

NAME: _____

MRS. VONDKA
PRE-AP ENGLISH I

ANNOTATION PACKET

THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET

	4	3	2	1
COMPLETION	All assignments are completed	Most assignments are completed	Some assignments are completed	Little to no assignments are completed
THOUROUGHNESS	The student's annotations are very thorough, exploring all required focuses in depth.	The student's annotations are somewhat thorough, exploring most required focuses in depth.	The student's annotations are rarely thorough, exploring some required focuses, but not in depth.	The student's annotations are not thorough, none of the required focuses are explored.
THOUGHTFULNESS	The student's annotations are very thoughtful, showing excellent analysis of the "why" that accompanies the techniques used in the works.	The student's annotations are thoughtful, showing analysis of the "why" that accompanies the techniques used in the works.	The student's annotations are sometimes thoughtful, occasionally showing some analysis of the "why" that accompanies the techniques used in the works.	The student's annotations are not thoughtful, rarely or never showing analysis of the "why" that accompanies the techniques used in the works.

The Rose That Grew From Concrete

Tupac Shakur

Did you hear about the rose that grew
from a crack in the concrete?
Proving nature's laws wrong it
learned to walk without having feet.
Funny it seems, but by keeping its dreams,
it learned to breathe fresh air.
Long live the rose that grew from concrete
when no one else ever cared.

Eleven
By Sandra Cisneros

What they don't understand about birthdays and what they never tell you is that when you're eleven, you're also ten, and nine, and eight, and seven, and six, and five, and four, and three, and two, and one. And when you wake up on your eleventh birthday you expect to feel eleven, but you don't. You open your eyes and everything's just like yesterday, only it's today. And you don't feel eleven at all. You feel like you're still ten. And you are -- underneath the year that makes you eleven.

Like some days you might say something stupid, and that's the part of you that's still ten. Or maybe some days you might need to sit on your mama's lap because you're scared, and that's the part of you that's five. And maybe one day when you're all grown up maybe you will need to cry like if you're three, and that's okay. That's what I tell Mama when she's sad and needs to cry. Maybe she's feeling three.

Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that fit one inside the other, each year inside the next one. That's how being eleven years old is.

You don't feel eleven. Not right away. It takes a few days, weeks even, sometimes even months before you say Eleven when they ask you. And you don't feel smart eleven, not until you're almost twelve. That's the way it is.

Only today I wish I didn't have only eleven years rattling inside me like pennies in a tin Band-Aid box. Today I wish I was one hundred and two instead of eleven because if I was one hundred and two I'd have known what to say when Mrs. Price put the red sweater on my desk. I would've known how to tell her it wasn't mine instead of just sitting there with that look on my face and nothing coming out of my mouth.

"Whose is this?" Mrs. Price says, and she holds the red sweater up in the air for all the class to see. "Whose? It's been sitting in the coatroom for a month."

"Not mine," says everybody. "Not me."

"It has to belong to somebody," Mrs. Price keeps saying, but nobody can remember. It's an ugly sweater with red plastic buttons and a collar and sleeves all stretched out like you could use it for a jump rope. It's maybe a thousand years old and even if it belonged to me I wouldn't say so.

Maybe because I'm skinny, maybe because she doesn't like me, that stupid Sylvia Saldivar says, "I think it belongs to Rachel." An ugly sweater like that, all raggedy and old, but Mrs. Price believes her. Mrs. Price takes the sweater and puts it right on my desk, but when I open my mouth nothing comes out.

"That's not, I don't, you're not... Not mine," I finally say in a little voice that was maybe me when I was four.

"Of course it's yours," Mrs. Price says. "I remember you wearing it once." Because she's older and the teacher, she's right and I'm not.

Not mine, not mine, not mine, but Mrs. Price is already turning to page thirty-two, and math problem number four. I don't know why but all of a sudden I'm feeling sick inside, like the part of me that's three wants to come out of my eyes, only I squeeze them shut tight and bite down on my teeth real hard and try to remember today I am

eleven, eleven. Mama is making a cake for me tonight, and when Papa comes home everybody will sing Happy birthday, happy birthday to you.

But when the sick feeling goes away and I open my eyes, the red sweater's still sitting there like a big red mountain. I move the red sweater to the corner of my desk with my ruler. I move my pencil and books and eraser as far from it as possible. I even move my chair a little to the right. Not mine, not mine, not mine.

In my head I'm thinking how long till lunchtime, how long till I can take the red sweater and throw it over the school yard fence, or even leave it hanging on a parking meter, or bunch it up into a little ball and toss it in the alley. Except when math period ends Mrs. Price says loud and in front of everybody, "Now Rachel, that's enough," because she sees I've shoved the red sweater to the tippy-tip corner of my desk and it's hanging all over the edge like a waterfall, but I don't care.

"Rachel," Mrs. Price says. She says it like she's getting mad. "You put that sweater on right now and no more nonsense."

"But it's not--"

"Now!" Mrs. Price says.

This is when I wish I wasn't eleven, because all the years inside of me-- ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two and one-- are pushing at the back of my eyes when I put one arm through one sleeve of the sweater that smells like cottage cheese, and then the other arm through the other and stand there with my arms apart like if the sweater hurts me and it does, all itchy and full of germs that aren't even mine.

That's when everything I've been holding in since this morning, since when Mrs. Price put the sweater on my desk, finally lets go, and all of a sudden I'm crying in front of everybody. I wish I was invisible but I'm not. I'm eleven and it's my birthday today and I'm crying like I'm three in front of everybody. I put my head down on the desk and bury my face in my stupid clown-sweater arms. My face all hot and spit coming out of my mouth because I can't stop the little animal noises from coming out of me, until there aren't any more tears left in my eyes, and it's just my body shaking like when you have the hiccups, and my whole head hurts like when you drink milk too fast.

But the worst part is right before the bell rings for lunch. That stupid Phyllis Lopez, who is even dumber than Sylvia Saldivar, says she remembers the red sweater is hers! I take it off right away and give it to her, only Mrs. Price pretends like everything's okay.

Today I'm eleven. There's cake Mama's making for tonight, and when Papa comes home from work we'll eat it. There'll be candles and presents and everybody will sing Happy birthday, happy birthday to you, Rachel, only it's too late.

I'm eleven today. I'm eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, and one, but I wish I was one hundred and two. I wish I was anything but eleven, because I want today to be far away already, far away like a runaway balloon, like a tiny o in the sky, so tiny-tiny you have to close your eyes to see it.

MALALA YOUSAFZAI: A NORMAL YET POWERFUL GIRL by NPR Staff

Malala Yousafzai (born 1997) is a Pakistani activist for female education and the youngest ever winner of the Nobel Peace Prize. Malala is from the Swat Valley in northwest Pakistan, where the local Taliban has banned girls from attending school. Malala, whose family ran a chain of local schools, publicly stood against the Taliban's actions and launched an international movement. On October 9th, 2012, a gunman from the Taliban boarded a school bus and shot her in the head. Malala remained in critical condition in the days following the attack, but survived. Since then, she has continued to advocate internationally for women's education.

"I think Malala is an average girl," Ziauddin Yousafzai says about the 16-year-old Pakistani girl who captured the world's attention after being shot by the Taliban, "but there's something extraordinary about her."

A teacher himself, Yousafzai inspired his daughter's fight to be educated. At a special event with Malala in Washington, D.C., he tells NPR's Michel Martin that he is often asked what training he gave to his daughter. "I usually tell people, 'You should not ask me what I have done. Rather you ask me, what I did not do,'" he says. "I did not clip her wings to fly. I did not stop her from flying."

Yousafzai has this advice for parents of girls around the world: "Trust your daughters, they are faithful. Honor your daughters, they are honorable. And educate your daughters, they are amazing."

A year after being shot, Malala is clear about her goal. "I speak for education of every child, in every corner of the world," Malala says. "There has been a discrimination in our society," which she believes must be defeated. "We women are going to bring change. We are speaking up for girls' rights, but we must not behave like men, like they have done in the past."

Perhaps she has learned from her father's experience. When asked what gave him a passion for girls' education, Yousafzai points out that he was "born in a society where girls are ignored." Living with five sisters, he was sensitive to discrimination from an early age. "In the morning, I was used to milk and cream, and my sisters were given only tea," he says.

Yousafzai felt the injustice even more when Malala was born. He later opened a school that Malala attended in the Swat Valley. At the time, the Taliban's influence was gaining power and both Yousafzais were firmly on their radar. "But we thought that even terrorists might have some ethics," Yousafzai says. "Because they destroyed some 1,500 schools but they never injured a child. And she was a child."

Malala says that the shooting has taken away her fear. "I have already seen death and I know that death is supporting me in my cause of education. Death does not want to kill me," she says. "Before this attack, I might have been a little bit afraid how death would be. Now I'm not, because I have experienced it."

When asked if she is having any fun now with all her campaigning, Malala laughs, "It's a very nice question. I miss those days." But she also says that there is another side to her than what is shown in the media. "Outside of my home, I look like a very obedient, very serious, very good kind of girl, but nobody knows what happens inside the house." There, she says, she's not naughty, but she has to stand up to her brothers. "It's good to fight with your brothers and it's good to tease them to give them advice."

She says her little brother doesn't really understand why his sister has so much attention. "He said, 'Malala ... I can't understand why people are giving you prizes, and everywhere you go people say, 'This is Malala' and they give you awards, what have you done?'" she says.

Malala knows the Taliban would still like to kill her, but she says she hopes to return to Pakistan one day. "First, I need to empower myself with knowledge, with education. I need to work hard," she says. "And when I [am] powerful, then I will go back to Pakistan, inshallah [God willing]."

HEALING 'BRICK CITY': A NEWARK DOCTOR RETURNS HOME

by NPR Staff

Newark, New Jersey is a notoriously high-crime city. Five of the city's last seven mayors have been indicted on criminal charges relating to political corruption. As of the 2006-2010 American Community Survey, 16% of Newark residents ages 25 and over had never attended high school. This is part of what makes the journey of Dr. Sampson Davis, an African-American man who grew up in the city and went on to become a physician and healthcare reform activist, so remarkable.

When Sampson Davis was in high school, he and two of his friends made a pact that they would someday become doctors. All three of them did. Along with those friends — and now fellow doctors — George Jenkins and Rameck Hunt, Davis co-authored a 2003 book called *The Pact*, about that promise and the way it shaped their lives.

Now, in a new memoir, Davis describes his experience returning to the Beth Israel Hospital in Newark, N.J. — the hospital where he was born — as an emergency physician. Davis joins NPR's Scott Simon to talk about the book, *Living and Dying in Brick City: An E.R. Doctor Returns Home*.

INTERVIEW HIGHLIGHTS

On returning to Newark after becoming a doctor

"My calling was a bit different. It was important for me to come back and become a beacon of hope, if you will, to show young people, especially, that education can change a life. It changed my life, and it saved my life in so many ways."

On encountering a childhood friend, Don "Snake" Moses, in the hospital

"He was a young guy that I grew up with in the streets of Newark. And my past wasn't always perfect. I grew up in a single-parent home with five siblings [in a] drug-infested community. And I always had hopes and aspirations of doing more with my life, but I often say you can't aim for what you can't see. Growing up, I was surrounded by so much negative peer pressure and negativity, it wasn't long before I became a part of that fabric."

"Snake and I was a part of a team that committed an armed robbery when I was 17 1/2. And I often say 17 1/2 because had I been 18, my story would have been written differently. But it was that life experience that changed me around. I was sentenced to two years' probation. And I started back in high school and... earned straight A's in high school, went off to college, and went down a different side of the fork in the road towards education. And Snake — Don Moses — stayed down the same road of crime, and he was in and out of jail."

"And it so happened that I finished college, I went off to medical school, came back home for my residency, and the first day... I looked up at the board, and 'Don

Moses' [was] written on the board in the trauma room. I'm like, 'Wow, I know that name,' and right below was written the word 'deceased.' So, I'm sitting in there, looking at the board and thinking, 'What are the chances that this is the Don Moses that I know?' And unfortunately, I sprinted down to the surgical ICU and his body was taken away, but his family was there. It was the Don Moses that I knew from childhood."

On the need to acknowledge mental illness

"When you look at mental illness, in the inner city community particularly, it's taboo. It's almost like, 'I can't say to another person that I'm depressed, because it destroys, especially as a man talking to another man, it destroys the 'man code,' if you will. But in the book, I refer to a young man that I grew up with who was this bright, happy, young guy who I remember playing basketball with. I left, went off to college and medical school, and I returned. He didn't look the same. He tried to act as if he was happy, but everything about him screamed depression. His depression stemmed from many things: He lost his mother, he lost his girlfriend — his fiancée. And he never [sought] help for it because it was one of those situations that I've come to understand, where you just don't talk about it. He unfortunately took his life. He just spiraled out of control — he had no resources, and no ways of dealing with it or coping with it."

On what it will take to improve health care in inner cities

"I think one is attention to the matter at hand and to realize that there is a need that exists in the cities as far as health care. Not only in the cities but in a great amount of rural areas, as well. I also feel that there has to be a program in place that encourage[s] youth from the beginning to become doctors, to become health care professionals. There has to be more programs that exist... to help the students matriculate through high school, through college, through medical school. Because more often, just like myself, you come back. You come back to home."

On feeling the responsibility to give back

"Through my mother's way of handling life, she always made sure that I understood the need to give back.... She always said, 'Once you make it, you have to come back and help other people.' Too often, in Newark especially, I see so many professionals that do make it out — they don't return. And I think that's a crime in itself.... You have to have some social consciousness to give back, to be a part of making it better tomorrow."