

Monday

May 20, 2013 (5.20.13)

1. Materials



Composition Book
+ Pen or Pencil

2. Agenda

<u>Minutes</u>	<u>Activity</u>
4-6	Warm Up
2	Language Analysis SG
5-7	Notes: Tone vs. Mood
Remaining	Teams: Practice Passage Connotation

3. Special Announcements

- **Tomorrow** we'll begin reading a full-length passage from a past AICE exam.

Warm Up

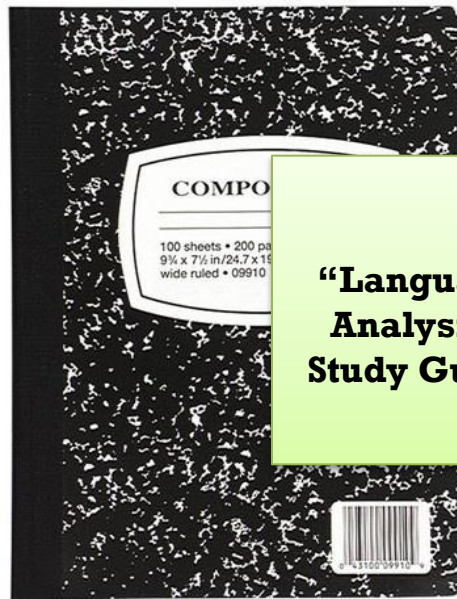
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Volume-O: 0 (No Talking)

Time: 4 Minutes

1. How did the practice passages go last week? Did you find it more or less difficult to select words/phrases from an entire passage? Explain.
2. Did you notice any pattern in the words you or your team selected?

Transition



**“Language
Analysis”
Study Guide**



**Study Guide
(SLM)**

The BIG Question:

How does an author use words to influence the emotions of the reader?

Key Text(s):

Past Language Exams

Concept 1:

Literary Criticism

1. What is literary criticism?
2. What is formalism?

Vocabulary

Literary criticism, formalism

Concept 2:

Denotation and Connotation

3. What are the differences between denotation and connotation?
4. How can a word mean more than its definition?

Vocabulary

Denotation, connotation

Concept 3:
Selecting Words / Phrases

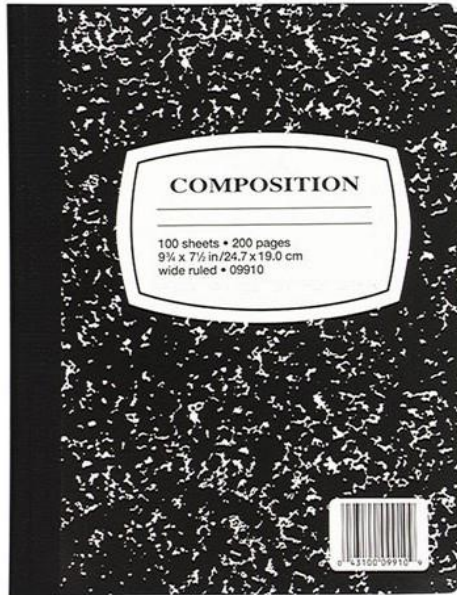
5. How do I know which words to select in a passage?
6. How do certain words/phrases influence the tone or mood of the passage?

Vocabulary
“word sense,” **tone, mood**

Concept 4:
Writing a Composition

Vocabulary

Transition

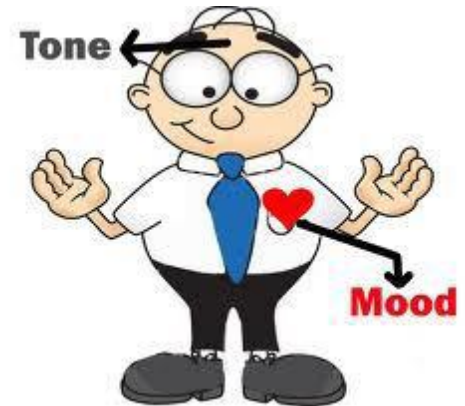


Notes

Tone vs. Mood

T A K E N O T E S

- Almost all passages/stories use words on purpose
- The purpose?
 - Reveal the tone of the author or influence the mood of the reader
- Tone: the attitude the author has towards the subject
 - Apathetic, sarcastic, pessimistic, optimistic, etc.
- Mood: the feeling created by the reader while reading
 - Sad, Romantic, Anger
- Tone and mood can be the same, although not very often.



Passage #1 (from *His Last Bow*)

Tone: mysterious, dark // Mood: same?

It was nine o'clock at night upon the second of August--the most terrible August in the history of the world. One might have thought already that God's curse hung heavy over a degenerate world, for there was an awesome hush and a feeling of vague expectancy in the sultry and stagnant air. The sun had long set, but one blood-red gash like an open wound lay low in the distant west. Above, the stars were shining brightly, and below, the lights of the shipping glimmered in the bay.

The two famous Germans...looked down upon the broad sweep of the beach at the foot of the great chalk cliff. They stood with their heads close together, talking in low, confidential tones. From below the two glowing ends of their cigars might have been the smoldering eyes of some malignant fiend looking down in the darkness.

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Passage #3 (from *Pillars of the Earth*)

ASSIGNMENT

The small boys came early to the hanging.

It was still dark when the first three or four of them sidled out of the hovels, quiet as cats in their felt boots. A thin layer of snow covered the little town like a new coat of paint, and theirs were the first footprints to blemish its perfect surface. They picked their way through the huddled wooden huts and along the streets of frozen mud to the silent marketplace, where the gallows stood waiting.

The boys despised everything their elders valued. They scorned beauty and mocked goodness. They would hoot with laughter at the sight of a cripple, and if they saw a wounded animal they would stone it to death. They boasted of injuries and wore their scars with pride...they would run miles to see bloodshed; and they never missed a hanging.

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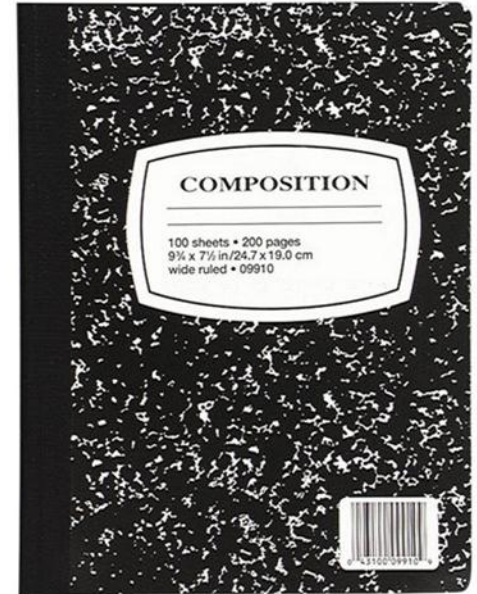
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Let's Practice

A S S I G N M E N T

Directions (Vol: 3):

- ☐ Hampton will show and read a passage aloud
- ☐ In Comp. Notebook your team will select 3 words and explain their possible connotations
- ☐ Explain possible tone/mood of passage, using selected words/phrases to help guide you



Passage #1 (from *Grapes of Wrath*)

A S S I G N M E N T

To the red country and part of the gray country of Oklahoma, the last rains came gently, and they did not cut the scarred earth. The plows crossed and re-crossed the rivulet marks. The last rains lifted the corn quickly and scattered weed colonies and grass along the sides of the roads so that the gray country and the dark red country began to disappear under a green cover. In the last part of May the sky grew pale and the clouds that had hung in high puffs for so long in the spring were dissipated. The sun flared down on the growing corn day after day until a line of brown spread along the edge of each green bayonet. The clouds appeared, and went away, and in a while they did not try any more. The weeds grew darker green to protect themselves, and they did not spread any more. The surface of the earth crusted, a thin hard crust, and as the sky became pale, so the earth became pale, pink in the red country and white in the gray country.

Passage #2 (from *The Bluest Eye*)

A S S I G N M E N T

“Their conversation is like a gently wicked dance: sound meets sound, curtsies, shimmies, and retires. Another sound enters but is upstaged by still another: the two circle each other and stop. Sometimes their words move in lofty spirals; other times they take strident leaps, and all of it is punctuated with warm-pulsed laughter—like the throb of a heart made of jelly.”

Passage #3 (from *Queen Marie*)

A S S I G N M E N T

I look back and see visions of my country as for twenty-three years I have known it, peaceful, blooming, full of abundance, its vast plain an ocean of waving corn amongst which diligent peasants move to and fro gathering in the harvest, the land's dearest pride.

I see its humble villages hidden amongst fruit trees, I see the autumn splendor of its forests, I see the grand solitude of its mountain summits, I see its noble convents, corners of hidden beauty, treasures of ancient art, I hear the sound of the shepherd's horn, the sweet complaint of his song.

Passage #4 (from *Fishing for Salmon*)

A S S I G N M E N T

My father lived only for these moments, for entering wilderness. This was mystery to him, the world come alive. We didn't speak. It would have been sacrilege to speak. We moved carefully through the water, and he nodded when it was time for me to cast. Salmon roe cured and tied up in red netting, and a particular drift, a bouncing along the bottom. Cast high, let the bait bounce down along the deepest part of the river, hold it back, keep tension as it slipped below us, and on one of these casts into the void a tremendous pull on my line. I yanked back on the pole as I had been taught, set the hook, and then felt fear. The line sang out at an unbelievable pace, the rod bent over in a full bow, and I was being pulled away into the deeper water.