



# Albert Einstein High School

## Summer Task Cover Sheet



**Teacher(s):** Cynthia Krauchi and Kerri Mauer

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**Course:** Pre-IB English 9

- ✓ **Purpose of the Summer Assignment:** to assess the proficiency of students' reading and writing skills; to establish context for literary analysis, discussion, and interpretation and for the conventions of writing about literature
- ✓ **Relationship between Summer Task and 1st Quarter Objectives:** The summer tasks and discussion of those tasks will establish benchmarks of student ability and criteria for teacher expectations in terms of literary analysis and interpretation and the conventions of writing about literature.
- ✓ **Description of the Task:** Students will read and annotate two narratives and then produce two written pieces of literary analysis.
- ✓ **Supportive Resources:** Texts, annotation checklists, and MLA guidelines are included in the packet.

### **Grading:**

- ✓ **DUE DATE:** 9/7/18
- ✓ **DEADLINE:** 9/14/18
- ✓ **Grading Category:** summer assignments (completion)
- ✓ **Points:** around 30
- ✓ **Extent to which the summer task counts towards the marking period grade:** 5%
- ✓ **Grading Criteria and Rubric:** included in packet

**Pre-IB ENGLISH 9**  
**2018 SUMMER READING ASSIGNMENTS**

**Ms. Krauchi ([Cynthia\\_Krauchi@mcpsmd.org](mailto:Cynthia_Krauchi@mcpsmd.org)) and Ms. Mauer ([Kerri\\_L\\_Mauer@mcpsmd.org](mailto:Kerri_L_Mauer@mcpsmd.org))**

**General Instructions:**

- Following the specific instructions given below, complete the written assignments by **typing** them on 8½ x 11 white paper **with an appropriate MLA heading** (see attached description).
- Complete all the reading by the first day of school.
- Turn the written assignments in on the first Friday of the school year (the deadline for late work will be a week later); submit an electronic copy to [www.turnitin.com](http://www.turnitin.com) and a paper copy to Ms. Krauchi or Ms. Mauer.
- Be prepared for class discussion, a timed writing, and/or a test on these readings.

**Assignment #1—Reading and annotating**

Carefully and closely **read** the following:

1. “The Dare” by Roger Hoffmann
2. “Blues Ain’t No Mockin Bird” by Toni Cade Bambara

**Annotate** both texts thoroughly using the attached “Active Reading Annotation Checklist” (one for each story) by **DOING ALL OF THE FOLLOWING:**

- 1) underline / highlight significant and/or academic words and phrases;
- 2) label literary devices you see (figurative language, imagery, sound devices, parallel structure and other syntactical devices, symbolism, foreshadowing, flashback, irony, etc.);
- 3) write marginal **notes** and **questions** (about the meanings of symbols or figures of speech, the effects of devices, indications of connections or contrasts between parts of the passage, explanations of irony and paradox, identification of character traits or conflicts, etc.);
- 4) list other parts of the story to which a situation or description connects in a meaningful way and explain those connections.

**Assignment#2—Analysis of characterization and narrative voice in “The Dare”:**

Analyze the characterization of the speaker/protagonist of this nonfictional narrative essay, paying particular attention to the ideas and tone of paragraph 4. Write a 300-500 word paragraph presenting your analysis of the characterization and voice of this speaker and explaining how they affect the meaning the essay conveys. Be sure to accomplish the following in your paragraph:

- describe the personality of the speaker
- explain how this personality is developed and communicated through his voice
- explain how this character and voice communicate the story’s themes
- use 3-4 brief quotations (properly punctuated) to support your assertions and illustrate your explanations
- proofread and correct your work carefully

**Assignment#3—Symbol analysis of “Blues Ain’t No Mockin Bird”:**

Select one symbol from the story and think about the meaning it represents. Symbols in the story include the ice, the yard, the camera, the flower garden, and the hawk, among others.

Write a 300-500 word paragraph interpreting this symbol and analyzing its use in the story. Be sure to accomplish the following in your paragraph:

- identify the symbol (use the concrete noun) and the abstract concept it represents
- explain this abstract concept in general terms
- explain this idea as it relates to the story and the story’s themes
- use 3-4 brief quotations (properly punctuated) to support your assertions and illustrate your explanations
- proofread and correct your work carefully

## Pre-IB English ACTIVE READING ANNOTATION CHECKLIST

Use these symbols *in addition to* recording your own notes in the margins of the text. You will be scored holistically for your **quantity AND quality** of annotations based on this checklist.

Active Reading Annotation Skill:	Evidence of Skill:
<b>Identifying and Defining</b>  <b>Academic Vocabulary</b>	___ Identifies important, unfamiliar vocabulary, and other terminology. ___ Correctly defines new vocabulary in student's own words.
<b>Asking Critical Questions</b> 	___ Asks questions directly relevant to the text. ___ Asks questions that expand upon the text and present thought-provoking connections. ___ Asks sophisticated questions that illustrate original thought.
<b>Making Connections</b> 	___ Makes strong and relevant connections between the texts and other course information ___ Makes contextual connections within the text. ___ Connects outside knowledge to the text.
<b>Making Inferences</b> 	___ Writes insightful and logical conclusions and analysis in the margins. ___ Makes inferences concerning how the text connects to contemporary issues and how the author is creating meaning with language and structure.
<b>Highlighting Main Ideas and Underlining Key Details</b>	___ Identifies significant phrases and sentences without over highlighting. ___ Clearly and concisely states main ideas in the margin of the text. ___ Demonstrates sophistication of thought in both choices of highlighting and in marginal notes.
<b>“Selecting Key Quotations”</b>	___ Selects potential quotations for use in papers and Socratic discussions. ___ Expands on quotations by relating them to overarching themes in the margins.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Period: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Score: \_\_\_\_\_

Title of Text: \_\_\_\_\_ Author: \_\_\_\_\_

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Active Reading Annotation Skill:	Evidence of Skill:
<b>Identifying and Defining Academic Vocabulary</b>	___ Identifies important, unfamiliar vocabulary, and other terminology. ___ Correctly defines new vocabulary in student’s own words.
<b>Asking Critical Questions ?</b>	___ Asks questions directly relevant to the text. ___ Asks questions that expand upon the text and present thought-provoking connections. ___ Asks sophisticated questions that illustrate original thought.
<b>Making Connections !</b>	___ Makes strong and relevant connections between the texts and other course information ___ Makes contextual connections within the text. ___ Connects outside knowledge to the text.
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<b>Highlighting Main Ideas and Underlining Key Details</b>	___ Identifies significant phrases and sentences without over highlighting. ___ Clearly and concisely states main ideas in the margin of the text. ___ Demonstrates sophistication of thought in both choices of highlighting and in marginal notes.
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Title of Text: \_\_\_\_\_ Author: \_\_\_\_\_

# MLA Formatting and Style Guide

**Summary:** MLA (Modern Language Association) style is most commonly used to write papers and cite sources within the liberal arts and humanities. This resource, updated to reflect the MLA Handbook for Writers of Research Papers (7th ed.) and the MLA Style Manual and Guide to Scholarly Publishing (3rd ed.), offers examples for the general format of MLA research papers, in-text citations, endnotes/footnotes, and the Works Cited page.

## General Format

MLA style specifies guidelines for formatting manuscripts and using the English language in writing. MLA style also provides writers with a system for referencing their sources through parenthetical citation in their essays and Works Cited pages.

Writers who properly use MLA also build their credibility by demonstrating accountability to their source material. Most importantly, the use of MLA style can protect writers from accusations of plagiarism, which is the purposeful or accidental uncredited use of source material by other writers.

## Paper Format General Guidelines

- Type your paper on a computer and print it out on standard, white 8.5 x 11-inch paper.
- Double-space the text of your paper, and use a legible font (e.g. Times New Roman). Whatever font you choose, MLA recommends that the regular and italics type styles contrast enough that they are recognizable one from another. The font size should be 12 pt.
- Leave only one space after periods or other punctuation marks (unless otherwise instructed by your instructor).
- Set the margins of your document to 1 inch on all sides.
- Indent the first line of paragraphs one half-inch from the left margin. MLA recommends that you use the Tab key as opposed to pushing the Space Bar five times.
- Create a header that numbers all pages consecutively in the upper right-hand corner, one-half inch from the top and flush with the right margin. (Note: Your instructor may ask that you omit the number on your first page. Always follow your instructor's guidelines.)
- Use italics throughout your essay for the titles of longer works and, only when absolutely necessary, providing emphasis.
- If you have any endnotes, include them on a separate page before your Works Cited page. Entitle the section Notes (centered, unformatted).

## Formatting the First Page of Your Paper

- Do not make a title page for your paper unless specifically requested.
- In the upper left-hand corner of the first page, list your name, your instructor's name, the course, and the date. Again, be sure to use double-spaced text. SEE EXAMPLE ON NEXT PAGE.
- Double space again and center the title. Do not underline, italicize, or place your title in quotation marks; write the title in Title Case (standard capitalization), not in all capital letters.

- Use quotation marks and/or italics when referring to other works in your title, just as you would in your text: *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* as Morality Play; Human Weariness in "After Apple Picking"
- Double space between the title and the first line of the text.
- Create a header in the upper right-hand corner that includes your last name, followed by a space with a page number; number all pages consecutively with Arabic numerals (1, 2, 3, 4, etc.), one-half inch from the top and flush with the right margin. (Note: Your instructor or other readers may ask that you omit last name/page number header on your first page. Always follow instructor guidelines.)

Here is a sample of the first page of a paper in MLA style:

The image shows a sample of the first page of a paper in MLA style. On the left side, the student's name (Beth Catlin), professor's name (Professor Elaine Bassett), course name (English 106), and date (3 August 2009) are listed. A bracket groups these four lines, with an arrow pointing to a callout box that states: "MLA heading is double-spaced and includes your name, the teacher's name, the course name, and the date." On the right side, the header "Catlin 1" is shown in the upper right-hand corner, with an arrow pointing to a callout box that states: "Header contains your last name and the page number of the document (JUST the number!)." The main body of the paper contains a title "Andrew Carnegie: The Father of Middle-Class America" followed by three paragraphs of text.

<p><b>The Dare</b> by Roger Hoffmann</p>	<p>Record your annotations on the text directly and make your comments, questions, connections, etc. here:</p>
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The secret to diving under a moving freight train and rolling out the other side with all your parts attached lies in picking the right spot between the tracks to hit with your back. Ideally, you want soft dirt or pea gravel, clear of glass shards and railroad spikes that could cause you instinctively, and fatally, to sit up. Today, at thirty-eight, I couldn't be threatened or baited enough to attempt that dive. But as a seventh grader struggling to make the cut in a tough Atlanta grammar school, all it took was a dare.

I coasted through my first years of school as a fussed-over smart kid, the teacher's pet who finished his work first and then strutted around the room tutoring other students. By the seventh grade, I had more A's than friends. Even my old cronies, Dwayne and O.T., made it clear I'd never be one of the guys in junior high if I didn't dirty up my act. They challenged me to break the rules, and I did. The I-dare-you's escalated: shoplifting, sugaring teachers' gas tanks, dropping lighted matches into public mailboxes. Each guerrilla act won me the approval I never got for just being smart.

Walking home by the railroad tracks after school, we started playing chicken with oncoming trains. O.T., who was failing that year, always won. One afternoon he charged a boxcar from the side, stopping just short of throwing himself between the wheels. I was stunned. After the train disappeared, we debated whether someone could dive under a moving car, stay put for a 10-count, then scramble out the other side. I thought it could be done and said so. O.T. immediately stepped in front of me and smiled. Not by me, I added quickly, I certainly didn't mean that I could do it. "A smart guy like you," he said, his smile evaporating, "you could figure it out easy." And then, squeezing each word for effect, "I ... DARE ... you." I'd just turned twelve. The monkey clawing my back was Teachers Pet. And I'd been dared.

As an adult, I've been on both ends of life's implicit business and social I-dare-you's, although adults don't use those words. We provoke with body language, tone of voice, ambiguous phrases. I dare you to: argue with the boss, tell Fred what you think of him, send the wine back. Only rarely are the risks physical. How we respond to dares when we are young may have something to do with which of the truly hazardous male inner dares-attacking mountains, tempting bulls at Pamplona-we embrace or ignore as men.

For two weeks, I scouted trains and tracks. I studied moving boxcars close up, memorizing how they squatted on their axles, never getting used to the squeal or the way the air fell hot from the sides. I created an imaginary, friendly train and ran next to it. I mastered a shallow, head-first dive with a simple half-twist. I'd land on my back, count to ten, imagine wheels and, locking both hands on the rail to my left, heave myself over and out. Even under pure sky, though, I had to fight to keep my eyes open and my shoulders between the rails.

The next Saturday, O.T., Dwayne and three eighth graders met me below the hill that backed up to the lumberyard. The track followed a slow bend there and opened to a straight, slightly up-hill climb for a solid third of a mile. My run started two hundred yards after the bend. The train would have its tongue hanging out.

The other boys huddled off to one side, a circle on another planet, and watched quietly as I double-knotted my shoelaces. My hands trembled. O.T. broke the circle and came over to me. He kept his hands hidden in the pockets of his jacket. We looked at each other. BBs of sweat appeared beneath his nose. I stuffed my wallet in one of his pockets, rubbing it against his knuckles on the way in, and slid my house key, wired to a red-and-white fishing bobber, into the other. We backed away from each other, and he turned and ran to join the four already climbing up the hill.

I watched them all the way to the top. They clustered together as if I were taking their picture. Their silhouette resembled a round-shouldered tombstone. They waved down to me, and I dropped them from my mind and sat down on the rail. Immediately, I jumped back. The steel was vibrating.

The train sounded like a cow going short of breath. I pulled my shirttail out and looked down at my spot, then up the incline of track ahead of me. Suddenly the air went hot, and the engine was by me. I hadn't pictured it moving that fast. A man's bare head leaned out and stared at me. I waved to him with my left hand and turned into the train, burying my face in the incredible noise. When I looked up, the head was gone.

I started running alongside the boxcars. Quickly, I found their pace, held it, and then eased off, concentrating on each thick wheel that cut past me. I slowed another notch. Over my shoulder, I picked my car as it came off the bend, locking in the image of the white mountain goat painted on its side. I waited, leaning forward like the anchor in a 440-relay, wishing the baton up the track behind me. Then the big goat fired by me, and I was flying and then tucking my shoulder as I dipped under the train.

A heavy blanket of red dust settled over me. I felt bolted to the earth. Sheet-metal bellies thundered and shook above my face. Count to ten, a voice said, watch the axles and look to your left for daylight. But I couldn't count, and I couldn't find left if my life depended on it, which it did. The colors overhead went from brown to red to black to red again. Finally, I ripped my hands free, forced them to the rail, and, in one convulsive jerk, threw myself into the blue light.

I lay there face down until there was no more noise, and I could feel the sun against the back of my neck. I sat up. The last ribbon of train was slipping away in the distance. Across the tracks, O.T. was leading a cavalry charge down the hill, five very small, galloping boys, their fists whirling above them. I pulled my knees to my chest. My corduroy pants puckered wet across my thighs. I didn't care.

from "About Men," *The New York Times*, January 1, 1996. Originally titled "There's Always a Dare," Copyright 1986 by Roger Hoffmann.

## Blues Ain't No Mockin Bird

Toni Cade Bambara

The puddle had frozen over, and me and Cathy went stompin in it. The twins from next door, Tyrone and Terry, were swingin so high out of sight we forgot we were waitin our turn on the tire. Cathy jumped up and came down hard on her heels and started tapdancin. And the frozen patch splinterin every which way underneath kinda spooky. "Looks like a plastic spider web," she said. "A sort of weird spider, I guess, with many mental problems." But really it looked like the crystal paperweight Granny kept in the parlor. She was on the back porch, Granny was, making the cakes drunk. The old ladle drippin rum into the Christmas tins, like it used to drip maple syrup into the pails when we lived in the Judson's woods, like it poured cider into the vats when we were on the Cooper place, like it used to scoop buttermilk and soft cheese when we lived at the dairy.

"Go tell that man we ain't a bunch of trees."

"Ma'am?"

"I said to tell that man to get away from here with that camera."

Me and Cathy look over toward the meadow where the men with the station wagon'd been roamin around all mornin. The tall man with a huge camera lassoed to his shoulder was buzzin our way.

"They're makin movie pictures," yelled Tyrone, stiffenin his legs and twistin so the tire'd come down slow so they could see.

"They're makin movie pictures," sang out Terry.

"That boy don't never have anything original to say," say Cathy grown-up.

By the time the man with the camera had cut across our neighbor's yard, the twins were out of the trees swingin low and Granny was onto the steps, the screen door bammin soft and scratchy against her palms. "We thought we'd get a shot or two of the house and everything and then—"

"Good mornin," Granny cut him off. And smiled that smile.

"Good mornin," he said, head all down the way Bingo does when you yell at him about the bones on the kitchen floor. "Nice place you got here, aunty. We thought we'd take a—"

"Did you?" said Granny with her eyebrows. Cathy pulled up her socks and giggled.

"Nice things here," said the man, buzzin his camera over the yard. The pecan barrels, the sled, me and Cathy, the flowers, the printed stones along the driveway, the trees, the twins, the toolshed.

"I don't know about the thing, the it, and the stuff," said Granny, still talkin with her eyebrows. "Just people here is what I tend to consider."

Camera man stopped buzzin. Cathy giggled into her collar.

"Mornin, ladies," a new man said. He had come up behind us when we weren't lookin. "And gents," discoverin the twins givin him a nasty look. "We're filmin for the county," he said with a smile. "Mind if we shoot a bit around here?"

"I do indeed," said Granny with no smile. Smilin man was smilin up a storm. So was Cathy. But he didn't seem to have another word to say, so he and the camera man backed on out the yard, but you could hear the camera buzzin still. "Suppose you just shut that machine off," said Granny real low through her teeth, and took a step down off the porch and then another.

"Now, aunty," Camera said, pointin the thing straight at her.

"Your mama and I are not related."

Smilin man got his notebook out and a chewed-up pencil.

"Listen," he said movin back into our yard, "we'd like to have a statement from you . . . for the film. We're filmin for the county, see. Part of the food stamp campaign. You know about the food stamps?"

Granny said nuthin.

"Maybe there's somethin you want to say for the film. I see you grow your own vegetables," he smiled real nice. "If more folks did that, see, there'd be no need—"

Granny wasn't sayin nuthin. So they backed on out, buzzin at our clothesline and the twins' bicycles, then back on down to the meadow. The twins were danglin in the tire, lookin at Granny. Me and Cathy were waitin, too, cause Granny always got somethin to say. She teaches steady with no letup. "I was on this bridge one time," she started off. "Was a crowd cause this man was goin to jump, you understand. And a minister was there and the police and some other folks. His woman was there, too."

"What was they doin?" asked Tyrone.

"Tryin to talk him out of it was what they was doin. The minister talkin about how it was a mortal sin, suicide. His woman takin bites out of her own hand and not even knowin it, so nervous and cryin and talkin fast."

"So what happened?" asked Tyrone.

"So here comes . . . this person . . . with a camera, takin pictures of the man and the minister and the woman. Takin pictures of the man in his misery about to jump, cause life so bad and people been messin with him so bad. This person takin up the whole roll of film practically. But savin a few, of course."

"Of course," said Cathy, hatin the person. Me standin there wonderin how Cathy knew it was "of course" when I didn't and it was *my* grandmother.

After a while Tyrone say, "Did he jump?"

"Yes, did he jump?" say Terry all eager.

And Granny just stared at the twins till their faces swallow up the eager and they don't even care any more about the man jumpin. Then she goes back onto the porch and lets the screen door go for itself. I'm lookin to Cathy to finish the story cause she knows Granny's whole story before me even. Like she knew how come we move so much and Cathy ain't but a third cousin we picked up on the way last Thanksgivin visitin. But she knew it was on account of people drivin Granny crazy till she'd get up in the night and start packin. Mumblin and packin and wakin everybody up sayin, "Let's get on away from here before I kill me somebody." Like people wouldn't pay her for things like they said they would. Or Mr. Judson bringin us boxes of old clothes and raggedy magazines. Or Mrs. Cooper comin in our kitchen and touchin everything and sayin how clean it all was. Granny goin crazy, and Granddaddy Cain

pullin her off the people, sayin, "Now, now, Cora." But next day loadin up the truck, with rocks all in his jaw, madder than Granny in the first place.

"I read a story once," said Cathy soundin like Granny teacher. "About this lady Goldilocks who barged into a house that wasn't even hers. And not invited, you understand. Messed over the people's groceries and broke up the people's furniture. Had the nerve to sleep in the folks' bed."

"Then what happened?" asked Tyrone. "What they do, the folks, when they come in to all this mess?"

"Did they make her pay for it?" asked Terry, makin a fist. "I'd've made her pay me."

I didn't even ask. I could see Cathy actress was very likely to just walk away and leave us in mystery about this story which I heard was about some bears.

"Did they throw her out?" asked Tyrone, like his father sounds when he's bein extra nastyplus to the washinmachine man.

"Woulda," said Terry. "I woulda gone upside her head with my fist and—"

"You woulda done whatcha always do—go cry to Mama, you big baby," said Tyrone. So naturally Terry starts hittin on Tyrone, and next thing you know they tumblin out the tire and rollin on the ground. But Granny didn't say a thing or send the twins home or step out on the steps to tell us about how we can't afford to be fightin amongst ourselves. She didn't say nuthin. So I get into the tire to take my turn. And I could see her leanin up against the pantry table, starin at the cakes she was puttin up for the Christmas sale, mumblin real low and grumpy and holdin her forehead like it wanted to fall off and mess up the rum cakes.

Behind me I hear before I can see Granddaddy Cain comin through the woods in his field boots. Then I twist around to see the shiny black oilskin cuttin through what little left there was of yellows, reds, and oranges. His great white head not quite round cause of this bloody thing high on his shoulder, like he was wearin a cap on sideways. He takes the shortcut through the pecan grove, and the sound of twigs snappin overhead and underfoot travels clear and cold all the way up to us. And here comes Smilin and Camera up behind him like they was goin to do somethin. Folks like to go for him sometimes. Cathy say it's because he's so tall and quiet and like a king. And people just can't stand it. But Smilin and Camera don't hit him in the head or nuthin. They just buzz on him as he stalks by with the chicken hawk slung over his shoulder, squawkin, drippin red down the back of the oilskin. He passes the porch and stops a second for Granny to see he's caught the hawk at last, but she's just starin and mumblin, and not at the hawk. So he nails the bird to the toolshed door, the hammerin crackin through the eardrums. And the bird flappin himself to death and droolin down the door to paint the gravel in the driveway red, then brown, then black. And the two men movin up on tiptoe like they was invisible or we were blind, one.

"Get them persons out of my flower bed, Mister Cain," say Granny moanin real low like at a funeral.

"How come your grandmother calls her husband 'Mister Cain' all the time?" Tyrone whispers all loud and noisy and from the city and don't know no better. Like his mama, Miss Myrtle, tell us never mind the formality as if we had no better breeding than to call her Myrtle, plain. And then this awful thing—a giant hawk—come wailin up over the

meadow, flyin low and tilted and screamin, zigzaggin through the pecan grove, breakin branches and hollerin, snappin past the clothesline, flyin every which way, flyin into things reckless with crazy.

“He’s come to claim his mate,” say Cathy fast, and ducks down. We all fall quick and flat into the gravel driveway, stones scrapin my face. I squinch my eyes open again at the hawk on the door, tryin to fly up out of her death like it was just a sack flown into by mistake. Her body holdin her there on that nail, though. The mate beatin the air overhead and clutchin for hair, for heads, for landin space.

The camera man duckin and bendin and runnin and fallin, jiggin the camera and scared. And Smilin jumpin up and down swipin at the huge bird, tryin to bring the hawk down with just his raggedy ole cap. Granddaddy Cain straight up and silent, watchin the circles of the hawk, then aimin the hammer off his wrist. The giant bird fallin, silent and slow. Then here comes Camera and Smilin all big and bad now that the awful screechin thing is on its back and broken, here they come. And Granddaddy Cain looks up at them like it was the first time noticin, but not payin them too much mind cause he’s listenin, we all listenin, to that low groanin music comin from the porch. And we figure any minute, something in my back tells me any minute now, Granny gonna bust through that screen with somethin in her hand and murder on her mind. So Granddaddy say above the buzzin, but quiet, “Good day, gentlemen.” Just like that. Like he’d invited them in to play cards and they’d stayed too long and all the sandwiches were gone and Reverend Webb was droppin by and it was time to go.

They didn’t know what to do. But like Cathy say, folks can’t stand Granddaddy tall and silent and like a king. They can’t neither. The smile the men smilin is pullin the mouth back and showin the teeth. Lookin like the wolf man, both of them. Then Granddaddy holds his hand out—this huge hand I used to sit in when I was a baby and he’d carry me through the house to my mother like I was a gift on a tray. Like he used to on the trains. They called the other men just waiters. But they spoke of Granddaddy separate and said, The Waiter. And said he had engines in his feet and motors in his hands and couldn’t no train throw him off and couldn’t nobody turn him round. They were big enough for motors, his hands were. He held that one hand out all still and it gettin to be not at all a hand but a person in itself.

“He wants you to hand him the camera,” Smilin whispers to Camera, tiltin his head to talk secret like they was in the jungle or somethin and come upon a native that don’t speak the language. The men start untyin the straps, and they put the camera into that great hand speckled with the hawk’s blood all black and crackly now. And the hand don’t even drop with the weight, just the fingers move, curl up around the machine. But Granddaddy lookin straight at the men. They lookin at each other and everywhere but at Granddaddy’s face.

“We filmin for the county, see,” say Smilin. “We putting together a movie for the food stamp program . . . filmin all around these parts. Uhh, filmin for the county.”

“Can I have my camera back?” say the tall man with no machine on his shoulder, but still keepin it high like the camera was still there or needed to be. “Please, sir.”

Then Granddaddy's other hand flies up like a sudden and gentle bird, slaps down fast on top of the camera and lifts off half like it was a calabash cut for sharing.

"Hey," Camera jumps forward. He gathers up the parts into his chest and everything unrollin and fallin all over. "Whatcha tryin to do? You'll ruin the film." He looks down into his chest of metal reels and things like he's protectin a kitten from the cold.

"You standin in the misses' flower bed," say Granddaddy. "This is our own place."

The two men look at him, then at each other, then back at the mess in the camera man's chest, and they just back off. One sayin over and over all the way down to the meadow, "Watch it, Bruno. Keep ya fingers off the film." Then Granddaddy picks up the hammer and jams it into the oilskin pocket, scrapes his boots, and goes into the house. And you can hear the squish of his boots headin through the house. And you can see the funny shadow he throws from the parlor window onto the ground by the stringbean patch. The hammer draggin the pocket of the oilskin out so Granddaddy looked even wider. Granny was hummin now—high, not low and grumbly. And she was doin the cakes again, you could

smell the molasses from the rum.

"There's this story I'm goin to write one day," say Cathy dreamer. "About the proper use of the hammer."

"Can I be in it?" Tyrone say with his hand up like it was a matter of first come, first served.

"Perhaps," say Cathy, climbin onto the tire to pump us up. "If you there and ready."

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