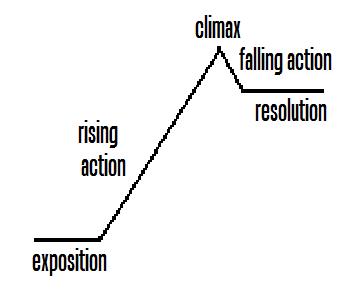
ELA 7 Short Story Booklet

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

**Short Story Terms:**

**Plot:** The author’s arrangement of events that make up the story’s action. A plot has five distinct parts:

* Exposition (Introduction): The beginning of the story. This is where a writer establishes the setting, main characters, and the conflict.
* Rising Action (Suspense): Here is where the story begins to build. Each part of the rising action represents a key scene in the story, where the main characters partially solve the main problem, discover a new problem, or are faced with an unexpected event.
* Climax: The combination of all the story’s events and the most exciting part of the story. This is the moment when the main characters face the main conflict and overcome it.
* Falling Action: The main conflict is mostly resolved, but a few loose ends still need to be tied up. This happens here. Often the characters return to their initial setting.
* Resolution:The end of the story. Everything is wrapped up and the world is good again. The end.



**Setting:** The surroundings in which a story takes place. A setting is made up of three parts:

* Place: Where did the story take place? (Geographical location)
* Time: When did the story is take place? (Historical period, time of day, year, etc.)
* Situation: What is taking place in the story? (Weather, social, and/or personal conditions)

**Character:** A person, animal, or object that plays a role in the story. Characters are developed by what they say, what they do, and what others say about them. There are two main types of characters:

* Protagonist: The story’s hero
* Antagonist: The story’s villain

**Conflict:** A struggle between opposing forces. There are three types of conflict:

* Internal Conflict: psychological/emotional struggle within the mind of a character
* External Conflict: struggle between a character and an outside force such as nature or society
* Interpersonal Conflict: struggle between characters

**Point of View:** The perspective the author uses to tell the story. There are two kinds of POV:

* First person (I)
* Third Person (he, she, it)

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“**Scaring the Bully**”

**True Story by Karen Curtis**

In grade eight, I realized that for eight years I’d allowed Peter Cisco to bully me. It wasn’t always a major thing. Sometimes it was just teasing—calling me “stupid” or “fat” or “lame.” Sometimes it was pushing or pinching. Sometimes it was punching. It didn’t happen every day. It didn’t happen every week.

But it *always* hurt—the name calling or the violence. Sometimes I cried when I was being bullied. Sometimes I waited until I was alone—especially the last few years, when I wanted to seem like I wasn’t a little kid.

I clearly remembered *every* single time he bullied me. From the first time—us both in kindergarten, struggling to get into our snowsuits to go out for recess, and, as I was balancing on one foot, he pushed me into another kid—then told the teacher it was an accident. To the last time in grade seven—heading out the school’s doors on the last day of school when he yelled out to me in front of everyone, “Hope you die over the summer, Curtis!”

During those eight years, I never told an adult. Because every kid knows you don’t stop a bully that way. But I didn’t have any other ideas for stopping Peter either. I was just thankful when he didn’t pick on me. Usually that meant he was picking on someone else—selfishly I really was just thankful it was someone else.

Then, we hit grade eight. Peter came up to me on the very first day. I cringed inside.

He ignored me though. He didn’t want to pick on me—maybe because I’d grown six centimetres taller than him over the summer. More likely he just didn’t think it was my turn. Why would he be afraid of someone he’d successfully bullied for eight years?

Instead, he focussed on my little sister. My little five-year-old sister who was just starting kindergarten. Amy was holding my hand tightly—excited and just a bit nervous. We were walking through the school yard on the way to her class. The plan was that every day that year I’d walk her to school and then home again at lunch. I didn’t mind. I loved my little sister. She was such a cool kid—funny and clever and always so likeable. Everyone loved her. Strangers on the street would smile at her just because she was grinning. She wasn’t even that worried about kindergarten, really. She thought it was going to be a big adventure.

Peter didn’t smile at her, of course. No way did Amy’s magic work on him. He tugged at the lunch box she was clutching to her chest. He poked her in the chest. “Look at that, another stupid Curtis!”

It didn’t take me more than a second to go from being frightened for myself to enraged that he’d dared to bully Amy.

Finally and suddenly, I was no longer afraid of him. Finally and suddenly, I’d had enough—there was no way I would allow him to think that every day—any day—I walked Amy to school was a day he could bully her. I certainly wasn’t thankful he was picking on someone else—and I was thoroughly ashamed of every time I’d ever been thankful for it!

I pushed in between Amy and Peter and I grabbed his hand and held it in a grip like iron. I forced him to look at me. “Back off,” I said to him quietly, biting each word in two. He looked at me, startled. Whatever he saw in my face, suddenly he looked frightened. He looked around quickly to make sure no one was watching, and then he backed off.

He took several steps backward, and then turned and walked away.

But I made sure he could hear me when I turned to Amy and said, “Don’t worry about that kid. He won’t bother you again. Come on, it’s time you got to class.”

Eight years, that’s a long time to let someone else own you, hurt you. Not anymore, though. Not me or anyone else. Certainly not Amy—magic Amy who was grinning up at me, looking like she thought I ruled the school yard.

*Sure,* I thought, *give me eight years, Amy, and I can conquer anything.*

**Part A: Multiple Choice** - Circle the best response to the questions.

1. The narrator's first name is:

A. Peter B. Curtis C. Karen

2. When being bullied for eight years, the narrator would:

A. fight back B. tell their teacher C. sometimes cry

3. This story is told:

A. in first person point of view B. in third person point of view C. by Amy

4. Climax is defined as the highest point of action or a turning point in the story. The climax in this story is:

A. when Peter yells “Hope you die over the summer, Curtis!”

B. when the narrator finally stands up to the bully

C. when Peter picks on Amy

5. The narrator finally tells Peter to:

A. “Back off!” B. “Go fly a kite!” C. “Take a hike!

**Part B: Constructed Response**

1. Identify the **main conflict** in the story. Be sure to include the type, how it is developed (using two supports from the story), and how it is resolved. Make sure to use the planning area below to organize your ideas.

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1. Give **two examples** of how the author creates **mood** in the story. Be sure to include the mood, how it is developed (using two supports from the story), and how it is effective. Make sure to use the planning area below to organize your ideas.

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**Section C – Personal Response**

Choose **ONE** question and answer it using specific examples. Be sure to give **details** from the story to support your answer.

1. The narrator has been bullied by Peter for eight years. Give at least **THREE** examples from the story that show how the narrator was bullied. What would **you** do if you witnessed someone being bullied?

**OR**

1. The narrator stands up to Peter after eight years of being bullied. Why does the

narrator finally stand up to Peter? If **you** were the narrator, would you have waited so long before standing up to Peter? **Why or Why not?**

Make sure to use this planning space to organize your ideas.

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**Short Story:** Read the following short story. Answer all the questions, both selected response and constructed response, which follow.

“I Know Exactly What You Mean”

By Melinda Favreau

I was waiting anxiously by the phone when it rang, but still it startled me and I jumped. For a moment I was suddenly unable to move, and I stared at the phone as it rang again. Out of the corner of my eye I saw my little sister enter the room and stop to gawk at me. I guessed that I must have looked like an idiot, standing there staring at the phone as if I didn’t know what to do with it when it made noise. As it rang again, I broke from my trance and quickly snatched the receiver up from the cradle.

“Hello?”

“Hi,” a shaking choked voice said. “It’s me.” I wasn’t used to hearing Annie’s voice, but now it sounded as familiar as it had a couple of years ago.

Annie and I had been friends since we were little. All through elementary school we were the pair that everyone knew. Where one of us went, the other was sure to be right behind. But as we entered junior high, things began to change. Mainly, Annie began to change. Her social life became the most important thing to her, and being popular was what she strived for. She broke off from our circle of friends and joined a different, more popular crowd. I saw less and less of her, and when I did see her, I felt uncomfortable and awkward, like we were strangers. Whether she tried or not, Annie made me feel like I was inferior to her, not cool enough to hang around her, which hurt like nothing else I had known before.

I knew she didn’t feel that way; she told me often how good a friend I was. And I knew she was going through a lot of confusion about herself, trying to find where she fit into the scheme of junior high. So I gave her some leeway and let her do some soul searching. Even though we were not as tight as we were when we were younger, we were still friends, even if I cared more about the relationship than she did at times. Often, though, I wished for the closeness, the sisterhood we had a couple of years ago. Things had been so simple then. They were easily defined: Annie and I were best friends, and we could talk to each other about anything. Now, everything was complicated. I was closer to other friends than I was to Annie, and there were things I told them that I would never tell her. It just wasn’t like it was when we were younger, and I wondered if we would even be able to achieve the kind of relationship we had before things started changing.

“Hi,” I said again, unable to think of any other reply. It had been

so long since I had actually talked to Annie, not counting the brief moment

before school today when she told me with worry in her eyes,

“I think he’s going to dump me.”

I hadn’t had time to answer her then, or when she came to me during lunch and said, “I have to call you today.” The buzz going around school was that Annie and her boyfriend Cory were having problems, and at first I didn’t believe it. They had been together for almost eight months, and even at the last dance a couple of weeks ago I had seen them sneaking a kiss between songs. But then when she had said to me early that morning, her face taut with nervousness and sadness, that she was afraid Cory was going to break up with her, I knew that everything going around was probably true.

I pulled myself from my thoughts as the silence grew longer, and I was trying to think of something intelligent to say when I realized that there was not silence from the end of the line but muffled sobs.

“Oh, God,” I sighed, and I felt so horrible for not noticing at first that she was in pain. “How are you doing?”

“Not good, not good at all,” Annie managed to reply, her voice thick with tears. “Cory just broke up with me.”

I couldn’t speak for a minute. I knew that it was coming, deep inside my subconscious had told me that it was inevitable, but it just seemed like Annie and Cory would somehow survive anything. They had been together for so long; it was hard to imagine them apart.

Finally, my voice returned to me. “Oh Annie, I’m so sorry,” I breathed, hoping my words sounded sincere as they were meant to be. I didn’t know what else to say, so I just kept repeating my apology.

“I know, I know,” Annie mumbled, and I heard her blow her nose. “You must be so upset. I know how much you liked him. Annie coughed, and I was confused until she added in a low and unwavering voice, “I loved him.”

I was so overwhelmed into silence. Annie had spoken those last three words with such honesty and intensity that it had thrown me into shocked silence. I hadn’t known she had such strong feelings for Cory. I knew that they went to the movies and talked over the phone and stuff like that, but I had never known just how much Cory had meant to Annie. She had really cared about him with a love that I had yet to truly experience myself. It made me sad to realize that the only time Annie had really talked to me about her relationship was to tell me it was over.

“I never knew you felt that way about him,” I admitted. “I mean, I knew you liked him, but I never knew you loved him.”

“I did,” Annie cried, and I heard her wipe her nose. “I really did.” “So why did he break up with you?” I asked, hoping I wasn’t treading on unstable ground. “Did he give you a reason?”

Now Annie’s tone held more contempt then sorrow. “Well, he said, ‘I’m getting bored. I need some variety in my life.’ Can you believe him? He

just got sick of me,” she wailed, her voice her own again, and full of anguish. “What did I do wrong?”

“You didn’t do anything,” I made sure to tell her quickly and firmly. “It wasn’t your fault. He’s the one who broke up with you. It’s his problem. This breakup doesn't mean that there’s something wrong with you. You’re perfectly lovable just the way you are.” I was full of words of wisdom, and I hadn’t been able to share that with Annie in a while.

“I guess you’re right,” Annie murmured, but I could tell she wasn’t totally convinced. There was nothing I could do about that. I couldn’t change how she felt about herself; all I could do was make sure to be there for her when she needed some encouraging words.

Through the phone I could hear Annie starting to cry again, and the sound made me hurt inside. It reminded me of the time when another boy Annie had liked dumped her, and I remember hugging her as she cried on my window seat. I had told her then that she would get through it, and she had, which meant that she could get over this, too. When I spoke, I made sure to keep my voice gentle and calm. “You two had such a long, wonderful time together, though, right?”

I thought maybe I detected a hint of a smile in Annie’s voice when she replied. “Oh, yeah, definitely. The best.”

“I never heard a lot about the relationship,” I pointed out. “Tell me about it.” And suddenly she was talking. Remembering brought painful memories up to the surface, but also pleasant ones, and she started to laugh more often then she cried. As we talked, I could almost feel the gap of two years starting to close, and even though I knew it wouldn’t stay closed long, I was just happy that we could regain our old friendship, even just for a little bit. Things felt back to normal again, almost perfect. But even though I tried to tell myself otherwise, I knew this wouldn’t last. The next time Annie and a guy break up, we will have this conversation again, and things will feel normal. Yet, in between the start of a new relationship and the end of it, I will be second to Annie’s new boyfriend, her new friends, her new clothes, her new schedule, her new personality. We will revert back to what we had been only last week - acquaintances. Distant friends.

I didn’t care. I had other friends, other activities, other ideas to explore. Our lives would continue on separately, mine going one way, hers the other. I understood that. We were two different people now, with different views, attitudes, personalities, lives. We weren’t as close as before, but we were still friends, and I wasn't the kind of person to drop old friends for new. Maybe Annie didn’t care as much about our friendship as I did, maybe sometimes I was there for her more then she was there for me, and maybe sometimes I came second on Annie’s list. I knew we had been friends for so long, and I wasn't about to give that up.

“I have to go soon. I promised Bailey I’d call her tonight. But first, I want to thank you,” Annie said, and her voice, I knew, was sincere. “You’ve always been such a good friend, Melinda, I know I must bore you to death with all this, but you still listen. Thanks.” Annie knew what a good friend was; she just couldn’t find it in herself to apply the knowledge. She was too confused, too unsure of herself, too caught up in the rush of a teenage life. I understood that, too.

“I’m glad you’re feeling better,” I said sincerely. The conversation was coming to a close. Annie thought for a minute. “It’s going to take a long time to heal. I’m just going to miss him for a while.” Annie grew more reflective, and her voice softer, more thoughtful, as she struggled to put her feelings into words. “We were so close. . . . It almost feels . . . It almost feels like a part of me has been taken away, a part I can’t get back.” She struggled for words. “Like . . . things feel different, like they won’t ever be the same again.” Annie sighed, frustrated. “Do you get what I’m trying to say?”

My voice was wobbly, and my cheeks were wet. “I know exactly what you mean,” I told her. And I did understand – every word she said.

Vocab: taut - anxious, nervous

**Selected Response**: Circle the answer to each question below.

1. “I guess I must have looked like an idiot.” What literary device is used in this sentence?

(A) Onomatopoeia (B) Repetition

(C) Simile (D) Alliteration

2. “The conversation was coming to a close.” What literary device is used in this phrase?

(A) Alliteration (B) Metaphor

(C) Simile (D) Literal meaning

3. “Annie had spoken those last three words “I loved him.” with such honesty and intensity that it had thrown me into shocked silence.” This line means that:

(A) She did not know her friend.

(B) She had not realized the pain Annie felt.

(C) She had heard it all before; Annie would get over it.

(D) Annie had never felt these feelings before.

4. “Can you believe him? He just got sick of me,”...What did I do wrong?” What does this imply about Annie’s character?

(A) Annie did not know Cory. (B) Annie was boring.

(C) Annie had low self-esteem. (D) Annie was stupid to have ever dated Cory.

5. “I could almost feel the gap of two years starting to close...” is an example of which form of imagery?

(A) Taste (B) Touch

(C) Visual (D) Auditory

6. “I pulled myself from my thoughts as the silence grew longer... is an example of which literary device?

(A) Imagery (B) Metaphor

(C) Simile (D) Personification

7. How did Melinda make Annie feel better during their phone call?

(A) Melinda made her talk about Annie’s and Cory’s relationship.

(B) Melinda and Annie made fun of Cory.

(C) Melinda told Annie about a cute boy in her class.

(D) Melinda made Annie realize she was better off without him.

8. When Melinda said, “I never heard a lot about the relationship, she was:

(A) Sarcastic (B) Sincere

(C) Hurt (D) Relieved

9. “Annie had spoken those last three words with such honesty and intensity that it had thrown me into shocked silence.” is an example of which literary device?

(A) Alliteration (B) Onomatopoeia

(C) Personification (D) Simile

10. “I had other friends, other activities, other ideas to explore.” This statement shows that Melinda is:

(A) Uncaring (B) Selfish

(C) Untrustworthy (D) Accepting

**Define** the following elements of a short story. Please also provide **examples** of each definition from a the short story.

**1. Short Story:** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

* Title/Author: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**2. Setting:** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

* Place/Time: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* Circumstances (what is going on at the beginning of the story?): \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**3. Character:** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

* Name, trait, and example: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* Name, trait, and example:

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**4. Conflict:** \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

* Type of Conflict: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Example 1: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Example 2: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**5. Point of View:**

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* Story’s Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

1. **Climax:**

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* Story’s Climax:

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1. **Resolution:**

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* + Story’s Ending:

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**“Bald is Beautiful”**

by Peg Kehret

Did you ever think about how important hair is? It’s the first thing mentioned when anyone describes another person. She’s blond, they’ll say; or, he’s a redhead.

Shampoo ads make it seem like a person’s hair is the *only* important thing about them. As long as your hair is shiny, bouncy and free of dandruff, you have no problems.

With so much emphasis on hair, it’s small wonder that I came unglued when I found out I was going to lose mine.

I didn’t cry when I had the CAT scan. I didn’t cry when the doctor told me about the brain tumor. But after I found out I had to have my head shaved, I cried.

My mom said my hair would grow back and my dad said I could buy a wig and my little brother, Syd, said think how much time I would save in the bathroom every morning.

My sister, Janie, was the only one who understood. She said it was terrible that I had to be bald and she didn’t blame me one bit for crying.

The surgery went even better than expected. The tumor was small and it was not malignant. When I woke up, I was weak and woozy, but for the first time in months, I didn’t have a headache.

But when I looked in the mirror, I almost threw up. I looked like one of those mannequin heads that beauty shops display wigs on. I was smooth and white and round. And ugly. I never saw anything so ugly as me with no hair.

At my second checkup, the doctor removed the stitches and said I could go back to school half days. I was scheduled to start the next Monday afternoon.

I didn’t want to go. I looked like a freak. How could I go back to school, looking like a freak? Even if I wore a wig, everyone would know it was a wig and stare at me. What if the wig fell off? What if some creepy boy pulled it off? I said I would rather dance barefoot in a barrel of thistles than go back to school without my hair on my head.

I told my parents that if I had to go back to school bald, I would run away and sleep in a cave and eat wild berries. They said I couldn’t sit around and feel sorry for myself and do nothing but wait for my hair to grow out. My mother said if I didn’t want to wear a wig to school, I could wear a turban. I said a turban would be even worse than a wig and I refused to get either one. My father said I should be thankful I was alive and to quit complaining about my lack of hair.

Syd asked me to go to his homeroom on my first day back, because he’d bet some kid fifty cents that his sister was bald and he wanted to collect his money.

Janie didn’t say anything.

I said I would be a freak for the next six months and I would never be happy again until I got my hair back.

My dad said to quit calling myself a freak and I said one bald girl in the whole school was most definitely a freak.

When Janie and Syd left for school on Monday morning, Syd started to remind me about his fifty-cent bet, until Janie poked him and told him to be quiet.

The minutes dragged by that morning. I dreaded walking into the school and having everyone stare at me. I dreaded being different from all the other kids. I never felt more alone than I did that morning while I waited until it was time to go. I was miserable and I knew when I got to school, I’d be even more miserable.

I couldn’t eat any lunch. I sat at the table, staring at my cheese sandwich and waiting for Janie. I had asked her to come home at noon and go back with me, so I wouldn’t have to walk into the school that first time alone. Maybe she wouldn’t come. She probably decided she didn’t want to be seen with a freak. Who could blame her?

I tried not to cry. It was bad enough to be bald; I didn’t want my eyes to be all red and swollen, too.

I heard the front door open.

Behind me, I heard Janie say, “Are you ready to go?”

I swallowed hard, trying to get up my courage.

“The way I figure it,” she went on, “Syd’s friend owes him a dollar.”

I started to say there was no way I was going to parade my bald head around in front of Syd’s friends, and then I turned and saw her.

Janie had skipped class that morning. Instead of going to school, she went downtown and got her head shaved. She was smooth, and white, and round, just like me.

I sat still as stone, while the full impact of what she had done sank in.

“One bald girl might be a freak,” she told me. “Two bald girls could start a new fashion.”

Although the words were joking, her lip quivered as she spoke.

When we got to school, everyone stared, just like I knew they would. But I wasn’t miserable. I wasn’t miserable at all. I was happy! As I marched down the hall with my head held high, and my beautiful sister beside me, I knew that some things are way more important than hair.

**Short Story: Selected Response Questions: Circle the correct response below.**

1. What type of point of view is used in the short story?

* 1. Third (B) First

(C) Second (D) Limited

1. How long was it expected to take the main character to grow back her hair?
   * 1. Six weeks (B) One month

(C) Six months (D) One year

1. Who is the narrator?
2. Peg Kehret (B) Syd

(C) Janie (D) Syd’s sister

1. Identify the underlined part of speech in the following quote, “The tumor was small and it was not malignant.”
   1. Adverb (B) adjective

(C) Noun (D) verb

1. What does Syd’s bet with a classmate show about his character?
   1. He is immature (B) He is happy

(C) He is smart (D) He is sad

6. “I sat still as a stone” is an example of:

(A) Simile (B) Metaphor

(C) Onomatopoeia (D) Personification

7. “Although the words were joking, her lip quivered as she spoke.” Why is Janie’s lip quivering near the end of the story?

(A) She is sick too. (B) She regrets what she has done.

(C) She is trying to be brave. (D) She is jealous of the attention her sister is getting.

1. The title of the story is an example of:
   1. Alliteration (B) Personification

(C) Simile (D) Metaphor

9. Which quote reveals the story’s theme?

(A) “I dreaded being different than all the other kids.”

(B) “I sat still as a stone, while the full impact of what she had done sank in.”

(C) “some things are way more important than hair.”

(D) “she didn’t blame me one bit for crying.”

1. Identify the tone in the following quote, “I told my parents that if I had to go back to school bald, I would run away and sleep in a cave and eat wild berries.”
2. Serious (B) Angry

(C) Depressed (D) Humorous

1. When could the narrator attend school?
   1. Every morning (B) Every afternoon

(C) Every second day(D)Morning one day, afternoon the next

1. Why was the narrator weak and groggy when she woke up?
   1. She had her head shaved.
   2. She had a headache.
   3. She had an operation.
   4. She had a terrible feeling about going to school.
2. Why did the narrator say she would run away?
   1. If she had to wear a turban.
   2. If she had to dance barefoot in a bunch of thistle.
   3. If she had to go to school bald.
   4. If she had to have surgery.
3. What does the following statement suggest about the father?

“My father said I should be thankful I am alive and stop complaining about my lack of hair”

* 1. The father is getting tired of hearing the narrator complain.
  2. The father doesn’t understand what the narrator is going through.
  3. The father is angry at the narrator for complaining.
  4. The father is hoping the narrator will see how beautiful being bald is.

1. Why did the narrator hold her head high as she walked through the school?
   1. She finally accepted her baldness and realized it’s not as bad as she once thought.
   2. Her hair was beginning to grow back and she liked it.
   3. She was getting the attention she wanted.
   4. She could show people how pretty she was compared to her sister.

**Short Story: Constructed Response:** Answer each question using well-developed paragraphs (6-8 sentences each). Include title, author, and genre and please remember to indent, capitalize and punctuate.

1. In a well-developed paragraph, describe the plot (main events) of this short story. Be sure to use the planning space below to organize your ideas.

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1. In a well-developed paragraph make a connection with the short story “Bald is Beautiful.” You can either do a text-to-text, text-to-self, or text-to-world connection. Be sure to use the planning space below to organize your ideas.

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