Name:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ English 11R

**26 & 27**

26. Write a well-developed paragraph in which you use ideas from both passages (“Saturday at the Canal” and the excerpt from *The Glass Castle* pages 236-238) to establish a controlling idea about **the desire to escape**. Develop your controlling idea using specific examples and details from each passage.

27. Choose a specific literary element (e.g., theme, characterization, structure, point of view, etc.) or literary technique (e.g., symbolism, irony, figurative language, etc.) used by **one** of the authors**\***. Using specific details from that passage, in a well-developed paragraph, show how the author uses that element or technique to develop the passage.

**\*For the purpose of this assignment, you’ll write about “Saturday at the Canal.”**

**TIP: “Figurative Language” includes similes, metaphors, personification and alliteration. So “Figurative Language” and “Imagery” are good choices for your #27 element.**

**Sample 27:**

In the excerpt from The Glass Castle, Jeannette Walls uses **symbolism** to illustrate that ***a desire to escape one’s current conditions can be a powerful motivator***. **Idea/Interpretation 1**: Walls comes to the realization that things will never improve for her as long as she is in Welch. **Cite 1:** She notices the house with the ***“half-finished yellow paint job. I’d spent so much time in Welch trying to make things a little bit better, but nothing had worked.”*** **Expand/Explain 1:** For Walls, the yellow house represents her futile efforts to make a life for herself in Welch. ***Transition*** into **Idea/Interpretation 2**: However, once she decides to leave, her father renews plans for The Glass Castle, a symbol of hope which evolves into a symbol of what will never become a reality. **Cite 2:** Walls writes, ***“We’d stopped talking about the Glass Castle once the foundation we’d dug was filled up with garbage.”*** **Expand/Explain 2:** The Glass Castle was what the father promised to them during tough times, but as the children get older, they realize that it will never come to fruition. **Clincher:** For Walls, the yellow house and the Glass Castle symbolize the stagnant life that exists for her in Welch and they eventually become her motivation to escape at any cost.

**An excerpt from *The Glass Castle***

　I'd been speaking hypothetically about moving to New York a year early. But as I walked, I realized that if I wanted to, I could up and go. I could really do it. Maybe not right now, not this minute. It was the middle of the school year, but I could wait until I finished eleventh grade. By then I'd be seventeen. I had almost a hundred dollars saved, enough to get me started in New York. I could leave Welch in under five months.

　　I got so excited that I started running. I ran, faster and faster, along the Old Road overhung with bare-branched trees, then on to Grand View and up Little Hobart Street, past the barking yard-dogs and the frost-covered coal piles, past the Noes' house and the Parishes' house, the Halls' house and the Renkos' house until, gasping for air, I came to a stop in front of our house. For the first time in years, I noticed my half-finished yellow paint job. I'd spent so much time in Welch trying to make things a little bit better, but nothing had worked.

　　In fact, the house was getting worse. One of the supporting pillars was starting to buckle. The leak in the roof over Brian's bed had gotten so bad that when it rained, he slept under an inflatable raft Mom had won in a sweepstakes by sending in Benson & Hedges 100s packages we'd dug out of trash cans. If I left, Brian could have my old bed. My mind was made up. I was going to New York City as soon as the school year was out.

　　I clambered up the mountainside to the rear of the house- the stairs had completely rotted through and climbed through the back window we now used as a door. Dad was at the drafting table, working on some calculations, and Mom was going through her stacks of paintings. When I told them about my plan, Dad stubbed out his cigarette, stood up, and climbed out the back window without saying a word. Mom nodded and looked down, dusting off one of her paintings, murmuring something to herself.

　　"So, what do you think?" I asked.

"Fine. Go."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. You should go. It's a good plan." She seemed on the verge of tears.

"Don't be sad, Mom. I'll write."

"I'm not upset because I'll miss you," Mom said. "I'm upset because you get to go to New York and I'm stuck here. It's not fair."

Lori, when I called her, approved of my plan. I could live with her, she said, if I got a job and chipped in on the rent. Brian liked my idea, too, especially when I pointed out that he could have my bed. He began making wisecracks in a lockjaw accent about how I was going to become one of those fur-wearing, pinkie-extending, nose-in-the-air New Yorkers. He began counting down the weeks until I left, just as I had counted them down for Lori. "In sixteen weeks, you'll be in New York," he'd say. The next week. "In three months and three weeks, you'll be in New York.”

Dad had barely spoken to me since I announced my decision. One night that spring, he came into the bedroom where I was up on my bunk studying. He had some papers rolled up under his arm.

　　"Got a minute to look at something?" he asked.

"Sure."

I followed him into the living room, where he spread the papers on the drafting table. They were his old blueprints for the Glass Castle, all stained and dog-eared. I couldn't remember the last time I'd seen them. We'd stopped talking about the Glass Castle once the foundation we'd dug was filled up with garbage.

"I think I finally worked out how to deal with the lack of sunlight on the hillside," Dad said. It involved installing specially curved mirrors in the solar cells. But what he wanted to talk to me about was the plans for my room. "Now that Lori's gone," he said. "I'm reconfiguring the layout, and your room will be a lot bigger."

Dad's hands trembled slightly as he unrolled different blueprints. He had drawn frontal views, side views, and aerial views of the Glass Castle. He had diagrammed the wiring and the plumbing. He had drawn the interiors of rooms and labeled them and specified their dimensions, down to the inches, in his precise, blocky handwriting.

I stared at the plans. "Dad," I said. "you'll never build the Glass Castle."

"Are you saying you don't have faith in your old man?"

"Even if you do, I'll be gone. In less than three months, I'm leaving for New York City."

"What I was thinking was you don't have to go right away," Dad said. I could stay and graduate from Welch High and go to Bluefield State, as Miss Katona had suggested, then get a job at The Welch Daily News. He'd help me with the articles, like he'd helped me with my piece on Chuck Yeager. "And I'll build the Glass Castle, I swear it. We'll all live in it together. It'll be a hell of a lot better than any apartment you'll ever find in New York City, I can guaran-goddamn-tee that."

"Dad," I said, "as soon as I finish classes, I'm getting on the next bus out of here. If the buses stop running, I'll hitchhike. I'll walk if I have to. Go ahead and build the Glass Castle, but don't do it for me."

Dad rolled up the blueprints and walked out of the room. A minute later, I heard him scrambling down the mountainside.

**Saturday At The Canal**

I was hoping to be happy by seventeen.  
School was a sharp check mark in the roll book,  
An obnoxious tuba playing at noon because our team  
Was going to win at night. The teachers were  
Too close to dying to understand. The hallways  
Stank of poor grades and unwashed hair. Thus,  
A friend and I sat watching the water on Saturday,  
Neither of us talking much, just warming ourselves  
By hurling large rocks at the dusty ground  
And feeling awful because San Francisco was a postcard  
On a bedroom wall. We wanted to go there,   
Hitchhike under the last migrating birds  
And be with people who knew more than three chords  
On a guitar. We didn't drink or smoke,  
But our hair was shoulder length, wild when  
The wind picked up and the shadows of  
This loneliness gripped loose dirt. By bus or car,  
By the sway of train over a long bridge,  
We wanted to get out. The years froze  
As we sat on the bank. Our eyes followed the water,  
White-tipped but dark underneath, racing out of town.

-Gary Soto