. The leg in its cast was like a sea anchor dragged behind.

The illusion of strength I had seen in our room that morning must have been the same illusion he had used at home to deceive his doctor and his family into sending him back to Devon”(112).

“Alan was a sixty-year-old midwesterner who struck Dorn as a salt-of-the-earth type, hardworking and loyal. He had the jovial and assertive manner of an extrovert, and he maintained his good cheer despite the story of disaster he proceeded to tell (156).

“His voice faded off and Tom glanced impatiently around the garage. Then I heard footsteps on a stairs, and in a moment the thickish figure of a woman blocked out the light from the office door. She was in the middle thirties, and faintly stout, but she carried her surplus flesh sensuously as some women can. Her face, above a spotted dress of dark blue crepe-de-chine, contained no facet or gleam of beauty, but there was an immediately perceptible vitality about her as if the nerves of her body were continually smouldering”(25)

“The sister, Catherine, was a slender, worldly girl of about thirty, with a solid, sticky bob of red hair, and a complexion powdered milky white. Her eyebrows had been plucked and then drawn on again at a more rakish angle but the efforts of nature toward the restoration of the old alignment gave a blurred air to her face. When she moved about there was an incessant clicking as innumerable pottery bracelets jingled up and down upon her arms. She came in with such a proprietary haste, and looked around so possessively at the furniture that I wondered if she lived here”(30).

“This sound disturbed an old woman who was sleeping in a chair beside me. She was a hired nurse, the wife of one of the turnkeys, and her countenance expressed all those bad qualities which often characterise that class. The lines of her face were hard and rude, like that of persons accustomed to see without sympathising in sights of misery. Her tone expressed her entire indifference; she addressed me in English

Walk:

“He came toward me, without his cane at the moment, his new walking cast so much smaller and lighter that an ordinary person could have managed it with hardly a limp noticeable. Finny’s coordination, however, was such that any slight flaw became obvious; there was na interruption, brief as a drum beat, in the continuous flow of his walk, as though with each step he forgot for a split-second where he was going”(153-154).

Physical Appearance:

“The most colorful thing in it was Dorn herself, who, with her flowing red hair, ivory skin, and trim frame...”(155).

“I shall never forget my first sight of Mary Cavendish. Her tall, slender form, outlined against the bright light; the vivid sense of slumbering fire that seemed to find expression only in those wonderful tawny eyes of hers, remarkable eyes, different from any other woman’s that I have ever known; the intense power of stillness she

possessed, which nevertheless conveyed the impression of a wild untamed spirit in an exquisitely civilised body--all these things are burnt into my memory. I shall never forget them"(Agatha Christie)