

2018 Summer Work- 9th Grade Honors

Name:



Welcome incoming 9th graders!

We are eager to meet you next year in your English 9 Honors class at Culver City High School. Before you join us in the fall, you must complete this summer assignment. The summer assignment is due the first day of school.

Students preparing for Honors English must complete **both** parts 1 and 2.

Part 1: Being a Teen/ Getting ready for High School	Part 2: Read <i>Of Mice and Men</i> and prepare for essay.
<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Print this entire packet and write your name on it. There are three texts:<ol style="list-style-type: none">a. "Marigolds" by Eugenia Collierb. "Irresistible by Design" from Fresh Airc. Study Skills and Learning Styles2. Read over the entire rubric before you begin.3. Annotate the documents<ol style="list-style-type: none">a. Box and define any unknown wordsb. Write margin notes about:<ol style="list-style-type: none">i. Key facts, people, placesii. Questions you haveiii. Connections between different ideas in the text, or between texts (How do the documents relate to each other?)iv. Connections outside of the text (how does it relate to your life or the real world?)v. Passages that are confusing, or that you do not understand4. At the end of each text are spaces for you to write- make sure to answer all parts of the question, and to write in complete sentences.	<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Read <i>Of Mice and Men</i> by John Steinbeck2. Collect 10 quotes related to the theme of the book.3. Write a 1-page personal response (what was your reaction to the book? What connections can you make between your life and the different characters or themes?) <p><i>Of Mice and Men</i> is available at the CCHS library.</p> <p>Part 2 of the summer assignment will be used for a diagnostic essay the first week of school.</p>

Rubric:

It is important to know that annotation means writing margin notes. Only highlighting or underlining the text will be considered “below expectations”.

	Exceeds Expectations	Meets Expectations	Approaching Expectations	Below Expectations
Margin Notes	All texts have extensive margin notes that match highlighted or underlined passages. Each paragraph has one or more margin notes.	All texts have margin notes that match highlighted or underlined passages. Each page has several margin notes.	All texts have some margin notes, OR highlighted/ underlined passages. Each page has 1-2 margin notes.	Significant portions of the texts lack margin notes, or some texts have not been annotated.
Depth	Annotations demonstrate that the student has carefully read and considered the texts’ meanings on a deep, profound level. Student makes thematic connections between texts.	Annotations demonstrate that the student has carefully read and considered each text’s meaning by using: -Questions -Comments -Connections to other texts or real life.	Annotations show that the reader understands the texts on a superficial, basic level.	It seems as though the reader largely misunderstood the text, or there are not enough annotations to determine if the reader understood.
Language	Student boxes and defines unknown words. Student circles words they find especially powerful or meaningful.	Student boxes and defines unknown words.	Student boxes, but does not define unknown words.	Student does not identify new words.
Connections and written responses	Student makes specific and detailed connections between the text and themselves, or between the text and other texts.	Student makes clear connections between the text and themselves, or the text and other texts.	Student attempts to make connections, but the connections are vague or unclear.	Student summarizes instead of making connections. OR Sentences are incomplete.

Text A: "Marigolds" by Eugenia Collier

When I think of the hometown of my youth, all that I seem to remember is dust—the brown, crumbly dust of late summer—arid, sterile dust that gets into the eyes and makes them water, gets into the throat and between the toes of bare brown feet. I don't know why I should remember only the dust. Surely there must have been lush green lawns and paved streets under leafy shade trees somewhere in town; but memory is an abstract painting—it does not present things as they are, but rather as they feel. And so, when I think of that time and that place, I remember only the dry September of the dirt roads and grassless yards of the shantytown where I lived. And one other thing I remember, another incongruity of memory—a brilliant splash of sunny yellow against the dust—Miss Lottie's marigolds.

Whenever the memory of those marigolds flashes across my mind, a strange nostalgia comes with it and remains long after the picture has faded. I feel again the chaotic emotions of adolescence, illusive as smoke, yet as real as the potted geranium before me now. Joy and rage and wild animal gladness and shame become tangled together in the multicolored skein of fourteen-going-on-fifteen as I recall that devastating moment when I was suddenly more woman than child, years ago in Miss Lottie's yard. I think of those marigolds at the strangest times; I remember them vividly now as I desperately pass away the time.

I suppose that futile waiting was the sorrowful background music of our impoverished little community when I was young. The Depression that gripped the nation was no new thing to us, for the black workers of rural Maryland had always been depressed. I don't know what it was that we were waiting for; certainly not for the prosperity that was "just around the corner," for those were white folks' words, which we never believed. Nor did we wait for hard work and thrift to pay off in shining success, as the American Dream promised, for we knew better than that, too. Perhaps we waited for a miracle, amorphous in concept but necessary if one were to have the grit to rise before dawn each day and labor in the white man's vineyard until after dark, or to wander about in the September dust offering one's sweat in return for some meager share of bread. But God was chary with miracles in those days, and so we waited—and waited.

We children, of course, were only vaguely aware of the extent of our poverty. Having no radios, few newspapers, and no magazines, we were somewhat unaware of the world outside our community. Nowadays we would be called culturally deprived and people would write books and hold conferences about us. In those days everybody we knew was just as hungry and ill clad as we were. Poverty was the cage in which we all were trapped, and our hatred of it was still the vague, undirected restlessness of the zoo-bred flamingo who knows that nature created him to fly free.

As I think of those days I feel most poignantly the tag end of summer, the bright, dry times when we began to have a sense of shortening days and the imminence of the cold.

By the time I was fourteen, my brother Joey and I were the only children left at our house, the older ones having left home for early marriage or the lure of the city, and the two babies having been sent to relatives who might care for them better than we. Joey was three years younger than I, and a boy, and therefore vastly inferior. Each morning our mother and father trudged wearily down the dirt road and around the bend, she to her domestic job, he to his daily unsuccessful quest for work. After our few chores around the tumbledown shanty, Joey and I were free to run wild in the sun with other children similarly situated.

For the most part, those days are ill-defined in my memory, running together and combining like a fresh watercolor painting left out in the rain. I remember squatting in the road drawing a picture in the dust, a picture which Joey gleefully erased with one sweep of his dirty foot. I remember fishing for minnows in a muddy creek and watching sadly as they eluded my cupped hands, while Joey laughed uproariously. And I remember, that year, a strange restlessness of body and of spirit, a feeling that something old and familiar was ending, and something unknown and therefore terrifying was beginning.

One day returns to me with special clarity for some reason, perhaps because it was the beginning of

the experience that in some inexplicable way marked the end of innocence. I was loafing under the great oak tree in our yard, deep in some reverie which I have now forgotten, except that it involved some secret, secret thoughts of one of the Harris boys across the yard. Joey and a bunch of kids were bored now with the old tire suspended from an oak limb, which had kept them entertained for a while. "Hey, Lizabeth," Joey yelled. He never talked when he could yell.

"Hey, Lizabeth, let's go somewhere."

I came reluctantly from my private world. "Where you want to go? What you want to do?"

The truth was that we were becoming tired of the formlessness of our summer days. The idleness whose prospect had seemed so beautiful during the busy days of spring now had degenerated to an almost desperate effort to fill up the empty midday hours.

"Let's go see can we find some locusts on the hill," someone suggested.

Joey was scornful. "Ain't no more locusts there. Y'all got 'em all while they was still green."

The argument that followed was brief and not really worth the effort. Hunting locust trees wasn't fun anymore by now.

"Tell you what," said Joey finally, his eyes sparkling. "Let's us go over to Miss Lottie's."

The idea caught on at once, for annoying Miss Lottie was always fun. I was still child enough to scamper along with the group over rickety fences and through bushes that tore our already raggedy clothes, back to where Miss Lottie lived. I think now that we must have made a tragicomic spectacle, five or six kids of different ages, each of us clad in only one garment—the girls in faded dresses that were too long or too short, the boys in patchy pants, their sweaty brown chests gleaming in the hot sun. A little cloud of dust followed our thin legs and bare feet as we tramped over the barren land.

When Miss Lottie's house came into view we stopped, ostensibly to plan our strategy, but actually to reinforce our courage. Miss Lottie's house was the most ramshackle of all our ramshackle homes. The sun and rain had long since faded its rickety frame siding from white to a sullen gray. The boards themselves seemed to remain upright not from being nailed together but rather from leaning together, like a house that a child might have constructed from cards. A brisk wind might have blown it down, and the fact that it was still standing implied a kind of enchantment that was stronger than the elements. There it stood and as far as I know is standing yet—a gray, rotting thing with no porch, no shutters, no steps, set on a cramped lot with no grass, not even any weeds—a monument to decay.

In front of the house in a squeaky rocking chair sat Miss Lottie's son, John Burke, completing the impression of decay. John Burke was what was known as queer-headed. Black and ageless, he sat rocking day in and day out in a mindless stupor, lulled by the monotonous squeak-squawk of the chair. A battered hat atop his shaggy head shaded him from the sun. Usually John Burke was totally unaware of everything outside his quiet dream world. But if you disturbed him, if you intruded upon his fantasies, he would become enraged, strike out at you, and curse at you in some strange enchanted language which only he could understand. We children made a game of thinking of ways to disturb John Burke and then to elude his violent retribution.

But our real fun and our real fear lay in Miss Lottie herself. Miss Lottie seemed to be at least a hundred years old. Her big frame still held traces of the tall, powerful woman she must have been in youth, although it was now bent and drawn. Her smooth skin was a dark reddish brown, and her face had Indian-like features and the stern stoicism that one associates with Indian faces. Miss Lottie didn't like intruders either, especially children. She never left her yard, and nobody ever visited her. We never knew how she managed those necessities which depend on human interaction—how she ate, for example, or even whether she ate. When we were tiny children, we thought Miss Lottie was a witch and we made up tales that we half believed

ourselves about her exploits. We were far too sophisticated now, of course, to believe the witch nonsense. But old fears have a way of clinging like cobwebs, and so when we sighted the tumbledown shack, we had to stop to reinforce our nerves.

“Look, there she is,” I whispered, forgetting that Miss Lottie could not possibly have heard me from that distance. “She’s fooling with them crazy flowers.”

“Yeh, look at ‘er.”

Miss Lottie’s marigolds were perhaps the strangest part of the picture. Certainly they did not fit in with the crumbling decay of the rest of her yard. Beyond the dusty brown yard, in front of the sorry gray house, rose suddenly and shockingly a dazzling strip of bright blossoms, clumped together in enormous mounds, warm and passionate and sun-golden. The old black witch-woman worked on them all summer, every summer, down on her creaky knees, weeding and cultivating and arranging, while the house crumbled and John Burke rocked. For some perverse reason, we children hated those marigolds. They interfered with the perfect ugliness of the place; they were too beautiful; they said too much that we could not understand; they did not make sense. There was something in the vigor with which the old woman destroyed the weeds that intimidated us. It should have been a comical sight—the old woman with the man’s hat on her cropped white head, leaning over the bright mounds, her big backside in the air—but it wasn’t comical, it was something we could not name. We had to annoy her by whizzing a pebble into her flowers or by yelling a dirty word, then dancing away from her rage, reveling in our youth and mocking her age. Actually, I think it was the flowers we wanted to destroy, but nobody had the nerve to try it, not even Joey, who was usually fool enough to try anything.

“Y’all git some stones,” commanded Joey now and was met with instant giggling obedience as everyone except me began to gather pebbles from the dusty ground. “Come on, Lizabeth.”

I just stood there peering through the bushes, torn between wanting to join the fun and feeling that it was all a bit silly.

“You scared, Lizabeth?”

I cursed and spat on the ground—my favorite gesture of phony bravado. “Y’all children get the stones, I’ll show you how to use ‘em.”

I said before that we children were not consciously aware of how thick were the bars of our cage. I wonder now, though, whether we were not more aware of it than I thought. Perhaps we had some dim notion of what we were, and how little chance we had of being anything else. Otherwise, why would we have been so preoccupied with destruction? Anyway, the pebbles were collected quickly, and everybody looked at me to begin the fun.

“Come on, y’all.”

We crept to the edge of the bushes that bordered the narrow road in front of Miss Lottie’s place. She was working placidly, kneeling over the flowers, her dark hand plunged into the golden mound. Suddenly zing—an expertly aimed stone cut the head off one of the blossoms.

“Who out there?” Miss Lottie’s backside came down and her head came up as her sharp eyes searched the bushes. “You better git!”

We had crouched down out of sight in the bushes, where we stifled the giggles that insisted on coming. Miss Lottie gazed warily across the road for a moment, then cautiously returned to her weeding. Zing—Joey sent a pebble into the blooms, and another marigold was beheaded.

Miss Lottie was enraged now. She began struggling to her feet, leaning on a rickety cane and shouting. “Y’all git! Go on home!” Then the rest of the kids let loose with their pebbles, storming the flowers

and laughing wildly and senselessly at Miss Lottie's impotent rage. She shook her stick at us and started shakily toward the road crying, "Git 'long! John Burke! John Burke, come help!"

Then I lost my head entirely, mad with the power of inciting such rage, and ran out of the bushes in the storm of pebbles, straight toward Miss Lottie, chanting madly, "Old witch, fell in a ditch, picked up a penny and thought she was rich!" The children screamed with delight, dropped their pebbles, and joined the crazy dance, swarming around Miss Lottie like bees and chanting, "Old lady witch!" while she screamed curses at us. The madness lasted only a moment, for John Burke, startled at last, lurched out of his chair, and we dashed for the bushes just as Miss Lottie's cane went whizzing at my head.

I did not join the merriment when the kids gathered again under the oak in our bare yard. Suddenly I was ashamed, and I did not like being ashamed. The child in me sulked and said it was all in fun, but the woman in me flinched at the thought of the malicious attack that I had led. The mood lasted all afternoon. When we ate the beans and rice that was supper that night, I did not notice my father's silence, for he was always silent these days, nor did I notice my mother's absence, for she always worked until well into evening. Joey and I had a particularly bitter argument after supper; his exuberance got on my nerves. Finally I stretched out upon the pallet in the room we shared and fell into a fitful doze.

When I awoke, somewhere in the middle of the night, my mother had returned, and I vaguely listened to the conversation that was audible through the thin walls that separated our rooms. At first I heard no words, only voices. My mother's voice was like a cool, dark room in summer—peaceful, soothing, quiet. I loved to listen to it; it made things seem all right somehow. But my father's voice cut through hers, shattering the peace.

"Twenty-two years, Maybelle, twenty-two years," he was saying, "and I got nothing for you, nothing, nothing."

"It's all right, honey, you'll get something. Everybody out of work now, you know that."

"It ain't right. Ain't no man ought to eat his woman's food year in and year out, and see his children running wild. Ain't nothing right about that."

"Honey, you took good care of us when you had it. Ain't nobody got nothing nowadays."

"I ain't talking about nobody else, I m talking about me. God knows I try." My mother said something I could not hear, and my father cried out louder, "What must a man do, tell me that?"

"Look, we ain't starving. I git paid every week, and Mrs. Ellis is real nice about giving me things. She gonna let me have Mr. Ellis's old coat for you this winter—"

"Damn Mr. Ellis's coat! And damn his money! You think I want white folks' leavings?"

"Damn, Maybelle"—and suddenly he sobbed, loudly and painfully, and cried helplessly and hopelessly in the dark night. I had never heard a man cry before. I did not know men ever cried. I covered my ears with my hands but could not cut off the sound of my father's harsh, painful, despairing sobs. My father was a strong man who could whisk a child upon his shoulders and go singing through the house. My father whittled toys for us, and laughed so loud that the great oak seemed to laugh with him, and taught us how to fish and hunt rabbits. How could it be that my father was crying? But the sobs went on, unstified, finally quieting until I could hear my mother's voice, deep and rich, humming softly as she used to hum to a frightened child.

The world had lost its boundary lines. My mother, who was small and soft, was now the strength of the family; my father, who was the rock on which the family had been built, was sobbing like the tiniest child. Everything was suddenly out of tune, like a broken accordion. Where did I fit into this crazy picture? I do not now remember my thoughts, only a feeling of great bewilderment and fear.

Long after the sobbing and humming had stopped, I lay on the pallet, still as stone with my hands over my ears, wishing that I too could cry and be comforted. The night was silent now except for the sound of the crickets and of Joey's soft breathing. But the room was too crowded with fear to allow me to sleep, and finally, feeling the terrible aloneness of 4 A.M., I decided to awaken Joey.

"Ouch! What's the matter with you? What you want?" he demanded disagreeably when I had pinched and slapped him awake.

"Come on, wake up."

"What for? Go 'way."

I was lost for a reasonable reply. I could not say, "I'm scared and I don't want to be alone," so I merely said, "I'm going out. If you want to come, come on."

The promise of adventure awoke him. "Going out now? Where to, Lizabeth? What you going to do?"

I was pulling my dress over my head. Until now I had not thought of going out. "Just come on," I replied tersely.

I was out the window and halfway down the road before Joey caught up with me. "Wait, Lizabeth, where you going?"

I was running as if the **Furies** were after me, as perhaps they were—running silently and furiously until I came to where I had half known I was headed: to Miss Lottie's yard. The half-dawn light was more eerie than complete darkness, and in it the old house was like the ruin that my world had become—foul and crumbling, a grotesque caricature. It looked haunted, but I was not afraid, because I was haunted too.

"Lizabeth, you lost your mind?" panted Joey.

I had indeed lost my mind, for all the smoldering emotions of that summer swelled in me and burst—the great need for my mother who was never there, the hopelessness of our poverty and degradation, the bewilderment of being neither child nor woman and yet both at once, the fear unleashed by my father's tears. And these feelings combined in one great impulse toward destruction.

"Lizabeth!"

I leaped furiously into the mounds of marigolds and pulled madly, trampling and pulling and destroying the perfect yellow blooms. The fresh smell of early morning and of dew-soaked marigolds spurred me on as I went tearing and mangling and sobbing while Joey tugged my dress or my waist crying, "Lizabeth, stop, please stop!"

And then I was sitting in the ruined little garden among the uprooted and ruined flowers, crying and crying, and it was too late to undo what I had done. Joey was sitting beside me, silent and frightened, not knowing what to say. Then, "Lizabeth, look!"

I opened my swollen eyes and saw in front of me a pair of large, calloused feet; my gaze lifted to the swollen legs, the age-distorted body clad in a tight cotton nightdress, and then the shadowed Indian face surrounded by stubby white hair. And there was no rage in the face now, now that the garden was destroyed and there was nothing any longer to be protected.

"M-miss Lottie!" I scrambled to my feet and just stood there and stared at her, and that was the moment when childhood faded and womanhood began. That violent, crazy act was the last act of childhood. For as I gazed at the immobile face with the sad, weary eyes, I gazed upon a kind of reality which is hidden to childhood. The witch was no longer a witch but only a broken old woman who had dared to create beauty in the midst of ugliness and sterility. She had been born in squalor and lived in it all her life. Now at the end

of that life she had nothing except a fallingdown hut, a wrecked body, and John Burke, the mindless son of her passion. Whatever verve there was left in her, whatever was of love and beauty and joy that had not been squeezed out by life, had been there in the marigolds she had so tenderly cared for.

Of course I could not express the things that I knew about Miss Lottie as I stood there awkward and ashamed. The years have put words to the things I knew in that moment, and as I look back upon it, I know that that moment marked the end of innocence. Innocence involves an unseeing acceptance of things at face value, an ignorance of the area below the surface. In that humiliating moment I looked beyond myself and into the depths of another person. This was the beginning of compassion, and one cannot have both compassion and innocence.

The years have taken me worlds away from that time and that place, from the dust and squalor of our lives, and from the bright thing that I destroyed in a blind, childish striking out at God knows what. Miss Lottie died long ago and many years have passed since I last saw her hut, completely barren at last, for despite my wild contrition she never planted marigolds again. Yet, there are times when the image of those passionate yellow mounds returns with a painful poignancy. For one does not have to be ignorant and poor to find that his life is as barren as the dusty yards of our town. And I too have planted marigolds.

Furies: in Greek and Roman mythology, spirits who pursue people who have committed crimes, sometimes driving them mad.

In the space below, write a text-to-self connection. How does this text relate to you or your life?

Text B: “Irresistible by Design: It’s No Accident You Can’t Stop Looking at the Screen” interview from Fresh Air

1) Listen to the podcast and read along with the transcript, which is available at:

<http://www.npr.org/sections/alltechconsidered/2017/03/13/519977607/irresistible-by-design-its-no-accident-you-cant-stop-looking-at-the-screen>

2) Answer the questions below with detail and in complete sentences.

What is Adam Alter’s main argument in this interview? Use one quote from the interview to support your answer.

Do you agree or disagree with Adam Alter’s argument? Make sure to explain why and use examples.

How do you use technology? Are you over-using it, or are you using it in moderation?

After listening to this podcast, will you make any changes to your technology use? Why or why not?

Discover Your Learning Style

Taken From: <http://www.educationcorner.com/learning-styles.html>

Each person has different learning preferences and styles that benefit them. Some may find they even have a dominant learning style. Others that they prefer different learning styles in different circumstances. There is no right or wrong answer to which learning style is best for you – or mix of learning styles. However, by discovering and better understanding your own learning styles, you can employ techniques that will improve the rate and quality of your learning.

There are seven key learning styles. These include:

- **Visual** (spatial) – learning through imagery and spatial understanding
- **Aural** (auditory) – learning through listening, sound, and music
- **Verbal** (linguistic) – learning through speech and writing
- **Physical** (kinesthetic) – learning through hands-on, tactile interaction
- **Logical** (mathematical) – learning through logic, reasoning and systems
- **Social** (interpersonal) – preference for learning in groups or working with other people
- **Solitary** (intrapersonal) – preference for learning alone via self-study

Below we'll explore each of these learning styles in more depth.

Visual Learning Style

If you prefer lessons that employ imagery to teach, chances you're a visual learner, many people are. Visual learners retain information better when it's presented in pictures, videos, graphs, and books. These learners benefit when information is presented on an overhead projector or white board, or on a piece of paper. Visual learners often make sure their notes are very detailed and spend extra time reviewing information from textbooks. Visual learners also frequently draw pictures or develop diagrams when trying to comprehend a subject or memorize rote information.

If you're a visual learner, use pictures, images, color, diagrams and other visual media in your note taking, test preparation and studying. Whenever possible, use pictures instead of text. Try to develop diagrams to understand concepts and story boards to remember important sequences and relationships.

Aural Learning Style

Aural (auditory) learners retain information better when it's presented in lecture format, via speeches, audio recordings, and other forms of verbal communication. While a visual learner would prefer to read a book or watch a video, auditory learners would prefer to attend a lecture or listen to a book on tape. Aural learners are also big on sound and music. They can typically sing, are musically inclined, play an instrument, and can identify different sounds.

If you're an aural learner, integrate auditory media, listening techniques, sound, rhyme, or even music in your learning and studying. You may also consider using background music and sounds to help you with visualization of processes and systems. For example, if you're practicing flight procedures, you may considering playing a recording of an aircraft in the background as you study. You can also use music, rhythm, rhyming and music techniques to memorize and retain information.

Replacing the lyrics of a favorite song with information you're learning is a very powerful way to memorize large amounts of information for aural learnings. Use this technique and you'll never forget the information again.

Verbal Learning Style

Verbal learning involves both writing and speaking. People who are verbal learners usually find it easy to express themselves, both verbally and in writing. They often love to read and write, enjoy rhymes, tongue twisters, and limericks. They also have a well developed vocabulary, like to find the meaning of words, and are able to assimilate new words into their vocabulary with relative ease.

Verbal learners should try employing learning and studying techniques that involve speaking and/or writing. Reading aloud while reviewing subject matter is useful for verbal learners. Word-based techniques such as scripting and assertion are effective strategies for improving memory and recall for verbal learners. Acronym mnemonics are also an effective trick verbal learners can use to memorize lists and sequences.

Physical Learning Style

Physical learners, also referred to as *kinesthetic* or *tactile* learners, retain information best through hands-on interaction and participation – they need to experience things. For example, a physical learner in an automotive repair class would learn better working directly on cars than sitting through a lecture or reading a book about cars. Physical learners excel in classes where they're assigned to study in labs.

If you're a physical learner, employ touch, action, interaction and hands-on involvement in your study and learning activities. If you're going to learn how to sail boat, read your manual, but make sure to spend the majority of your time on a boat working through the techniques and sequences.

Logical Learning Style

Individuals who excel at math and possess strong logical reasoning skills are usually logical learners. They notice patterns quickly and have a keen ability to link information that would seem non-related by others. Logical learners retain details better by drawing connections after organizing an assortment of information.

Maximize your ability to learn by seeking to understand the meaning and reasoning behind the subject you're studying. Don't depend on rote memorization. Explore the links between related subject matter and make sure to understand details. Use 'systems thinking' to help you better understand the relationship between various parts of a system. This will not only help you understand the bigger picture, it will help you understand why each component part is important.

Social Learning Style

Social learners usually have excellent written and verbal communication skills. These individuals are at ease speaking with others and are adept at comprehending other people's perspectives. For this reason, people frequently seek counsel from social learners. Social learners learn best working with groups and take opportunities to meet individually with teachers. If you like bouncing your ideas off others, prefer working through issues as a group, and thoroughly enjoy working with others, there's a good chance you're a social learner.

If you're a social learner, you should seek opportunities to study with others. If the class you're in doesn't have formal groups, make your own group.

Solitary Learning Style

Solitary learners usually prefer working by themselves in private settings. They do not rely on others for help when solving a problem or studying. Solitary learners frequently analyze their learning preferences and methods. Since solitary learners prefer to work alone, it is possible for them to waste time on a difficult problem before seeking assistance. However, solitary learning can be very effective learning style for students.

To get the most out of your time studying, it is very helpful to identify your personal learning preferences and styles.

Help Me Use Learning Styles Strategies to Study Smarter

http://www.cbcurtis.net/SlausonMain/SlausonMain/Orientation_Meetings_files/Improve-My-High-School-Study-Skills.pdf

Auditory Learners:

Auditory learners process and remember information best when they hear it and repeat it. Use this knowledge to customize your high school study skills with teacher-tested auditory learning styles strategies.

Read aloud and repeat. Highlight key concepts as you read. Then read the highlighted material aloud. To memorize facts, repeat the information aloud several times.

Record and review. To boost retention, record lectures (get permission first). Then review the material at home. If you take written notes, read them into a recorder and play them back. You can also read, record, and listen to textbook chapters.

Discuss. Explain new concepts to a family member or study partner. When you have required reading, retell the main points of the selection in your own words.

Practice word association. Use rhymes and acronyms to help recall facts.

Use Audiobooks. Ask your librarian if a required book is available on CD. To increase comprehension of a book on CD, follow along the text as you listen.

Ask for help. Ask friends and family members to quiz you orally as you prepare for tests.

Visual Learners

To study most efficiently, focus on the strengths of a visual learning style.

Use color. Buy a rainbow of pens and highlighters. When you take notes, use different colors for different concepts. Write key concepts three times in three different colors. Highlight important passages and points in standout shades.

Look at the pictures first. Before you read a passage from a textbook, first look at the illustrations to get an idea of the topic. When you read the chapter, review the graphics to help you remember key concepts.

Picture what you read. As you read, get a clear idea of what's going on by picturing the action in your mind. Use flashcards.

Use flashcards to help you memorize facts. For example, for a history class, write a date on one side of a card and key events that took place on that date on the reverse.

Get it in writing. Remember to take notes on everything your teacher writes on the board or displays using presentation software. Ask the teacher to supply written assignments whenever possible.

Kinesthetic Learners

Kinesthetic learners process information and solve problems most efficiently when they turn learning into a hands-on activity. Try some of these kinesthetic learning strategies.

Get a grip on it. If you can, choose projects that let you use your hands. If you are studying the solar system, for instance, build a model of it.

Get more from reading. When you read, follow along with your fingers or a bookmark to boost comprehension. Use bright colors to underline, circle, and highlight concepts. Rewrite relevant facts or key concepts in your own words. Act out a passage from a book you are assigned or put on a skit to demonstrate what you are studying.

Take a break. To focus better and avoid boredom, study for a short time (no longer than thirty minutes), and then take a physical activity break. Then go back and study for another 30 minutes, repeat.

Explore. Take field trips. Look for exhibits or programs that relate to topics you are learning about in class. For instance, if you are studying ancient Egypt, go to a museum that has ancient Egyptian artifacts.

Answer question on the back.

In the space below, answer: What is your learning style? How do you know? Which study skills will you use?
