9th, 10th, 11th and 12th Grades
Your child should spend up to 90 minutes over the course of each day on this packet.
Consider other family-friendly activities during the day such as:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Review your learning or learn something new from Khan Academy</td>
<td>Have a time each day to have a family meeting to discuss concerns and notice each other's kindness.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Have a time each day to have a family meeting to discuss concerns and notice each other's kindness.</td>
<td>Make a stop motion movie with a free stop motion app.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Make a stop motion movie with a free stop motion app.</td>
<td>Problem solve something by fixing or organizing.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Play and make music just search for Chrome Music Lab</td>
<td>Mindful Minute: Take 3 deep breathes and focus on the sounds in the room.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mindful Minute: Take 3 deep breathes and focus on the sounds in the room.</td>
<td>Read a historical document at archives.gov/historical-docs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Read a historical document at archives.gov/historical-docs</td>
<td>Reflect and discuss What choices have been made by others that have changed your life since spring break?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*All activities are optional. Parents/Guardians please practice responsibility, safety, and supervision.

For students with an Individualized Education Program (IEP) who need additional support, Parents/Guardians can refer to the Specialized Instruction and Supports webpage, contact their child's IEP manager, and/or speak to the special education provider when you are contacted by them. Contact the IEP manager by emailing them directly or by contacting the school. The Specialized Instruction and Supports webpage can be accessed by clicking HERE or by navigating in a web browser to https://www.usd259.org/Page/17540

WICHITA PUBLIC SCHOOLS
CONTINUOUS LEARNING HOTLINE AVAILABLE
316-973-4443
MARCH 30 – MAY 21, 2020
MONDAY – FRIDAY
11:00 AM – 1:00 PM ONLY

For Multilingual Education Services (MES) support, please call (316) 866-8000 (Spanish and Proprio) or (316) 866-8003 (Vietnamese).

The Wichita Public Schools does not discriminate on the basis of race, color, national origin, religion, sex, gender identity, sexual orientation, disability, age, veteran status or other legally protected classifications in its programs and activities.
Hello Parents and 11th Graders,

Here is a review of content previously taught this school year. This learning opportunity will strengthen your language arts skills. There are several opportunities for students to read, write and think about text within the following work provided.

Week 3: April 13-April 17

Day 1: 794-796  
Day 2: 797-799  
Day 3: 800-802  
Day 4: 803-805  
Day 5: 806-807

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Plumed</td>
<td>Adjective- Decorated with or as if with feathers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vignette</td>
<td>Noun- A brief evocative description, account, or episode</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Associate</td>
<td>Verb- Connect(someone or something) with something else in mind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Complicated</td>
<td>Adjective- consisting of many interconnecting parts or elements; intricate.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Confinement</td>
<td>Noun- the action of confining or state of being confined.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Read Aloud Accommodations and Accessible Level Texts are available on the specialized instruction and supports website referenced at the beginning of this packet.

In Louise Erdrich's short story "The Leap," the narrator explores the life of her mother, Anna, who in her early life was part of a circus blindfold trapeze act. The story has three leaps, and each leap tells something essential about the narrator’s mother. The first leap occurs when Anna saves her own life after lightning strikes the main pole in the circus tent. Her husband and unborn child do not survive. The second leap occurs while Anna is in the hospital. Here, Anna meets her future husband and the narrator’s father. Anna is distraught over her losses, but she has the courage to open herself up to a new relationship. The final leap occurs when the narrator recalls a childhood memory of her family’s house catching fire. In this last leap her mother saves the narrator’s life.
The Leap

Concept Vocabulary

You will encounter the following words as you read “The Leap.” Before reading, note how familiar you are with each word. Then, rank the words in order from most familiar (1) to least familiar (6).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD</th>
<th>YOUR RANKING</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>encroaching</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>instantaneously</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>anticipation</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>constricting</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>perpetually</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>superannuated</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

After completing the first read, come back to the concept vocabulary and review your rankings. Mark changes to your original rankings as needed.

First Read FICTION

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete the close-read notes after your first read.

NOTICE whom the story is about, what happens, where and when it happens, and why those involved react as they do.

ANNOTATE by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.

CONNECT ideas within the selection to what you already know and what you have already read.

RESPOND by completing the Comprehension Check.

STANDARDS

Reading Literature
By the end of grade 11, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, in the grades 11–CCR text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.
The Leap
Louise Erdrich

BACKGROUND
Traveling circuses first came to the United States from Great Britain in 1793 and quickly established themselves as a part of American popular culture. Showcasing a variety of performers—including clowns, animal trainers, and trapeze artists—circuses would draw and thrill crowds in large cities and small towns alike.

My mother is the surviving half of a blindfold trapeze act, not a fact I think about much even now that she is sightless, the result of encroaching and stubborn cataracts. She walks slowly through her house here in New Hampshire, lightly touching her way along walls and running her hands over knickknacks, books, the drift of a grown child’s belongings and castoffs. She has never upset an object or as much as brushed a magazine onto the floor. She has never lost her balance or bumped into a closet door left carelessly open.

It has occurred to me that the catlike precision of her movements in old age might be the result of her early training, but she shows so little of the drama or flair one might expect from a performer that I tend to forget the Flying Avalons. She has kept no sequined costume, no photographs, no fliers or posters from that part of her youth. I would, in fact, tend to think that all memory of double somersaults and heart-stopping catches had left her arms and legs were it not for the fact that sometimes, as I sit sewing in the room of the rebuilt house in which I slept as a child, I hear the crackle, catch a whiff of smoke from the stove downstairs, and suddenly the room goes dark, the stitches burn beneath my fingers, and I am sewing with a needle of hot silver, a thread of fire.

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1 Encroaching (ehn KROHCH ihng) adj. intruding; steadily advancing

CLOSE READ
ANNOTATE: In paragraph 2, mark descriptive words and phrases in the final sentence.

QUESTION: Why might the author have chosen to craft such a long, almost poetic, sentence to follow two ordinary sentences?

CONCLUDE: What overall effect does this sentence create?
I owe her my existence three times. The first was when she saved herself. In the town square a replica tent pole, cracked and splintered, now stands cast in concrete. It commemorates the disaster that put our town smack on the front page of the Boston and New York tabloids. It is from those old newspapers, now historical records, that I get my information. Not from my mother, Anna of the Flying Avalons, nor from any of her in-laws, nor certainly from the other half of her particular act, Harold Avalon, her first husband. In one news account it says, “The day was mildly overcast, but nothing in the air or temperature gave any hint of the sudden force with which the deadly gale would strike.”

I have lived in the West, where you can see the weather coming for miles, and it is true that out here we are at something of a disadvantage. When extremes of temperature collide, a hot and cold front, winds generate *instantaneously* behind a hill and crash upon you without warning. That, I think, was the likely situation on that day in June. People probably commented on the pleasant air, grateful that no hot sun beat upon the striped tent that stretched over the entire center green. They bought their tickets and surrendered them in *anticipation*. They sat. They ate caramelized popcorn and roasted peanuts. There was time, before the storm, for three acts. The White Arabians\(^1\) of Ali-Khazar rose on their hind legs and waltzed. The Mysterious Bernie folded himself into a painted cracker tin, and the Lady of the Mists made herself appear and disappear in surprising places. As the clouds gathered outside, unnoticed, the ringmaster cracked his whip, shouted his introduction, and pointed to the ceiling of the tent, where the Flying Avalons were perched.

They loved to drop gracefully from nowhere, like two sparkling birds, and blow kisses as they threw off their plumed helmets and high-collared capes. They laughed and flirted openly as they beat their way up again on the trapeze bars. In the final vignette of their act, they actually would kiss in midair, pausing, almost hovering as they swooped past one another. On the ground, between bows, Harry Avalon would skip quickly to the front rows and point out the smear of my mother’s lipstick, just off the edge of his mouth. They made a romantic pair all right, especially in the blindfold sequence.

That afternoon, as the anticipation increased, as Mr. and Mrs. Avalon tied sparkling strips of cloth onto each other’s face and as they puckered their lips in mock kisses, lips destined “never again to meet,” as one long breathless article put it, the wind rose, miles off, wrapped itself into a cone, and howled. There came a rumble of electrical energy, drowned out by the sudden roll of drums. One detail not mentioned by the press, perhaps unknown—Anna was pregnant at the time, seven months and hardly showing, her stomach muscles were that strong. It seems incredible that she would work high above the ground when any fall could be so dangerous, but the

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1. **Arabians** horses of the Arabian breed.
explanation—I know from watching her go blind—is that my mother lives comfortably in extreme elements. She is one with the constant dark now, just as the air was her home, familiar to her, safe, before the storm that afternoon.

7 From opposite ends of the tent they waved, blind and smiling, to the crowd below. The ringmaster removed his hat and called for silence, so that the two above could concentrate. They rubbed their hands in chalky powder, then Harry launched himself and swung, once, twice, in huge calibrated beats across space. He hung from his knees and on the third swing stretched wide his arms, held his hands out to receive his pregnant wife as she dove from her shining bar.

8 It was while the two were in midair, their hands about to meet, that lightning struck the main pole and sizzled down the guy wires, filling the air with a blue radiance that Harry Avalon must certainly have seen through the cloth of his blindfold as the tent buckled and the edifice² toppled him forward, the swing continuing and not returning in its sweep, and Harry going down, down into the crowd with his last thought, perhaps, just a prickle of surprise at his empty hands.

9 My mother once said that I’d be amazed at how many things a person can do within the act of falling. Perhaps, at the time, she was teaching me to dive off a board at the town pool, for I associate the idea with midair somersaults. But I also think she meant that even in that awful doomed second one could think, for she certainly did. When her hands did not meet her husband’s, my mother tore her blindfold away. As he swept past her on the wrong side, she could have grasped his ankle, the toe-end of his tights, and gone down clutching him. Instead, she changed direction. Her body twisted toward a heavy wire and she managed to hang on to the braided metal, still hot from the lightning strike. Her palms were burned so terribly that once healed they bore no lines, only the blank scar tissue of a quieter future. She was lowered, gently, to the sawdust ring just underneath the dome of the canvas roof, which did not entirely settle but was held up on one end and jabbed through, torn, and still on fire in places from the giant spark, though rain and men’s jackets soon put that out.

10 Three people died, but except for her hands my mother was not seriously harmed until an overeager rescuer broke her arm in extricating her and also, in the process, collapsed a portion of the tent bearing a huge buckle that knocked her unconscious. She was taken to the town hospital, and there she must have hemorrhaged,³ for they kept her, confined to her bed, a month and a half before her baby was born without life.

11 Harry Avalon had wanted to be buried in the circus cemetery next to the original Avalon, his uncle, so she sent him back with his brothers. The child, however, is buried around the corner, beyond

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2. *edifice* (EHD uh fihs) *n.* large structure or building.
this house and just down the highway. Sometimes I used to walk there just to sit. She was a girl, but I rarely thought of her as a sister or even as a separate person really. I suppose you could call it the egocentrism\(^4\) of a child, of all young children, but I considered her a less finished version of myself.

When the snow falls, throwing shadows among the stones, I can easily pick hers out from the road, for it is bigger than the others and in the shape of a lamb at rest, its legs curled beneath. The carved lamb looms larger as the years pass, though it is probably only my eyes, the vision shifting, as what is close to me blurs and distances sharpen. In odd moments, I think it is the edge drawing near, the edge of everything, the unseen horizon we do not really speak of in the eastern woods. And it also seems to me, although this is probably an idle fantasy, that the statue is growing more sharply etched, as if, instead of weathering itself into a porous mass, it is hardening on the hillside with each snowfall, perfecting itself.

It was during her confinement in the hospital that my mother met my father. He was called in to look at the set of her arm, which was complicated. He stayed, sitting at her bedside, for he was something of an armchair traveler and had spent his war quietly, at an air force training grounds, where he became a specialist in arms and legs broken during parachute training exercises. Anna Avalon had been to many of the places he longed to visit—Venice, Rome, Mexico, all through France and Spain. She had no family of her own and was taken in by the Avalons, trained to perform from a very young age. They toured Europe before the war, then based themselves in New York. She was illiterate.

It was in the hospital that she finally learned to read and write, as a way of overcoming the boredom and depression of those weeks, and it was my father who insisted on teaching her. In return for stories of her adventures, he graded her first exercises. He bought her her first book, and over her bold letters, which the pale guides of the penmanship pads could not contain, they fell in love.

I wonder if my father calculated the exchange he offered: one form of flight for another. For after that, and for as long as I can remember, my mother has never been without a book. Until now, that is, and it remains the greatest difficulty of her blindness. Since my father’s recent death, there is no one to read to her, which is why I returned, in fact, from my failed life where the land is flat. I came home to read to my mother, to read out loud, to read long into the dark if I must, to read all night.

Once my father and mother married, they moved onto the old farm he had inherited but didn’t care much for. Though he’d been thinking of moving to a larger city, he settled down and broadened his practice in this valley. It still seems odd to me, when they could have gone anywhere else, that they chose to stay in the town where

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\(^4\) egocentrism (ee goh SEHN trihz uhm) n. self-centeredness; inability to distinguish one’s own needs and interests from those of others.
the disaster had occurred, and which my father in the first place had found so constricting. It was my mother who insisted upon it, after her child did not survive. And then, too, she loved the sagging farmhouse with its scrap of what was left of a vast acreage of woods and hidden hay fields that stretched to the game park.

17 I owe my existence, the second time then, to the two of them and the hospital that brought them together. That is the debt we take for granted since none of us asks for life. It is only once we have it that we hang on so dearly.

18 I was seven the year the house caught fire, probably from standing ash. It can rekindle, and my father, forgetful around the house and perpetually exhausted from night hours on call, often emptied what he thought were ashes from cold stoves into wooden or cardboard containers. The fire could have started from a flaming box, or perhaps a buildup of creosote inside the chimney was the culprit. It started right around the stove, and the heart of the house was gutted. The baby-sitter, fallen asleep in my father’s den on the first floor, woke to find the stairway to my upstairs room cut off by flames. She used the phone, then ran outside to stand beneath my window.

19 When my parents arrived, the town volunteers had drawn water from the fire pond and were spraying the outside of the house, preparing to go inside after me, not knowing at the time that there was only one staircase and that it was lost. On the other side of the house, the superannuated extension ladder broke in half. Perhaps the clatter of it falling against the walls woke me, for I’d been asleep up to that point.

20 As soon as I awakened, in the small room that I now use for sewing, I smelled the smoke. I followed things by the letter then, was good at memorizing instructions, and so I did exactly what was taught in the second-grade home fire drill. I got up. I touched the back of my door before opening it. Finding it hot, I left it closed and

constricting (kuhn STRIHKT ihng) adj. limiting; tightening

perpetually (puhr PEHCH oo uhl lee) adv. happening all the time

superannuated (soo puhr AN yu ayt ihd) adj. too old to be usable; obsolete
 stuffed my rolled-up rug beneath the crack. I did not hide under my bed or crawl into my closet. I put on my flannel robe, and then I sat down to wait.

21 Outside, my mother stood below my dark window and saw clearly that there was no rescue. Flames had pierced one side wall, and the glare of the fire lighted the massive limbs and trunk of the vigorous old elm that had probably been planted the year the house was built, a hundred years ago at least. No leaf touched the wall, and just one thin branch scraped the roof. From below, it looked as though even a squirrel would have had trouble jumping from the tree onto the house, for the breadth of that small branch was no bigger than my mother’s wrist.

22 Standing there, beside Father, who was preparing to rush back around to the front of the house, my mother asked him to unzip her dress. When he wouldn’t be bothered, she made him understand. He couldn’t make his hands work, so she finally tore it off and stood there in her pearls and stockings. She directed one of the men to lean the broken half of the extension ladder up against the trunk of the tree. In surprise, he complied. She ascended. She vanished. Then she could be seen among the leafless branches of late November as she made her way up and, along her stomach, inched the length of a bough that curved above the branch that brushed the roof.

23 Once there, swaying, she stood and balanced. There were plenty of people in the crowd and many who still remember, or think they do, my mother’s leap through the ice-dark air toward that thinnest extension, and how she broke the branch falling so that it cracked in her hands, cracked louder than the flames as she vaulted with it toward the edge of the roof, and how it hurtled down end over end without her, and their eyes went up, again, to see where she had flown.

24 I didn’t see her leap through air, only heard the sudden thump and looked out my window. She was hanging by the backs of her heels from the new gutter we had put in that year, and she was smiling. I was not surprised to see her, she was so matter-of-fact. She tapped on the window. I remember how she did it, too. It was the friendliest tap, a bit tentative, as if she was afraid she had arrived too early at a friend’s house. Then she gestured at the latch, and when I opened the window she told me to raise it wider and prop it up with the stick so it wouldn’t crush her fingers. She swung down, caught the ledge, and crawled through the opening. Once she was in my room, I realized she had on only underclothing, a bra of the heavy stitched cotton women used to wear and step-in, lace-trimmed drawers. I remember feeling light-headed, of course, terribly relieved, and then embarrassed for her to be seen by the crowd undressed.

25 I was still embarrassed as we flew out the window, toward earth, me in her lap, her toes pointed as we skimmed toward the painted target of the fire fighter’s net.
I know that she’s right. I knew it even then. As you fall there is
time to think. Curled as I was, against her stomach, I was not startled
by the cries of the crowd or the looming faces. The wind roared
and beat its hot breath at our back, the flames whistled. I slowly
wondered what would happen if we missed the circle or bounced out
of it. Then I wrapped my hands around my mother’s hands. I felt the
brush of her lips and heard the beat of her heart in my ears, loud as
thunder, long as the roll of drums.  

Comprehension Check
Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. What happened when lightning hit the circus tent while the Avalons were performing?

2. What did Anna’s second husband teach Anna to do?

3. Why has the narrator returned from the West to live with her mother?

4. How did Anna Avalon save the narrator when the narrator was seven years old?

5. Notebook To confirm your understanding, create a timeline of key events in
“The Leap.”

Research
Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research
that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of
the story?
Close Read the Text

1. This model, from paragraph 9 of the text, shows two sample annotations, along with questions and conclusions. Close read the passage, and find another detail to annotate. Then, write a question and your conclusion.

   **ANNOTATE:** This sentence describes Anna's actions as she falls.
   **QUESTION:** What do these actions suggest about Anna?
   **CONCLUDE:** She is brave and quick thinking.

   Her body twisted toward a heavy wire and she managed to hang on to the braided metal, still hot from the lightning strike. Her palms were burned so terribly that once healed they bore no lines, only the blank scar tissue of a quieter future.

   **ANNOTATE:** This phrase seems to have a deeper meaning for Anna's future.
   **QUESTION:** What later decision does this phrase suggest?
   **CONCLUDE:** Anna will leave her circus life behind.

2. For more practice, go back into the text and complete the close-read notes.

3. Revisit a section of the text you found important during your first read. Read this section closely and annotate what you notice. Ask yourself questions such as “Why did the author make this choice?” What can you conclude?

Analyze the Text

**Notebook** Respond to these questions.

1. (a) What is the source for the narrator's account of the tent pole disaster?
   (b) **Interpret** What does this explanation suggest about the impact of the disaster on Anna? Explain.

2. **Analyze** What does the narrator's return from the West to her mother's house suggest about her feelings toward her mother? Does she feel obligated, or does she feel something deeper?

3. **Historical Perspectives** What connections can you make between Anna's life changes and the United States before and after World War II?

4. **Essential Question Connection:** What do stories reveal about the human condition? What have you learned about human bravery and sacrifice by reading this story?
Analyze Craft and Structure

Narrative Structure  In literary works, **suspense** is the feeling of growing curiosity, tension, or anxiety the reader feels about the outcome of events. Writers create suspense by raising questions in the minds of their readers. Suspense reaches its peak at the climax of a plot. In “The Leap,” Erdrich skillfully uses two techniques to build suspense.

- **Foreshadowing** is the use of clues to suggest events that have not yet happened. For example, at the end of paragraph 2, details such as “I hear the crackle,” “the stitches burn,” and “a thread of fire” hint at the impact of the powerful fire that the narrator will describe in the climax of the short story.

- **Pacing** is the speed or rhythm of writing. Writers may deliberately speed up or slow down pacing in order to create suspense. For example, in paragraph 4, the narrator delays her account of the tent pole disaster by describing the setting and the circus acts. These digressions increase readers’ feelings of tension and anticipation.

Practice

**Notebook**  Respond to these questions.

1. Reread paragraph 7 and identify three details that contribute to suspense.
2. Reread paragraphs 18–19. Describe how the story is paced in these paragraphs. What effect does this pacing create?
3. Use this chart to record notes about Erdrich’s use of suspense, foreshadowing, and pacing.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PARAGRAPH(S)</th>
<th>NOTES ON SUSPENSE, FORESHADOWING, OR PACING</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6–9</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

4. Describe the overall effect of pacing and foreshadowing in the story. How do these elements affect the reader’s understanding of events, characters, and themes?
Concept Vocabulary

- encroaching
- anticipation
- perpetually
- instantaneously
- constricting
- superannuated

Why These Words? These concept vocabulary words all suggest distance or closeness, especially in relation to time. For example, *instantaneously* means “in an instant,” or “immediately.” Something that happens *perpetually* is continuous or endless. A *superannuated* tool or object is so old-fashioned or worn out that it is no longer useful.

1. How does the concept vocabulary clarify the reader’s understanding of the story?

2. What other words in the selection connect to this concept?

Practice

Notebook  Respond to these questions.

1. Use each concept vocabulary word in a sentence that demonstrates your understanding of the word’s meaning.

2. Challenge yourself to replace each concept vocabulary word in your sentences with a synonym. How does changing the words affect the meanings of your sentences? Which word choices are more effective?

Word Study

Latin Root: **-strict** - The Latin root *-strict-* means “to bind” or “to compress.”

In paragraph 16, the narrator’s father finds his hometown *constricting, or limiting.* The word *constrict* also has a medical meaning. It is used to describe a part of the body that narrows, closes, or compresses. For example, when you step out in bright sunlight, your pupils *constrict,* or get smaller, to take in less light.

1. Find four words that contain the root *-strict*-. Challenge yourself to come up with one word that has a medical meaning.

2. For each word you choose, record the word, its part of speech, and its meaning. Use a print or online college-level dictionary as needed.
Author’s Style

**Motif**  
A **motif** is an important recurring, or repeating, element in literature, mythology, or other type of artistic expression. In “The Leap,” Erdrich uses recurring motifs to highlight symbols and develop themes.

- A **symbol** is a person, place, object, or idea that represents not only itself but also something beyond or outside itself.
- A **theme** in a work is an underlying central insight about human life or behavior.

The first step in interpreting motifs is to recognize when they are present. While reading, be alert to repetition in events, imagery, description, or dialogue. For example, you might notice the repetition of Anna’s three “leaps.” Once you have identified a possible motif, consider what this repetition may represent and how it connects to the story’s themes.

**Read It**

1. Use the chart to analyze motifs in “The Leap.” Consider how the meanings and associations of each motif change with each appearance.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MOTIF</th>
<th>WHERE IT APPEARS</th>
<th>ANALYSIS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“roll of drums”</td>
<td>paragraph 6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>paragraph 26</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>arms/limbs</td>
<td>paragraph 10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>paragraph 13</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>paragraph 21</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. Explain how Anna’s three leaps are both literal and symbolic.

3. **Connect to Style** How does Erdrich use recurring images to develop the story’s most important themes?

**Write It**

**Notebook**  
Another motif in the story is the idea of the narrator’s debt to her mother for her existence. This motif first occurs in paragraph 3: “I owe her my existence three times.” In a paragraph, explain what this motif contributes to the story. What would be lost if this motif were omitted?
Writing to Sources

An anecdote is a brief story about an interesting, amusing, or strange event. An anecdote is told to entertain or to make a point. The person telling an anecdote may include a brief opinion or argument to underscore a moral or lesson. For example, in paragraph 17 of “The Leap” the narrator provides this commentary:

I owe my existence, the second time then, to the two of them and the hospital that brought them together. That is the debt we take for granted since none of us asks for life. It is once we have it that we hang on so dearly.

Assignment

Write a short, entertaining anecdote about an event in your or your family’s past. Tell about a time when a parent, teacher, or coach intervened in a situation in a way that made you feel grateful. Include an opinion that highlights an important lesson. Conclude your anecdote with a paragraph that explains how your experience compares to that of the narrator in “The Leap.”

Vocabulary and Conventions Connection

You may want to use some of the concept vocabulary words in your anecdote. Consider varying your pacing or adding foreshadowing to increase suspense.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>encroaching</th>
<th>anticipation</th>
<th>perpetually</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>instantaneously</td>
<td>constricting</td>
<td>superannuated</td>
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Reflect on Your Writing

After completing your anecdote, answer the following questions.

1. How did writing an anecdote improve your understanding of Erdrich’s style?

2. What literary elements did you use to make your anecdote more entertaining or effective? Were they successful? Explain.

3. Why These Words? The words you choose make a difference in your writing. Which words helped you convey important details or ideas?
Speaking and Listening

**Assignment**
Choose one of the following quotations, and explain in a brief oral response to literature how it connects to the plot and themes of “The Leap.” Present your response to the class, and lead the class in a discussion of your ideas.

- Love is the chain whereby to bind a child to its parents.
  — Abraham Lincoln
- Courage is grace under pressure.
  — Ernest Hemingway
- What do we owe to those we love?
  — Ellen McLaughlin

1. **Analyze the Quotations** Carefully consider each quotation—both its meaning and its associations. Paraphrase each quotation and think about its purpose. Lincoln's statement, for example, focuses on children, parents, and love; Hemingway provides a concise definition of courage. Choose the quotation that you think is the best match with “The Leap.”

2. **Connect to Plot and Theme** Review the major plot events in the story. Check that you understand the chronology of events, as well as their causes and effects. Then, state one important theme the events bring out, and explain how that theme relates to the quotation you selected.

3. **Prepare Your Delivery** As you practice, be sure to pay attention to nonverbal methods of communication, such as volume, tone, pitch, pacing, posture, gestures, eye contact, and facial expressions.

4. **Evaluate Responses** As your classmates deliver their oral responses, listen carefully. Use an evaluation guide like the one shown to analyze their responses.

**EVALUATION GUIDE**
Rate each statement on a scale of 1 (not demonstrated) to 4 (demonstrated).

- The speaker clearly identified the quotation being discussed.
- The speaker identified specific and persuasive links between the meaning of the quotation and the story's plot and theme.
- The speaker used a variety of inflections and tones when speaking.
- The speaker used appropriate pacing, posture, gestures, and facial expressions.

**EVIDENCE LOG**
Before moving on to a new selection, go to your Evidence Log and record what you learned from “The Leap.”