ENG 1PI- Exam Review

A. Terms

Exposition/introduction Aside

Inciting incident Soliloquy

Rising action Dramatic irony

Climax Foreshadowing

Falling action Tragic hero

Resolution/conclusion Comic relief

Setting

Conflict

4 types of conflict: person vs person, person vs self, person vs society, person vs nature

Character traits vs. physical traits

Theme

Point of view

1st person point of view, 3rd person point of view

B. Short Story “Gore” by Sarah Ellis

Twins have a very special bond. Together from their earliest moments of

consciousness, they are true soul-mates. Linked by feelings of deep kinship

and love, mutually attuned with an almost magic sensitivity, they often feel

like two halves of the same person.

Twins separated at birth who meet as adults often discover amazing coincidences

in their lives. They both have wives named Linda and sons called

Hamish. At their weddings both of their best men wore kilts. They both have

Maine coon cats and use an obscure Finnish brand of aftershave. This proves

that the twin relationship is one of the strongest in the world, overriding

individual personality and the forces of upbringing and environment.

Horse patooties.

Soul-mates? Sometimes I can’t believe that Lucas and I are in the same

family, much less twins. In fact, there have been times when I’ve wondered

if Lucas and I are even of the same species. I’m pretty much a basic homosapiens. Lucas is more like an unevolved thugoid. I’ve heard that there are

some photos of twins in the womb that show them hugging. If someone

had taken a photo of Lucas and me in there I’ll bet dollars to doughnuts it

would have shown him bashing me on the head.

Lucas must have grabbed all the good nutrition in there, too, because

he’s a lot bigger, faster, and stronger than me. I don’t stand a chance on the

bashing, kicking, running away, immobilizing-your-opponent-in-a-half-nelson

front. As the years have passed, my two areas of superior firepower, an

extensive vocabulary and a gift for voice impersonation, have sometimes

proved inadequate. I have been forced to take up psychological warfare.

Lucas attacks without provocation. The other day, for example, I’m sitting

reading. I finally got the new R. L. Tankard out of the library and it is

extremely choice. There’s this girl and she has a babysitting job in this glam

apartment building, on the twenty-sixth floor. When she arrives, the baby is

already asleep so she hasn’t actually seen it. She’s watching TV in a darkened

room and she thinks she hears a noise from the baby.

*“She muted the TV for a minute and in the sudden silence she heard the noise*

*again, but louder. It was a heavy wet noise, like the sound of a big piece of raw*

*meat being flung to the floor. She stared at the door to the nursery. It was outlined*

*in a thin band of crepuscular light. She stood up and, with her heart pounding in*

*her ears, she approached the room …”*

Isn’t that excellent? I read it again. Sometimes I like to do that with R. L.

Tankard—slow it down by reading the best parts twice before I turn the

page. “Crepuscular.” I roll the word around in my mouth like a hard candy.

Who cares what it means? “… like a big piece of raw meat being flung to

the floor.” Choice.

Then, WHAP! Lucas leans over the back of the chair, rips the book from

my hands, runs into the bathroom, and slams the door. I’m after him in a

second but of course by the time I get there he has it locked. I learned years

ago that you can click open our bathroom door with a knife. I learned this

about two minutes after Lucas learned that you can wedge the bathroom

door shut by pulling open the top drawer of the vanity.

I kick the door. “Give me my book back, you grommet -head.”

“Make me.”

I just hate that, the way Lucas can sound so smug. If possible I would

appeal to a higher authority. I have no shame about finking, whining,

telling, etc., when it comes to Lucas. I use whatever counter-weapons I have

at my disposal. With Lucas as a brother it is sometimes necessary to have

referees. I’m not ashamed to stand behind an adult peace-keeping force.

Lucas regards this as an act of cowardice and wimpiness. He tries to shame

me. “Why don’t you run to Mummy?” But I don’t care. I figure it is like

some small but extremely valuable country calling on the United Nations

when attacked by an aggressor. Unfortunately, in this case, the peace-keeping

forces are out at Mega-Foods doing the Saturday shop.

I try to plan a strategy. At least it keeps my mind off what is happening

behind the door of that baby’s room, in that crepuscular light. The carrot or

the stick? Or, to put it another way, the chocolate cheesecake or the Uzi? I

could try the chocolate cheesecake of false bribery. Such as, “Lucas, just give

me my book and I’ll do your poop-scooping in the backyard this week.”

This technique has lost its effectiveness through overuse, however. Even

Lucas, microbrain that he is, doesn’t fall for that one any more.

So what about the Uzi. “Lucas, if you don’t give me back my book this

minute I’m going to tell Dad that you …” What? I’ve used up the fact that

Lucas was the one who let the rabbit into Mum’s office where he ate

through her modem cord. I’ve already gotten my mileage out of the time

he tried to photocopy his bum on the photocopier at the public library. I’ve

used up everything I know about Lucas’s sins, crimes, misdemeanors and

shady dealings.

I collapse on the couch in despair. I am a stealth bomber with no aviation

fuel. I am a pioneer with no powder for my musket. I am a merry man

(well, OK, merry woman) with an empty quiver. I am weaponless.

Not quite.

“Rats. Lucas, there’s someone at the door. I’ll get it but I’m warning you,

Lucas, if you’re not out of there by the time I get back, you’re toast.”

“Yeah, with peanut butter.”

I run to the door. The doorbell gives three loud blats.

“Just a minute. Coming!” I open the door.

There are two, no, three of them. The faces are hooded and I only catch

a glimpse but it is enough to make me step back in horror, as though a

huge hand has given me a push. This is my first mistake, leaving me a split

second too late to push the door shut.

They are inside. They are silent.

“Hey, hold it, you can’t do that. Get out of here. Help!”

I pull myself together and try to fool them. “Dad!”

The front door clicks quietly shut behind them. I race around the corner

into the hall and fall against the bathroom door. I strain to hear.

Nothing.

“Lucas,” I yell-whisper.

Lucas’s bored voice makes its way out of the bathroom. “Forget it, Amy,

you’re not fooling anybody.”

“Lucas, I mean it. Let me in. Please. Those faces. They’re not … aagh.” A

shadow falls into the hallway. I grab the doorknob and screw my eyes shut.

The first thing is the smell. The fetid stench. The noxious reek. It is the

smell of something dead, sweet and rotten. It rolls into the hall like a huge

wave, breaking over my head, flowing into my mouth and nose until it

becomes a taste. I am drowning. I gasp, dragging the air painfully into my

lungs.

“Very dramatic, Lady Macbeth.”

I find a voice. “Lucas, can’t you smell it?”

Lucas giggles and flushes the toilet. “Now I can’t.”

Then something ice-cold and soft and damp fixes itself around my wrist

like a bracelet and begins to pull my fingers away from the door. I hold on,

unable to talk, unable to breathe.

And then the voice. The voice as dry and white as paper. “Come with us,

we need you. We need your being.”

A cold sweat breaks out over my entire body. I grab at the door one last

time as my slippery fingers slide off the knob. I grasp at anything. My fingernails

scratch across the shiny surface. The door rattles.

“Lucas!”

Lucas laughs.

The thing moves me to the living room. Not roughly. Like a powerful,

persistent and silent wind. I force my eyes open but I can’t seem to focus.

The room is shimmering like a mirage on a hot road. I am lying on the

floor and the ceiling is pulsing slowly. The strong, crepuscular wind pushes

me to the floor. I am pinned, paralyzed, frozen with terror. My heartbeat

pounds in my ears.

The paper voice is louder. “Eat. Of. Our. Food.” Each word is a little

island of sound, a pebble dropped into a pool.

The ceiling disappears and a face looms above me. A smooth white

mask, skin stretched across sharp bones. Bright yellow eyes that stare

unblinking, like a baby or a reptile. Thick shiny brown hair. The echo of

the smell of decay. I feel something being held to my lips. I lock my jaw

and squeeze my lips shut.

The voice is louder, booming. “Eat. Of. Our. Food.”

I see movement in the shiny brown hair. Movement that ceases the

moment I look directly at it. I want to close my eyes but my eyelids are stiff

and wooden. The movement increases. Shiny, brown, undulating, dancing

like a thing alive.

Or many things alive.

Pink rat eyes. A scream consumes me, vomiting up from every part of my

body. And into my open mouth falls a greasy, slimy gobbet of ooze. I flail

my head from side to side and try to spit it out but it turns to a thick, viscous,

glutinous, sticky liquid that coats my mouth, rises up the back of my

nose and clings to my teeth. I retch. I gag.

The mask floats once more above me. Its smoothness has now exploded

into a cobweb of wrinkles, an old crazed china plate. The hair has turned

dead-rat grey. Beads of milky liquid ooze out of the yellow eyes, now dull

and bloodshot, and begin to rain down upon my face. They are warm, then

cold and solid. The quavery, rusty voice floats down to me, “You. Are. The.

New. One. Now.”

With a strength I didn’t know I had, I force myself up. I beat away the

mask face and push aside the shimmering air of the room through which

my scream is still echoing. Chairs and side tables fall as I crash past them.

Magazines fly through the air and crash against the walls.

“Hey, fink-face! What are you doing out there? Demolition derby?” I

have no voice to answer Lucas.

I reach the phone in the hall just outside the bathroom door. I grab the

receiver. I dial Emergency. I wait through a century of rings. Finally someone

answers.

“Do you wish police, ambulance, or fire?”

My voice is choked with sobs. “Police, oh, police. Please, hurry.”

Click. The line goes dead. Cold, gentle fingers touch the back of my neck.

I drop the receiver which swings like a pendulum, banging against the wall,

a dull, hollow sound.

I fall to the ground like a stone, like a piece of raw meat, and bury my

face in my hands. My hands smell like skunk cabbage, no, like swamp

water, no, like the bacon that somebody forgot in the back of the fridge.

My face is smooth and cold and becoming more solid every second. My

hair begins to move on my scalp.

They have me. I am becoming one of them. I feel my brain hardening

inside my head.

I hold onto one thought. My dear twin. My brother. My boon companion.

Fellow traveller on the road of life. Oh, God, don’t let them take Lucas.

I try to picture the bathroom window. Oh, please, let him be skinny

enough to get through it. My mouth is becoming rigid. I use up my last

human words, “Lucas, break the window. Get out. For pity’s sake, don’t

come out here.”

Then silence. The only sound is the telephone receiver thudding against

the wall.

“Amy? You’re just kidding, aren’t you? That was pretty good. You know if

you weren’t so funny-looking you could probably become an actress.”

Silence.

Lucas’s voice shrinks. “Amy? Amy, come on. Quit it.”

*Beep, beep, beep.* The telephone’s humanoid voice rings out in the silent

hall. “Please hang up and try your call again. If you need assistance dial

your operator. Please hang up now.” *Beep, beep, beep.*

The bathroom door opens slowly. I’m curled up behind it. I hold my

breath. Two steps, that’s all I need. Two measly steps.

“Amy?”

Two steps it is. I grab the door, swing around it, jump into the bathroom,

and turn the lock.

Success! Triumph! Oh, happiness, oh, joy! I shake my own hand.

I slurp some cold water from the tap. My throat hurts a bit from that

final scream. But it was worth it. It was one of the better screams of my

career. There’s something to be said for really scaring yourself.

R. L. Tankard is sitting on the back of the toilet. I open him up. R. L.

Tankard is such a good writer that he can make you forget all about what’s

going on around you. He can make you forget, for example, a flipped-out

twin brother using inappropriate language on the other side of the bathroom

door. Listen. He’s already repeating himself. Really, his repertoire of

invective is pathetically inadequate. He should do more reading to increase

his word power.

I settle down on the bathmat and find my page. So—what *was* in that

baby’s room?

Questions:

1. What point of view is the story told by?
2. Describe one character trait of Lucas and the narrator.
3. What do you think the theme of the story is?

C: Paragraph Writing

Opinion Paragraph: state your opinion in the first sentence, the following three sentences support specific reasons as to why you like or dislike something, and then the concluding sentence restates your view

Summary Paragraph: your introduction sentence states what it is you are summarizing, and then in the body of the paragraph you will only include important parts from the article, movie or whatever you are summarizing (include who, what, where, when, why, how to ensure that all of the important information in included). Don’t include opinion and don’t forget a concluding sentence to re-state what it is that you just summarized.

News Article: Includes who, what, where, when, why, how, and a bystander quotation

Remember: a paragraph needs to be at least 5 sentences!!!

D: Mythology

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Name of Myth | Summary of key points |
| Hercules(\*refer to your sheet about the 12 labours) |  |
| Prometheus  |  |
| Pandora |  |
| Perseus |  |

*E: Last Book in the Universe* (refer to review sheet and your test)

Explain the significance of each thing or character in the book.

1. Bean 6. Mongo
2. The runner 7. Ryter’s pages
3. Chox 8. Bully Bangers
4. Eden
5. Urb