

George Kelly School: 7th Grade CORE

Teacher	7 th Grade- Mrs. Bartschi	7 th Grade- Ms. Clary
Office Hours By email	By email- dbartschi@tusd.net Monday - Friday from 8:00 am to 3:30 pm <i>*Emails received outside of these hours will be answered at teacher availability.</i> Do NOT wait until due date to complete assignments! CONTACT a FRIEND for assignment HELP too!	By email- dclary@tusd.net Monday - Friday from 8:00 am - 3:30 pm <i>*Emails received outside of these hours will be answered at teacher availability.</i> Do NOT wait until due date to complete assignments! CONTACT a FRIEND for assignment HELP too!
By chat or video	Mon. thru Fri. from 1 pm to 3 pm Go to Mrs. Basacker padlet, click on 'Distance Learning' page for ZOOM	Mon. thru Fri. from 1 pm to 3 pm Go to Mrs. Basacker padlet, click on 'Distance Learning' page for ZOOM
Digital Access to Curriculum	padlet.com/kbasacker	padlet.com/kbasacker

Hard copies of materials and Study Sync books

5/8/2020 pick-up materials and drop-off Weeks 1 and 2 Assignments

5/15/2020 drop-off Weeks 3 and 4 Assignments

This Curriculum has been developed to support and reinforce the Core- ELA and Social Studies

Middle School Standards:

Formatting ELA/Social Studies Assignments:

1. Typed/ or written in **INK** must include the following:
 - a. Name
 - b. Teacher's name
 - c. Week# and date range
 - d. Questions and answers: Study Sync use RACE format/ BLAST answer the questions
 - e. Questions and answers: Complete sentences restating the question in your answer

Submitting Required Assignments:

1. Best option: Complete on-line through:
 - a. Study Sync for ELA both Think Questions and BLAST
 - b. Share through Office 365
 - c. Attach document and send through e-mail

- d. Scan OR take a photo of completed assignment and attach to e-mail (written assignments MUST be completed legibly in INK)
2. Physical drop-off to school: **Fri. May 8 and Fri. May 15 *Refer to GKE Drop-off Schedule .**

Assignments for the Week of May 4 – May 9, 2020

Language Arts:

Complete the following Study Sync Assignments:

1. Read the excerpt from (*see below*), *Ransom of Red Chief* as you read.
2. Answer the **Ransom of Red Chief** (see below), using the R.A.C.E. format (Restate the question, Answer the question, Cite Textual Evidence, and Explain your evidence) format. Remember that grammar, spelling, and punctuation count.
3. Complete the assigned **Story Response Skill Set** (see below) and answer the questions.
4. Expand your BRAIN and Continue Reading different genres of books!
5. Remember to submit your **BEST** work.
6. **Completed Think Questions and the Story Element Skill are due by Saturday, May 9th.**

First Read: The Ransom of Red Chief

Read

It looked like a good thing: but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama—Bill Driscoll and myself—when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, "during a moment of temporary mental apparition"; but we didn't find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel-cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-lot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. **Philoprogenitiveness**, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables and maybe some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the Weekly Farmers' Budget. So, it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the colour of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news-stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions. One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

"Hey, little boy!" says Bill, "would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?"

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

"That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars," says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

That boy put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail-feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

"Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?"

"He's all right now," says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. "We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard."

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

"I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet 'possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?"

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky Indian, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a war-whoop that made Old Hank the Trapper shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

"Red Chief," says I to the kid, "would you like to go home?"

"Aw, what for?" says he. "I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?"

"Not right away," says I. "We'll stay here in the cave a while."

"All right!" says he. "That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life."

We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching

for his rifle and screeching: "Hist! pard," in mine and Bill's ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a **ferocious** pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs—they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case-knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was **industriously** and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He laid down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sun-up I remembered that Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

"What you getting up so soon for, Sam?" asked Bill.

"Me?" says I. "Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it."

"You're a liar!" says Bill. "You're afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?"

"Sure," said I. "A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and **reconnoitre**."

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man ploughing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. "Perhaps," says I to myself, "it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!" says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy

threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

"He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back," explained Bill, "and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?"

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. "I'll fix you," says the kid to Bill. "No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!"

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

"What's he up to now?" says Bill, anxiously. "You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?"

"No fear of it," says I. "He don't seem to be much of a home body. But we've got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbours. Anyhow, he'll be missed to-day. To-night we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return."

Just then we heard a kind Of war-whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: "Sam, do you know who my favourite Biblical character is?"

"Take it easy," says I. "You'll come to your senses presently."

"King Herod," says he. "You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?"

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

"If you don't behave," says I, "I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?"

"I was only funning," says he sullenly. "I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout to-day."

"I don't know the game," says I. "That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go, at once."

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

"You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood—in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?"

"I'll be back some time this afternoon," says I. "You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset."

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. "I ain't attempting," says he, "to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me."

So, to relieve Bill, I **acceded**, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:

Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.:

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skilful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely, the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box as your reply—as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence-post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit.

If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them no further communication will be attempted.

TWO DESPERATE MEN.

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says:

"Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone."

"Play it, of course," says I. "Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?"

"I'm the Black Scout," says Red Chief, "and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout."

"All right," says I. "It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky Indians."

"What am I to do?" asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.

"You are the hoss," says Black Scout. "Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?"

"You'd better keep him interested," said I, "till we get the scheme going. Loosen up."

Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit's when you catch it in a trap.

"How far is it to the stockade, kid?" he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

"Ninety miles," says the Black Scout. "And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!"

The Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels in his side.

"For Heaven's sake," says Bill, "hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me or I'll get up and warm you good."

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the postoffice and store, talking with the chawbacons that came in to trade. One whiskerando says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously and came away. The postmaster said the mail-carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wobbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

"Sam," says Bill, "I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of deprecation; but there came a limit."

"What's the trouble, Bill?" I asks him.

"I was rode," says Bill, "the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then, when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black-and-blue from the knees down; and I've got to have two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized.

"But he's gone"—continues Bill—"gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse."

Bill is puffing and blowing, but there is a look of ineffable peace and growing content on his rose-pink features.

"Bill," says I, "there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?"

"No," says Bill, "nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?"

"Then you might turn around," says I, "and have a look behind you."

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it

by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnapers. The tree under which the answer was to be left—and the money later on—was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for any one to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence-post, slips a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

Two Desperate Men.

Gentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbours believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back. Very respectfully,

EBENEZER DORSET.

"Great pirates of Penzance!" says I; "of all the **impudent—**"

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

"Sam," says he, "what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?"

"Tell you the truth, Bill," says I, "this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom and make our get-away."

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted

rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

"How long can you hold him?" asks Bill.

"I'm not as strong as I used to be," says old Dorset, "but I think I can promise you ten minutes."

"Enough," says Bill. "In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border."

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

Annotations

Question 1

Why do the narrator Sam and his friend Bill Driscoll decide to kidnap the child of Ebenezer Dorset? Cite specific evidence from paragraphs 3 and 4 in your answer.

Question 2

Use details from the text to describe the kidnapped child who comes to be known as Red Chief—based both on stated character traits and on those you infer from details in the text.

Question 3

In his letter, how does Ebenezer Dorset respond to the kidnapers' request for ransom? Draw an inference from the text to explain why he responds in this way. Support your answer with textual evidence.

Question 4

Use context to determine the meaning of the word **acceded** as it is used in paragraph 49 in "The Ransom of Red Chief." Write your definition of "acceded" and tell how you inferred the word's meaning. Then check your inferred meaning in a dictionary to see if it is correct.

Question 5

Remembering that the Greek combining form *phil-* means "loving" and that the base word "*progeny*" means "children," use the context clues provided in paragraph 3 to determine the meaning of **philoprogenitiveness**. Write your definition of "philoprogenitiveness" and tell how you determined the meaning of this very long word.

Story Elements - The Ransom of Red Chief

Model

Identification and Application:

- Distinguish among setting, character, and plot.
- Jot down a few notes to summarize the main action and conflict of the plot, the key actors, and where the action takes place.
- Analyze in depth individual scenes, aspects of character including dialect, and descriptions of setting to understand how the author builds a complete story.
- Identify ways in which one story element influences the others.
- Think about how the author unfolds the episodes (or events) that form the plot or reveals the nature of the characters.
- Relate plot, character, and setting to the theme, or central idea, of the text, taking into consideration the irony of the story's situation. How do the individual story elements deepen a reader's understanding of the text as a whole?

Model:

Have you ever expected something to happen, but just the opposite happened? That is the **situational irony** in O. Henry's famous short story "The Ransom of Red Chief." As the story opens, we meet the first-person narrator, Sam, a hardened criminal who is one of the main characters. Sam immediately introduces readers to the **setting** and the **characters** and submerges us in the **plot**:

It looked like a good thing; but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama—Bill Driscoll and myself—when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, "during a moment of **temporary mental apparition**"; but we didn't find that out till later.

From the beginning, the narrator establishes the setting—Alabama—and introduces the elements of character and plot: two criminals involved in a kidnapping. Immediately, the **story elements** of setting, character, and plot seem interconnected, and readers realize that each story element will likely influence the others as the story unfolds.

The "chummy" tone of the narrator, Sam, immediately draws readers into the story through his colorful use of **dialect** and **descriptive language**. In paragraph 1, readers notice his misuse of the word "apparition," which means "ghost." Clearly "apparition" doesn't make sense here. What Sam means to say is "aberration," which means "madness." His misuse of the word shows that he is less educated than he would like to appear. Sam also establishes a certain dialect when, in paragraph 2, he describes Summit as a town that is "flat as a flannel-cake." "Flannel-cake" is an Appalachian regional term that refers to a

pancake. The characters' dialogue reveals more of this dialect and also hints at their social background. Notice Bill's ungrammatical use of "was" ("You was") and "ain't" in paragraph 27:

"You're a liar!" says Bill. "You're afraid. **You was to be burned** at sunrise, and **you was afraid he'd** do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. **Ain't** it awful, Sam?"

As you continue to read, ask yourself these questions:

- How does the setting affect the characters, situation, or events of the plot?
- How does the plot shape the characters and their relationship to one another?
- How do the characters influence the plot?
- How do the story elements lead to the theme?

As told by Sam sometime after the events happened, the plot is simple. In order to raise \$2,000, Sam and Bill have decided on "a kidnapping project." In paragraph 4, Sam says:

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset.

...

The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the colour of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news-stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars. ...**But wait till I tell you.**

From Sam's last words, readers can infer that events didn't go as expected, and so are alerted to the idea that surprises will be in store.

The fact that Sam and Bill are hardened criminals and that the third main character, Johnny Dorset, is a little boy, creates the irony of the situation. In life, sometimes the reverse of what is expected occurs, changing the power dynamic among individuals. This is the **theme** of the story, as O. Henry shows how two tough men are bested by a boy. Sam hints that there will be reversals when the men kidnap Johnny. But the plot's **conflict** truly becomes clear when Johnny ("Red Chief") torments "his playmate" Bill with a variety of violent Wild West games, as Sam relates in paragraphs 22–23:

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. **They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs—they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars.** It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. **Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest**, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case-knife we used for slicing bacon; and **he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp**, according to the sentence that had been

pronounced upon him the evening before.

Here, plot impacts character, and vice versa, as Bill, supposedly a hardened criminal, is reduced to “humiliating screams” when Johnny--now on top of the power structure--tries to scalp him.

The setting also affects the characters and the conflict of the plot. In paragraph 5, we learn that Sam and Bill chose a cave as the perfect location to keep Johnny hidden. But to Johnny, the site is a perfect place to camp out. According to Sam in paragraph 13:

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. **The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself.**

The final irony or plot twist is the ransom. Sam and Bill had planned to demand \$2,000 from Johnny's father. As their annoyance with the “rowdy kid” increases, Bill begs Sam to ask for a lower ransom of \$1,500. And when Sam and Bill present their demand to Johnny's father, Dorset counter-offers:

I think **you are a little high in your demands**, and I hereby make you a **counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept**. You **bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands**.

At this point in the story, readers should not be surprised that the tormented kidnappers agree to pay Dorset in order to escape from Johnny. Bill sums up the situation when he says, in his typical mashup of formal and informal style:

“I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for **making us such a liberal offer**. You **ain't going to let the chance go, are you?**”

CA-CCSS:  [CA.RL.7.3](#)

Story Elements - The Ransom of Red Chief

Your Turn

Read this section from “The Ransom of Red Chief” to identify how a plot twist affects the characters in the passage.

“Sam,” says Bill, “I suppose you’ll think I’m a renegade, but I couldn’t help it. I’m a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off.”

“I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I’m sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse.”

“Bill,” says I, “there isn’t any heart disease in your family, is there?”

“No,” says Bill, “nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?”

“Then you might turn around,” says I, “and have a look behind you.”

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the round and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks.

CA-CCSS:  CA.RL.7.3

Part A

Which of the following BEST states the plot twist that affects Bill in the passage?

- A. Bill is willing to have Sam think he is a renegade.
- B. Bill is ready to commit himself to a mental hospital.
- C. Bill thinks he has chased Johnny home, but Johnny has followed him back to the cave.
- D. Sam is worried that Bill will have a heart attack when he realizes the boy is still there.

Part B

Which sentence or phrase from the passage supports your answer to Part A?

- A. “The boy is gone. I have sent him home.”
- B. “I’m a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defense”

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StudySync - Your Turn - Story Elements - The Ransom of Red Chief

- C. "I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse."
- D. "Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the round and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks."

Assignments for the Week of May 4 – May 9, 2020

Social Studies:

Complete the following Assignments:

1. Read the DBQ/Background Essay entitled *Exploration or Reformation: Which Was the More Important Consequence of the Printing Press?* Think about this question as you are reading the document.
2. Read the Background Essay and answer the questions as well as the vocabulary. For the questions, simply write out the question and then answer the questions in complete sentences, restating the question in your answer.
3. Complete Documents A and B following the same procedure of writing out the questions and answering in complete sentences.
4. **Completed Background Essay Questions, Documents A and B are due by Saturday, May 9th.**

Exploration or Reformation: Which Was the More Important Consequence of the Printing Press?

At the end of the **millennium**, in late 1999, Arts and Entertainment Television identified 100 of the most influential people in the last 1,000 years of world history. It then asked a panel of experts to select the most influential person of these. From a list that included William Shakespeare, Isaac Newton, Thomas Jefferson, and Albert Einstein, the experts picked Johannes Gutenberg. Many viewers were surprised, even shocked. Some weren't sure who Gutenberg was.

What Johannes Gutenberg did in the 1450s was to invent the first practical printing press.

His invention came as a milestone event in the evolution of human communication. For probably a million years or more, early mankind had depended on sign language for communicating. Then, about 25,000 years ago, man learned to speak. The first picture writing dates from 8,000 years ago and the first evidence of an alphabet comes from Phoenicia around 1500 BCE.

The amazing thing about the alphabet is that every sound that we can imagine can be shown by some combination of a handful of letters. Unlike the ancient written languages of the Egyptians or Chinese, the alphabet represents sounds, not ideas. The Chinese written language has more than 50,000 different characters; our modern alphabet has 26 letters.

While the alphabet was easy to learn and put down on **papyrus** or eventually paper, it did not make written communication fast or cheap. **Scrolls** and then bound books were developed, but both had to be written by hand. During the Middle Ages, monks wrote manuscript books with pen and ink in a copying room known as a **scriptorium**. Even a small book could take months to complete. A book the size of the Bible could take several years. By the 1400s mass production scriptoriums did exist, with over 50

scribes writing away as a single reader dictated a text. But it was slow and the books that were created, while often beautiful, could only be afforded by the rich.

At this same time, Gutenberg, a goldsmith in Mainz, Germany, began his work on a mechanical printing system. Gutenberg was a businessman and he saw the future. The **Renaissance** was underway with a surge of ideas breathing new life into painting, architecture, old classical literature, theater, and much more. If only books could be created faster. The idea wasn't new.



The Chinese introduced **woodblock printing** in 600 CE. They even experimented with movable wooden type, but with 50,000 characters, carving each character was impossible. Gutenberg saw his chance. Why not metal letters that wouldn't wear out, set in a frame that could

be inked, papered, and pressed? Copies could be printed by the hundreds, or even thousands.

In 1455 Gutenberg printed 180 Bibles, each of them over 1800 pages long. There are only 21 of these **Gutenberg Bibles** left, some worth over \$30 million. By 1500 more than 20 million printed books were in existence. By 1600 more than 200 million books had come off the presses. The impact of all this is hard to overestimate.

Two areas that were clearly affected by the printing press were overseas exploration and the Protestant Reformation. The first involved doubling the size of the known world. The second involved dividing the Christian church into several pieces. Your task in this Mini-Q is first to look at documents that reveal the role played by the printing press in these two movements. Then address the question – *Exploration or Reformation: Which was the more important consequence of the printing press?*

EV

Background Essay Questions

1. Who did Arts and Entertainment Television select as the most influential person of the millenium?
2. What communication breakthroughs are connected with each of these dates?
 - 25,000 BCE
 - 6,000 BCE (8,000 years ago)
 - 1,500 BCE
 - 600 CE
 - 1,450 CE
3. Why is setting type using alphabet letters easier than setting type using Chinese characters?
4. What effect did the printing press have on the number of books produced and their selling price?
5. What is the approximate value of a Gutenberg Bible today?
6. Define these terms:
 - millennium
 - scrolls
 - papyrus
 - scriptorium
 - Renaissance
 - woodblock printing
 - Gutenberg Bible

EV

Timeline

- 1040 CE** – Chinese experiment with moveable type.
- c.1300** – Uighurs of central Asia develop moveable type. Word does not reach Europe.
- 1455** – Gutenberg uses moveable type to print first Bibles.
- 1465** – First printing press in Italy
- 1474** – First printed book in English
- 1492** – Columbus lands in the West Indies.
- 1543** – Catholic Church decrees no book may be printed without its permission.

Document B

Source: Excerpts from Martin Luther's *95 Theses*, 1517.

Note: Martin Luther was a Catholic priest who was unhappy with his church. On October 31, 1517 he posted 95 Theses' or criticisms' on the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg, Germany. One of his goals was to stir up debate about indulgences. Indulgences were payments to the Roman Catholic Church in return for pardons for one's sins and grants of salvation in the afterlife. Because of the printing press, the *95 Theses* were known throughout Germany in two weeks and throughout Europe in a month. Luther's protest triggered a movement called the Protestant Reformation and led to the Lutheran religion.

EV

- 20. Thus those indulgence preachers are in error who say that a man is absolved (pardoned) from every penalty and saved by papal indulgences.*
- 27. They preach only human doctrines who say that as soon as the money clinks into the money chest, the soul flies out of purgatory.*
- 32. Those who believe that they can be certain of their salvation because they have indulgence letters will be eternally damned, together with their teachers.*

Source: John Man, *Gutenberg: How One Man Remade the World with Words*, John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 2002.

As Rome prepared the heavy artillery, Luther fired off more salvos (shots), with the help of the press. His sermons, tracts and polemics (political attacks), all in German ... streamed from presses by the hundreds of thousands.... According to one estimate, a third of all books printed in Germany between 1518 and 1525 were by him. Pause to consider that figure. Of course, printing was in its infancy, but Germany at the time was turning out about a million books a year, of which a third – 300,000 – were by Luther.

Document Analysis

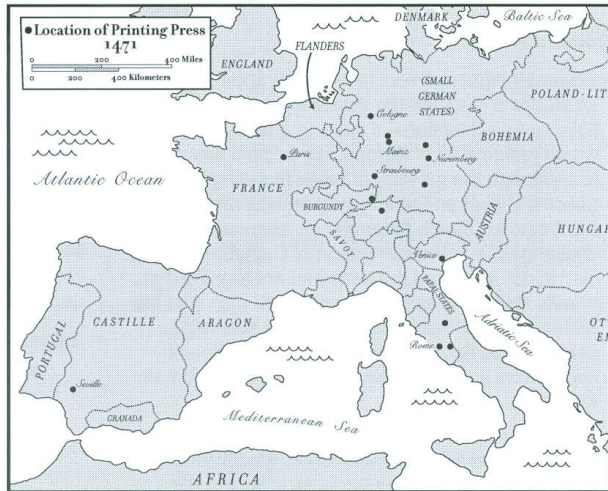
1. Who was Martin Luther?
2. What was Martin Luther's main objection with the Catholic Church? Explain in some detail.
3. According to Luther, what will happen to people who pay the Catholic Church to get out of purgatory and into Heaven?
4. How did the printing press help Luther's protest against the Catholic Church? Provide concrete numbers.

Document A

Sources: Maps created from various sources.

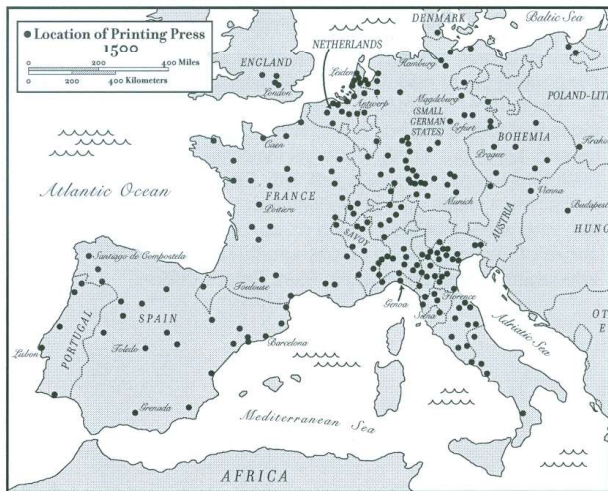
Document Analysis

1. How many printing presses were in Europe in 1471?
2. About how many printing presses were in Europe in 1500?
3. What inference can you make about change in the price of books in Europe between 1471 and 1500? Explain your thinking.



EV

4. What inference can you make about change in literacy in Europe between 1471 and 1500? Explain your thinking.



5. What inference can you make about changes in people's interest in geography? Explain.

6. As mentioned in the Background Essay, Bibles were the first things to roll off the printing presses and were the top seller. How might this effect the power of the Pope?