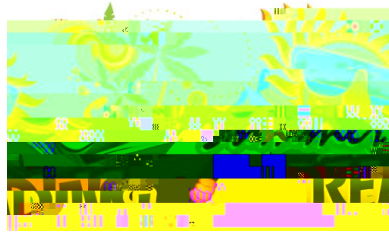


First and Last Name _____

Bay Shore Middle School Summer Reading Assignment

Incoming Sixth Grade 2024-2025



Directions: Read the short story, "Eleven" by Sandra Cisneros.

Annotate as you read:

Underline and highlight key words.

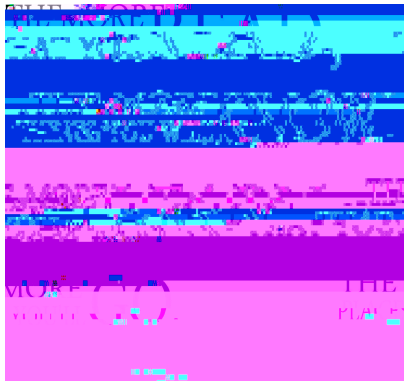
Add comments in the margins.

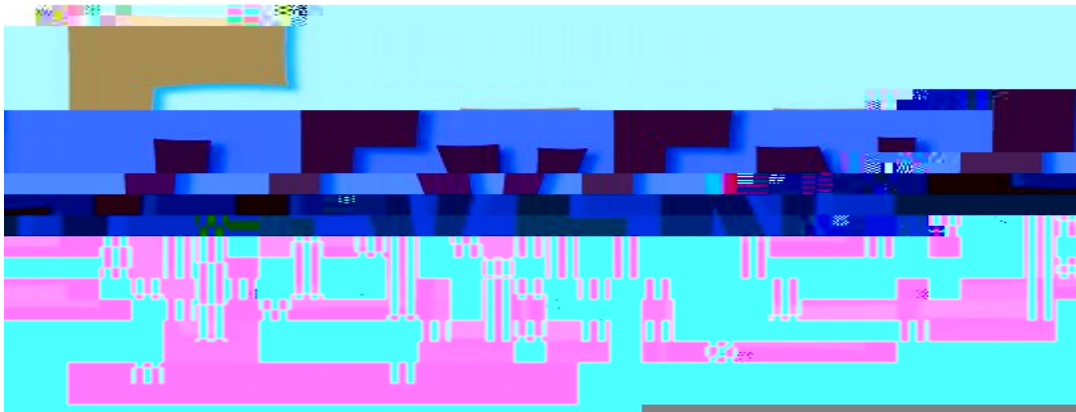
Complete the Elements of Fiction chart and answer the questions using evidence from the text.

This will be your first graded assignment.

Make a good first impression!

Summer Reading Assignment will be due September 2024.





What they don't understand about birthdays and what they never tell you is that when you're eleven, you're also ten, and nine, and eight, and seven, and six, and five, and four, and three, and two, and one. And when you wake up on your eleventh birthday you expect to feel eleven, but you don't. You open your eyes and everything's just like yesterday, only it's today. And you don't feel eleven at all. You feel like you're still ten. And you are—underneath the year that makes you eleven.

Like some days you might say something stupid, and that's the part of you that's still ten. Or maybe some days you might need to sit on your mama's lap because you're scared, and that's the part of you that's five. And maybe one day when you're all grown up maybe you will need to cry like if you're three, and that's okay. That's what I tell Mama when she's sad and needs to cry. Maybe she's feeling three.

Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that fit one inside the other, each year inside the next one. That's how being eleven years old is.

You don't feel eleven. Not right away. It takes a few days, weeks even, sometimes even months before you say eleven when they ask you. And you don't feel smart eleven, not until you're almost twelve. That's the way it is.

Only today I wish I didn't have only eleven years rattling inside me like pennies in a tin Band-Aid box. Today I wish I was one hundred and two instead of eleven because if I was one hundred and two I'd have known what to say when Mrs. Price put the red sweater on my desk. I would've known how to tell her it wasn't mine instead of just sitting there with that look on my face and nothing coming out of my mouth.

"Whose is this?" Mrs. Price says, and she holds the red sweater up in the air for all the class to see. "Whose? It's been sitting in the coatroom for a month."

"Not mine," says everybody, "Not me."

"It has to belong to somebody," Mrs. Price keeps saying, but nobody can remember. It's an ugly sweater with red plastic buttons and a collar and sleeves all stretched out like you could use it for a jump rope. It's maybe a thousand years old and even if it belonged to me I wouldn't say so.

Maybe because I'm skinny, maybe because she doesn't like me, that stupid

Not mine, not mine, not mine, but Mrs. Price is already turning to page thirty-two, and math problem number four. I don't know why but all of a sudden I'm feeling sick inside,
40 like the part of me that's three wants to come out of my eyes, only I squeeze them shut tight and bite down on my teeth real hard and try to remember today I am eleven, eleven. Mama is making a cake for me for tonight, and when Papa comes home everybody will sing Happy birthday, happy birthday to you.

But when the sick feeling goes away and I open my eyes, the red sweater's still sitting
45 there like a big red mountain. I move the red sweater to the corner of my desk with my ruler. I move my pencil and books and eraser as far from it as possible. I even move my chair a little to the right.

Not mine, not mine, not mine. In my head I'm thinking how long till lunchtime, how long till I can take the red sweater and throw it over the schoolyard fence, or leave it
50 hanging on a parking meter, or bunch it up into a little ball and toss it in the alley.

Except when math period ends Mrs. Price says loud and in front of everybody, "Now, Rachel, that's enough," because she sees I've shoved the red sweater to the tippy-tip corner of my desk and it's hanging all over the edge like a waterfall, but I don't care.

"Rachel," Mrs. Price says. She says it like she's getting mad. "You put that sweater on
55 right now and no more nonsense."

"But it's not—"

"Now!" Mrs. Price says.

This is when I wish I wasn't eleven because all the years inside of me—ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, and one—are pushing at the back of my eyes when I
60 put one arm through one sleeve of the sweater that smells like cottage cheese, and then the other arm through the other and stand there with my arms apart like if the sweater hurts me and it does, all itchy and full of germs that aren't even mine.

That's when everything I've been holding in since this morning, since when Mrs. Price put the sweater on my desk, finally lets go, and all of a sudden I'm crying in front of everybody. I wish I was invisible but I'm not. I'm eleven and it's my birthday today and I'm crying like I'm three in front of everybody. I put my head down on the desk and bury my face in my stupid clown-sweater arms. My face all hot and spit coming out of my mouth because I can't stop the little animal noises from coming out of me until there aren't any more tears left in my eyes, and it's just my body shaking like when you have the hiccups, and my whole head hurts like when you drink milk too fast.

Name _____

Elements of Fiction: "Eleven" by Sandra Cisneros

* You may bullet the information on this page.

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>Genre/Text Type: the category or type of literature</p> | <hr/> <hr/> |
| <p>Point of View</p> <p>Point of View: narrative/ voice that is telling the story</p> <p>*First Person- character is in story; tells his/her thoughts OR</p> <p>*Third Person-character is <u>not</u> in story; reveals thoughts and opinions of one or more characters</p> | <p>Which character is telling the story?</p> <hr/> <p>Identify the Point of View: First Person <u>OR</u> Third Person</p> <hr/> <hr/> |
| <p>Setting: the time period (when) and place (where) in which the literary work occurs</p> | <p>Main Setting (where majority of story happens/when):</p> <hr/> <hr/> |
| <p>List the Main Characters: people or animals that take part in the action of the story</p> <p>Character Trait (adjective) (a word used to describe character)</p> <p>Identify the:</p> <p>Protagonist (the main character)</p> <p>Antagonist (character that goes up against the main character)</p> | <p>Protagonist _____</p> <p>Character Trait _____</p> |

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>I identify the main conflict (problem) demonstrated in the story. Think about what happens with Rachel.</p> <p>Main Conflict: the problem or struggle between opposing characters or forces</p> | <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> |
| <p>Resolution: the way the conflict is solved; or the outcome of the struggle</p> <p>How does the story end? Sometimes the conflict is not solved.</p> <p>*This should be written in sentence form.</p> | <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> |
| <p>Theme: The main message of the text that the author wants you to think about. Think about the life lessons for the main characters in the story. To identify the theme, determine the lesson learned. What can you learn from Rachel's experience?</p> <p>*Do not write: Age is more than a number.</p> <p>For Example: Acceptance is the key to friendship. Hard work pays off.</p> | <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> |

4. According to **lines 71-73**, what is the **worst part** of the sweater incident?

5. According to **lines 77-80**, why do you think Rachel wishes to be one hundred and two years old?
