

EVERETT PUBLIC SCHOOLS
Grade Ten
Summer Reading Assignment

REQUIRED READING: Mr. Pip by Lloyd Jones

Over the summer, all students entering grade ten will be reading *Mr. Pip* by Lloyd Jones. The tenth grade English teachers chose to have all students read one novel because it will be incorporated into the tenth grade curriculum next year. In this way, all students can participate in meaningful discussions and activities once the school year begins. Having one reading requirement will enhance the instruction, engagement, and reliable assessment of the summer work.

In addition to reading the novel, you will have **THREE** assignments to complete over the summer. These assignments will be due when you return to school.

The following assignments will be due when you return to school

✓ *Mr. Pip* Web Quest – **due September 3, 2009**

The web quest will provide you with background information about the author and setting of the novel. You should complete the web quest before reading to enhance your understanding of the important characters and events in the novel.

✓ *Mr. Pip* Objective Questions – **due September 3, 2009**

These questions should be done **WHILE** reading the novel. Doing so will help you to understand the events, characters, conflicts, and major themes of the novel.

✓ *Mr. Pip* Open-Response Question – **due September 8, 2009**

The Open-Response Question is based on **ONE** excerpt from the novel. It will assess your knowledge of the novel and important literary devices.

Name: _____

Date: _____

Mr. Pip Objective Questions

Directions: Answer the following questions in complete sentences.

1. Is it important that Mr. Watts is the last white man on the island? Explain why or why not.

2. Why does Matilda write Pip's name in the sand alongside the names of her relatives? Why does this upset her mother? How does this contribute to Dolores's feelings about Mr. Watts' instruction of her daughter? Are these feelings understandable?

3. Why do you think Mr. Watts pulled his wife in the cart? Why did he wear the red clown nose? What meaning did that have for them?

4. How does Matilda's mother react when she learns that the class is reading *Great Expectations*? Why do you think she responds as she does?

5. What is the message Matilda's mother is trying to express to the children with the story of her mother's braids? How is this related to the issue of Mr. Watts' faith in God?

6. What did you think of the lessons that the mothers of the children bring to the classroom? If you were the parent of a child in Matilda's class, what lesson would you teach the children? What might your mother have taught the class?

7. Who is Dolores warning the children about when she tells them the story about the devil lady and the church money? How does this story justify her actions regarding the book and the redskins? Do you agree with Dolores's refusal to bring forth the book? With Matilda's?

8. Where do you think Gilbert's father takes Sam? How do you know? In your opinion, was it necessary that he do so?

9. Why does the officer think that the villagers are hiding someone named Mr. Pip? Why is this an important question?

10. Why does Mr. Watts tell the soldier that he is Mr. Dickens? What does Matilda mean when she says that his lie showed how much trust he placed in the children?

11. Why does the corned beef in Mr. Watts' house "represent a broad hope" for Matilda? Discuss Mr. Watts' reaction to Matilda's fragment. Do you believe that Grace was alive when Matilda arrived?

12. Discuss how the characters in this story struggle to reconcile the concepts of race and identity. Does it seem to dictate their interaction with each other? How does it influence their concepts of self? What moments, especially, helped reveal this to you?

13. Where does Matilda find the missing copy of *Great Expectations*? What is the significance of her discovery?

14. Why are the villagers afraid of the rambos even though they are “our boys”?

15. What is the meaning of the story of the Queen of Sheba? Why does Mr. Watts bring it up? Why is it significant that Dolores is familiar with that story?

16. Why does Dolores step forward to declare herself “God’s witness” to the murder of Mr. Watts? Were you surprised that she did? Why does she insist that Matilda remain silent?

17. When Matilda reads *Great Expectations* in her new school library, what does she discover? Why do you think Mr. Watts made the changes to the book?

18. At the end of the novel, why do you think Matilda wants to find out about Mr. Watts’ former life? What does she discover? Do her findings change how she feels about Mr. Watts? Do they change your own feelings about him?

19. Do you think Matilda was able to return home? How would that outcome affect your reading of both novels?

20. Discuss your memorable experiences of being read to as a child. What book made the greatest impact on your life? Did any book come to you at precisely the right time, the way *Great Expectations* was brought to Matilda?

Name: _____

Date: _____

Mr. Pip
Web Quest

Directions: Go to the websites listed and answer the questions that follow.

Topic No. 1: Lloyd Jones, author of *Mr. Pip*

Website: <http://www.contemporarywriters.com/authors/?p=auth519F7A411405719DD5ytov73C642>

1. When was Lloyd Jones born?
2. Where was Jones born?
3. Where did Jones study? What were his three jobs?
4. In 2003, what children's book did Lloyd Jones write?
5. Which of Jones' books was adapted for the stage?
6. What two prizes did Jones win for *Mr. Pip*?
7. Where is the setting of *Mr. Pip*?
8. What is the first book that Jones ever published? In what year?

Topic No. 2: *Mr. Pip*, by Lloyd Jones

Website: <http://www.randomhouse.com/bantamdell/misterpip/main.html> (go to open menu at the top left and click on *Mr. Pip*)

9. Who is the only teacher to stay behind on the island and read to the children?
10. What book does he read?
11. Who is the main child in the book? How old is she?
12. What does Mr. Watts say about the impact of reading a great book?

13. What are the villagers on the island inspired to do as a result of Mr. Watts?

14. According to the *Mr. Pip*, what can be a dangerous thing?

Topic No. 3: Bougainville, setting of *Mr. Pip*)

Website: http://encarta.msn.com/encyclopedia_761575770/Bougainville.html

15. In what country is the island of Bougainville located?

16. How many square miles is Bougainville?

17. Name at least three products that are exported out of Bougainville.

18. Who is the island named after?

19. What two countries occupied the territory of Papua New Guinea?

20. During which two wars was Papua New Guinea occupied?

21. When did Papua New Guinea become an independent state?

22. What had the residents of Bougainville hoped for regarding government?

23. In the 1980's, what did the Bougainville landowners demand from the national government of Papua New Guinea?

24. What was formed in 1988?

25. In 1990, what did the national government of Papua New Guinea reject that led to war?

26. When did an agreement finally happen between Bougainville residents and the national government of Papua New Guinea?

27. How many people died as a result of the conflict?

28. What was produced in 2001 by the UN (United Nations)?
29. Look up the word “autonomous” and explain what type of government was established in Bougainville as a result of the agreement.
30. Who was the first president of Bougainville and when was he elected?

Grade 10 Summer Reading Open-Response Question

Prompt: Lloyd Jones uses the literary devices of personification and metaphor to illustrate the danger that Matilda faces as she is swallowed up by a flood.

Directions: Read the following excerpt from the novel *Mister Pip* by Lloyd Jones and write a response in which you:

- Identify an example of personification and an example of a metaphor and discuss how each example helps to emphasize Matilda’s need to survive.
- Discuss why Matilda wants to survive, even though she had just experienced unimaginable tragedies.
- Describe how the use of personification helps Matilda endure the panic that she experiences as she fights for her life.

From *Mister Pip* by Lloyd Jones

It occurred to me I could simply end things this way. I could just give up, let go. That is what the flood wished me to do, and I was thinking how, so far, it was all so easy, when without warning the river changed character. Suddenly, I was being dragged under.

At last I knew what to do. I had to survive.

This is something we all take for granted, but no matter how bad things get, the moment you are denied air you fight for it. You know at last what you need. You need air.

I couldn’t see anything for the silt in my eyes. The river was animal-like. It had limbs with claws. It had a hold on my legs. It pulled me down. I had to fight my way to the surface and fill my lungs with air. Then the same thing happened all over again. It grabbed my legs and pulled me down. It wouldn’t leave me alone. I was pushed under countless times and was thinking what a dumb way to go. How careless of me. How stupid.

I saw my father’s head wilt as he was given the news of my drowning. And as the last of the air drained from me it was the thought of my father’s pain that drove me back to the surface.

An hour earlier I couldn't have cared what happened to me. That had passed. Now I felt responsible to live.

At some point I bumped against something large and solid. In the blinding confusion I thought, Yes, thank you, God. I've been thrown against a bank. Land. I could feel its certainty, its beautiful certainty. I threw my hand out and found myself clinging to a monstrous log.

I do not know what kind of tree it had once been. It had no leaves or branches. The water had turned its bark smooth. So, it was spongy to touch. It was just a log, but in this situation, in this rushing water, just-a-log was a great deal more than just-a-girl. For one thing, the log would survive. No matter how many times it was turned in a current or shot forward on a rapid, it would eventually wash up on a beach. And that would be its story as it dried out in the sun, sinking further into the sand with the passing of each day. It would survive. It thought it might be worth clinging to.

For a time we shot along to where the river split in two. Log and me drifted into the left lane (I will call it), which was a stroke of luck because this stretch of water shifted us out of the strong, nagging mid river current into the still brown water spreading from the coast.

What would you call a savior? The only one I knew went by the name of Mr. Jagers. And so it was natural for me to name my savior, this log, after the man who had saved Pip's life. Better to cling to the worldliness of Mr. Jagers than the slimy skin of a water-soaked log. I couldn't talk to a log. But I could talk to Mr. Jagers.

The river emptied into a vast area of still, flat water. I thought we must have drifted near the old airfield long since overgrown. That was okay. I was no longer afraid. We were going to survive. The thought came and went, but without any of the gratitude I would have shown earlier when the river was doing its best to hold me under. No. We were going to survive, and now it only felt inevitable and business as usual.

I was one of those heart seeds us kids had heard about in class. I was at some earlier stage of a journey that would deliver me to another place, to another life, into another way of being. I just didn't know where or when.

In the near distance I could make out the schoolhouse. If only I could steer Mr. Jagers in that direction, I might slip off and climb onto the roof.

The rain stopped. The gluey air was breaking up to high cloud. Above me I could hear the thudding of rotor blades. I closed my eyes and waited for the redskins to shoot. I was sure they would. They would see me and that would be that. A second later the helicopter thudded damply away behind the clouds.

It began to rain again. Slow, steady rain, and the school house disappeared behind a gray mist. I clung to Mr. Jagers, now no longer sure where we were or of the direction we were moving in.

I started to worry that we would be brought back to the river and that the current would snatch us back into its path. Then we would be carried out to sea, where I'd be too tired to fight. That's what I was thinking when out of the gray mist arrived the sound of paddles and then the dark shape of a prow. One man was paddling – I knew him! Now I saw Gilbert and his mum, and someone else, an older woman. I wave my hand and called out.

Within minutes I was hauled aboard the boat, to the wonderful lightness of the world above water. I was hugged. My face patted and kissed. For the first time I was aware of the bone-ache in my arms.

I leaned over the side to look for my savior. Mr. Jagers seemed to know with sad recognition that it was just a log and that the disloyal Matilda who had clung to its back throughout this watery trial was the privileged one, the lucky one.

After each of them gave me a hug (even Gilbert), Mrs Masoi smiled at me through teary eyes. She pressed her cheek against mine. Mr. Masoi didn't say anything. He had other things on his mind. He whispered to us to stay quiet. Then he turned the boat around and we headed out to open sea.

I found out later they had been waiting for darkness. And Gilbert's father had actually given word that they would start out for sea, when I was spotted clinging to Mr. Jagers.

