

OLYMPIADS SCHOOL/GRADE 9 ENGLISH/HOMEWORK 19

NAME (FIRST AND LAST): _____ GRADE: _____

SESSION (DAY): _____ (TIME): _____

Announcement

The final assessment has been scheduled for Class 21. Next week (Class 20), instead of the regular homework, a review package will be posted on the school's website. To prepare for the final, please review the handouts and homework from Class 11 to Class 18.

Note: You do not have to print out the summaries and selections from page 1 to 4.

Chapter 10

The Italian, whom Poirot soon discovers is a naturalized American, is called in for questioning. Antonio Foscanelli, the Italian, has lived in America for ten years and works for Ford. He tells Poirot that he has little knowledge of the Armstrong case or the Armstrongs. The night of the murder Antonio sat with the American (Hardman) and then went to his compartment. He was awoken in the night by his compartment mate, John Bull, who was groaning. Antonio smokes cigarettes.

Chapter 11

Mary Debenham enters the dining car for questioning. Neatly dressed in a black suit, she fulfills Poirot's previous estimate of her. Mary tells Poirot she is twenty-six-year-old and from England. The night of the murder she "went to bed and slept." She woke up at five in the morning with the feeling the train had stopped. When she peered out her door she saw a woman in a scarlet kimono down the corridor. The woman had a shingle cap on and looked tall and thin. Mary does not act terribly affected by the murder; she only saw Ratchett yesterday and hardly noticed him. Poirot asks about Mary's roommate, Greta Ohlsson. Mary tells him she is a nice woman and has a brown, natural wool dressing gown. Poirot confirms that Mary's dressing gown, the same he saw her wear on the train to Stamboul, is a pale mauve. As Mary leaves, she tells Poirot that Greta is very worried that she is suspected because she was the last person to see Ratchett alive. Mary saw Greta leave to bring Mrs. Hubbard aspirin at 10.30 p.m. Poirot asks the doctor if Ratchett could have been killed so early. The doctor shakes his head, and Poirot tells Mary to tell Greta she is not a suspect.

Chapter 12

Poirot discusses with the doctor and M. Bouc why he suspects Mary Debenham. Poirot is suspicious because of the conversation he heard between Mary and Colonel Arbuthnot on the train to Stamboul, and because he thinks the murder was planned by a cool and calculated person—like Mary Debenham. The last passenger is called in for questioning, Hildegard Schmidt, the maid of Princess Dragomiroff. Poirot is kind and gentle with Ms. Schmidt, quite different than his exchange with Mary Debenham. He asks her what she did the previous evening, the night of the murder. Hildegard went to sleep and was awoken by an attendant who told her the Princess needed attention. She put on some clothes and went to the Princess's room, gave her a massage and then read to her until she fell asleep. Afterward, she returned to her compartment and slept. In the corridor, Hildegard saw the conductor coming out of a compartment two or three doors down from the Princess. The conductor nearly ran into her and briefly apologized. Mrs. Hubbard's bell was ringing, but he did not answer it. Poirot brings in the sleeping car attendants, but Hildegard does not recognize any of them as the man who bumped into her the night before. Hildegard tells Poirot the man she bumped into was small and dark.

Hildegard tears when she talks about the Armstrong case, looking very moved. She is not the owner of the handkerchief found in Ratchett's room and tells Poirot she does not know who owns it. Poirot notices hesitation in her voice.

READING COMPREHENSION/VOCABULARY

Read the selections from page 2 to 4 and answer the questions from page 5 to 8. The words in the right column will help you locate them.

Selection 1, from Part 2, Chapter 10, "The Evidence of the Italian"

<p>"And now," said Poirot with a twinkle in his eye, "we will delight the heart of M. Bouc and see the Italian."</p> <p>Antonio Foscarelli came into the dining car with a swift, catlike tread. His face beamed. It was a typical Italian face, sunny looking and swarthy. He spoke French well and fluently, with only a slight accent.</p> <p>"Your name is Antonio Foscarelli?"</p> <p>"Yes, Monsieur."</p> <p>"You are, I see, a naturalized American subject?"</p> <p>The American grinned.</p> <p>"Yes, Monsieur. It is better for my business."</p> <p>"You are an agent for Ford motor cars?"</p> <p>"Yes, you see—"</p> <p>A voluble exposition followed. At the end of it, anything that the three men did not know about Foscarelli's business methods, his journeys, his income, and his opinion of the United States and most European countries seemed a negligible factor. This was not a man who had to have information dragged from him. It gushed out.</p> <p>His good-natured childish face beamed with satisfaction as with a last eloquent gesture, he paused and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief.</p> <p>"So you see," he said, "I do big business. I am up to date. I understand salesmanship!"</p> <p>"You have been in the United States, then, for the last ten years on and off?"</p> <p>"Yes, Monsieur. Ah! well do I remember the day I first took the boat—to go to America, so far away! My mother, my little sister—"</p> <p>Poirot cut short the flood of reminiscence.</p> <p>"During your sojourn in the United States did you ever come across the deceased?"</p> <p>"Never. But I know the type. Oh, yes." He snapped his fingers expressively. "It is very respectable, very well dressed, but underneath it is all wrong. Out of my experience, I should say he was the big crook. I give you my opinion for what it is worth."</p> <p>"Your opinion is quite right," said Poirot dryly. "Ratchett was Cassetti, the kidnapper."</p> <p>"What did I tell you? I have learned to be very acute—to read the face. It is necessary. Only in America do they teach you the proper way to sell."</p> <p>"You remember the Armstrong case?"</p> <p>"I do not quite remember. The name, yes? It was a little girl—a baby—was it not?"</p> <p>"Yes, a very tragic affair."</p> <p>The Italian seemed the first person to demur to this view.</p> <p>"Ah, well, these things they happen," he said philosophically, "in a great civilization such as America—"</p> <p>Poirot cut him short.</p> <p>"Did you ever come across any members of the Armstrong family?"</p> <p>"No, I do not think so. It is difficult to say. I will give you some figures. Last year alone I sold—"</p> <p>"Monsieur, pray confine yourself to the point."</p> <p>The Italian's hands flung themselves out in a gesture of apology.</p> <p>"A thousand pardons."</p> <p>"Tell me, if you please, your exact movements last night from dinner onwards."</p> <p>"With pleasure. I stay here as long as I can. It is more amusing. I talk to the American gentleman at my table. He sells typewriter ribbons. Then I go back to my compartment. It is empty. The miserable John Bull who shares it with me is away attending to his master. At last he comes back—very long face as usual. He will not talk—says yes and no. A miserable race, the English—not sympathetic. He sits in the corner, very stiff, reading a book. Then the conductor comes and makes our beds."</p>	<p>Vocabulary</p> <p>Swarthy</p> <p>Naturalized</p> <p>Exposition</p> <p>Reminiscence</p> <p>Dryly</p> <p>Demur</p> <p>Ribbons</p>
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Selection 2, from Part 2, Chapter 11, "The Evidence of Miss Debenham"

When Mary Debenham entered the dining car she confirmed Poirot's previous estimate of her.

Very neatly dressed in a little black suit with a French grey shirt, the smooth waves of her dark head were neat and unruffled. Her manner was as calm and unruffled as her hair.

She sat down opposite Poirot and M. Bouc and looked at them inquiringly.

"Your name is Mary Hermione Debenham, and you are twenty-six years of age?" began Poirot.

"Yes."

"English?"

"Yes."

"Will you be so kind, Mademoiselle, as to write down your permanent address on this piece of paper?"

She complied. Her writing was clear and legible.

"And now, Mademoiselle, what have you to tell us of the affair last night?"

"I am afraid I have nothing to tell you. I went to bed and slept."

"Does it distress you very much, Mademoiselle, that a crime has been committed on this train?"

The question was clearly unexpected. Her grey eyes widened a little.

"I don't quite understand you."

"It was a perfectly simple question that I asked you, Mademoiselle. I will repeat it. Are you very much distressed that a crime should have been committed on this train?"

"I have not really thought about it from that point of view. No, I cannot say that I am at all distressed."

"A crime—it is all in the day's work to you, eh?"

"It is naturally an unpleasant thing to have happen," said Mary Debenham quietly.

"You are very Anglo-Saxon. Mademoiselle. *Vous n'éprouvez pas d'émotion.*"

She smiled a little.

"I am afraid I cannot have hysterics to prove my sensibility. After all, people die every day."

"They die, yes. But murder is a little more rare."

"Oh, certainly."

"You were not acquainted with the dead man?"

"I saw him for the first time when lunching here yesterday."

"And how did he strike you?"

"I hardly noticed him."

"He did not strike you as an evil personality."

She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"Really, I cannot say I thought about it."

Poirot looked at her keenly.

"You are, I think, a little bit contemptuous of the way I prosecute my inquiries," he said with a twinkle. "Not so, you think, would an English inquiry be conducted. There everything would be cut and dried—it would be all kept to the facts—a well-ordered business. But I, Mademoiselle, have my little originalities. I look first at my witness, I sum up his or her character, and I frame my questions accordingly. Just a little minute ago I am asking questions of a gentleman who wants to tell me all his ideas on every subject. Well, him I keep strictly to the point. I want him to answer yes or no, this or that. And then you come. I see at once that you will be orderly and methodical. You will confine yourself to the matter in hand. Your answers will be brief and to the point. And because, Mademoiselle, human nature is perverse, I ask of you quite different questions. I ask what you *feel*, what you *thought*. It does not please you this method?"

Hysterics
Sensibility

OLYMPIADS SCHOOL/GRADE 9 ENGLISH/HOMEWORK 18**NAME (FIRST AND LAST):**_____ **GRADE:**_____**SESSION (DAY):**_____ **(TIME):**_____**Announcement**

The final assessment has been scheduled for Class 21. Next week (Class 20), instead of the regular homework, a review package will be posted on the school's website. To prepare for the final, please review the handouts and homework from Class 11 to Class 18.

Selection 1

1. Referring to the context of the sentence or of the selection itself, explain the meaning of each of the following words. Explain how you know. In addition, copy down a definition from the dictionary.

However, if you are confident that you know the word's meaning, simply share your prior knowledge without copying down a dictionary definition. Nevertheless, you are still encouraged to explain how the word fits into the context of the selection.

- i. Swarthy

- ii. Naturalized

- iii. Exposition

iv. Reminiscence

v. Dry

vi. Demur

vii. Ribbon

2. Is Antonio Foscarelli pretending? Share your thoughts about this passenger.

Selection 2

1. Referring to the context of the sentence or of the selection itself, explain the meaning of each of the following words. Explain how you know. In addition, copy down a definition from the dictionary.

However, if you are confident that you know the word's meaning, simply share your prior knowledge without copying down a dictionary definition. Nevertheless, you are still encouraged to explain how the word fits into the context of the selection.

- i. Hysterics

- ii. Sensibility

2. "The question was clearly unexpected. Her grey eyes widened a little." Why is Miss Debenham caught off guard?

3. Towards the end of the selection, Poirot explains his questioning method to Miss Debenham. Describe his method in your own words. What factors influence the way he asks his questions? What does Poirot believe such a method will accomplish?

Selection 3

1. Referring to the context of the sentence or of the selection itself, explain the meaning of each of the following words. Explain how you know. In addition, copy down a definition from the dictionary.

However, if you are confident that you know the word's meaning, simply share your prior knowledge without copying down a dictionary definition. Nevertheless, you are still encouraged to explain how the word fits into the context of the selection.

- i. Placid

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- ii. Eminent

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- iii. Convey
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-
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2. "Poirot's methods with Hildegard Schmidt were a complete contrast to his handling of Mary Debenham." Why Poirot adopt a different method of interrogation with Hildegard Schmidt? You may use evidence from elsewhere in the chapter.

POETRY/RAP ANALYSIS

"The Rose that Grew from Concrete"

By Tupac Shakur

[2Pac Shakur]

You try to plant somethin in the concrete, y'knowwhatlmean?
 If it GROW, and the and the rose petal got all kind of
 Scratches and marks, you not gon' say, "D***, look at
 All the scratches and marks on the rose that grew from concrete"
 You gon' be like, "D***! A rose grew from the concrete?!"
 Same thing with me, y'knahmean? I grew out of all of this
 Instead of sayin, "D***, he did this, he did this,"
 Just be like, "D***! He grew out of that? He came out of that?"
 That's what they should say, y'knowwhatlmean?
 All the trouble to survive and make good out of the dirty, nasty
 Y'knowhahatlmean unbelievable lifestyle they gave me
 I'm just tryin to make somethin..

[Nikki Giovanni]

When no one even cared
 The rose it grew from concrete
 Keepin all these dreams
 Provin nature's laws wrong
 It learned how to walk without havin feet
 It came from concrete

[Spoken part]

Did you hear about the rose that grew from a crack in the concrete?
 Provin nature's laws wrong it learned how to walk without havin feet
 Funny it seems but, by keepin its dreams
 It, learned to breathe FRESH air
 Long live the rose that grew from concrete
 When no one else even cared
 No one else even cared..
 The rose that grew from concrete

[Spoken part]

Did you hear..
 Did you hear about the rose that grew from a crack in the concrete?
 Provin nature's laws wrong

It learned to walk without having feet
 Funny it seems but by keeping its dreams
 It learned to breathe FRESH air
 Long live the rose that grew from concrete
 When no one else, even cared

[Nikki Giovanni]

Keepin all these dreams
 Provin nature's laws wrong
 It learned how to walk without havin feet (to breathe the fresh air)
 It came from concrete (to breathe the fresh air)
 (to breathe the fresh air, to breathe the fresh air)

[2Pac Shakur]

You see you wouldn't ask why the rose that grew from the concrete
 Had damaged petals. On the contrary, we would all celebrate its
 Tenacity. We would all love it's will to reach the sun
 Well, we are the roses - this is the concrete - and these are
 My damaged petals. Don't ask me why, thank God n****, ask me how!
 Hahahaha...

The recording can be found on Youtube:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zPFV7rc0UDg>

1. Are there poetic techniques such as: similes; metaphors; alliteration; personification; onomatopoeia; assonance? Focus on one technique and discuss its effect on the reader/listener. What thoughts and/or feelings does the device evoke?

2. Are there structures such as: repetition; tenses; different voices; different themes in stanzas or verse-paragraphs? Focus on one structure and discuss its effect on the reader/listener. What thoughts and/or feelings does the structure evoke?

3. Listen to the tone of the poem. What is it? Does it change?

4. i. What issues are raised about society/relationships or life?
ii. What is the poet's message or intention in writing this poem?

i.

ii.

THE END