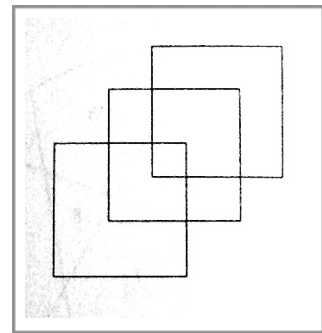


Classic Works

Assignment 15

- Memorize **stanzas 1–4** of Alfred Tennyson’s poem “Crossing the Bar.” I will have you recite the entire poem in our lesson.
- Science Fiction often takes an objective look at human nature from an outsider’s perspective, as Wells does in his work “The Star.” As I told you I would do in class, I have attached a comic strip which illustrates this perspective on the online assignment sheet.
- Read the science fiction story “The Magic Shop” by H. G. Wells, which has been posted online. As part of your assignment, discuss in three paragraphs the elements of science fiction OR Gothic that we talked about in class that become evident in the story. Enjoy!
- Earlier this school year we read an excerpt from Lewis Carroll’s *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*. You may remember that Lewis Carroll (Charles Dodgson) was a mathematician/logician as well. Here is a puzzle that he invented: How can three squares pictured left be drawn without taking the pen off the paper, intersecting any line or going over any part of a line twice? (Try to solve the puzzle without looking on the internet!)
- You will be writing a fictional letter this year for speech night. Read the following student examples (below) for inspiration.



Long Range Assignments

You will be writing a critical essay on one of the science fiction stories that we have read. The essay will be due the **fourth week of January**. Choose one of the stories to write on. Identify the story’s theme and think about how the author develops the theme through the details of the story, such as through its characters, setting, plot development, symbols, dialog, word choice, etc.

Dear Tissue Box,

It's been a long time since we've seen each other—about a year in fact, when I had my last cold. We used to get together more often. Yes, those were the days.

We were bosom friends then, inseparable really (especially during allergy season). You were what they call “a friend in need,” pretty much always at arm's length when I needed you. I got a really bad cold that lasted for two weeks, and at first you were right there for me. I guess it was because I wasn't feeling well, but after a few days I started to have second thoughts about our friendship. It might sound strange, but I am sure it happens all the time. I suddenly began to wonder why we were friends at all. One day we were getting along like bosom pals and then the next day I found your personality colorless—just one blank sheet of tissue paper after the next. When you weren't boring me, I found you unbearably rough. You started to get on my nerves, and then came the big argument. I said that you were no better than a piece of sandpaper, and that no one in the world would put up with you. I then brought up that time we were on summer vacation when I had the bad allergies—when I couldn't stop sneezing and my eyes were watering up. Of course I needed a friend like you to comfort me. But where were you? Nowhere to be found. And when I did find you, you were virtually empty of sympathy.

After I scolded you for an hour, you excused yourself, saying that no box had an unending supply of tissues. “Tissues?” I said, “You mean sandpaper!” You then replied in your coarse sort of way, that if I didn't appreciate you for who you were, you would just leave. I said go ahead, and I took one last blow of the nose on your colorless personality, and you were gone.

I've heard that you have since made other friends and are now trying to avoid me. I didn't know tissue boxes could bear grudges, but what else can we call it? Two weeks ago, I had a glimpse of you in my sister's hands. I tried to catch your attention, but you just ignored me. Then when I grabbed you the other day from my brother, and said I'd like to blow my nose for old times' sake, you said that you were busy with your new friends with their colds. You said they were very jealous friends and wouldn't share you. So be it. But I'd like to make one thing clear—that I will never go so low as to fight over a box of sandpaper masquerading as tissues.

And I also refuse to have a friendship that's one sided. Since we are now through, perhaps you'd like to know that I have a new circle of friends. Unlike you, they're not abrasive. Unlike you they have colorful personalities. They speak gently, and aren't selfish. And unlike you, they are faithful friends that I don't have to replace. They are hankies.

Sincerely yours,

Elsa Walter

Dear Art Pencils,

I don't know what I would ever do without you. You are my very best friends and my drawing partners. I am very grateful for each and every one of you. You help draw every single picture I think of and make them even better than my actual idea. Any mistake I make you can erase and make anew. Without you drawing would be very hard and none of my drawings would ever look as amazing as they do now. With you my creativity is magnificently revealed.

When I want to draw something that will catch everyone's attention, you, my dear Pencil 8B will use your dark bold lines to make the object pop out, and draw more attention to it. If I want to draw something sharp, you Pencil H, who always seems to be angry, create the object with your hard thin lines. Or if I wanted to draw something with a soft effect or with shading, my soft and sweet pencil Pencil B, you create soft, bold strokes. And let me not forget my dearest pencil 2H, who's every line and curve is absolute perfection. All of you—Pencil 8B, Pencil H, Pencil B, Pencil 2H—reveal my creativity, and the picture in my mind comes out beautifully on the paper. Every detail you make is nothing less than miraculous. With you, the beautiful tree that I picture in my mind bursts with life as it's brilliantly drawn with great detail and beauty. With you, my sorrowful feelings become a lonely boat drifting on a forgotten sea with a lost sailor. With you, the happy little boy I imagine is portrayed with a bright and happy smile and a spark in his eyes to show his joy.

You see, my dear art pencils, you mean a lot to me. I love to draw, and sometimes I draw how I feel and you capture it perfectly. Far away there in the sunshine are my dreams and you are the one who makes those dreams real and who brings my imagination into reality—and what would this old world be without the imagination? I hope nothing ever separates us from each other. I couldn't bear to be without you all.

Your Creative Friend,

Zipporah