

## 11th Grade English Summer Work 2019

**Theme:** The American Dream

**Directions:** Read the short story "Departure" by Sherwood Anderson and the article "The Right to Fail" by William Zinnser.

Complete the graphic organizers to help you make meaning of the texts and make connections.

When you return to school, be prepared to take a quiz with comprehension questions and short answer responses. You will be allowed to use your completed graphic organizer on the quiz, but you will not have access to the texts, so take time to familiarize yourself with the material before the assignment is due.

**Academic Honesty:** It is our expectation that each student will complete the graphic organizers on his/her own, in his/her own words, without help from other sources. If you need support in completing the readings and graphic organizers, please consider attending the summer work help sessions.

**Grading:** The in-class quiz score will count for 3% of the quarter 1 average.

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

**Graphic Organizer: Departure by Sherwood Anderson**

<p><b>Contrasts &amp; Contradictions</b> When a character does something that contrasts with what you'd expect or contradicts earlier acts or statements. <b>Text clue:</b> Author shows feelings/actions the reader hasn't seen before or doesn't expect. <b>Ask yourself:</b> <i>Why</i> is the character doing that?</p>	<p>Evidence</p>
<p><b>Aha! Moment</b> When a character realizes, understands or finally figures out something. <b>Text clue:</b> Character's say "I realized..." or "I suddenly knew..." or "Now I know why..." <b>Ask yourself:</b> <i>How</i> might this change things?</p>	<p>Evidence</p>
<p><b>Words of the Wiser</b> When a character takes the protagonist aside and offers serious advice. <b>Text clue:</b> A wiser character offers a life lesson, usually in a quiet moment. <b>Ask yourself:</b> <i>What</i> is the life lesson and <i>how</i> might the affect the character?</p>	<p>Evidence</p>
<p><b>Tough Questions</b> When a character asks themselves a difficult question that may reveal their inner struggles. <b>Text clue:</b> Character asks self or another a hard question. <b>Ask yourself:</b> <i>What</i> does this question make me wonder about?</p>	<p>Evidence</p>

<p><b>Again &amp; Again</b> When you notice a word, phrase, or situation mentioned over and over. <b>Text clue:</b> A repeated image, phrase, or reference. <b>Ask yourself:</b> <i>Why</i> does this keep happening again?</p>	<p>Evidence</p>
<p><b>Memory Moment</b> When the author interrupts the action to tell you about a memory. <b>Text clue:</b> "I remembered..." or "Thinking back..." <b>Ask yourself:</b> <i>Why</i> might this memory be important?</p>	<p>Evidence</p>

## **“Departure” by Sherwood Anderson**

Young George Willard got out of bed at four in the morning. It was April and the young tree leaves were just coming out of their buds. The trees along the residence streets in Winesburg are maple and the seeds are winged. When the wind blows they whirl crazily about, filling the air and making a carpet underfoot.

George came downstairs into the hotel office carrying a brown leather bag. His trunk was packed for departure. Since two o'clock he had been awake thinking of the journey he was about to take and wondering what he would find at the end of his journey. The boy who slept in the hotel office lay on a cot by the door. His mouth was open and he snored lustily. George crept past the cot and went out into the silent deserted main street. The east was pink with the dawn and long streaks of light climbed into the sky where a few stars still shone.

Beyond the last house on Trunion Pike in Winesburg there is a great stretch of open fields. The fields are owned by farmers who live in town and drive homeward at evening along Trunion Pike in light creaking wagons. In the fields are planted berries and small fruits. In the late afternoon in the hot summers when the road and the fields are covered with dust, a smoky haze lies over the great flat basin of land. To look across it is like looking out across the sea. In the spring when the land is green the effect is somewhat different. The land becomes a wide green billiard table on which tiny human insects toil up and down.

All through his boyhood and young manhood George Willard had been in the habit of walking on Trunion Pike. He had been in the midst of the great open place on winter nights when it was covered with snow and only the moon looked down at him; he had been there in the fall when bleak winds blew and on summer evenings when the air vibrated with the song of insects. On the April morning he wanted to go there again, to walk again in the silence. He did walk to where the road dipped down by a little stream two miles from town and then turned and walked silently back again. When he got to Main Street clerks were sweeping the sidewalks before the stores. "Hey, you George. How does it feel to be going away?" they asked.

The westbound train leaves Winesburg at seven forty-five in the morning. Tom Little is conductor. His train runs from Cleveland to where it connects with a great trunk line railroad with terminals in Chicago and New York. Tom has what in railroad circles is called an "easy run." Every evening he returns to his family. In the fall and spring he spends his Sundays fishing in Lake Erie. He has a round red face and small blue eyes. He knows the people in the towns along his railroad better than a city man knows the people who live in his apartment building.

George came down the little incline from the New Willard House at seven o'clock. Tom Willard carried his bag. The son had become taller than the father.

On the station platform everyone shook the young man's hand. More than a dozen people waited about. Then they talked of their own affairs. Even Will Henderson, who was lazy and often slept until nine, had got out of bed. George was embarrassed. Gertrude Wilmot, a tall thin woman of fifty who worked in the Winesburg post office, came along the station platform. She had never before paid any attention to George. Now she stopped and put out her hand. In two words she voiced what everyone felt. "Good luck," she said sharply and then turning went on her way.

When the train came into the station George felt relieved. He scampered hurriedly aboard. Helen White came running along Main Street hoping to have a parting word with him, but he had found a seat and did not see her. When the train started Tom Little punched his ticket, grinned and, although he knew George well and knew on what adventure he was just setting out, made no comment. Tom had seen a thousand George Willards go out of their towns to the city. It was a commonplace enough incident with him. In the smoking car there was a man who had just invited Tom to go on a fishing trip to Sandusky Bay. He wanted to accept the invitation and talk over details.

George glanced up and down the car to be sure no one was looking, then took out his pocket-book and counted his money. His mind was occupied with a desire not to appear green. Almost the last words his father had said to him concerned the matter of his behavior when he got to the city. "Be a sharp one," Tom Willard had said. "Keep

your eyes on your money. Be awake. That's the ticket. Don't let anyone think you're a greenhorn."

After George counted his money he looked out of the window and was surprised to see that the train was still in Winesburg.

The young man, going out of his town to meet the adventure of life, began to think but he did not think of anything very big or dramatic. Things like his mother's death, his departure from Winesburg, the uncertainty of his future life in the city, the serious and larger aspects of his life did not come into his mind.

He thought of little things—Turk Smollet wheeling boards through the main street of his town in the morning, a tall woman, beautifully gowned, who had once stayed overnight at his father's hotel, Butch Wheeler the lamp lighter of Winesburg hurrying through the streets on a summer evening and holding a torch in his hand, Helen White standing by a window in the Winesburg post office and putting a stamp on an envelope.

The young man's mind was carried away by his growing passion for dreams. One looking at him would not have thought him particularly sharp. With the recollection of little things occupying his mind he closed his eyes and leaned back in the car seat. He stayed that way for a long time and when he aroused himself and again looked out of the car window the town of Winesburg had disappeared and his life there had become but a background on which to paint the dreams of his manhood.

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

**Graphic Organizer: "The Right to Fail" by William Zinsser**

<p><b>Contrasts &amp; Contradictions</b> When the author says something that contrasts with what you'd expect or contradicts earlier acts or statements. <b>Text clue:</b> Author shows feelings/actions the reader hasn't seen before or doesn't expect. <b>Ask yourself:</b> <i>Why</i> is the author saying this?</p>	<p>Evidence</p>
<p><b>Aha! Moment</b> When the author realizes, understands or finally figures out something. <b>Text clue:</b> The author says "I realized..." or "I suddenly knew..." or "Now I know why..." <b>Ask yourself:</b> <i>How</i> might this change things?</p>	<p>Evidence</p>
<p><b>Words of the Wiser</b> When the author is giving the audience advice or sharing advice he learned. <b>Text clue:</b> When the author makes a claim, typically one that is reiterated. <b>Ask yourself:</b> <i>What</i> is the life lesson and <i>how</i> might it affect the author and/or you?</p>	<p>Evidence</p>
<p><b>Tough Questions</b> When the author asks a difficult question that may reveal inner struggles. <b>Text clue:</b> Author poses a hard question. <b>Ask yourself:</b> <i>What</i> does this question make me wonder about?</p>	<p>Evidence</p>

<p><b>Again &amp; Again</b> When you notice a word, phrase, or situation mentioned over and over. <b>Text clue:</b> A repeated image, phrase, or reference. <b>Ask yourself:</b> <i>Why</i> does this keep happening again?</p>	<p>Evidence</p>
<p><b>Real Life Connections</b> When the author applies his claim to real life examples and/or connections to prior works/ideas. <b>Text clue:</b> “For example...” or “This reminds me of...” <b>Ask yourself:</b> <i>Why</i> might this memory be important?</p>	<p>Evidence</p>



## The Right to Fail

William K. Zinsser (b. 1922), American critic and writer, was born in New York and educated at Princeton. A former columnist for *Look* and *Life*, he has been on the faculty of Yale University since 1970. His books include *Pop Goes America* (1966), *The Lunacy Boom* (1970), *On Writing Well* (1980), and *Writing with a Word Processor* (1983).

1 I like "dropout" as an addition to the American language because it's brief and it's clear. What I don't like is that we use it almost entirely as a dirty word.

2 We only apply it to people under twenty-one. Yet an adult who spends his days and nights watching mindless TV programs is more of a dropout than an eighteen-year-old who quits college, with its frequently mindless courses, to become, say, a VISTA volunteer. For the young, dropping out is often a way of dropping in.

3 To hold this opinion, however, is little short of treason in America. A boy or girl who leaves college is branded a failure--and the right to fail is one of the few freedoms that this country does not grant its citizens. The American dream is a dream of "getting ahead," painted in strokes of gold wherever we look. Our advertisements and TV commercials are a hymn to material success, our magazine articles a toast to people who made it to the top. Smoke the right cigarette or drive the right car--so the ads imply--and girls will be swooning into your deodorized arms or caressing your expensive lapels. Happiness goes to the man who has the sweet smell of achievement. He is our national idol, and everybody else is our national fink.

4 I want to put in a word for the fink, especially the teen-age fink, because if we give him time to get through his finkdom--if we release him from the pressure of attaining certain goals by a certain age--he has a good chance of becoming our national idol, a Jefferson or a Thoreau, a Buckminster Fuller of an Adlai Stevenson, a man with a mind of his own. We need mavericks and dissenters and dreamers far more than we need junior vice-presidents, but we paralyze them by insisting that every step be a step up to the next rung of the ladder. Yet in the fluid years of youth, the only way for boys and girls to find their proper road is often to take a hundred side trips, poking out in different directions, faltering, drawing back, and starting again.

5 "But what if we fail?" they ask, whispering the dreadful word across the Generation Gap to their parents, who are back home at the Establishment nursing their "middle-class values" and cultivating their "goal-oriented society." The parents whisper back: "Don't!"

6 What they should say is "Don't be afraid to fail!" Failure isn't fatal. Countless people have had a bout with it and come out stronger as a result. Many have even come out famous. History is strewn with eminent

dropouts, "loners" who followed their own trail, not worrying about its odd twists and turns because they had faith in their own sense of direction. To read their biographies is always exhilarating, not only because they beat the system, but because their system was better than the one that they beat.

7 Luckily, such rebels still turn up often enough to prove that individualism, though badly threatened, is not extinct. Much has been written, for instance, about the fitful scholastic career of Thomas P. F. Hoving, New York's former Parks Commissioner and now director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Hoving was a dropout's dropout, entering and leaving schools as if they were motels, often at the request of the management. Still, he must have learned something during those unorthodox years, for he dropped in again at the top of his profession.

8 His case reminds me of another boyhood-that of Holden Caulfield in J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*, the most popular literary hero of the postwar period. There is nothing accidental about the grip that this dropout continues to hold on the affections of an entire American generation. Nobody else, real or invented, has made such an engaging shambles of our "goal-oriented society," so gratified our secret belief that the "phonies" are in power and the good guys up the creek. Whether Holden has also reached the top of his chosen field today is one of those speculations that delight fanciers of good fiction. I speculate that he has. Holden Caulfield, incidentally, is now thirty-six.

9 I'm not urging everyone to go out and fail just for the sheer therapy of it, or to quit college just to coddle some vague discontent. Obviously it's better to succeed than to flop, and in general a long education is more helpful than a short one. (Thanks to my own education, for example, I can tell George Eliot from T. S. Eliot, I can handle the pluperfect tense in French, and I know that Caesar beat the Helvetii because he had enough frumentum.) I only mean that failure isn't bad in itself, or success automatically good.

10 Fred Zinnemann, who has directed some of Hollywood's most honored movies, was asked by a reporter, when *A Man for All Seasons* won every prize, about his previous film, *Behold a Pale Horse*, which was a box-office disaster. "I don't feel any obligation to be successful," Zimmerman replied. "Success can be dangerous--you feel you know it all. I've learned a great deal from my failures." A similar point was made by Richard Brooks about his ambitious money loser, *Lord Jim*. Recalling the three years of his life that went into it, talking almost with elation about the troubles that befell his unit in Cambodia, Brooks told me that he learned more about his craft from this considerable failure than from his many earlier hits.

11 It's a point, of course, that applies throughout the arts. Writers, playwrights, painters and composers work in the expectation of periodic defeat, but they wouldn't keep going back into the arena if they thought it was the end of the world. It isn't the end of the world. For an artist--and perhaps for anybody--it is the only way to grow.

12 Today's younger generation seems to know that this is true, seems willing to take the risks in life that artists take in art. "Society," needless to say, still has the upper hand--it sets the goals and condemns as a failure everybody who won't play. But the dropouts and the hippies are not as afraid of failure as their parents and grandparents. This could mean, as their elders might say, that they are just plumb lazy, secure in the comforts of an affluent state. It could also mean, however, that they just don't buy the old standards of success and are rapidly writing new ones.

13 Recently it was announced, for instance, that more than two hundred thousand Americans have inquired about service in VISTA (the domestic Peace Corps) and that, according to a Gallup survey, "more than 3 million American college students would serve VISTA in some capacity if given the opportunity." This is hardly the road to riches or to an executive suite. Yet I have met many of these young volunteers, and they are not pining for traditional success. On the contrary, they appear more fulfilled than the average vice-president with a swimming pool.

14 Who is to say, then, if there is any right path to the top, or even to say what the top consists of? Obviously the colleges don't have more than a partial answer--otherwise the young would not be so disaffected with an education that they consider vapid. Obviously business does not have the answer--otherwise the young would not be so scornful of its call to be an organization man.

15 The fact is, nobody has the answer, and the dawning awareness of this fact seems to me one of the best things happening in America today. Success and failure are again becoming individual visions, as they were when the country was younger, not rigid categories. Maybe we are learning again to cherish this right of every person to succeed on his own terms and to fail as often as necessary along the way.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

5/19/97

These words--they are almost a poem--belong on posters in schools and kids' bedrooms everywhere:

*I've missed more than 9,000 shots in my career / I've lost almost 300 games / 26 times I've been trusted to take the game winning shot / and missed. / I've failed over, and over and over again in my life. / And that is why / I succeed.*

--Michael Jordan

You may recognize them from the script of a recent Nike commercial showing Jordan exiting his car under the United Center and entering the arena. The spot may or may not be a good way to sell shoes, but it's a great way to promote a critical and often overlooked truth about failure and its integral relation to success.

Those who are afraid to fail will coast through life and never come close to their potential. Failure--honest failure despite genuine effort--is an underrated teacher and motivator as well as a sign that one is striving at close to full capacity.

If you're not failing from time to time, you're not pushing yourself. And if you're not pushing yourself, your life, when you look back on it, is destined to be a sorry litany of mightas and couldas.

Of all the ways this sentiment has been

If you're not pushing yourself, your life is destined to be a sorry litany of mightas and couldas.

expressed by great writers and thinkers through the ages ("A man's reach should exceed his grasp . . ." and all that), none is likely to resonate in our culture as well as this formulation by Jamie Barrett, who wrote the ad.

Barrett's words, reproduced above with line breaks supplied by Nike, were "the result of conversations with Jordan," said Nike spokeswoman Vizhier Corpuz. "They reflect exactly how Jordan feels."