

# DOWNLOAD PDF AMERICAN LITERATURE TEKS UNIT PLAN SHORT STORY

## Chapter 1 : Middle School Short Stories Lessonplans, homework, quizzes

*Section Menu. Standards for Reading Literature "Secret Life of Walter Mitty" Short Story Assignment "The Lottery" Summary, Analysis, and Lesson Plan.*

Other courses seem to vary based on type of school, location, and other interests, but American literature seems to be the one universal course. After all, it makes sense, right? American high school students should study the literature of their country. One would expect British high school students to study British literature and Chinese high school students to study Chinese literature and so on. Many students seem to take this course in 10th or, more commonly, in 11th grade. My school requires American Studies in Literature for most 11th graders. I have taught an American literature course for a large chunk of my teaching career. Typically, the schools I have worked in have had an American literature anthology such as one of the following: The latest editions I used had lots of nice glossy pictures and references to standards, reading questions, and lots of introductory reading material. I think they are all pretty much arranged chronologically, and therein lies the problem. I always find that I still go too fast the first year, then slow it way back the second, and then pull in subjects slowly as I get better at designing the course. I encourage all other teachers to do the same. The easy thing to do is to use the textbook as the plan, but this year, I ditched the textbook, and it was liberating. I discovered some really interesting things, too, and it entirely changed the way I approached teaching the subject. Instead of thinking about the texts, I thought about the themes. I gave it some thought and wound up with the following themes in the end: This Land is Your Land: The American Identity Song of Myself: The American Identity, I wrote the following essential questions: How is an American identity created? Why have people come to America, and why do they continue to come to America? How has the concept of civil disobedience influenced America? What is the role of the individual in society? What is good for the community? What are implications for individuals? Why do people conform? Why do others choose not to conform? What happens as a result of these choices? What is the American dream? To what extent is it achievable by all? What values does it reflect? Is America a classless society? Can we repeat the past? The final short unit will explore the lure of the American highway: Is the journey as important as the destination? How do we relate to our families, communities, and society? To what extent is each relationship important? How do our personal journeys shape who we become? We will read short works by Welty, Hughes, Frost, Simon and Garfunkel, and Giovanni, but the bulk of the unit will be a digital storytelling project we have been gearing up for with a focus on storytelling that has run through the year, including *This American Life*, among other texts. Whatever happens, even if I have to chuck out literature I would love the students to study, that digital storytelling project is happening. One thing I discovered as I planned the year is that without the constraints of a chronology, I felt free to explore works I might never otherwise have chosen, but which define or illustrate the themes quite well and perhaps say more about who we are as a people than works I might have taught in a chronology. I strongly believe that literature is a mirror. Using this process, it was my hope that I would choose works that my students could find themselves in but would also still help them understand who and what America is. I felt Barack Obama articulated well what I was trying to create in his speech at Selma. We are a great country, and we can be greater still if we are willing to take a hard look at ourselves in that mirror. I discovered that the thematic thinking showed more of an arc—it told the story of America and allowed for more diversity in the literature. I ran across this year-old article in *English Journal* today when I was poking around online: The first sentence killed me in the sense that Holden Caulfield means. For the last ten years I have been slowly gathering the impression that graduates of American colleges and American public high schools are appallingly ignorant of American literature. This person is in your department. She goes on to argue that she thinks too much emphasis is placed on English literature to the detriment of studying American literature with little data aside from anecdotal impressions to support her assertion. Are they on your list? By the way, no references in the article to women writers or, for that matter, any writers besides white

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men. And therein lies the problem with the textbooks. If we rely on them, we let them tell us who is important. To be sure, many of the texts I chose for my course are also canonical, but I also made an attempt to bring in non-canonical works and writers with a large diversity of backgrounds and time periods more modern literature always seemed to get the short shrift from me in the past. What I need to work on now is paring the list down and offering more choices to students. Instead, he either read or pretended to read the required texts in school. My own high school experience was strange because I went to three different high schools, and as a result, my background in literature was patchy. And I still went on to read it later and become an English teacher. I think if we really want to read them, we will come to them when we are ready. Perhaps we do it because it makes organizing the curriculum easy. Perhaps we do it because our books are arranged that way. We should think about why we are doing it. If we threw out the book, how would we teach the American literature? Or any course, for that matter? One thing for sure: There is not even enough time to read all the literature worth reading. The best we can do is remember the dictum of that great teacher, Socrates or at least attributed to him: Comments are closed on this post, but it continues to generate traffic and the occasional question.

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## Chapter 2 : Thematic Units for American Literature (11th grade - junior year) : ELATeachers

*Course Summary This American Literature Syllabus Resource & Lesson Plans course is a fully developed resource to help you organize and teach American literature.*

**A Dark Brown Dog by Stephen Crane** This is a story that works at several levels and is easily read as a sad and tragic morality tale about animal cruelty. For advanced readers, this story merits classroom discussion as a symbolic tale. What if the dog, still dragging a rope, is representative of recently freed slaves? If we accept that symbolic starting point, who is the little boy? The mother, the father? And what does the story mean in that context? Not a short story. Frost uses about 1, words to teach you something about the complexity of life, death, marriage, longing, loss, and parenthood. Take note of the emotional and physical position of the characters in relationship to one another over the course of the poem. And please take the time to consider the historical context: An incomplete list of presidents? That is an incomplete list of presidential couples that lost at least one child. This poem was not addressing a remote emotional experience when written in It was addressing a tragedy and emotional trauma that was all too common in the United States then and is still too common in many parts of the world today.

**The Interlopers by H. Munro** In this man versus man versus nature story, two feuding neighbors venture into the woods carrying guns; one to hunt, the other to put down a trespasser. The two are fated to meet and reap the rewards of their bitter quarrel over a piece of land. What are the messages the author delivers in this story? What does the fly represent? Are there any ideas that reappear in the story? The Fly is a great candidate story for an essay or classroom discussion. The story provides the literary experience of looking at a mountain field; the longer you look, the more you see.

**Winesburg, Ohio by Sherwood Anderson** A delightful mosaic of stand-alone, but related stories describing the development of a young man, George Willard, as he comes of age. The stories mark the significant episodes and relationships that have shaped his life and formed his character. The stories build toward the moment when he will leave Winesburg and his youth behind. Though largely lost to modern readers, it was once commonly said that "more people had heard of Stephen Leacock than Canada.

**The Open Boat by Stephen Crane** This sublime story is based on the true-life ordeal that Crane endured in when a ship he boarded for Cuba ran aground and sank off the Florida coast. A ten-foot long dinghy is a small boat for four men in calm water, it must have been rather harrowing in rough seas. I think this story is best when previewed by the teacher, then assigned to the whole class for reading and a follow-up discussion.

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### Chapter 3 : American Literature: How I Threw Out the Chronology and Embraced the Themes | [www.nxgvi.com](http://www.nxgvi.com)

*Studying a short story by Hemingway in 11th grade will also help prepare students to study his longer works in 12th grade. Works Cited Gilmore, Barry, and Alexander Kaplan.*

You may as well fear him as he fear you. And Faith, as the wife was aptly named, thrust her own pretty head into the street, letting the wind play with the pink ribbons of her cap while she called to Goodman Brown. Pray tarry with me this night, dear husband, of all nights in the year. What, my sweet, pretty wife, dost thou doubt me already, and we but three months married? She talks of dreams, too. Methought as she spoke there was trouble in her face, as if a dream had warned her what work is to be done tonight. He had taken a dreary road, darkened by all the gloomiest trees of the forest, which barely stood aside to let the narrow path creep through, and closed immediately behind. It was all as lonely as could be; and there is this peculiarity in such a solitude, that the traveller knows not who may be concealed by the innumerable trunks and the thick boughs overhead; so that with lonely footsteps he may yet be passing through an unseen multitude. It was now deep dusk in the forest, and deepest in that part of it where these two were journeying. As nearly as could be discerned, the second traveller was about fifty years old, apparently in the same rank of life as Goodman Brown, and bearing a considerable resemblance to him, though perhaps more in expression than features. Still they might have been taken for father and son. But the only thing about him that could be fixed upon as remarkable was his staff, which bore the likeness of a great black snake, so curiously wrought that it might almost be seen to twist and wriggle itself like a living serpent. This, of course, must have been an ocular deception, assisted by the uncertain light. Take my staff, if you are so soon weary. We are but a little way in the forest yet. We have been a race of honest men and good Christians since the days of the martyrs; and shall I be the first of the name of Brown that ever took this path and kept" "Such company, thou wouldst say," observed the elder person, interpreting his pause. They were my good friends, both; and many a pleasant walk have we had along this path, and returned merrily after midnight. I would fain be friends with you for their sake. We are a people of prayer, and good works to boot, and abide no such wickedness. The deacons of many a church have drunk the communion wine with me; the selectmen of divers towns make me their chairman; and a majority of the Great and General Court are firm supporters of my interest. The governor and I, too" "But these are state secrets. But, were I to go on with thee, how should I meet the eye of that good old man, our minister, at Salem village? Oh, his voice would make me tremble both Sabbath day and lecture day. I would not for twenty old women like the one hobbling before us that Faith should come to any harm. Being a stranger to you, she might ask whom I was consorting with and whither I was going. She, meanwhile, was making the best of her way, with singular speed for so aged a woman, and mumbling some indistinct words" "a prayer, doubtless" "as she went. But" "would your worship believe it? But now your good worship will lend me your arm, and we shall be there in a twinkling. Of this fact, however, Goodman Brown could not take cognizance. He had cast up his eyes in astonishment, and, looking down again, beheld neither Goody Cloyse nor the serpentine staff, but his fellow-traveller alone, who waited for him as calmly as if nothing had happened. They continued to walk onward, while the elder traveller exhorted his companion to make good speed and persevere in the path, discoursing so aptly that his arguments seemed rather to spring up in the bosom of his auditor than to be suggested by himself. As they went, he plucked a branch of maple to serve for a walking stick, and began to strip it of the twigs and little boughs, which were wet with evening dew. Thus the pair proceeded, at a good free pace, until suddenly, in a gloomy hollow of the road, Goodman Brown sat himself down on the stump of a tree and refused to go any farther. Not another step will I budge on this errand. What if a wretched old woman do choose to go to the devil when I thought she was going to heaven: The young man sat a few moments by the roadside, applauding himself greatly, and thinking with how clear a conscience he should meet the minister in his morning walk, nor shrink from the eye of good old Deacon Gookin. And what calm sleep would be his that very night, which was to have been spent so wickedly,

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but so purely and sweetly now, in the arms of Faith! Amidst these pleasant and praiseworthy meditations, Goodman Brown heard the tramp of horses along the road, and deemed it advisable to conceal himself within the verge of the forest, conscious of the guilty purpose that had brought him thither, though now so happily turned from it. On came the hoof tramps and the voices of the riders, two grave old voices, conversing soberly as they drew near. Though their figures brushed the small boughs by the wayside, it could not be seen that they intercepted, even for a moment, the faint gleam from the strip of bright sky athwart which they must have passed. Goodman Brown alternately crouched and stood on tiptoe, pulling aside the branches and thrusting forth his head as far as he durst without discerning so much as a shadow. It vexed him the more, because he could have sworn, were such a thing possible, that he recognized the voices of the minister and Deacon Gookin, jogging along quietly, as they were wont to do, when bound to some ordination or ecclesiastical council. While yet within hearing, one of the riders stopped to pluck a switch. They tell me that some of our community are to be here from Falmouth and beyond, and others from Connecticut and Rhode Island, besides several of the Indian powwows, who, after their fashion, know almost as much deviltry as the best of us. Moreover, there is a goodly young woman to be taken into communion. Nothing can be done, you know, until I get on the ground. Whither, then, could these holy men be journeying so deep into the heathen wilderness? Young Goodman Brown caught hold of a tree for support, being ready to sink down on the ground, faint and overburdened with the heavy sickness of his heart. He looked up to the sky, doubting whether there really was a heaven above him. Yet there was the blue arch, and the stars brightening in it. While he still gazed upward into the deep arch of the firmament and had lifted his hands to pray, a cloud, though no wind was stirring, hurried across the zenith and hid the brightening stars. The blue sky was still visible, except directly overhead, where this black mass of cloud was sweeping swiftly northward. Aloft in the air, as if from the depths of the cloud, came a confused and doubtful sound of voices. Once the listener fancied that he could distinguish the accents of towns-people of his own, men and women, both pious and ungodly, many of whom he had met at the communion table, and had seen others rioting at the tavern. The next moment, so indistinct were the sounds, he doubted whether he had heard aught but the murmur of the old forest, whispering without a wind. Then came a stronger swell of those familiar tones, heard daily in the sunshine at Salem village, but never until now from a cloud of night. There was one voice of a young woman, uttering lamentations, yet with an uncertain sorrow, and entreating for some favor, which, perhaps, it would grieve her to obtain; and all the unseen multitude, both saints and sinners, seemed to encourage her onward. The cry of grief, rage, and terror was yet piercing the night, when the unhappy husband held his breath for a response. There was a scream, drowned immediately in a louder murmur of voices, fading into far-off laughter, as the dark cloud swept away, leaving the clear and silent sky above Goodman Brown. But something fluttered lightly down through the air and caught on the branch of a tree. The young man seized it, and beheld a pink ribbon. Come, devil; for to thee is this world given. The road grew wilder and drearier and more faintly traced, and vanished at length, leaving him in the heart of the dark wilderness, still rushing onward with the instinct that guides mortal man to evil. The whole forest was peopled with frightful sounds—the creaking of the trees, the howling of wild beasts, and the yell of Indians; while sometimes the wind tolled like a distant church bell, and sometimes gave a broad roar around the traveller, as if all Nature were laughing him to scorn. But he was himself the chief horror of the scene, and shrank not from its other horrors. Think not to frighten me with your deviltry. Come witch, come wizard, come Indian powwow, come devil himself, and here comes Goodman Brown. On he flew among the black pines, brandishing his staff with frenzied gestures, now giving vent to an inspiration of horrid blasphemy, and now shouting forth such laughter as set all the echoes of the forest laughing like demons around him. The fiend in his own shape is less hideous than when he rages in the breast of man. Thus sped the demoniac on his course, until, quivering among the trees, he saw a red light before him, as when the felled trunks and branches of a clearing have been set on fire, and throw up their lurid blaze against the sky, at the hour of midnight. He paused, in a lull of the tempest that had driven him onward, and heard the swell of what seemed a hymn, rolling solemnly from a distance with the weight of many voices. He knew the tune; it was a

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familiar one in the choir of the village meeting-house. The verse died heavily away, and was lengthened by a chorus, not of human voices, but of all the sounds of the benighted wilderness pealing in awful harmony together. Goodman Brown cried out, and his cry was lost to his own ear by its unison with the cry of the desert. In the interval of silence he stole forward until the light glared full upon his eyes. At one extremity of an open space, hemmed in by the dark wall of the forest, arose a rock, bearing some rude, natural resemblance either to an altar or a pulpit, and surrounded by four blazing pines, their tops aflame, their stems untouched, like candles at an evening meeting. The mass of foliage that had overgrown the summit of the rock was all on fire, blazing high into the night and fitfully illuminating the whole field. Each pendent twig and leafy festoon was in a blaze. As the red light arose and fell, a numerous congregation alternately shone forth, then disappeared in shadow, and again grew, as it were, out of the darkness, peopling the heart of the solitary woods at once. In truth they were such. Among them, quivering to and fro between gloom and splendor, appeared faces that would be seen next day at the council board of the province, and others which, Sabbath after Sabbath, looked devoutly heavenward, and benignantly over the crowded pews, from the holiest pulpits in the land. Some affirm that the lady of the governor was there. At least there were high dames well known to her, and wives of honored husbands, and widows, a great multitude, and ancient maidens, all of excellent repute, and fair young girls, who trembled lest their mothers should espy them. Either the sudden gleams of light flashing over the obscure field bedazzled Goodman Brown, or he recognized a score of the church members of Salem village famous for their especial sanctity. Good old Deacon Gookin had arrived, and waited at the skirts of that venerable saint, his revered pastor. But, irreverently consorting with these grave, reputable, and pious people, these elders of the church, these chaste dames and dewy virgins, there were men of dissolute lives and women of spotted fame, wretches given over to all mean and filthy vice, and suspected even of horrid crimes. It was strange to see that the good shrank not from the wicked, nor were the sinners abashed by the saints. Scattered also among their pale-faced enemies were the Indian priests, or powwows, who had often scared their native forest with more hideous incantations than any known to English witchcraft. Another verse of the hymn arose, a slow and mournful strain, such as the pious love, but joined to words which expressed all that our nature can conceive of sin, and darkly hinted at far more. Unfathomable to mere mortals is the lore of fiends. Verse after verse was sung; and still the chorus of the desert swelled between like the deepest tone of a mighty organ; and with the final peal of that dreadful anthem there came a sound, as if the roaring wind, the rushing streams, the howling beasts, and every other voice of the unconcerted wilderness were mingling and according with the voice of guilty man in homage to the prince of all. The four blazing pines threw up a loftier flame, and obscurely discovered shapes and visages of horror on the smoke wreaths above the impious assembly. At the same moment the fire on the rock shot redly forth and formed a glowing arch above its base, where now appeared a figure. With reverence be it spoken, the figure bore no slight similitude, both in garb and manner, to some grave divine of the New England churches. At the word, Goodman Brown stepped forth from the shadow of the trees and approached the congregation, with whom he felt a loathful brotherhood by the sympathy of all that was wicked in his heart. He could have well-nigh sworn that the shape of his own dead father beckoned him to advance, looking downward from a smoke wreath, while a woman, with dim features of despair, threw out her hand to warn him back. Was it his mother? But he had no power to retreat one step, nor to resist, even in thought, when the minister and good old Deacon Gookin seized his arms and led him to the blazing rock. A rampant hag was she.

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## Chapter 4 : Short Story Lesson Plans | Language Arts Classroom

*American Literatureth Grade Unit 4 Syllabus Date Items to Complete Assessment Objectives 1/2/ Unit 4 History pg & questions worksheet Students should be able to read and comprehend.*

Try these famous short stories. A foolish man foolishly starts his journey in foolishly cold weather, foolishly gets wet, and struggles to build a fire or die. For classes that emphasize literature, identifying Naturalistic elements is appropriate linked above. Lesson Idea - "To Build a Fire" is the perfect example of a person v. Peyton Farquhar thought it would be a good idea to burn a Union bridge during the Civil War, the same Union bridge on which he now waits to be hanged Lesson Idea - "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" uses flashbacks and dream sequences, an excellent opportunity for teaching plot and sequence. Lesson Idea - Find the Twilight Zone episode of the short story. Lesson Idea - Think symbolism. Follow it up with a literary analysis paragraph. Buying someone the perfect gift sometimes turns out more than perfect. Lesson Idea - I love irony. I love this short story. Use this irony lesson plan to teach it. Lesson Idea - Worried about the political correctness police harassing you around the holidays? Four men in a life boat struggle to reach land. Lesson Idea - Make a chart of the four characters, their attributes, and the likelihood of survival. A really weird Prince thinks he can keep out death. Lesson Idea - Discuss the Bubonic Plague and other plagues in history. A really weird party-goer comes up with the perfect revenge. Lesson Idea - Ever had your students write an instruction manual or a process paragraph. It contains the story, a story summary and analysis, lesson plans, graphic organizers, and a lot more. Imagine a woman in love. Would she rather see her man with another woman or see him mauled by a tiger? This is for your administrator, not your kids. Kids need student-friendly worded objectives. Teaching Literary Elements with Short Stories Understanding literary elements is necessary for literary analysis. These short stories will help you teach literary elements.

## Chapter 5 : August, Mr. D. - English / AP 12 Short Story Unit (stories/info)

*3 ELA American Literatureâ€”Semester A - American Gothic - This unit will engage students in an in-depth analysis of American Gothic fiction through themes, plot, suspense, character, setting, and narrative devices.*

## Chapter 6 : Young Goodman Brown

*Short Stories for High School We recommend these stories for high school students based on their literary significance and to deepen student appreciation for the short story genre. Many are iconic works, often anthologized, and serve as common cultural reference points in literature, film, music, and popular culture.*

## Chapter 7 : Teaching Great American Short Stories | ELA Common Core Lesson Plans

*Looking for short story lesson plans? I'm prepping for the first quarter of school, and that means short stories! You can read my previous post about what I hope to accomplish by starting the school year with short stories.*

## Chapter 8 : Romanticism Unit â€” Livaudais English Classroom

*01\_LP\_MGI\_Lecture N American Culture\_Origin Stories. Dan Cogan-Drew. Location: IA1: Native American Origin Stories and Early Contact Narratives Unit Objective: SWBAT synthesize key takeaways from a lecture by recording and strategically reviewing comprehensive notes.*

## Chapter 9 : High School American Literature Lessonplans, homework, quizzes

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*Donna Petherbridge ECI , Comprehensive Unit Plan, Summer II, Short Stories*  
*Short Stories English I English I A short story is fiction - a work of literature in which the characters and.*