

## **Study Guide ELA6 Semester One 2018**

Refer to the study guide of Literary Terms to review:

indirect characterization	foreshadowing	antagonist
direct characterization	character traits	suspense
flashback	plot	setting
five elements of plot	protagonist	theme

Review your notes for subjective, objective and possessive pronouns

Review the figurative language study guide for similes, metaphors, personification and hyperbole

Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow.

### **Arthur and the Sword**

In ancient times in the country of Britain there was a noble king named Uther. He was beloved by his people and revered as the only man who could protect the kingdom from invasion as he had proven himself in such a manner. And for this triumph he earned the title King and the name Pendragon.

Soon after he became king, Uther found himself madly in love with a widow, Lady Igraine. But the widow did not return his affection, as Uther himself had killed her husband in battle and made her a widow. Desperate to win the hand of Lady Igraine, Uther enlisted the help of Merlin, his sorcerer. Merlin, who saw the future and knew of the peril that would result from such a marriage, agreed to deliver the love of Lady Igraine, but with one condition. Uther must turn his firstborn son over to Merlin.

Uther hastily agreed, and soon he and Lady Igraine were married. A year later, Lady Igraine bore a son, and Uther celebrated proudly. But his bliss was short-lived as Merlin promptly appeared at Lady Igraine's bedside and announced his intention to take the child far from the kingdom. Uther protested, but his pleas fell on deaf ears. Merlin whisked the child away from his heartbroken parents. What the couple did not understand was that Merlin was acting in the best interests of the boy, for Merlin's intervention would be the only reason the boy survived childhood.

Just months after losing his newborn son, Uther was poisoned by a traitor and without their king, Britain was again thrown into peril. With Uther gone, the peace that Uther worked so hard to establish was gone. A struggle for leadership ensued, ripping Britain to pieces. The once great kingdom was now over a dozen squabbling, messy kingdoms, and there was no longer a unified military that could protect Britain adequately. Mayhem ensued. Lawlessness prevailed. Barbarians roamed freely and knights conquered and destroyed anything in their paths. Those

who survived lived a life of fear.

Over sixteen years later, the stability of Britain was still in upheaval. As a last resort, Merlin was summoned by the archbishop of Canterbury in hopes that he might have a plan to restore order to the kingdom. Merlin brought good news with him. The son of Uther Pendragon

himself, Britain's only true heir of royal blood and the one man fit to lead the kingdom, would soon arrive in Britain to claim his destiny.

Optimism and hope swept through the archbishop before they were quickly replaced with confusion and disappointment. Uther Pendragon had no known heirs, so how could any such destiny come to fruition?

Merlin did not argue, nor did he directly address the archbishop's concerns. Merlin simply declared, "I shall bring forth this young heir in an event such that will prove to the world beyond any shadow of doubt that he is the true and rightful high king of Britain." Then, he drew a noble sword, its hilt ornate with gold, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. In the churchyard there sat a huge white marble stone with an anvil on top. Merlin lifted the sword and pierced the anvil and stone and in one swift motion engraved the marble stone: **HE WHO PULLS THIS SWORD FREE IS THE TRUE AND RIGHT HIGH KING OF BRITAIN.**

The following Sunday as the parishioners poured into the courtyard an awe swept over the crowd at the sight of the sword in the stone. There was no shortage of knights and barons eager to be the first to try to pull the sword. A few haphazard yanks couldn't be stopped before the archbishop resettled the crowd.

With the full attention of the crowd, the archbishop explained that the sword was to reveal Britain's destiny and one true heir of Uther, as he had indeed bore a son who would soon save the kingdom from darkness. "On Christmas morning, anyone who considers himself worthy of the throne may try his hand at the sword. He who wins the sword thereby wins the crown and rules the kingdom!"

Excitement and apprehension and hope spread through Britain. Further celebrations were planned for Christmas Eve. Every village received notice of the Christmas Eve tournament and began making eager plans. The people reveled in anticipation, for the coming of their future king was imminent.

Word also spread to the dark forests of Wales where the gentle knight Sir Ector lived with his two sons, Sir Kay and Arthur. The elder brother, Sir Kay, was a handsome young knight. Younger brother Arthur was gentle and kind and although he was adopted, Sir Ector loved Arthur as he loved his own. Upon hearing the news of the tournament in London, Sir Kay commenced polishing his helmet and sword and making preparations to set out for London. Sir Ector knew that his eldest son was eager to prove himself as a knight, but he suspected that Sir

Kay's ambitions might extend as far as the throne. He reminded his eldest son that having integrity in pursuit of one's goals is the only thing that mattered.

Arthur did not possess the same intense drive as his older brother. Sure, he had ambition, but for now, Arthur was happy with the thankless task of being a good squire to his older brother, never mind how poorly Sir Kay treated Arthur. One day, Arthur knew, he would ride tall and proud next to Sir Kay as Sir Arthur, but he was perfectly content to wait patiently for his turn to come.

Finally the day drew nearer and the three men finished their journey to London amidst all class of British people. As the sons and their father made their way past the city street, Arthur found himself strangely drawn to a sword that had been thrust into a block of marble. Even stranger, it sat in a churchyard, surrounded by guards. It seemed as though the city of London was filled with such odd wonders! The following day was Christmas Eve, and Arthur dutifully set about all of Sir Kay's preparations for the tournament. When Sir Kay was finally dressed in his finest knights attire, they headed to the stadium where Sir Kay performed so admirably in the mock battle that he was chosen to be captain of his team for the second round. With rising panic, Arthur realized that he had no sword for Sir Kay.

How could that be? Where was his sword? Arthur, who took the role of servant to Sir Kay seriously, was determined to find a way to rectify the situation. Then he had an idea!

With great haste Sir Arthur galloped into the churchyard on horseback, noticing that the guards had seemingly abandoned their posts. Quietly, he crept closer to the sword, gave it a test-tug, and realized the sword was looser than he had assumed. Pulling it easily from the anvil, the kind and honest Arthur vowed to return the sword as soon as he had finished borrowing it. He raced back to the tournament to find an extremely disgruntled Sir Kay. "Where have you been?" Sir Kay shouted angrily. But his anger quickly turned to stunned silence as Arthur revealed the stolen sword from his cloak. Sir Kay, whose face had drained of all color, simply stared before finally stammering, "Wh- Where did you...?" But Sir Kay knew the answer even before Arthur confessed. It was, without a doubt, the sword from the marble stone.

Sir Ector approached his sons, prepared to demand an explanation for Sir Kay's absence from the games. But like his son, Sir Ector froze and immediately lost all color as Sir Kay brandished the sword proudly. "Father," Sir Kay began, "I have the sword! Therefore, I must be king of all Britain!"

Stunned, Sir Ector relented. "Well, son, you drew the sword out of the stone? Come, you must put it back."

"But why, Father, when I have it? I have the sword! And so be it, I shall have the crown!"

But Sir Ector wouldn't give in. The three men returned to the block where Sir Kay, lathered in nervous sweat, lifted the sword above his head and came down with all his strength. The blade skidded across the stone with a hair-raising squeal and Sir Kay tumbled head first into

the grass.

Shame rose up on Kay's cheeks as his father stood watching. With that, Sir Kay admitted that Arthur had brought the sword to Kay after losing his original one. Meanwhile Arthur, who was eager to help his brother rectify the situation, casually returned the sword to its place as his father, stunned beyond belief, watched in silence.

The following day, the three men returned to the courtyard for the Christmas Day ceremony. After watching hundreds of men try and fail to remove the sword, Arthur climbed up and accomplished the task easily, showing no effort at all. At that moment, Merlin appeared next to the archbishop who also stood stunned. Arthur dropped to his knee in front of the archbishop as Merlin declared, "I present to you the only worthy candidate for this contest. Arthur, first and only born son of Uther Pendragon and rightful heir to the throne of Britain!"

And the crowd erupted, for they finally had a King.

*Source: Adapted from The Sword in the Stone by T.H. White*

1. Setting is where and when a story takes place. Identify details of setting in this story.
2. Identify the story's main character or protagonist.
3. Considering what the main character says and does, what traits can you infer about the main character?
4. Provide an example of foreshadowing from the story.
5. Find examples of direct and indirect characterization from the story.
6. Identify the turning point in the story.
7. Identify a major story event from Arthur and the Sword.
8. Identify a major theme as revealed in the story.

Read the following excerpt and answer the questions that follow.

## **One Pomegranate** – *excerpt from Amal Unbound by Aisha Saeed*

*This excerpt from Amal Unbound is set in present-day Pakistan where there are strict rules about what girls can and cannot do. Amal, the main character, is the oldest daughter in her family. This comes with tremendous responsibility, including chores, errands, and caring for her five younger siblings.*

I was allowed a few moments of peace without any of my sisters yanking at my sleeve, wasn't I?

Just this once?

I slipped past Seema and out the house. It was only a trip to the market, but I would cherish this time to myself.

The sounds of tractors, bicycle bells, and children playing cricket in the street filled me with a sense of calm.

I knew each store owner and vendor I passed. I knew their wives and their children. But today, traveling the same streets I'd walked hundreds of times before, without little hands to keep out of fruit stands, without tiny feet to steer around idling rickshaws, I noticed it all as though for the first time. The sun was hotter than usual for the time of year, but I even enjoyed this.

Shaukat's store was bustling. My neighbors filled the aisles, sifting through the vegetables and fruit.

"Why is it so busy today?" I asked my neighbor Balkis.

"New arrivals. Pomegranates. Coconuts. Apples," she replied. She waved at the shoppers with one hand and fanned her face with a newspaper with the other. "Needed some turmeric but didn't know I'd have to fight these crowds. You'd think Shaukat was giving things away for free."

I squeezed through the aisle. Two pomegranates rested in the crate perched next to the onions and apples. Red, sweet, delicious pomegranates. I counted my money. I had enough to buy one extra item. Something small. Just for me.

I snatched one up as a woman grabbed the other. One of my neighbors argued with Shaukat over bruised zucchini and squash. I grabbed a handful of onions and some ginger and leaned past her to pay.

Slinging my satchel over my shoulder, I stepped back onto the dusty road. I gripped the red fruit in my palm. Maybe this pomegranate was the sign of hope I needed. A bit of sweetness after all the bitterness. I would share it with Omar and Seema. It didn't make everything better, but the thought made me happy.

Even now, I can remember how happy I felt in that moment.

That moment before my world changed.

One second I was standing.

The next, slammed backward onto the ground.

A car. Black with darkened windows. How did I miss it? How wrapped up in my mind was I not to notice a car?

The door opened and footsteps approached.

I took in the clean-shaven face, the closely trimmed hair, and the eyes hidden by dark sunglasses.

People began to gather by the side of the road. Balkis, Hira, Shaukat, customers from the market. Why didn't any of them help me? Why did they stare at this strange man and say nothing?

I stumbled to my feet. My hands were scraped and bloody. My leg throbbed when I put my weight on it, but I could stand. I gritted my teeth and gathered the bruised ginger and onions lying scattered along the road and tossed them in my satchel.

"You should pay better attention," the stranger said. I saw his hand reach down and pick up my pomegranate.

He stepped closer to me. "Are you hurt?" he asked. "Where do you live? I'll take you home."

He was smiling. His teeth were so white, the whitest I had ever seen.

"I'm fine," I told him.

I reached up to adjust my chador, cloaking myself from him. I was about to walk away when I realized he was still holding my pomegranate.

He followed my gaze.

“My mother loves these,” he said. “You won’t mind if I take this for her, will you? Of course I’ll pay you for it and you can buy more.”

“It was the last one.”

“Will this do?” He pulled out a handful of money.

What was he doing?

Did he think I was a beggar?

That everything was for sale?

My mother’s voice told me to let this go. Something was off with this man. Let him have the fruit and walk away. But all I could see was the red pomegranate and how he grasped it in his palm as though it was already his.

I thought of my father, who had no time for my dreams. My little sisters and their endless demands. Suddenly I felt tired. Tired of feeling powerless. Tired of denying my own needs because someone else needed something more. Including this man. This stranger. Buying me off. Denying me this smallest of pleasures.

“It’s not for sale.”

“So you’ll give it without charge?” His smirk taunted me. My scraped hands burned.

“You hit me with your car and want to take my things?” My voice trembled; I heard it growing louder, as if it were coming from someone else. “I’m not giving it away.” I snatched it from his hand.

The crowd murmured. I started walking away.

“Stop!”

His voice was so loud, it echoed off the buildings.

I didn’t stop.

I walked quickly until I turned the corner toward home. Only then did I break into a run.

The farther I ran, the sicker I felt.

Who was that man?

What exactly had I done?

9. Identify the story’s main character.

10. Identify the story’s main conflict and a complication that supports the conflict.

11. What is the story's turning point?
12. Describe Amal based on her actions.
13. What conclusion can you draw about Amal's feelings toward the mysterious stranger?
14. What is revealed in the story's first three paragraphs?
15. Identify the story's theme and provide textual evidence to support the theme.
16. Identify the mood or atmosphere the author creates at the beginning of the story.

Read the following excerpt and answer the questions that follow.

**Searching for Khalid** – *excerpt from Words in the Dust by Trent Reedy*

*This excerpt from Words in the Dust is set in present-day Afghanistan. The protagonist is a girl named Zulaikha.*

An Daral was a large village, full of winding streets lined with walls of stacked rocks or mud brick. With so many walls, I had to always be walking around a compound or a garden to look for Khalid. The soccer field was an empty stretch of packed dust. Little whirlwinds of sand were all that played there. He was not swimming in any of the three popular deep spots in the river, though the crushing heat made me envious of those who were. And even though finding the Americans might have helped me find my brother, I was glad when there wasn't a single soldier anywhere.

By the time I reached the bazaar, several shop owners were lowering their shutters to close up until it cooled off a little. I was lucky to have made it before everything was closed. I couldn't wait until evening for the shops to open again. By that time, Khalid would have gone

home on his own, if he wasn't there already, having a good laugh about making me run all over town in this heat.

I haggled forever with the man selling fruit. He must have thought I was dumb and didn't know how much the other women paid for oranges. By the time I'd argued my way to a fair price, most of the shops were locked up behind their shutters. Carrying my purchases in the small plastic sack from the rice man, I set off for the last place I might find Khalid.

Part of me hoped I would not find him there. I had to go through the butcher district. The bees and flies buzzed all about the cuts of beef and mutton that had swung from hooks since this morning's slaughter. The blood that stained the ground cooked in the glare of the sun and let off a sour-sweet stench that stung my eyes and nose. At the end of the street, I stepped out into the empty space that surrounded the Citadel.

*Reedy, Trent. Words In The Dust (pp. 29-30). Scholastic Inc.. Kindle Edition.*

17. How are the protagonists in *One Pomegranate* and *Searching for Khalid* similar?
18. Describe the differences in the shopping experiences of the main characters from the two above mentioned stories.
19. Identify the author's purpose for writing a section in a history book describing the causes of the Great Depression in the Midwest in the 1930s.
20. Identify the author's purpose for writing a fable.
21. Identify the author's purpose for writing an advertisement that attempts to convince you to purchase something.

