

Student Name _____ *Date Submitted* _____

ENGLISH 9 (v5)

Section 1.0 Send-In: *Simply Beastly!*

Complete this send-in as part of your course enrollment. This will be your first mark entered for the course. When this assignment has been received by SCIDES, your course materials will be sent to you.

This send-in consists of:

- English 9 Course Planner _____ / 5 marks
- Activity 1A _____ / 20 marks
- Activity 1B _____ / 20 marks

TOTAL: _____ / 45 marks _____ %



Mail:

- 1) This **Cover Sheet**
- 2) **Return Address** (page 2 or Comment Sheet) – Fill out with your complete name and address.
- 3) **Send-In Assignments** – Completed Part A and Part B assignments.

*Be sure to put proper **postage** on the envelope (if necessary) and add your **return address**.*

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Is this a change of address?

Yes

No

Please print in pencil

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY / TOWN, PROVINCE / COUNTRY, POSTAL CODE

Use this address box
if you are mailing
a **TEST**

Please print

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY / TOWN
PROVINCE / COUNTRY
POSTAL CODE

Is this a change of address?

Yes

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Use this address box
if mailing a
SEND-IN ACTIVITY

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Name: _____

___ / 5 marks

English 9 Course Planner

Complete all the following contact information that applies to you and check the one that is the best way to contact you during the day:

Home Phone: _____ Work Phone: _____ Cell: _____

Email: _____

other way to contact you (explain) _____

When is the best time for your teacher or tutor/marker to contact you? ___:___ AM PM

Check your Grade: Grade 9 Grade 10 Grade 11 Grade 12 Graduated

Timetable Options/Course Plan

One of the keys to being successful in anything that you do is to take the time to plan carefully. The objective of this section is to help you create a timetable for managing your schoolwork and enable you to set goals for finishing all of your courses by your desired completion date. **Most full-time students complete 3 to 5 assignments each week.**

The flexibility of our distributed learning program offers you many choices but a plan for completion is essential to success. Most full-time students complete 8 courses in a school year (10 months). The most common timetables are 'semestered' (4 courses at a time) or "linear" (8 courses at a time).

What is your planned schedule? Semester System (22 weeks) Linear System (44 weeks)

other: *(explain)* _____

What is your intended **start** date for this course? Now Other date: _____

What is your intended **completion** date for this course? _____ (month) _____ (year)

How many courses are you taking with us this year? ____ How many with other schools/programs? ____

English 9 consists of 14 more send-in assignments and 3 module tests. How many assignments/tests per week must you do to complete this course as planned? _____



- *Mark target submission dates on a calendar.*
- *Add this same information from other courses to help you create a schedule for completion.*
- *Record the actual dates you submit work so you can track your progress.*



Delivery Method

English 9 is offered as an online-supported print course. You will receive workbooks in print form and you have the option of also accessing the online support. If you sign up for the English 9 online classroom, you may still choose to do assignments on paper and send in by regular mail.

In the online classroom, you will find:

- assignments uploaded as templates in Word. You submit the completed assignments electronically.
- tips & pointers for doing the course including comments from the marker/tutor and links out to websites that clarify the concepts
- access to other English 9 learners and your marker/tutor

Benefits to the online classroom:

- word-processing ability on assignments
- clarification of concepts and/or assignment instructions
- quicker turn-around time for marked assignments
- improved/corrected assignments (the uploaded assignments may differ from the print versions)
- participation is completely optional even once you have access



Would you like access to the online classroom for English 9?

YES

NO THANKS

Anything else?

Is there anything else you would like us to know about you or your education plans or learning style that will help us provide you with better service?

Ernest Buckler

PENNY IN THE DUST

Memories of those we love . . . some painful, others to be treasured—like a shiny new penny.

My sister and I were walking through the old sun-still fields the evening before my father's funeral, recalling this memory or that—trying, after the fashion of families who gather again in the place where they were born, to identify ourselves with the strange children we must have been.

"Do you remember the afternoon we thought you were lost?" my sister said. I did. That was as long ago as the day I was seven, but I'd had occasion to remember it only yesterday.

"We searched everywhere," she said. "Up in the meeting-house, back in the blueberry barrens—we even looked in the well. I think it's the only time I ever saw Father really upset. He didn't even stop to take the oxen off the wagon tongue when they told him. He raced right through the chopping where Tom Reeve was burning brush, looking for you—right through the flames almost; they couldn't do a thing with him. And you up in your bed, sound asleep!"

"It was all over losing a penny or something, wasn't it?" she went on, when I didn't answer. It was. She laughed indulgently. "You were a crazy kid, weren't you."

I was. But there was more to it than that. I had never seen a shining new penny before that day. I'd thought they were all black. This one was bright as gold. And my father had given it to me.

You'd have to understand about my father, and that is the hard thing to tell. If I say that he worked all day long but never once

had I seen him hurry, that would make him sound like a stupid man. If I say that he never held me on his knee when I was a child and that I never heard him laugh out loud in his life, it would make him sound humorless and severe. If I said that whenever I'd be reeling off some of my fanciful plans and he'd come into the kitchen and I'd stop short, you'd think that he was distant and that in some kind of way I was afraid of him. None of that would be true.

There's no way you can tell it to make it sound like anything more than an inarticulate man a little at sea with an imaginative child. You'll have to take my word for it that there was more to it than that. It was as if his sure-footed way in the fields forsook him the moment he came near the door of my child's world and that he could never intrude on it without feeling awkward and conscious of trespass; and that I, sensing that but not understanding it, felt at the sound of his solid step outside, the child-world's foolish fragility. He would fix the small spot where I planted beans and other quick-sprouting seeds before he prepared the big garden, even if the spring was late; but he wouldn't ask me how many rows I wanted and if he made three rows and I wanted four, I couldn't ask him to change them. If I walked behind the load of hay, longing to ride, and he walked ahead of the oxen, I couldn't ask him to put me up and he wouldn't make any move to do so until he saw me trying to grasp the binder.

He, my father, had just given me a new penny, bright as gold.

He'd taken it from his pocket several times, pretending to examine the date on it, waiting for me to notice it. He couldn't offer me *anything* until I had shown some sign that the gift would be welcome.

"You can have it if you want it, Pete," he said at last.

"Oh, thanks," I said. Nothing more. I couldn't expose any of my eagerness either.

I started with it, to the store. For a penny you could buy the magic cylinder of "Long Tom" popcorn with Heaven knows what glittering bauble inside. But the more I thought of my bright penny disappearing forever into the black drawstring pouch the storekeeper kept his money in, the slower my steps lagged as the store came nearer and nearer. I sat down in the road.

It was that time of magic suspension in an August afternoon. The lifting smells of leaves and cut clover hung still in the sun. The sun

drowsed, like a kitten curled up on my shoulder. The deep flour-fine dust in the road puffed about my bare ankles, warm and soft as sleep. The sound of the cowbells came sharp and hollow from the cool swamp.

I began to play with the penny, putting off the decision. I would close my eyes and bury it deep in the sand; and then, with my eyes still closed, get up and walk around, and then come back to search for it. Tantalizing myself, each time, with the excitement of discovering afresh its bright shining edge. I did that again and again. Alas, once too often.

It was almost dark when their excited talking in the room awakened me. It was Mother who had found me. I suppose when it came dusk she thought of me in my bed other nights, and I suppose she looked there without any reasonable hope but only as you look in every place where the thing that is lost has ever lain before. And now suddenly she was crying because when she opened the door there, miraculously, I was.

"Peter!" she cried, ignoring the obvious in her sudden relief, "where have you been?"

"I lost my penny," I said.

"You lost your penny . . . ? But what made you come up here and hide?"

If Father hadn't been there, I might have told her the whole story. But when I looked up at Father, standing there like the shape of everything sound and straight, it was like daylight shredding the memory of a silly dream. How could I bear the shame of repeating before him the childish visions I had built in my head in the magic August afternoon when almost anything could be made to seem real, as I buried the penny and dug it up again? How could I explain that pit-of-the-stomach sickness which struck through the whole day when I had to believe, at last, that it was really gone? How could I explain that I wasn't really hiding from *them*? How, with the words and the understanding I had then, that this was the only possible place to run from that awful feeling of loss?

"I lost my penny," I said again. I looked at Father and turned my face into the pillow. "I want to go to sleep."

"Peter," Mother said, "it's almost nine o'clock. You haven't had a bite of supper. Do you know you almost scared the *life* out of us?"

"You better get some supper," Father said. It was the only time he had spoken.

I never dreamed that he would mention the thing again. But the next morning when we had the hay forks in our hands, ready to toss out the clover, he seemed to postpone the moment of actually leaving for the field. He stuck his fork in the ground and brought in another pail of water, though the kettle was chock full. He took out the shingle nail that held a broken yoke strap together and put it back in exactly the same hole. He went into the shed to see if the pigs had cleaned up all their breakfast.

And then he said abruptly: "Ain't you got no idea where you lost your penny?"

"Yes," I said, "I know just about."

"Let's see if we can't find it," he said.

We walked down the road together, stiff with awareness. He didn't hold my hand.

"It's right here somewhere," I said. "I was playin' with it, in the dust."

He looked at me, but he didn't ask me what game anyone could possibly play with a penny in the dust.

I might have known he would find it. He could tap the alder bark with his jack-knife just exactly hard enough so it wouldn't split but so it would twist free from the notched wood, to make a whistle. His great fingers could trace loose the hopeless snarl of a fishing line that I could only succeed in tangling tighter and tighter. If I broke the handle of my wheelbarrow ragged beyond sight of any possible repair, he could take it and bring it back to me so you could hardly see the splice if you weren't looking for it.

He got down on his knees and drew his fingers carefully through the dust, like a harrow; not clawing it frantically into heaps as I had done, covering even as I uncovered. He found the penny almost at once.

He held it in his hand, as if the moment of passing it to me were a deadline for something he dreaded to say, but must. Something that could not be put off any longer, if it were to spoken at all.

"Pete," he said, "you needn'ta hid. I wouldn'ta beat you."

"Beat me? Oh, Father! You didn't think that was the reason . . .?" I felt almost sick. I felt as if I had struck *him*.

I had to tell him the truth then. Because only the truth, no matter

how ridiculous it was, would have the unmistakable sound truth has, to scatter that awful idea out of his head.

"I wasn't hidin', Father," I said, "honest. I was . . . I was buryin' my penny and makin' out I was diggin' up treasure. I was makin' out I was findin' gold. I didn't know what to *do* when I lost it, I just didn't know where to *go* . . ." His head was bent forward, like mere listening. I had to make it truer still.

"I made out it was gold," I said desperately, "and I—I was makin' out I bought you a mowin' machine so's you could get your work done early every day so's you and I could go in to town in the big automobile I made out I bought you—and everyone'd turn around and look at us drivin' down the streets . . ." His head was perfectly still, as if he were only waiting with patience for me to finish. "*Laughin'* and *talkin'*," I said. Louder, smiling intensely, *compelling* him, by the absolute conviction of some true particular, to believe me.

He looked up then. It was the only time I had ever seen tears in his eyes. It was the only time in my seven years that he had ever put his arm around me.

I wondered, though, why he hesitated, and then put the penny back in his own pocket.

Yesterday I knew. I never found any fortune and we never had a car to ride in together. But I think he knew what that would be like, just the same. I found the penny again yesterday, when we were getting out his good suit—in an upper vest pocket where no one ever carries change. It was still shining. He must have kept it polished.

I left it there.

Responding

1. What key information about plot and character is given in the story's first sentence?
2. The episodes of this narrative are not in chronological order. What is the purpose of the flashback?

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Section 1

Lesson A

(As you work through the Lessons in this Section, keep track of the time spent. You will be asked to record the total time at the end of the Send-In Activities.)



INTRODUCTION TO *PENNY IN THE DUST*

In any family, honest communication between family members is an essential component of a healthy family life. We communicate in many ways—with our voices, with our actions, and even with our silences. In our first story, *Penny in the Dust*, a man remembers an incident from his childhood which shows how easily a lack of communication can lead to a misunderstanding. The story ends happily, however, because another critical component of a successful family life was present: the *love* that the father and son had for each other had been communicated, if not verbally, at least emotionally. You should now read *Penny in the Dust* from your **Inside Stories 1** anthology, and as you do so, observe how the love between the father and son overcomes the misunderstanding caused by the poor communication between them.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SHORT STORY

Even before there was writing, there were stories. Short stories were told orally and the good ones were passed down from generation to generation. Even though short stories are works of fiction, the ideas for them originate in the *real* lives of the people who tell the stories or listen to them. Good stories reflect the values of the people who tell or write them, and so we can learn much about life and reality from these tales.

Before we can discuss the merits of *Penny in the Dust* and what it has to say about life and reality, it is worthwhile to briefly examine the characteristics of a short story. Because this is the first short story you have read for this course, gaining an understanding of the short story form at this point should help you with your work in the other English 9 Modules.

Here are the main characteristics of the short story:

1. A short story is not a shortened form of a novel; it is a literary form in itself.
2. A short story must be short. Because it is meant to be read at a single sitting, its average length is between 3000 and 4000 words. The beginning of the story is especially important; it must catch the reader's attention and interest.
3. The average short story has no more than three characters. These characters should be life-like and believable.
4. The story normally spans only a few hours or a few days out of the main character's lifetime, and therefore, the background information or setting of the story is usually not very detailed. Every bit of information that is included in the story is consequently very important and meaningful.
5. There must be a struggle, problem, obstacle, or conflict to be overcome. Most often, this conflict will be the result of some aspect of the main character's personality.
6. As a good short story only describes one major action, event, or incident, there will be only one climax, followed almost immediately by a conclusion. The climax of the short story is the point at which we suspect how the story will end or how the conflict will be resolved. It may or may not be the most exciting or highest point in the story.

In the Activities that follow this Lesson, we will be looking at how these characteristics of the short story have been handled by the writer of *Penny in the Dust*.

Now do Activity 1 A.



Activity 1 A

Answer in complete sentences.

1. What kind of information is given to us in the story's first four paragraphs? (3 marks)

2. This story uses a device known as the *flashback* to give us some essential background information. A flashback takes the reader back into the past; it is a recalling of an event or incident that is important to the plot or to character development.

- (a) Give the paragraph in the story that marks the start of the narrator's flashback.

- (b) How does the writer connect or link this flashback with the present? (2 marks)

3. (a) Give three examples of descriptions of incidents that make the father's character life-like and believable for the reader. (3 marks)

- (b) Give three examples of descriptions of incidents that make the son's character life-like and believable for the reader. (3 marks)

4. (a) What is the major action, event, or conflict that this story describes? (2 marks)

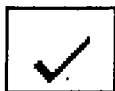
- (b) Explain how this conflict is caused by the father's inability to communicate with his son in an open, direct way. (2 marks)

5. (a) At what point in the story do we know how the conflict or problem is solved?

- (b) What is this point in a short story known as?

- (c) How soon after this point does the story end? (2 marks)

_____ marks out of a possible 20



Section 1**Lesson B****ELEMENTS OF THE SHORT STORY—
FOCUS ON SYMBOLS AND IRONY**

Although the story is brief, *Penny in the Dust* is rich in meaning and emotion. If you are like me, the last few paragraphs brought tears to your eyes and a lump to your throat. The narrator's memory (flashback) is so real and powerful that we can't help but identify with him as he finds the shiny penny in his father's suit.

How does the author manage to convey so much meaning and emotion in his writing? Well, to start with, a good short story writer always tries to say as much as possible in as few words as possible. That is, the writer selects words and details that serve a variety of purposes, and all of these purposes will be essential to the story the writer is trying to tell. For example, near the beginning of this short story, the author spends several paragraphs describing the father and son's relationship. The author does this for several reasons: we learn a great deal about the two main characters of this story, and we are more able to understand the boy's reaction when he loses his penny. Nothing is wasted in a short story. Therefore, when you read one, try to keep this in mind.

Fortunately for the short story writer, there are *resources*—literary devices that can help the writer bring more meaning to his writing. In the short story, *Penny in the Dust*, the author uses two of these devices—*symbol* and *irony*. Let's first examine the symbol.

A literary *symbol* is something which means more than what it is. A symbol could be an object, a person, a situation, an action, or even an idea which has a literal meaning in the story, and also suggests other underlying meanings. A well-chosen symbol supports or adds to the meaning of a story. A symbol may even have more than one meaning in the story, and that is why the symbol is such a useful device for the writer. It enables him to express complex meanings and emotions in a simple, concrete manner.



Given what a symbol can do for a writer, can you guess what the main symbol is in *Penny in the Dust*? Most symbols reveal themselves by how they are emphasized, repeated, or positioned in the story. In our story, the *shiny penny* that is mentioned in the story's title, dominates the entire story. In fact, it is the disappearance of this penny and its later rediscovery upon which the entire meaning of the story depends. In the Self-Marking Activity that follows this Lesson, we will examine the special meaning that this symbol, the shiny penny, brings to the story.

Like the symbol, the writer's use of *irony* helps him suggest meaning without directly stating it. Irony is a literary device which reveals hidden or contradictory meanings. A writer is using irony, for example, when he contrasts what a character says or thinks with what the reader knows to be true. In our short story, for example, the father assumes that his son hid because he was afraid he would be beaten for losing the penny. This is ironic because we know that nothing could be further from the truth. The boy hides because he feels terrible about losing this special gift from his father, and he is too embarrassed to explain how he lost it! By interpreting irony in this way, we gain insight into the father's character and a better understanding of the story.

Now do

Activity 1 B.

**Activity 1 B**

Answer in complete sentences.

1. (a) Describe the father's attitude and behaviour when he gives his son the penny. (2 marks)

- (b) Describe the son's initial attitude and behaviour towards the penny. (2 marks)

2. Recall this line from the story: *If Father hadn't been there, I might have told her the whole story.*

- (a) Why doesn't the boy tell them the truth about the missing penny? (2 marks)

(b) What does this line reveal about the son's relationship with his father? (2 marks)

3. (a) In the story, the son pretends that the penny is gold treasure. How does Peter plan to use this pretend treasure? (2 marks)

(b) When the father hears this explanation, how does he (the father) react to it?

(c) What does the father now realize? (3 marks)

4. (a) Why do you think the father put the penny in his own pocket? (2 marks)

- (b) What does the son realize when he rediscovers the shiny penny in his father's pocket years later? (2 marks)

5. The end of the story is ironical in that Peter does something with the rediscovered penny that we don't expect.

- (a) What do we expect Peter to do with the penny?

- (b) What does Peter actually do with it ?

_____ marks out of a possible 20



Student Name: _____

**English 9
Selection Request Form**

Modules 1 and 6 are required in English 9 and you are to choose ONE other.

Module 1: Family Matters

Short stories, poetry, and a novel, **The Day No Pigs Would Die**, which focus on various aspects of family life.

Module 2: Beyond Reality

The world of science fiction and fantasy. The novel studied is **The Hobbit**.

Module 3: Myths and Make-Believe

Myths, legends, and folk tales of the world. The novel is **The Third Magic**. This is a challenge Module.

Module 4: Shakespeare's Theatre

An introduction to William Shakespeare and the theatre world of his time. Shakespeare's play *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is studied and also a novel **Cue For Treason**.

Module 5: The Outsiders

Selections about people who suffer from misunderstanding or prejudice and oppression. The novel is **The War Between the Classes**.

Module 6: Living With Nature

The theme is nature, and conservation and environmental awareness. The novel studied is **Stoney Creek Woman**.