Carefully read the following excerpt from the novel Under the Feet of Jesus by Helena María Viramontes. Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze the development of Estrella’s character. In your analysis, you may wish to consider such literary elements as selection of detail, figurative language, and tone.

What part of the prompt is background info
What part of the prompt is the task?
What are the “what” parts of the task?
What are the “how” parts of the task?
What is Implied by character dev?
What are some possible character qualities?
What is SATDO? (hint: it’s a strategy for analyzing character)
What does the strategy DIDLS stand for?
What do DIDLS all work to create?
What is meant by chunking the passage?
What types of things should you annotate from the passage?

So what is this? When Estrella first came upon Perfecto’s red tool chest like a suitcase near the door, she became very angry. So what is this about? She had opened the tool chest and all that jumbled steel inside the box, the iron bars and things with handles, the funny-shaped objects, seemed as confusing and foreign as the alphabet she could not decipher. The tool chest stood guard by the door and she slammed the lid closed on the secret. For days she was silent with rage. The mother believed her a victim of the evil eye.

Give an adj to describe Estrella’s character. Highlight or lust the devices that prove that.

Write a body paragraph of your essay just using the info from the 1st paragraph if the passage.
Estrella hated when things were kept from her. The teachers in the schools did the same, never giving her the information she wanted. Estrella would ask over and over, So what is this, and point to the diagonal lines written in chalk on the blackboard with a dirty fingernail. The script A’s had the curlieque of a pry bar, a hammerhead split like a V. The small i’s resembled nails. So tell me. But some of the teachers were more concerned about the dirt under her fingernails. They inspected her head for lice, parting her long hair with ice cream sticks. They scrubbed her fingers with a toothbrush until they were so sore she couldn’t hold a pencil properly. They said good luck to her when the pisca1 was over, reserving the desks in the back of the classroom for the next batch of migrant children. Estrella often wondered what happened to all the things they boxed away in tool chests and kept to themselves.

She remembered how one teacher, Mrs. Horn, who had the face of a crumpled Kleenex and a nose like a hook — she did not imagine this — asked how come her mama never gave her a bath. Until then, it had never occurred to Estrella that she was dirty, that the wet towel wiped on her resistant face each morning, the vigorous brushing and tight braids her mother neatly weaved were not enough for Mrs. Horn. And for the first time, Estrella realized words could become as excruciating as rusted nails piercing the heels of her bare feet.

**How has her character changed or developed? Identify lines that support your description.**

The curves and tails of the tools made no sense and the shapes were as foreign and meaningless to her as chalky lines on the blackboard. But Perfecto Flores was a man who came with his tool chest and stayed, a man who had no record of his own birth except for the year 1917 which appeared to him in a dream. He had a history that was unspoken, memories that only surfaced in nightmares. No one remembered knowing him before his arrival, but everyone used his name to describe a job well done.

**How has her character changed or developed? Identify lines that support your description.**
He opened up the tool chest, as if bartering for her voice, lifted a chisel and hammer; aquí, pegarle aquí, to take the hinge pins out of the hinge joints when you want to remove a door, start with the lowest hinge, tap the pin here, from the top, tap upwards. When there’s too many layers of paint on the hinges, tap straight in with the screwdriver at the base, here, where the pins widen. If that doesn’t work, because your manitas aren’t strong yet, fasten the vise pliers, these, then twist the pliers with your hammer.

Perfecto Flores taught her the names that went with the tools: a claw hammer, he said with authority, miming its function; screwdrivers, see, holding up various heads and pointing to them; crescent wrenches, looped pliers like scissors for cutting chicken or barbed wire; old wood saw, new hacksaw, a sledgehammer, pry bar, chisel, axe, names that gave meaning to the tools. Tools to build, bury, tear down, rearrange and repair, a box of reasons his hands took pride in. She lifted the pry bar in her hand, felt the coolness of iron and power of function, weighed the significance it awarded her, and soon she came to understand how essential it was to know these things. That was when she began to read.

Write an intro paragraph
Write a conclusion paragraph to the analysis essay
ride the Fifth Street trolley all the way to the end of the line to junior high. Life was measured in summers then, and the expression “I am in this world, but not of it” appealed to me. I wasn’t sure what it meant, but it had just the right ring for a lofty statement I should adopt. That Midwest summer broke records for straight over-one-hundred-degree days in July, and Mr. Calhoun still came around with that-old-thing of an ice truck. Our mother still bought a help-him-out block of ice to leave in the backyard for us to lick or sit on. It was the summer that the Bible’s plague of locusts came. Evening sighed its own relief in a locust hum that swelled from the cattails next to the cemetery, from the bridal wreath shrubs and the pickle grass that my younger cousin, Bea, combed and braided on our side of the alley.

I kept a cherry bomb and a locked diary in the closet under the back steps where Bea, restrained by my suggestion that the Hairy Man hid there, wouldn’t try to find them. It was an established, Daddy-said-so fact that at night the Hairy Man went anywhere he wanted to go but in the daytime he stayed inside the yellow house on Sherman Avenue near our school. During the school year if we were so late that the patrol boys had gone inside, we would see him in his fenced-in yard, wooly-headed and bearded, hollering things we dared not repeat until a nurse kind of woman in a bandanna came out and took him back inside the house with the windows painted light blue, which my mother said was a peaceful color for somebody shell-shocked.

If you parted the heavy coats between the raggedy mouton that once belonged to my father’s mother, who, my father said, was his Heart when she died, and the putrid-colored jacket my father wore when he got shipped out to the dot in the Pacific Ocean where, he said, the women wore one piece of cloth and looked as fine as wine in the summertime, you would find yourself right in the middle of our cave-dark closet. Then, if you closed your eyes, held your hands up over your head, placed one foot in front of the other, walked until the tips of your fingers touched the smooth cool of slanted plaster all the way down to where you had to slue your feet and walk squat-legged, fell to your knees and felt around on the floor -- then you would hit the strong-smelling cigar box. My box of private things.

From time to time my cousins Bea and Eddy stayed with us, and on the Fourth of July the year before, Eddy had lit a cherry bomb in a Libby’s corn can and tried to lob it over the house into the alley. Before it reached the top of the porch it went off, and a piece of tin shot God-is-whipping-you straight for Eddy’s eye. By the time school started that year, Eddy had a keloid (scar) like a piece of twine down the side of his face and a black patch he had to wear until he got his glass eye that stared in a fixed angle at the sky. Nick, Eddy’s friend, began calling Eddy “Black-Eyed Pea.”

After Eddy’s accident, he gave me a cherry bomb. His last. I kept it in my cigar box as a sort of memento of good times. Even if I had wanted to explode it, my mother
had threatened to do worse to us if we so much as looked at fireworks again. Except for Christmas presents, it was the first thing anybody ever gave me.

**Write a thesis sentence that completely answers the prompt**

**Write a topic sentence for a first body paragraph that is an assertion not a concrete detail from the text.**

**Write a topic sentence for a second body paragraph—an assertion**

**Write a conclusion that does not restate the thesis. Make a 21st cen or a personal connection and write a thematic statement word a little different than before.**

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**AmI 34 AP Lit**

Watch the zoom Video Linked here. As you watch, respond to the Qs about Writing Commentary.

1. what qualities does every literary analysis body paragraph need?
2. What are 3 examples of concrete details?
3. What are the steps of an 8 sentence body paragraph?

4. What is Commentary? 5 qualities

5. what is Not Commentary? 5 qualities

6. List 10 good signal words for writing commentary.

7. Complete the analysis: “Art is the antidote that can call us back from the edge of numbness, restoring the ability to feel for another.” Barbara Kingsolver
By referring to “art” as an “antidote” the speaker reveals that ————
(Complete this sentence and add at least 1 more sen of commentary.)

8. Complete the analysis: “An aged man is but a paltry thing
A tattered coat upon a stick.” W. B. Yeats
The use of the word “paltry” indicates———
(Complete this sentence and add at least 1 more sen of commentary.)

9. “Meanwhile, the United States Army, thirsting for revenge, was prowling the country north and west of the Black Hills killing Indians wherever they could be found.” Dee Brown
The image of the US army “prowling” suggests———
(Complete this sentence and add at least 1 more sen of commentary.)

10. “In the midst of poverty and want, Felix carried with pleasure to his sister the first little white flower that peeped out from beneath the snowy ground,” Mary Shelley
Felix is characterized by———
(Complete this sentence and add at least 1 more sen of commentary.)

AMI #35
Excerpt from “The Lottery” by Shirley Jackson

Directions: Keep this page to complete daily AP Exam Prep. You will need to refer to it to answer the questions.

Carefully read the passage, the end of the short story, before choosing your answers.

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill. Jr., opened theirs at the same time, and both beamed and laughed, turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us her paper. Bill."
Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

"All right, folks," Mr. Summers said. "Let's finish quickly."

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Mrs. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. "Come on," she said. "Hurry up."

Mrs. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath, "I can't run at all. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you."

The children had stones already, and someone gave little Davy Hutchinson few pebbles. Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. "It isn't fair," she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head.

Old Man Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed and then they were upon her.
1. In the passage, ritualistic actions are shown in a manner that could be best described as
   a. blind
   b. opportunistic
   c. clever
   d. sagacious
   e. entertaining

2. When little Davy Hutchinson is given a few pebbles, the reader feels
   a. relieved
   b. somewhat tricked
   c. happily noninvolved
   d. cautiously optimistic
   e. blatantly misled

3. The fact that Mrs. Dunbar is gasping and out of breath shows
   a. refusal
   b. that the aphorism “with age goes wisdom” is often incorrect
   c. cultural passivity
   d. certain positive aspects
   e. disobedience

4. At the end of the passage, Tessie says, “It isn’t fair.” This is a prime example of
   a. understatement
   b. hyperbole
   c. kinesthesia
   d. foreboding
   e. futility

5. The tone of Jackson’s story is best described as
   a. contemplative
   b. reflective
   c. matter-of-fact
   d. iconoclastic
   e. facetious

6. An underlying theme of the story is
   a. stoning is cruel and brutal
   b. violence takes place anywhere all the people are uneducated
   c. acts of irrationality can be committed by ordinary people
d. clear thinking always trumps mob rule

e. good wins over evil

7. The black box is symbolic of
   a. hope for the future
   b. happiness that results from change
   c. the villagers’ inability to change
   d. a happy tradition
   e. stasis

8. Mrs. Delacroix was friendly to Tessie at the beginning of the story. The fact that she rushes at her with a large stone “she had to pick up with both hands” (lines 21-22) shows
   a. irony
   b. resistance
   c. hope
   d. flattery
   e. gluttony

9. Shirley Jackson highlights humankind’s capacity to victimize even family and friends to explicate
   a. the beneficial aspects of humankind
   b. the value of ancient customs
   c. the benefit of sacrifice
   d. a symbol of victimization
   e. the danger of adherence to norms

10. Because the men pick for their families and the women are treated as subservient, Tessie objects to the method of drawing. This
    a. stress the importance of women in society
    b. reveals the true nature of society
    c. highlights a negative aspect of patriarchal societies
    d. shows that Tessie is loved
    e. shows that Tessie is unloved

11. “The Lottery” is a
    a. parable
b. fabliau

c. poem
d. tableau
e. novella

12. “Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones” is Jackson’s commentary on
   a. money in society
   b. the rigors of society
   c. hope in society
   d. death in society
   e. tradition in society

13. “The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready” shows that the people in Jackson’s town want all of the following EXCEPT
   a. the ritual to persist
   b. blind adherence to the ritual
   c. the younger generation to get on board with respect to the town’s practices
   d. the ritual to advance and prevail
   e. a time when the ritual exists no longer

14. “Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand” shows
   a. the unity of the Hutchinson family
   b. the depth of the Hutchinson family’s conviction
   c. hope for the future
   d. an utter disregard for human decency
   e. the senselessness of nonrational adherence to patrimony