

Methodology of Teaching Literature and Culture

WS 2014/15

Dr.phil. Elisabeth Pölzleitner

Book project

Racism, Discrimination, Exclusion

Submitted by

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find more tils inside

This is a very nice project and all your tasks will work well. I miss a presentatiin task at the end so the whole class gets an idea of all the books.
In order to use this the teacher will have to do a bit of editing to create instruction packages for the different books. For our purpose this is ok, in real life create these group versions. creatice, meaningful tasks,
Way to go!
Pö

2 Introduction

This reading project is designed for year 6 and upwards. The aim is to discuss and reflect on the topics *racism*, *discrimination*, and *exclusion*. The following pages comprise general activities which can be used regardless of which book students chose to read and also contain several more specific activities for each of the books.

The estimated project time is five to six lessons (50 minutes each). Because the project includes pre-reading and post-reading activities, it is best broken up into two segments: 1) activities which introduce students to the topic of this project and help them decide which book they want to read and 2) activities which help them reflect on the content of the book and make comparisons to the real life after having finished reading their respective books.

The four books included in this reading project are:

- Ellis, Deborah, and Eric Walters (2007). *Bifocal*. Ontario: Fitzhenry & Whiteside.
- Garland, Sherry (1993). *Shadow of the Dragon*. Orlando, Florida: Houghton Mifflin Harcourt.
- Jones, Diana Wynne (1986). *Howl's moving castle*. New York: HarperTrophy.
- Talley, Robin (2014). *Lies We Tell Ourselves*. Surrey, Richmond: Harlequin.

We tried to include as many different aspects (gender, skin color, culture) as possible when choosing books for the project in order to increase chances that each student finds at least one book appealing. Two of the books (Jones, 1986; Talley, 2014) feature female protagonists, the other two books (Garland, 1993; Ellis and Walters, 2007) have male protagonists. *Bifocal* (Ellis and Walters, 2007) tells a post-9/11 story which contrasts the attitudes of a 'white' American boy and an American Muslim boy towards each other's culture. *Shadow of the Dragon* (Garland, 1993) concerns itself with Asians who immigrate into the US. *Howl's Moving Castle* (Jones, 1986) takes place in a fantasy world in which prejudiced rumors are circulated about a magician who is expelled from the city. And *Lies We Tell Ourselves* (Talley, 2014) is a historical piece of fiction which addresses the integration efforts of the NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) in the US in the 1960s.

Note: This project includes the front and back covers of every book as well as a few sample pages. It is suggested to also bring physical copies of the books to class and hand them around instead of solely relying on printouts.

3 General Activities

3.1 Pre-reading

3.1.1 Text: Melting Pot or Salad Bowl?

Read the following text and then discuss the questions below with a partner.



In multicultural societies there are different models of racial integration.

The USA is traditionally called a **melting pot** because with time, generations of immigrants have melted together: they have abandoned their cultures to become totally assimilated into American society.

But in the UK, where cultural diversity is considered a positive thing, immigrants have always been encouraged to maintain their traditions and their native language. This model of racial integration can be described as a **salad bowl**, with people of different cultures living in harmony, like the lettuce, tomatoes and carrots in a salad.

However, managing cultural diversity is not always easy. The world was shocked by the terrorist attacks which happened in New York in 2001. All these attacks involved people from Muslim ethnic communities, who seemed to be well integrated in society.

Both models of multicultural societies have contradictory aspects:

- in a melting pot there is no cultural diversity and sometimes differences are not respected;
- in a salad bowl cultures do not mix at all.

For example, in multicultural cities, some people spend their entire lives living and working without ever learning the country's language.

Source for article: *cglearn.it* (2014)

Discussion Questions:

- What do you think are the advantages of a “melting pot” society?
- What do you think are the advantages of a “salad bowl” society?
- Do you think Austria is more of a “melting pot” or a “salad bowl” society? Why?
- Think of examples of when people of different cultures living in the same country creates tensions! Find solutions that make people of both cultures happy!



3.1.2 Discussion cards on key terms

Take a look at the terms below. Which ones do you know? How much do you know about them? Try to explain every concept in one short sentence, or write down terms which are often associated with these concepts, or give some examples. You have fifteen minutes for this task. Afterwards, compare your notes with your partner and extend and revise them if necessary. We will then quickly go through every concept together in class.

Race:
Racism:
Apartheid:
Islamic terrorism:
Foreigner:
Stereotype:
Prejudice:
Gangs:
Skinheads:

3.1.3 Book excerpts

Take a look at all four books. Examine the front and back covers and read the first two or three pages. You will receive excerpts for each book. Take your time with each excerpt, you have at least 40 minutes to read. While reading, try to answer the following questions for each book and fill out the table:

- How many unknown words are there on each page? Can you guess their meanings?
- What kind of book do you think this will be? Do you think it will be science fiction, fantasy, realistic fiction, mystery, a crime story, etc?
- What do you think the plot of the book will be about? Make a one-sentence prediction.
- What kinds of characters do you expect to meet in each book?

Write down your first, second and third choice. If possible, you will be given your first choice.

Book title and ★★★	New words per page	Other comments about the book
		Type of book: Plot prediction: Characters:
		Type of book: Plot prediction: Characters:
		Type of book: Plot prediction: Characters:
		Type of book: Plot prediction: Characters:

Adapted version of "Choosing a book" from Pölzleitner (2014a: 44-45).

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BIFOCAL

"We need to see things from the outside."

Kevin wasn't armed like the cops were, but he was big enough to clear a space as he moved against the flow. Kids got out of his way, and the opening remained clear for Steve and me to follow. The guys on the football team could always move people out of the way. Some of the players really liked doing that. I had to admit that I got a charge out of it myself.

Kevin skidded to a stop and we almost bumped into him. Two more cops—regular looking officers—blocked the doors ahead of us. Nobody could leave the school by that exit until they were checked briefly, and then pushed out the door.

"What now?" Steve asked Kevin.

"We're not going that way. If they kick us out, we'll never find out what's happening. Follow me," he ordered.

Kevin led us up the stairwell, still against the flow of traffic. We were the only ones going up. Kevin carved out a channel along one wall, and the crowd moved aside. Up and around, landing by landing to the second floor...then to the top floor. The hallway was almost deserted.

Kevin jumped up into the air. Before I could even think to question what he was doing, he grabbed a ladder suspended against the ceiling. One side came down on a spring, as the other end remained anchored to the ceiling. I'd been in this corridor a

hundred times but had never noticed that ladder.

On the ceiling was a sign that read Authorized Personnel Only.

Kevin ignored the sign and started up the ladder. At the top was a small trapdoor. He shoved it open and a square of light appeared over our heads.

Kevin climbed through the opening and onto the roof. Steve immediately scrambled after him. I was next in line. I didn't know if this was such a bright idea, but I really wanted to see what was going on. I started up the ladder.

"Attention!" the PA barked out. It was our principal, Mr. Atkins. "We are in a lockdown."

Lockdown. We had to get into a classroom, away from the windows and behind a locked door. Lockdowns were for emergencies, like somebody waving a gun. My mind raced to thoughts of Columbine...deranged kids killing other students... didn't they kill guys who were on the football team? A sick feeling erupted in my stomach.

"All staff and students report to the nearest secure room!" Mr. Atkins barked. He was trying to sound calm, but it wasn't working. "This is not a drill! I repeat. This is not a drill! Everyone report to lockdown locations immediately!"

I froze in place on the ladder, one hand on the rung above my head—three rungs from the top and about the same distance from the bottom. I had to get

to the nearest class, turn off the lights, close and lock the door, and—

"Hurry up!" Kevin hissed at me, peering down from the opening.

"It's a lockdown!" I yelled, thinking he hadn't heard the announcement.

"I heard. Get up here now so we can close the door! Consider this our lockdown spot."

I scrambled up the remaining steps. As I pulled myself up, I could feel an ache in my arms; they were still stinging from the weights. Kevin offered me a hand and practically pulled me off the ladder and onto the roof. With my weight gone, the spring of the ladder pulled it back to the roof and it hit with a loud metallic thud, causing me to startle.

Kevin laughed. "You gotta cut back on the caffeine." He gave the trapdoor a shove with his foot and it fell back down with a thud, closed.

"Are you sure we should be up here?" I asked.

"I'm up here all the time."

"They let you do that?"

"I've never asked, and nobody has ever caught me. Until I'm told I shouldn't, I do. Besides, what are they going to do, suspend me?"

"They could."

Both he and Steve laughed.

"Not a chance," Kevin said. They won't suspend me unless I kill somebody."

"If you did kill somebody, you'd be suspended for only a couple days," Steve added with a grin. "No way they'd suspend the captain or any assistant captain of the football team—at least, not during football season."

"Besides, we're just doing what we were told. This is a lockdown. What place could be safer than the roof?" Kevin asked.

I guess he had a point. There was no way that anybody could come up and get us—unless they were already up here. I scanned the roof anxiously. Didn't snipers go up onto roofs so they could pick off people below? I felt instant relief when I realized that there was nobody here but the three of us. Just gravel and tar, a few smokestacks, and a big metal box—some kind of cooling or heating unit sitting in the center of the roof. Sometimes there was a thin line between being imaginative and being paranoid.

Steve was off to the side, bent over, hiding behind and peering over the low wall that surrounded the whole roof. He turned around and waved for us to come over.

"You gotta see this!" he hissed at us over his shoulder.

We moved in, one on each side of him. I was glad there was a wall at the edge. I was no fan of heights, not even three stories' worth of height. I poked my head over the top and gasped. At least a dozen police

“A wonderful blend of humor, magic, and romance.”
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Sophie has the great misfortune of being the eldest of three daughters, destined to fail miserably should she ever leave home to seek her fate. But when she unwittingly attracts the ire of the Witch of the Waste, Sophie finds herself under a horrid spell that transforms her into an old lady. Her only chance at breaking it lies in the ever-moving castle in the hills: the Wizard Howl's castle. To untangle the enchantment, Sophie must handle the heartless Howl, strike a bargain with a fire demon, and meet the Witch of the Waste head-on. Along the way, she discovers that there's far more to Howl—and herself—than first meets the eye.

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Chapter One
IN WHICH SOPHIE
TALKS TO HATS

In the land of Ingary, where such things as seven-league boots and cloaks of invisibility really exist, it is quite a misfortune to be born the eldest of three. Everyone knows you are the one who will fail first, and worst, if the three of you set out to seek your fortunes.

Sophie Harter was the eldest of three sisters. She was not even the child of a poor woodcutter, which might have given her some chance of success! Her parents were well to do and kept a ladies' hat shop in the prosperous town of Market Chipping. True,

her own mother died when Sophie was two years old and her sister Lettie was one year old, and their father married his youngest shop assistant, a pretty blonde girl called Fanny. Fanny shortly gave birth to the third sister, Martha. This ought to have made Sophie and Lettie into Ugly Sisters, but in fact all three girls grew up very pretty indeed, though Lettie was the one everyone said was most beautiful. Fanny treated all three girls with the same kindness and did not favor Martha in the least.

Mr. Harter was proud of his three daughters and sent them all to the best school in town. Sophie was the most studious. She read a great deal, and very soon realized how little chance she had of an interesting future. It was a disappointment to her, but she was still happy enough, looking after her sisters and grooming Martha to seek her fortune when the time came. Since Fanny was always busy in the shop, Sophie was the one who looked after the younger two. There was a certain amount of screaming and hair-pulling between those younger two. Lettie was by no means resigned to being the one who, next to

Sophie, was bound to be the least successful.

"It's not fair!" Lettie would shout. "Why should Martha have the best of it just because she was born the youngest? I shall marry a prince, so there!"

To which Martha always retorted that *she* would end up disgustingly rich without having to marry anybody.

Then Sophie would have to drag them apart and mend their clothes. She was very deft with her needles. As time went on, she made clothes for her sisters too. There was one deep rose outfit she made for Lettie, the May Day before this story really starts, which Fanny said looked as if it had come from the most expensive shop in Kingsbury.

About this time everyone began talking of the Witch of the Waste again. It was said the Witch had threatened the life of the King's daughter and that the King had commanded his personal magician, Wizard Suliman, to go into the Waste and deal with the Witch. And it seemed that Wizard Suliman had not only failed to deal with the Witch: he had got himself killed by her.

So when, a few months after that, a tall black castle suddenly appeared on the hills above Market Chipping, blowing clouds of black smoke from its four tall, thin turrets, everybody was fairly sure that the Witch had moved out of the Waste again and was about to terrorize the country the way she used to fifty years ago. People got very scared indeed. Nobody went out alone, particularly at night. What made it all the scarier was that the castle did not stay in the same place. Sometimes it was a tall black smudge on the moors to the northwest, sometimes it reared above the rocks to the east, and sometimes it came right downhill to sit in the heather only just beyond the last farm to the north. You could see it actually moving sometimes, with smoke pouring out from the turrets in dirty gray gusts. For a while everyone was certain that the castle would come right down into the valley before long, and the Mayor talked of sending to the King for help.

But the castle stayed roving about the hills, and it was learned that it did not belong to the Witch but to Wizard Howl. Wizard Howl was bad enough.

Though he did not seem to want to leave the hills, he was known to amuse himself by collecting young girls and sucking the souls from them. Or some people said he ate their hearts. He was an utterly cold-blooded and heartless wizard and no young girl was safe from him if he caught her on her own. Sophie, Lettie, and Martha, along with all the other girls in Market Chipping, were warned never to go out alone, which was a great annoyance to them. They wondered what use Wizard Howl found for all the souls he collected.

They had other things on their minds before long, however, for Mr. Harter died suddenly just as Sophie was old enough to leave school for good. It then appeared that Mr. Harter had been altogether too proud of his daughters. The school fees he had been paying had left the shop with quite heavy debts. When the funeral was over, Fanny sat down in the parlor in the house next door to the shop and explained the situation.

"You'll all have to leave that school, I'm afraid," she said. "I've been doing sums back and front and

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LIES
WE TELL
OURSELVES

ROBIN
TALLEY

'Even though she's a GIRL.
Even though she's COLOURED.
I want to keep kissing Sarah forever.'

It's 1959.
The battle for civil rights is raging.

And it's Sarah's first day of school as one of the first black students at previously all-white Jefferson High.

No one wants Sarah there. Not the Governor. Not the teachers. And certainly not the students - especially Linda, daughter of the town's most ardent segregationist.

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**Some of them have spotted us from
across the street.**

The white boys at the front of the crowd are pushing past each other to get the first look at us.

Police officers line the school's sidewalks in front of the boys. They're watching us, too.

I don't bother looking back at them. The police aren't here to help us. Their shiny badges are all that's stopping them from yelling with the other white people. For all we know they trade in those badges for white sheets at night.

Then reporters are running toward us. A flashbulb goes off in my face. The heat singes my eyes.

All I see is bright white pain.

LIE #1

There's no need to be afraid.

*Jefferson High School, Davisburg, Virginia
February 2, 1959*

THE WHITE PEOPLE are waiting for us.

Chuck sees them first. He's gone out ahead of our group to peer around the corner by the hardware store. From there you can see all of Jefferson High.

The gleaming redbrick walls run forty feet high. The building is a block wide, and the windowpanes are spotless. A heavy concrete arch hangs over the two-story wood-and-glass doors at the front entrance.

The only thing between us and the school is the parking lot. And the white people.

We've all walked past Jefferson a thousand times before, but this will be the first time any of us steps inside. Until today, those big wooden doors might as well have been triple-locked, and we didn't have the key.

Our school, on the other side of town, is only one story. It's narrow—no wider than the Food Town. Our teachers put boards in the windows to cover the cracks in the glass, but that's not enough to stop the wind from whistling past us at our desks.

Our old school, anyway. Jefferson is supposed to be our school now.

If we can make it through those big brown doors.

"They're out there all right," Chuck says when he comes back. He's trying to smile, but he just looks frozen. "Somebody sent out the welcome committee."

No one laughs. We can hear the white people. They're shouting, but the sound is too disjointed for us to make out the words.

I'm glad. I don't want to hear. I don't want my little sister Ruth to hear it, either. I try to pull her closer to me, but she jerks away. Ruth will be fifteen in two weeks, and she already thinks she's too old to need help from her big sister.

"If anything happens, you come find me, all right?" I whisper. "Don't trust the teachers or the white people. Come straight to me."

"I can take care of myself," Ruth whispers back. She steps away from me and links arms with Yvonne, one of the other freshmen.

"What are you gonna do if they try something?" Chuck asks Ennis. He keeps his voice low, trying to blend in with the dull roar coming from the school, so the younger kids won't hear him. Chuck, Ennis and I are the only three seniors in our group. Most of the others are freshmen and sophomores. "They've got some big guys on that football team."

"Never mind that," Ennis says, raising his voice so the others can hear. "They won't try anything, not in school. All they'll do is call us names, and we'll just ignore them and keep walking. Isn't that right, Sarah?"

"That's right," I echo. I want to sound in charge, like Mrs. Mullins, but my voice wobbles.

Ennis holds my eye. His face looks like Daddy's did this morning, when he watched Ruth and me climb into the carpool station wagon. Like he's taking a good, long look, in case he doesn't get another chance.

Ennis sounds like Daddy, too. My father and Mrs. Mullins and the rest of the NAACP leaders have been coaching us on the rules since the summer, when the court first said the school board had to let us into the white school. Rule One: Ignore anything the white people say to you and keep walking. Rule Two: Always sit at the front of the classroom, near the door, so you can make a quick getaway if you need to. And Rule Three: Stay together whenever you possibly can.

"What if they spit on us?" one of the freshmen boys whispers. The ten of us are walking so tightly together down the narrow sidewalk we can't help but hear each other now, but none of us makes any move to separate. "We're supposed to stand there and take it?"

"You take it unless you want to get something worse after school lets out," Chuck says.

There's a glint in Chuck's eye. I don't think he'll take anything he doesn't want to take.

I wonder what he thinks is going to happen today. I wonder if he's ready.

I thought I was. Now I'm not so sure.

"Listen up, everybody, this is important," Ennis sounds serious and official, like the NAACP men. "Remember what they told us. Look straight ahead and act like you don't hear the white people. If a teacher says something to you, you don't talk back. Don't let anybody get you alone in the bathroom or on the stairs. And no matter what happens, you just keep walking."

"What if somebody tries to hang us from the flagpole?" the freshman says. "Do we just keep walking then, too?"

"You watch your mouth," Chuck tells him. "You'll scare the girls."

I want to tell him the girls are plenty scared already.

Instead I straighten my shoulders and lift my head. The younger kids are watching me. I can't let them see how my stomach is drooping to my feet. How the fear is buzzing in my ear like a mosquito that won't be swatted away.

We round the corner. Across the street, Jefferson High School sweeps into view. The white people are spread out across the front steps and the massive parking lot. Now I know why we could hear the crowd so well. There must be hundreds of them. The whole student body, all standing there. Waiting.

"Just like I said," Chuck says. He lets out a low whistle. "Our very own personal welcome wagon."

Ahead of me, Ruth shivers, despite her bulky winter coat. Under it she's wearing her favorite blue plaid dress with the crinoline slip and brand-new saddle shoes. I'm in my best white blouse, starched stiff. Our hair is done so nice it might as well be Easter Sunday. Mama fixed it last night, heating the hot combs on the stove and yanking each strand smooth. Everything's topsy-turvy with school starting in February instead of September, but we're all in our best clothes anyway. No one wants the white people to think we can't afford things as nice as theirs.

I try to catch Chuck's eye, but he isn't paying attention to me. He's looking at the crowd.

They're watching us.

They're shouting.

Each new voice is sharper and angrier than the last.

I still can't make out what they're saying, but we're not far now. I want to cover Ruth's ears. She'd never let me. Besides, she'll hear it soon enough no matter what I do.

Our group has gone quiet. The boys are done blustering. Ruth lets go of Yvonne and steps back toward me. Behind us, a girl hiccups.

What if one of them starts crying? If the white people see

us in tears, they'll laugh. They'll think they've beaten us before we've begun. We have to look strong.

I close my eyes, take a long breath and recite in my clearest voice. "*The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want.*"

Ruth joins in. "*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters.*"

Then, all ten of us, in the same breath. "*He restoreth my soul.*"

Some of them have spotted us from across the street. The white boys at the front of the crowd are pushing past each other to get the first look at us.

Police officers line the school's sidewalks in front of the boys. They're watching us, too.

I don't bother looking back at them. The police aren't here to help us. Their shiny badges are all that's stopping them from yelling with the other white people. For all we know they trade in those badges for white sheets at night.

Then reporters are running toward us. A flashbulb goes off in my face. The heat singses my eyes. All I see is bright white pain.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.

I want to reach for Ruth, but my hands are shaking. It's all I can do to hold on to my books.

"Are you afraid?" a reporter shouts, shoving a microphone at my chin. "If you succeed, you'll be the first Negroes to set foot in a white school in this state. What do you think will happen once you get inside?"

I step around him. Ruth is holding her head high. I lift mine, too.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.

We're almost at the parking lot now. We can hear the shouts.

"Here come the niggers!" yells a boy on the steps. "The niggers are coming!"

SO MUCH FOR THE AMERICAN DREAM . . .

Danny's cousin, Sang Le, is finally coming to America to live with Danny's family after spending most of his life in a reeducation camp in Vietnam. While Danny has always fit in with his American friends, Sang Le has a tough time adapting to his new life. He barely speaks English, is failing his classes, and can't get a job. So Danny is happy when Sang Le finally makes a friend in a fellow Vietnamese refugee. Things start looking up for Danny, too—he lands a date with the girl of his dreams, Tiffany Marie.

Then he finds out that Sang Le's new friend is the leader of a violent Vietnamese gang, and that the rumors about Tiffany Marie's brother being a white supremacist are true. Danny watches helplessly as his cousin drops out of school and as his own budding romance with Tiffany crumbles under her brother's racist glare. But he never could have imagined that Sang Le's *life* was at risk. . . .

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SHADOW OF THE DRAGON

★ "Thoroughly gripping."—Publishers Weekly (starred)

A good job?

"Hey, Sang Le, where have you been?" Danny asked in gravelly voice. "Bà was asking about you."

"What did you tell her?" Sang Le asked, his glazed-over eyes squinting at the light.

"I told her you were spending the night with a friend. She's pretty upset. You'd better talk to her in the morning."

"Don't worry, cousin. I have a good explanation. I've got a job. A very good job. Look." He pulled a wad of money from his pants pocket and dumped the crumpled bills onto his bed. He lost his balance, then plopped on top of the money and giggled.

"What kind of job?" Danny asked, sitting up and staring at the crumpled bills. He saw at least two twenties.

"A night job. They pay extra for working at night."

"What's the name of the company?"

"Ah, I don't exactly know. It's Chinese. They make bags for holding rice. A friend got the job for me. I will show you someday. I work with equipment repair, like your father. Please, I am very tired. I will sleep now."

Danny flipped the lamp off. He stared at the shadows of trees dancing on the ceiling wall and could not sleep. He wanted to believe his cousin, but how could he?

the car. He plopped the sack of rice into the trunk of his Dad's old Toyota and rubbed his shoulder. He noticed that the two teenage girls had come out behind him, snacking on what looked like a bag of dried, candied plums. Danny didn't know why he kept looking at them. They were really too old-fashioned looking for his taste. They probably didn't even speak English or go out on dates. He'd never seen them with American friends at school. Their mother probably had taught them to never look a boy in the eye, to keep their thoughts to themselves, and to never display affection or emotion in public, for that was a sure sign of rudeness or even worse, sexual aggression. At least that was what his grandmother was always trying to pound into the heads of his younger sisters.

Danny imagined the two girls were trying to work up the courage to speak to him, probably just to say "hello." Why couldn't they just walk up, wave, and say, "Hi, Danny, how ya doing?" like Tiffany always did? Why all the mystery?

After a few minutes the Toyota's trunk was full of grocery bags. Danny had been lucky to find a parking spot so close to the store. Di-Ho shopping center was crowded every Saturday, but around the Lunar New Year, cars packed the lots. Danny had tried explaining to his Amer-

ican friends how important the New Year was to Vietnamese and Chinese people; that it was more important than Christmas. But he didn't think they really understood any more than he could understand why some of them got so excited about football games.

As he closed the trunk, Danny glanced over his shoulder to see if the girls were still watching. He thought he might wave, or smile, or throw them a kiss, just for the heck of it. He didn't think he was all that handsome, just sort of average in most ways. He wore his hair in a popular style and tried to dress in good clothes. He kept in good shape by running almost every day, playing tennis every chance he got, and lifting weights occasionally with Calvin. Girls were always telling him he had gorgeous eyes and a cute smile, so he guessed he was all right. Besides, girls like those two standing on the sidewalk were probably desperate for attention from any guy.

When Danny looked over the top of the car at the girls one more time, his eyebrows shot up. The girls were huddled together, their backs pressed against the brick wall near the old Chinese movie theater. Four Asian boys were leaning close, talking to them. The boys looked like older teenagers, though one might have been

in his twenties. All four boys wore blue jeans and black leather jackets with golden silk emblems stitched on the backs—the expensive kind of jackets that Danny wished he could afford to buy.

Danny couldn't imagine the shy girls carrying on a conversation with those guys. The boys must have just stepped out of Ho's *bida* hall a few paces away. *Bida* was the Vietnamese word for billiards.

Two of the boys puffed on cigarettes. The smallest wore his straight hair pulled back in a short ponytail. He blew a stream of smoke into the face of the taller girl. She must have expressed her disgust, because suddenly the guy grabbed her arm and jerked her from the wall.

Danny froze.

"What's wrong? Why you take so long?" his mother asked from the passenger seat. "Hurry up, hurry up! That's what you tell me."

"Just a second, Mã."

Danny gently closed the door and cautiously worked his way through the parked cars toward the sidewalk. He was sure now that the girls didn't know the four boys. Their eyes were wide with fear and the tall girl was crying. Danny stopped five feet away and cleared his throat.

"So, there you are," he said in Vietnamese

as he put his hands on his hips. "Come on, sisters. Mother is waiting." He stepped closer, grabbed each girl's arm, and pulled them from the wall. He smiled at the four boys and shrugged. "Sorry. Hope my sisters weren't bothering you. Hey, nice jackets." He noticed that the emblem on the back of each jacket was a golden cobra with blood-red eyes, its head raised off the ground, full-blown and poised to strike.

The oldest boy, the short one with the ponytail, glared at Danny with sharp black eyes. Danny wondered if he was high on something. He'd never seen eyes so intense. The guy might have been in his early twenties, it was hard to tell. His chiseled features should have been handsome—the high cheekbones, the neat, small mustache, and thick, finely arched eyebrows—but his lips turned down at the corners in hard anger, ruining the face.

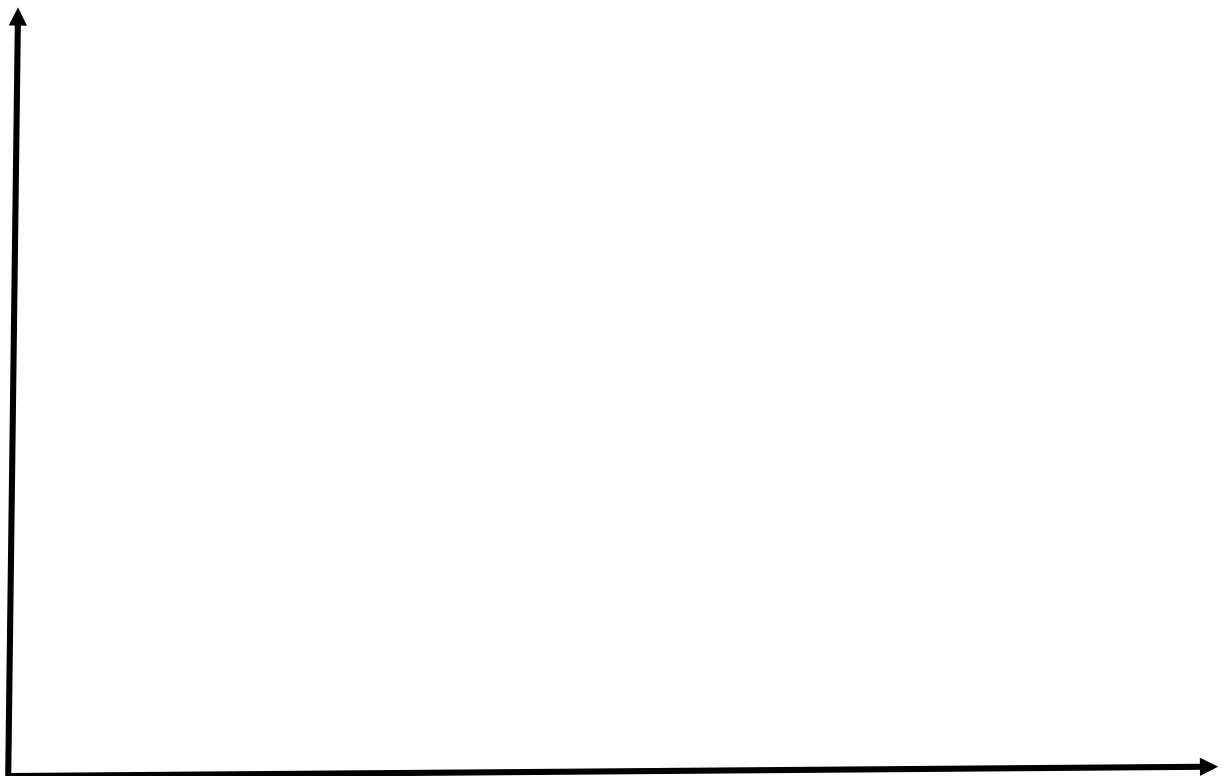
"You better teach your sisters some manners," he hissed. He dropped his cigarette on the sidewalk and ground it with the toe of his expensive boot. His foot was tiny, almost feminine. With Danny towering over the fragile man, he looked as if he could be pushed over by a puff of air or the touch of a feather. But the look in his eyes made Danny think twice before making a move.

3.2 Post-reading

3.2.1 Plot Diagram

Recount the most important events in the story in chronological order and write down some key words. Now write a 50 word plot summary of your novel. Do this in your group and make sure it is a well-structured, coherent text. Do not exceed the 50 word limit.

Now enter these main events and turning-points into a plot diagram. How does the tension rise and fall?



Adapted from Pölzleitner (2009b: 1).

3.2.2 Stereotype Detectives

Every culture creates stereotypes about other cultures. Your book contains many examples of both positive and negative stereotypes. Chart the stereotypes that you find throughout the book. Try to find both positive and negative ones for each topic and write down where you found the examples.

Topic	Chapter or page	Positive stereotype	Negative stereotype
dwelling (where and how they live)			
job (unemployed, janitor, student, ...) and education (high school, university graduate, etc.)			
language (how do they communicate with others-both in their group and outside)			
physical appearance (generic look, clothes, exaggerated features, how they move, sit, stand...)			
compared to other Americans, minority members in your book are... (smarter, more athletic, lazy, etc.)			

Adapted from Pölzleitner (2009a: 9)

4 Specific Activities

4.1 Bifocal

4.1.1 If I was...

Write a short text about what you would do if you were in Jay's or Haroon's position in a crucial moment of the story (e.g. the football gang's attack on Haroon's house, Jay's interrogation, Haroon's encounters with the police, or his conflict with his sister Zana). If you were them, would you act differently? If so, why and how would you act differently? Or do you agree with Jay's or Haroon's behaviour in this certain moment? Would you react in exactly the same way? Why?

Adapted from Pölzleitner (2014: 53)

4.1.2 *Fear of Terror. Terror of Fear.*

- Which events and incidents of terrorism have you heard of, read about, experienced (if not directly, then indirectly) in the real world?

- In view of the incidents of terrorism which have taken place in the world in the last few years, do you consider fear of terror relevant for the actual real world? Do you consider it a threat to your own life, to your own immediate surroundings? In other words, is fear of terrorism a legitimate fear?

Think of these questions (and the above mentioned phrases *Fear of Terror* and *Terror of Fear*) thoroughly and write a poem based on them, conveying your feelings and thoughts about this topic. The length and form of the poem is free to choose, you do not have to stick to any conventions, but you should include the phrases *Fear of Terror* and *Terror of Fear* in some way.

4.1.3 Telling Passages

Choose two passages from your novel which you find particularly compelling, interesting or crucial for the story. What do these passages tell us about the characters and/or the conflict in the story? Practice reading them so you can read them to your group members clearly and distinctly later on.

Read the passages to your group members and explain why you chose them.

→ **Note to the teacher:** reading the passages aloud to other group members can be carried out within the distinct book groups or across groups. In the latter case students who have read different books get together and take their turns reading to each other passages of their various novels. This is to encourage students to read more books on the topic.

Adapted from Pölzleitner (2014: 68).

4.2 Howl's Moving Castle

4.2.1 Good expressions

Sophie wants desperately to break the spell the cruel Witch of the Waste has put on her. Gather together roughly ten or more pieces of vocabulary you previously didn't know (words, phrases) from the book and write up a recipe and step by step procedure for a potion. Use as much imaginative, fantastical, poetic language as possible! You can also give impossible instructions, recommend using uncommon or disgusting ingredients, and come up with mysterious rituals (this is a fantasy world after all)!

Adapted from Pölzleitner (2014: 69).

4.2.2 Character Collage

Find suitable images, words or other elements in newspaper magazines, online or from other sources and put together a collage of important places, items, or other aspects for at least two of the characters in the book (for example Sophie, Howl, Calcifer, the Witch of the Waste, the king etc.). Explain why and how this collage resembles your character. In addition, describe the characters' traits, personalities and tell us about other interesting, strange, or surprising details about them and link them to your collage if possible.

Adapted from Pölzleitner (2014: 64).

4.2.3 Theme detector

Find and filter out at least three themes which are addressed in the story and justify your choice by adding one or more passages which deal with this theme. Then write about how do these themes come out in the story? What do they mean to you?

Adapted from Pölzleitner (2014: 59).

4.3 Lies We Tell Ourselves

4.3.1 Linda's Column

In the course of the story Linda gradually moves away from her original strict anti-integration attitude. Because of Sarah she soon questions whether it is not right to discriminate against black people and slowly adopts her own views on this topic. But still, she keeps writing columns for the Jefferson school newspaper, in which she decidedly reveals a very pro-segregation attitude because she is afraid of what the others would think of her if she conveyed her actual views. What would she write if she really spoke her mind? Put yourself into Linda's position and write another column for the *Jefferson Clarion* where you reveal her real thoughts about integration. How would she go about defending the rights of black people? On the other hand, which arguments would she might still have in favour of integration?

a would she...

4.3.2 Lie/Truth:

The story is divided into chapters which are labelled "LIE" and "TRUTH" (for example: LIE #5: "I am not brave enough for this", or LIE #11: "I'm exactly who I want to be"). Look at the various titles of each chapter. Pick three lies you can relate to and think of whether you had a similar situation in your own life where you told yourself such lies. Think of whether those lies were true or whether it turned out in the end that you were actually wrong about them (for example, you might have thought that you were not brave enough for something, but then in the end it turned out you actually managed the situation you were scared of). Write a paragraph for each lie and share your experiences concerning this particular "lie". Also compare your experiences to Sarah's: was what happened to you in any way similar to what Sarah experienced?

4.3.3 Letter to Sarah from 2015:

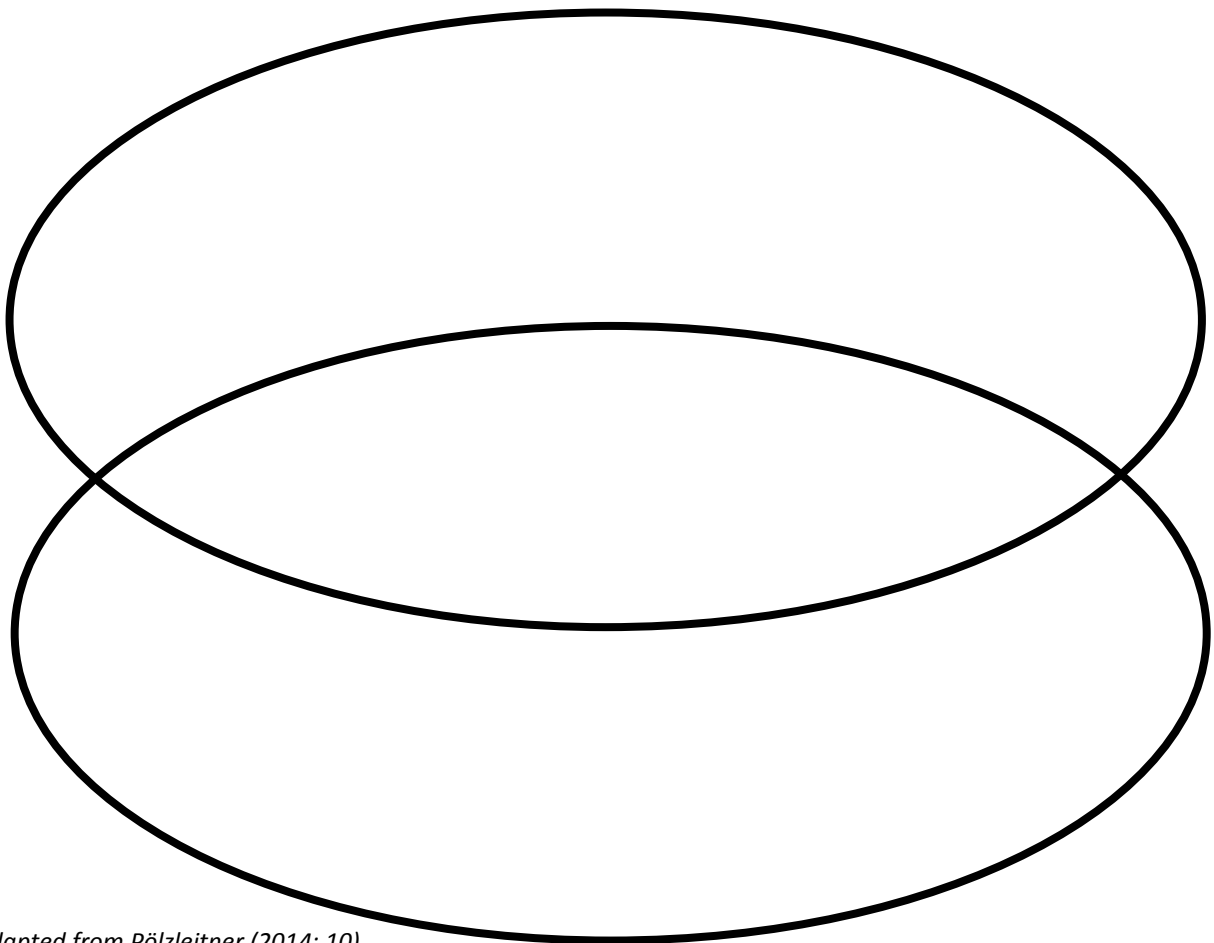
The story takes place in 1959, at a time when segregation was still omnipresent in the United States and black people were fiercely discriminated against everywhere they went. Since then a lot has changed. Nowadays, it seems absurd to us that black and white people shouldn't go to school together or live next to each other. We can't imagine that black people should be treated in any way inferior to white people. Sarah doesn't know then that her efforts will be gratified one day, and thus loses hope at times and doesn't see the purpose of her efforts of

integrating the school. Write a letter from the future to Sarah telling her about the situation between Afro-Americans and white people today (when a lot of progress has been made in terms of equality). Your letter should compare the situation today with Sarah's situation. What has improved since 1960 in terms of legal rights and society's attitude towards different races? And what has remained unchanged and is still the same today? Have any aspects become worse?

4.4 Shadow of the Dragon

4.4.1 My culture – their culture

In *Shadow of the Dragon* you see many Vietnamese people still living and breathing Vietnamese values and culture, even though they have been in America for some time now (e.g. Sang Le, Danny's grandmother, the leader of the Cobra gang). What have you learned about their culture and how does it compare to your own life? What problems are they faced with and what problems do you face? Fill in the following Venn-diagram. In one circle you write important things about your own life, in the other circle you write important things about Vietnamese American life. Use the overlapping parts for the things you have in common.



Adapted from Pölzleitner (2014: 10).

4.4.2 Newspaper Article

Choose an important moment in your book and write an article about this event for a local newspaper. Write between 150 and 200 words.

Remember: The journalist does not know everything; focus on one event – do not tell the whole story and do not include the characters' private thoughts and feelings. What would the readers of the local newspaper want to know?

Tip: for the layout of a newspaper article use the online Newspaper Clippings editor:

<http://www.fodey.com/generators/newspaper/>

Adapted from Pölzleitner (2014: 57).

4.4.3 Red Cards – Green Cards

Teacher's instructions: Hand out 5 red cards and 5 green cards per student.

Work with 2-3 partners who have read the same novel.

Red question cards: Write 5 questions that you haven't been able to answer when reading the book. Think of real questions you have – not boring "comprehension questions".

Green cards: Write 5 interesting features/elements that you have come across in your novel (e.g. clear statements about themes, characters, plot development, style and tone, setting ...)

Sign your cards, then put your cards in the middle and check if there are any similarities ... Discuss the green cards first, then try to find answers for your red question cards. Write your answers and discussion notes into your reading diary. If you need additional info, check the internet, the library, or ask your teacher(s).

Adapted from Pölzleitner (2014: 59).

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