

"SHORT STORY HOMEWORK #1" ADV

The answers to this should be written in your notebook using the title listed above and today's date.

Choose just **ONE** of the following options for your homework. Label which option you choose. Each **EXTRA** option you choose to do will gain you **THREE B POINTS**. Doing all 12 questions in option 1 earns one extra B point.

OPTION ONE: ANSWER THE QUESTIONS

Answer any **TEN** of the following **TWELVE** questions using **complete sentences**.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

1. What would be a good guess as to what "staunchest" means in the 3rd paragraph of the 2nd column?
2. What is the best *Point of View* of the story and who does it follow?
3. Describe the character of Bob. What kind of person is he and why?
4. Why is the description of Bob when we see him in the doorway important to the story?
5. How can Bob tell the officer is not Jimmy?
6. What is the most important **INTERNAL** conflict in that story and why?
7. Explain the best theme for the story.

THE BLACK CAT

8. Give an example of foreshadowing from the story and explain how it worked.
9. Give an example of an **INTERNAL** conflict in the story and explain why it's important.

NON-FICTION ROBOT TEACHERS

10. Pick a statement from the article that **SURPRISED** you, and explain why you feel that way.
11. The second to last paragraph explains how gps has made kids unable to read maps. Explain another part of life that technology has ruined for today's kids.
12. What is your own personal opinion on this technology and what it means for school in the future?

OPTION TWO: ALPHABET PHRASE HW

You need to **USE** the following **TEN** letters of the alphabet for this assignment

T-W-E-N-T-Y—C-A-T-S Use only these **TEN** letters, and in that order. Each letter will **BEGIN** a phrase that **DESCRIBES** one of the **STORIES** we read. If you have trouble, then make the letter in the middle of the word. That's ok.

Each **PHRASE** (you don't need complete sentences, just **COMPLETE THOUGHTS**) must have **no FEWER than 6 words** (this is where most kids will mess up), **and NO MORE than 10 words**.

You need to come up with **10 TOTAL phrases** describing the stories listed below. Each story you use **MUST** have at least **THREE LINES written about it**. Use the **FOUR** stories listed below this.

NUMBER each one you do (so it is easy to keep track), and LABEL them so we know which stories each line refers to.

Examples:

1. A person thinks that they are unpopular
2. Banishing them is what the populars will do
3. Can little girls find happiness at the beach?
4. D...

1. **NF ARTICLE – ROBOT TEACHERS**
2. **BLACK CAT**
3. **AFTER TWENTY YEARS**

OPTION THREE: TAPE IN YOUR QUIZ

If you score a **23 or higher** on Short Story Quiz 1, then you may choose to just tape that quiz in to your notebook on the Short Story HW page instead of answering questions. Use at least **FOUR pieces of clear tape** and the tape must be on the **four corners**. You **MUST** have your **OWN** tape in the **ROOM** on the due date **WITH** your **NAME** written **on the tape** to qualify for this option.

If you choose this option and **FORGET** to do it by the due date, then the homework is considered **LATE** and this option becomes **VOID**. It must be done on the **DUE DATE** to qualify.

ADVANCED CLASS FOR THE QUIZ

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

- O. Henry

The policeman on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The impressiveness was habitual and not for show, for spectators were few. The time was barely 10 o'clock at night, but chilly gusts of wind with a taste of rain in them had well nigh depeopled the streets.

Trying doors as he went, twirling his club with many intricate and artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye adown the pacific thoroughfare, the officer, with his stalwart form and slight swagger, made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The vicinity was one that kept early hours. Now and then you might see the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the majority of the doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed.

When about midway of a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the doorway of a darkened hardware store a man leaned, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. As the policeman walked up to him the man spoke up quickly.

"It's all right, officer," he said, reassuringly. "I'm just waiting for a friend. It's an appointment made twenty years ago. Sounds a little funny to you, doesn't it? Well, I'll explain if you'd like to make certain it's all straight. About that long ago there used to be a restaurant where this store stands--'Big Joe' Brady's restaurant."

"Until five years ago," said the policeman. "It was torn down then."

The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his cigar. The light showed a pale, square-jawed face with keen eyes, and a little white scar near his right eyebrow. His tie tack was a large diamond, oddly set.

"Twenty years ago to-night," said the man, "I dined here at 'Big Joe' Brady's with Jimmy Wells, my best chum, and the finest chap in the world. He and I were raised here in New York, just like two brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. You couldn't have dragged Jimmy out of New York; he thought it was the only place on earth. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again exactly twenty years from that date and time, no matter what our conditions might be or from what distance we might have to come. We figured that in twenty years each of us ought to have our destiny worked out and our fortunes made, whatever they were going to be."

"It sounds pretty interesting," said the policeman. "Rather a long time between meets, though, it seems to me. Haven't you heard from your friend since you left?"

"Well, yes, for a time we corresponded," said the other. "But after a year or two we lost track of each other. You see, the West is a pretty big proposition, and I kept hustling around over it pretty lively. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he's alive, for he always was the truest, staunchest old chap in the world. He'll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door to-night, and it's worth it if my old partner turns up."

The waiting man pulled out a handsome watch, the lids of it set with small diamonds.

"Three minutes to ten," he announced. "It was exactly ten o'clock when we parted here at the restaurant door."

"Did pretty well out West, didn't you?" asked the policeman.

"You bet! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He was a kind of plodder, though, good fellow as he was. I've had to compete with some of the sharpest wits going to get my pile. A man gets in a groove in New York. It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him."

The policeman twirled his club and took a step or two.

"I'll be on my way. Hope your friend comes around all right. Going to call time on him sharp?"

"I should say not!" said the other. "I'll give him half an hour at least. If Jimmy is alive on earth he'll be here by that time. So long, officer."

"Good-night, sir," said the policeman, passing on along his beat, trying doors as he went.

There was now a fine, cold drizzle falling, and the wind had risen from its uncertain puffs into a steady blow. The few foot passengers astir in that quarter hurried dismally and silently along with coat collars turned high and pocketed hands. And in the door of the hardware store the man who had come a thousand miles to fill an appointment, uncertain almost to absurdity, with the friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited.

About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man.

"Is that you, Bob?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Is that you, Jimmy Wells?" cried the man in the door.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the new arrival, grasping both the other's hands with his own. "It's Bob, sure as fate. I was certain I'd find you here if you were still in existence. Well, well, well! --twenty years is a long time. The old gone, Bob; I wish it had lasted, so we could have had another dinner there. How has the West treated you, old man?"

"Bully; it has given me everything I asked it for. You've changed lots, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall by two or three inches."

"Oh, I grew a bit after I was twenty."

"Doing well in New York, Jimmy?"

"Moderately. I have a position in one of the city departments. Come on, Bob; we'll go around to a place I know of, and have a good long talk about old times."

The two men started up the street, arm in arm. The man from the West, his egotism enlarged by success, was beginning to outline the history of his career. The other, submerged in his overcoat, listened with interest.

At the corner stood a drug store, brilliant with electric lights. When they came into this glare each of them turned simultaneously to gaze upon the other's face.

The man from the West stopped suddenly and released his arm.

"You're not Jimmy Wells," he snapped. "Twenty years is a long time, but not long enough to change a man's nose from a Roman to a pug."

"It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one, said the tall man." "You've been under arrest for ten minutes, 'Silky' Bob. Chicago thinks you may have dropped over our way and wires us she wants to have a chat with you. Going quietly, are you? That's sensible. Now, before we go on to the station here's a note I was asked to hand you. You may read it here at the window. It's from Patrolman Wells."

The man from the West unfolded the little piece of paper handed him. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short.

"Bob: I was at the appointed place on time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn't do it myself, so I went around and got a plain clothes man to do the job. JIMMY."