

Content Area & Materials	Learning Objectives	Tasks	Check-in Opportunities	Submission of Work for Grades
ELA Double Entry Journal Response For Novels StudySync: First Read: The Ransom of Red Chief	Objective: 1. Student will read a minimum of 10 pages each day. 2. Student will complete one journal response for each 30 to 40 pages read. CA ELA Common Core Standards: CA.RL.7.1 CA.RL.7.2 CA.RL.7.3 OBJECTIVES 1. Perform an initial reading of a text and demonstrate comprehension by responding to short analysis and inference questions with textual evidence.	Read assigned StudySync, textbook sections. Hard copy of textbook or online version. Double Entry Journal Response For Novels Student selects a novel to read for the double entry journal response. PDFs of assigned readings and questions will be uploaded. These can be printed out at home or read online. Students can either email responses to questions, or write answers on paper to turn in. Read Read the Introduction to "The Ransom of Red Chief." The Introduction provides context for the story.	Check-in Opportunities • Phone Call • Video Call • Email • Messaging platform ZOOM Daily Monday thru Friday, 1 PM to 3 PM. Email: Mmontesinos@tusd.net Call/Text: 209-645-1966	Submission of Work for Grades • Expectation • Evidence: Log, Product • Method: Scan, photo, upload, or deliver Work is due Friday, May 15th by 3:00 PM. Students may complete scan, take a photo of work and email to Mmontesinos@tusd.net Submit remaining work either via email, your StudySync Online Portal or your Office 365 account. Students without the ability to scan or send photos may deliver completed work to school on the designated turn in days (see district provided calendar). PDFs of assigned readings and questions will be uploaded. These can be printed out at home or read online. Students can either email responses to questions, or write answers on paper to turn in.

	- Practice defining vocabulary words using context and verifying definitions by checking inferred meaning in context or by using a dictionary. - Participate effectively in a range of conversations and collaborations to express ideas and build upon the ideas of others. CA ELA Common Core Standards: Reading: Literature - RL.7.1, RL.7.2, RL.7.3, RL.7.4, RL.7.10 Writing - W.7.7 Speaking & Listening - SL.7.1a, SL.7.1b, SL.7.1c, SL.7.1d, SL.7.2, SL.7.4a, SL.7.6 Language - L.7.3a, L.7.4a, L.7.4b, L.7.4d	Read and Annotate. Read and annotate the short story. Use the annotation tool as they read to: - use context clues to analyze and determine the meaning of the boldfaced vocabulary terms - ask questions about passages of the text that may be unclear or unresolved - identify key information about the characters, settings, and plot events and the connections between (or among) them - note unfamiliar sentence structure, vocabulary, or use of words - capture their reactions to situations and events in the text that have unexpected results		
<u>Scheduled, if possible,</u> Shared Experience - Virtual Fieldtrip - Discussion				
Scaffolds & Supports	Zoom meet-ups as an optional support to students. Double Entry Journal Response For Novels handout. Attachment/Printed document.			

Teacher Office Hours <i>2 hours daily (all classes):</i> • Contact • Platform	Monday 1 PM to 3 PM ZOOM, Email: Mmontesinos@tUSD.net, Call/Text 209-645-1966	Tuesday 1 PM to 3 PM ZOOM, Email: Mmontesinos@tUSD.net, Call/Text 209-645-1966	Wednesday 1 PM to 3 PM ZOOM, Email: Mmontesinos@tUSD.net, Call/Text 209-645-1966	Thursday 1 PM to 3 PM ZOOM, Email: Mmontesinos@tUSD.net, Call/Text 209-645-1966	Friday 1 PM to 3 PM ZOOM, Email: Mmontesinos@tUSD.net, Call/Text 209-645-1966
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Double Entry Journal Response for Novels:

- ⇒ Read a minimum of 10 pages every day.
- ⇒ For each 30-40 pages you read, complete one journal response

⇒ How to do a Journal Response

1. You will choose a quote from the book in the pages you have read. It can be a conversation, a paragraph or just a few lines.
2. Copy the quote and write the page number. This will go at the top of the page.
3. On the bottom half of the page write your response to the quote. Why did you choose it? (Does it move the story along? Does it tell about a character? You picked it so it must mean something to you!)
4. **Do not write** "I chose this quote because..."

Attached are some sample responses.

Holes
Author: Louis Sachar

Journal Entry #2

One thing was certain: They weren't just digging to "build character." They were definitely looking for something. (Pg. 71)

Every morning long before the sunrise all the boys at Camp Green Lake were awakened, fed, and driven out on to the dry lake bed to dig their holes for the day. The first 5 or 6 holes that Stanley dug were pure torture. His hands had huge bleeding blisters that made it almost impossible for him to hold his shovel. All the other boys had finished their holes before he did. After about the tenth holes, he began to toughen up and life became easier. The other boys in his tent seemed to accept him finally and they even gave him a nickname, "Caveman." He figured that it was a better name than some others he could think of. About this time Stanley had found a small tube shaped object that had a heart and initials scratched on it. Mr. Mom and Mr. Sir had told the boys that if they found anything "interesting" while digging their holes, that they were to turn it over to one of them and if it was "interesting" enough, the boy who found it would get the rest of the day off. Out of kindness Stanley gave the object to his new friend Xray. Mr. Sir came out to the lakebed and brought the warden with him. Surprise, the warden was a woman. She and Mr. Sir were very excited about the object that had been found and spent the next several days out on the lakebed with the boys looking for more objects though they never said what they were looking for.

Where the Red Fern Grows

Author: Wilson Rawls

“I remembered a passage from the Bible my mother read to us: “God helps those that help themselves.” I thought of the words. I milled them over in my mind. I decided I’d ask God to help me. There were banks of the Illinois River, in the cool shade of the tall white sycamores, I asked God to help me get two hound pups. It wasn’t much of a prayer, but it did come right from the heart.” (Pg. 25)

This story takes place in the foothills of Oklahoma in the early 1900’s. It’s about an 11 year old boy named Billy Coleman who lived in a log house with his parents and three little sisters. They were a farm family who worked hard but never seemed to have any extra money. What Billy wanted most in the world were two coon hound pups. The problem was that the puppies cost twenty-five dollars each and his dad didn’t have five dollars extra to his name let alone fifty because things were really tough in those days. When he finally realized that no one on Earth could help him get the money for his pups, he went to God for help.

Journal Response for The Chosen
By Chaim Potok

"He smiled faintly. 'You're Rueven Malter,' he said in perfect English. He had a low, nasal voice.

'That's right,' I said, wondering where he had heard my name.

'You're father is David Malter, the one who writes articles on the Talmud?'

'Yes.'

'I told my team we're going to kill you apikorsim this afternoon.' He said it flatly, without a trace of expression in his voice."

We know so far that Danny and Rueven are both Jewish though Danny is a Hasidic Jew and therefore more conservative than Rueven. They are both on their school team softball teams and are in the middle of playing game when this happens. It is the first meeting of the two and the first time they have spoken to each other. This passage foreshadows the outcome of the ball game and may or may not foreshadow hardships later on. It also brings the word "apikorsim" into the book which we find out means a Jew who rejects the basic aspects of their culture, but to the more conservative Hasidic type, it could be a Jew who isn't Hasidic. I just find this an odd first meeting of two boys who are clearly going to become friends and be intertwined in each others lives. I think that it has to represent something more.

First Read: The Ransom of Red Chief

[Access 1](#)
[HTM Document](#)

Introduction

William Sydney Porter, who wrote under the pen name O. Henry, was a prolific author, composing more than 600 short stories in his lifetime. An incisive social critic and witty raconteur, O. Henry is most famous for finishing his short stories with comic or ironic twists. This story about two men who pick the wrong boy to kidnap doesn't disappoint.

First Read: The Ransom of Red Chief

[Access 1](#)
[HTM Document](#)

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 depredation; 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

Access 1

First Read: The Ransom of Red Chief

Introduction Glossary

As you read and listen to the introduction to "The Ransom of Red Chief," look for these key words and use the definitions below to help you understand the story.

WORD	DEFINITION
pen name	made-up name an author uses
prolific	producing many works, pieces of writing, etc.
incisive	smart, sharp, analytical
raconteur	someone who is good at telling stories
ironic	happening in the opposite way as what was expected

*L.7.4c Consult general and specialized reference materials (e.g., dictionaries, glossaries, thesauruses), both print and digital, to find the pronunciation of a word or determine or clarify its precise meaning or its part of speech or trace the etymology of words.

*ELD.PI.7.6.c.Em - **Reading/viewing closely** Use knowledge of morphology (e.g., affixes, roots, and base words), context, reference materials, and visual cues to determine the meaning of unknown and multiple-meaning words on familiar topics.

Match

To help you participate in the research and class discussion, match each allusion (or reference) in "The Ransom of Red Chief" with the correct context or description on the right.

flannel-cake	a sculpture or carving made into a surface
Maypole	a story from the Bible about an underdog who defeated a giant
bas-relief	a boxer who fights ferociously
welter-weight cinnamon bear	a Roman king from the Bible
court-plaster	a musical comedy play
magic-lantern views of Palestine	food like pancakes made of oats
Geronimo	a musical instrument like an organ
David and Goliath	an object that shows images of distant places
King Herod	chaos, confusion or disorder
Pirates of Penzance	a covering put over the skin
Bedlam	a Native American chief
calliope	a tall wooden pole used in public festivals

*RL.7.4 Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, including figurative and connotative meanings; analyze the impact of rhymes and other repetitions of sounds (e.g., alliteration) on a specific verse or stanza of a poem or section of a story or drama.

*ELD.PI.7.1.Em - **Exchanging information/ideas** Engage in conversational exchanges and express ideas on familiar topics by asking and answering *yes-no* and *wh-* questions and responding using simple phrases.

Text Glossary

Use these explanations of difficult words or expressions to help you read "The Ransom of Red Chief." Add to this list if you find more unfamiliar words or idioms as you read.

WORD OR IDIOM	DEFINITION
philoprogenitiveness	love of children, especially one's own
ferocious	fierce or violent
reconnoitre	to travel to a place to find out information, often about an enemy
acceded	agreed to a request or demand
impudent	not showing due respect to another
mental apparition	a thought that appears
undeleterious	calm; not dangerous
fraudulent town-lot scheme	a plan to trick people for money
speckled	covered with colored spots
stealthy	quiet, secret
contiguous vicinity	nearby areas
peremptory	demanding something be done immediately
surreptitiously	secretly
calliope	a musical instrument like an organ

*L.7.6 Acquire and use accurately grade-appropriate general academic and domain-specific words and phrases; gather vocabulary knowledge when considering a word or phrase important to comprehension or expression.

*ELD.PI.7.6.c.Em - **Reading/viewing closely** Use knowledge of morphology (e.g., affixes, roots, and base words), context, reference materials, and visual cues to determine the meaning of unknown and multiple-meaning words on familiar topics.

Annotation Guide

Use the following annotation guidelines to help you annotate "The Ransom of Red Chief." Be sure to make annotations or highlights to the text to complete each line.

1. Highlight at least two sentences or passages that you have questions about. Enter your questions as annotations.
2. Highlight the key characters in the excerpt and use the annotation tool to provide a brief description of what you know about them.
3. Highlight instances that show that narrator is telling a story that has already happened. Use the annotation tool to explain what effect this has on the reader.
4. Highlight the key instances where the kidnapping plot changed and make annotations that explain what each event has changed. For example, "And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset." Annotation: The kidnappers try to contact Red Chief's father to collect their money.
5. Highlight vocabulary words and explain what you think the words mean based on how they are used in the text.
6. Highlight any additional unfamiliar vocabulary. Use the annotation tool to make predictions about the meaning of these unfamiliar terms.
7. Highlight two examples that show how O. Henry uses comedy. Use the annotation tool to explain how it changes your reaction to the story.

*RL.7.1 Cite several pieces of textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.

*ELD.PI.7.7.Em - **Evaluating language choices** Explain how well writers and speakers use language to support ideas and arguments with detailed evidence (e.g., identifying the precise vocabulary used to present evidence, or the phrasing used to signal a shift in meaning) when provided with substantial support.

Sentence Frames

Use the following sentence frames to write your answers for the Think Questions.

1. Sam and Bill Driscoll decided to kidnap a child because they had a joint capital _____. They needed more money in order to pull off _____. They plan to kidnap the son of Ebenezer Dorset because he was a "mortgage fancier" and a stern, upright _____.
2. In paragraph 12, we see that Red Chief is imaginative because he plays _____. Bill pretends to be _____. Red Chief also asks many questions, such as: _____?
3. In paragraph 85, Dorset will only take his son back if the kidnappers pay _____. We can see the the boy probably behaves badly at home because the neighbors _____.
4. In paragraph 48, Bill begs Sam to make the ransom _____. In paragraph 49, Bill and Sam write a ransom letter asking for _____. In this context, **acceded** must mean that Sam _____.
5. In paragraph 3, Sam believes that kidnapping would be better in Summit than _____. He says that **philoprogenitiveness** is strong in _____. Based on the context, **philoprogenitiveness** must mean love of _____.

*RL.7.1Cite several pieces of textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.

*ELD.PI.7.6.b.Em - **Reading/viewing closely** Express inferences and conclusions drawn based on close reading of grade-appropriate texts and viewing of multimedia using some frequently used verbs (e.g., *shows that, based on*).

*ELD.PII.7.5.Em - **Modifying to add details** Expand sentences with simple adverbials (e.g., adverbs, adverb phrases, prepositional phrases) to provide details (e.g., time, manner, place, cause) about a familiar activity or process.

StudySync - Think 1 - First Read: The Ransom of Red Chief

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