college level. Expository, analytical, argumentative and research writing are the main focus of the writing element of the course, but many other types of writing are addressed as well. The rigor of the class requires students to write persuasive, cogent essays about literature, and students should expect to write frequently, with the intention of becoming proficient self-editors and critical thinkers.

3. Describe how this course integrates the schools ESLRS (Expected Schoolwide Learning Results):

Refer to site ESLRS

4. Describe the additional eff

B. Supplemental Materials and Resources: (any of the following may be used but are not required)

McDougal Littell Grammar for Writing

McDougal Littell Workbooks: Grammar for Writing, Interactive Reader...

Dictionaries, thesauruses

newspapers, magazines, teacher-developed guides for learning and review, rubrics for assessing writing provided in the program (McDougal Littell)

Classzone.com - on-line resource provided by McDougal Littell

- o Literature and Reading Center
- Writing and Grammar Center
- o Media Center
- Vocabulary Center
- Research Center

C. Tools, Equipment, Technology, Manipulatives, Audio-Visual:

Laptop carts with printer, computer labs, video/DVD and television, Internet, selected video and audio tapes, overhead projectors, and other multimedia such as ELMO's, white boards... eEdition - provided by McDougal Littell

Required Texts	Supplemental/Recommended Texts	
Romeo and Juliet The Odyssey (excerpts) House on Mango Street Of Mice and Men	Edith Hamilton Mythology Lord of the Flies Animal Farm Their Eyes Were Watching God	My Antonia Nine Stories 1984 Fahrenheit 451 Bartelby the Scrivener About a Boy The Things They CarriedAnd the Earth Did Not Devour Them Interpreter of Maladies

8.

Objectives of Course

In the class, students read varied genres of high literary merit. They build upon vocabulary and skills learned in previous English classes. Students regularly participate in discussions and write timed essays, as well as analytical and research papers complete with annotation, multiple drafts, and editing. Students write analyses on themes, literary devices, as well as on structure, rhetoric and the historical, social and philosophical approaches to literature. This course prepares students for Eng 2 Acc leading to Advanced Placement English Language and Composition.

PROMPT (see prerequisites)

This is a sample text and prompt from a honors class. A prospective honors student should read the text and respond to the prompt as an indication of what will be expected in freshman accelerated English course.

emale characters and the society that

surrounds them. Using specific examples and quotes from the text, describe the identity of the protagonist and connect that to the relationship that exists between men and women.

"The Story of An Hour" Kate Chopin (1894)

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which someone was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did

the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.