

McBee High School

Learning Packet

Dates:	3/23/20 – 4/3/20
Thematic Topic:	The COVID-19 Pandemic
Subject:	Honors English IV
Teacher Contact Info:	Teacher Name: Amanda Odegard Teacher Email: aodegard@chesterfieldschools.org Teacher Phone: (843)307-5940
Essential Concepts:	I.1-5, RI.5-7, W.1-2, 4-5
Materials Needed:	Research online articles and videos
Online Links:	Zoom, https://mhs.chesterfieldschools.org/apps/classes/show_class.jsp?classREC_ID=931081 , various video links embedded in the daily assignment; Please continue to check in using Zoom
Assignment Steps:	<p>Wednesday, March 25</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>“St. Crispin’s Day Speech”</i> <i>By: William Shakespeare</i> <i>(slightly altered for standardized spelling)</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">KING Henry V</p> <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div style="width: 45%;"> <p><i>If we are marked to die, we are enough To do our country loss; and if to live, The fewer men, the greater share of honor. God’s will! I pray thee, wish not one man more. By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; It yearns me not if men my garments wear; Such outward things dwell not in my desires. But if it be a sin to covet honor, I am the most offending soul alive. No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England. God’s peace! I would not lose so great an honor As one man more methinks would share from me For the best hope I have: O, do not wish one more! Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host, That he which hath no stomach to this fight, Let him depart; his passport shall be made, And crowns for convoy put into his purse; We would not die in that man’s company That fears his fellowship to die with us. This day is called the feast of Crispian. He that outlives this day, and comes safe home, Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named, And rouse him at the name of Crispian.</i></p> </div> <div style="width: 45%;"> <p><i>He that shall live this day, and see old age, Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors, And say ‘To-morrow is Saint Crispian.’ Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars, And say ‘These wounds I had on Crispian’s day.’ Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, But he’ll remember, with advantages, What feats he did that day. Then shall our names, Familiar in his mouth as household words– Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester– Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered. This story shall the good man teach his son; And Crispin Crispian shall ne’er go by, From this day to the ending of the world, But we in it shall be remembered– We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; For he to-day that sheds his blood with me Shall be my brother; be he ne’er so vile, This day shall gentle his condition; And gentlemen in England now-a-bed Shall think themselves accursed they were not here, And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks That fought with us upon Saint Crispin’s day.</i></p> </div> </div> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Read and respond to the daily passage. 2. Write body paragraphs: 2nd Body Paragraph: (100-200 words per paragraph about how/why the virus/disease spread)

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Thursday, March 26

The World Is Too Much With Us

William Wordsworth - 1770-1850

*The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.*

1. Read and respond to the daily passage.
2. Write body paragraphs: 3rd Body Paragraph: (100-200 words per paragraph about the public response)

Friday, March 27

"The most important things are the hardest to say. They are the things you get ashamed of, because words diminish them — words shrink things that seemed limitless when they were in your head to no more than living size when they're brought out. But it's more than that, isn't it? The most important things lie too close to wherever your secret heart is buried, like landmarks to a treasure your enemies would love to steal away. And you may make revelations that cost you dearly only to have people look at you in a funny way, not understanding what you've said at all, or why you thought it was so important that you almost cried while you were saying it. That's the worst, I think. When the secret stays locked within not for want of a teller but for want of an understanding ear." Stephen King, Different Seasons

1. Read and respond to the daily passage.
2. Write body paragraphs: 4th Body Paragraph: (100-200 words per paragraph on government response)

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Monday, March 30

Song of Myself, 52

Walt Whitman - 1819-1892

The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me, he complains of my gab and my loitering·

*I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world·*

*The last scud of day holds back for me,
It flings my likeness after the rest and true as any on the shadow'd wilds,*

It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk·

*I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun,
I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags·*

*I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,
If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles·*

*You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood·*

*Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you·*

3. Read and respond to the daily passage.
4. Write conclusion (100-200 words per paragraph)

Tuesday, March 31

William Faulkner's speech at the Nobel Banquet in Stockholm, December 10, 1950

Ladies and gentlemen,

I feel that this award was not made to me as a man, but to my work – a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, but to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before. So this award is only mine in trust. It will not be difficult to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and significance of its origin. But I would like to do the same with the acclaim too, by using this moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened to by the young men and women already dedicated to the same anguish and travail, among whom is already that one who will some day stand here where I am standing.

Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed – love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and, worst of all, without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

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Until he relearns these things, he will write as though he stood among and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure: that when the last dingdong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking.

I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

1. Read and respond to the daily passage.
2. Revise and edit your research essay.

Wednesday, April 1

1. Email your research essay to one of your group members
2. Help your group see where they can improve their essay.
 - a. Check format of quotations
 - b. Check citations
 - c. Check MLA format
 - d. Check for clarity
 - e. Check for organization and transitions
 - f. Check thesis statement
 - g. Check to see if body paragraph address thesis statement

Thursday, April 2

1. Re-read your essay
2. Use your checklist given to you at the beginning of this assignment (ask me to email you one if you can't find yours)
3. Double check
 - a. Check format of quotations
 - b. Check citations
 - c. Check MLA format
 - d. Check for clarity
 - e. Check for organization and transitions
 - f. Check thesis statement
 - g. Check to see if body paragraph address thesis statement

Friday, April 3

1. Email or post essay and daily responses to me. You should have two documents: one for the daily responses and one for the essay.

Note: Students currently taking online courses through APEX, VirtualSC and NETC should continue completing your assignments online as directed.