

"SHORT STORY HOMEWORK #1"

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**.

THE FUN THEY HAD

1. What is it Tommy finds and shares with Margie?
2. What is the best *Point of View* of the story and who does it follow?
3. Describe the character of Tommy. What kind of person is he and why?
4. Why do Margie and Tommy argue in the story?
5. What is the best setting (**when**) of the story?
6. What is the most important **INTERNAL** conflict in that story and why?
7. Explain the best theme for the story.

THE VOICES

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 TWELVE letters of the alphabet for this assignment

T-H-E—F-U-N—V-O-I-C-E-S Use only these **TWELVE** 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 **12 TOTAL phrases** describing the stories listed below. Each story you use **MUST** have at least **FOUR 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. **THE VOICES**
3. **FUN THEY HAD**

OPTION THREE: TAPE IN YOUR QUIZ

If you score a 21 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.

REGULAR CLASS
FOR THE QUIZ

THE FUN THEY HAD

Isaac Asimov

Margie even wrote about it that night in her diary. On the page headed May 17, 2157, she wrote, "Today, Tommy found a real book!"

It was a very old book. Margie's grandfather once said that when he was a little boy his grandfather told him that there was a time when all stories were printed on paper.

They turned the pages, which were yellow and crinkly, and it was awfully funny to read words that stood still instead of moving the way they were supposed to--on a screen, you know. And then, when they turned back to the page before, it had the same words on it that it had had when they read it the first time.

"Gee," said Tommy, "what a waste. When you're through with the book, you just throw it away, I guess. Our television screen must have had a million books on it and it's good for plenty more. I wouldn't throw it away."

"Same with mine," said Margie. She was eleven and hadn't seen as many telebooks as Tommy had. He was thirteen. She said, "Where did you find it?"

"In my house." He pointed without looking, because he was busy reading. "In the attic."

"What's it about?"

"School."

Margie was scornful. "School? What's there to write about school? I hate school."

Margie always hated school, but now she hated it more than ever. The electronic teacher had been giving her test after test in geography and she had been doing worse and worse until her mother had shaken her head sorrowfully and sent for the County Inspector.

He was a round little man with a red face and a whole box of tools with dials and wires. He smiled at Margie and gave her an apple, then took the teacher apart. Margie had hoped he wouldn't know how to put it together again, but he knew how all right, and, after an hour or so, there it was again, large and black and ugly, with a big screen on which all the lessons were shown and the questions were asked. That wasn't so bad. The part Margie hated most was the slot where she had to put homework and test papers. She always had to write them out in a punch code they made her learn when she was six years old, and the mechanical teacher calculated the mark in no time.

The Inspector had smiled after he was finished and patted Margie's head. He said to her mother, "It's not the little girl's fault, Mrs. Jones. I think the geography sector was geared a little too quick. Those things happen sometimes. I've slowed it up to an average ten-year level. Actually, the over-all pattern of her progress is quite satisfactory." And he patted Margie's head again.

Margie was disappointed. She had been hoping they would take the teacher away altogether. They had once taken Tommy's teacher away for nearly a month because the history sector had blanked out completely.

So she said to Tommy, "Why would anyone write about school?"

Tommy looked at her with very superior eyes. "Because it's not our kind of school, stupid. This is the old kind of school that they had hundreds and hundreds of years ago." He added loftily, pronouncing the word carefully, "*Centuries* ago."

Margie was hurt. "Well, I don't know what kind of school they had all that time ago." She read the book over his shoulder for a while, then said, "Anyway, they had a teacher."

"Sure they had a teacher, but it wasn't a regular teacher. It was a man."

"A man? How could a man be a teacher?"

"Well, he just told the boys and girls things and gave them homework and asked them questions."

"A man isn't smart enough."

"Sure he is. My father knows as much as my teacher."

"He can't. A man can't know as much as a teacher."

"He knows almost as much, I betcha."

Margie wasn't prepared to argue that. She said, "I wouldn't want a strange man in my house to teach me."

Tommy screamed with laughter. "You don't know much, Margie. The teachers didn't live in the house. They had a special building and all the kids went there."

"And all the kids learned the same thing?"

"Sure, if they were the same age."

"But my mother says a teacher has to be adjusted to fit the mind of each boy and girl it teaches and that each kid has to be taught differently."

"Just the same they didn't do it that way then. If you don't like it, you don't have to read the book."

"I didn't say I didn't like it," Margie said quickly. She wanted to read about those funny schools.

They weren't even half-finished when Margie's mother called, "Margie! School!"

Margie looked up. "Not yet, Mamma."

"Now!" said Mrs. Jones. "And it's probably time for Tommy, too."

Margie said to Tommy, "Can I read the book some more with you after school?"

"Maybe," he said nonchalantly. He walked away whistling, the dusty old book tucked beneath his arm.

Margie went into the schoolroom. It was right next to her bedroom, and the electric teacher was on and waiting for her. It was always on at the same time every day except Saturday and Sunday, because her mother said little girls learned better if they learned at regular hours.

The screen was lit up, and it said: "Today's arithmetic lesson is on the addition of proper fractions. Please insert yesterday's homework in the proper slot."

Margie did so with a sigh. She was thinking about the old schools they had when her grandfather's grandfather was a little boy. All the kids from the whole neighborhood came, laughing and shouting in the schoolyard, sitting together in the schoolroom, going home together at the end of the day. They learned the same things, so they could help one another on the homework and talk about it.

And the teachers were people...

The electric teacher was flashing on the screen: "When we add the fractions $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$..."

Margie was thinking about how the kids must have loved it in the old days. She was thinking about the fun they had.