

4L English E-Learning Packet

Spring 2022-2023

Teacher: Magistra Rossi

Your Name: _____

Class Period: _____

Directions: This is NOT homework. Give this to your adults and keep in a safe place at home. This packet will be assigned in case of an E-Learning day ONLY.

4L E-Learning Day Instructions: English

Day 1: Complete the “**Pre-reading**” questions in complete sentences and cursive. Each answer should be 2-5 sentences.

Day 2: Read and ANNOTATE “**The Story of an Hour.**” Look at the example on how to annotate. Annotations should summarize, make connections, ask questions, or give opinions on the reading. You should have AT LEAST 10 annotations.

Day 3: Do the “**Post Reading**” questions.

Day 4: Read “**Study Suggests You Can Die of a Broken Heart**” and annotate (at least 5 annotations).

Day 5: Answer the “**Connection Reading**” questions.

Anticipation Guide

Story of an Hour & Study Suggests You Can Die of a Broken Heart

Pre-Reading

Complete the following Anticipation Guide by circling your level of agreement for each statement. Then provide *specific* reasons for your opinion on the lines below the statement.

A. Getting married is unnecessary.

Strongly Agree

Agree

Disagree

Strongly Disagree

B. A person can die of a broken heart.

Strongly Agree

Agree

Disagree

Strongly Disagree

Here is a think aloud with model annotations for an excerpt from "The Story of an Hour."

How come she is not

★ called by her first name?

What kind?

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble,

great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the

news of her husband's death. It was her sister Josephine who

What

told her, in broken sentences, veiled hints that revealed in half

does

"veiled"

concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near

mean?

Not

like

"smart" intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently

Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the

Why is

"killed"

in

Here it means "news."

time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and

had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in

quotes?

bearing the sad message. Josephine and Richards appear to be

very worried for Mrs. Mallard.

Story of an Hour by Kate Chopin

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death. It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease--of the joy that kills.

Post Reading

Answer the following questions about "The Story of an Hour." Use textual evidence to support your answers, writing in COMPLETE SENTENCES and CURSIVE.

1. How does Mrs. Mallard respond to news of her husband's death at the beginning of the story?

2. What happens to her when she is in her room?

3. Who shows up at the end of the story, and what happens to Mrs. Mallard?

Irony is the contrast between what is expected and what actually happens. There are three types of irony in literature:

Verbal Irony occurs when a character states one thing and means another.

Dramatic Irony occurs when the reader knows more about a situation or character than the characters in the story do.

Situational Irony is a contrast between what the reader expects to happen and what actually happens.

Surprise endings are often ironic. What kind of irony is used in "The Story of an Hour"? Explain.

Study Suggests You Can Die of a Broken Heart Stress Hormones Cause Fatal Spasms, Scientists Find

By Rob Stein

Washington Post Staff Writer

Thursday, February 10, 2005; Page A03

As Valentine's Day approaches, scientists have confirmed the lament of countless love sonnets and romance novels: People really can die of a broken heart, and the researchers now think they know why.

A traumatic breakup, the death of a loved one or even the shock of a surprise party can unleash a flood of stress hormones that can stun the heart, causing sudden, life-threatening heart spasms in otherwise healthy people, researchers reported yesterday.

Sylvia Creamer of Walkersville, Md., developed severe chest pain after giving an emotional talk about her son's mental illness. She had an unusual heart malfunction, not a heart attack, as doctors first thought.

The phenomenon can trigger what seems like a classic heart attack and can put victims at risk for potentially severe complications and even death, the researchers found. By giving proper medical care, however, doctors can mend the physical aspect of a "broken heart" and avoid long-term damage.

"When you think about people who have died of a 'broken heart,' there are probably several ways that can happen," said Ilan S. Wittstein of the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine in Baltimore, whose findings appear in today's *New England Journal of Medicine*. "A broken heart can kill you, and this may be one way."

No one knows how often it happens, but the researchers suspect it is more frequent than most doctors realize -- primarily among older women -- and is usually mistaken for a traditional heart attack.

That is what happened to Sylvia Creamer, 73, of Walkersville, Md., who experienced sudden, intense chest pain after giving an emotional talk about her son's battle with mental illness.

"I started having this heavy sensation just pushing down on my chest," said Creamer, who was taken to a hospital where doctors began treating her for what they thought was a heart attack. But Creamer's arteries were fine, and Wittstein and his colleagues subsequently determined that she had instead experienced an unusual heart malfunction. She quickly recovered.

The idea that someone can die from a broken heart has long been the subject of folklore, soap operas and literature. Researchers have known that stress can trigger heart attacks in people prone to them, and a syndrome resembling a heart attack in otherwise healthy people after acute emotional stress has been reported in Japan. But very little was known about the phenomenon in this country, and no one had any idea how it happened.

The new insight is perhaps the most striking example of the link between mind and body, several experts said. "This is another in a long line of accumulating, well-documented effects of stress on the body," said Herbert Benson, a mind-body researcher at Harvard Medical School. "Stress must be viewed as a disease-causing entity."

The findings also underscore the growing realization that there are fundamental physiological differences between men and women, including how they respond to stress.

"This is why we need to do more research involving women," said cardiologist Deborah Barbour, speaking on behalf of the American Heart Association. "We can't extrapolate a man's response to a woman."

It remains unclear why women would be more vulnerable, but it may have something to do with hormones or how their brains are wired to their hearts.

"Women react differently to stress, particularly emotional stress. We see that in our daily lives," said Scott W. Sharkey of the Minneapolis Heart Institute, who described 22 similar cases last week in the journal *Circulation*.

Accurately diagnosing the phenomenon, known technically as stress cardiomyopathy, should help improve treatment for patients who might otherwise receive drugs or other therapies that could do more harm than good, Sharkey and others said.

Wittstein and his colleagues studied 19 patients who had what appeared to be traditional heart attacks between 1999 and 2003 after experiencing sudden emotional stress, including news of a death, shock from a surprise party, being present during an armed robbery and being involved in a car accident. All but one were women. Most were in their sixties and seventies, though one was just 27. None had a history of heart problems.

When the researchers compared them with people who had classic heart attacks, they found that they had healthy, unclogged arteries but that levels of stress hormones in their blood, such as adrenaline, were two to three times as high as in the heart attack victims -- and seven to 34 times higher than normal.

"Our hypothesis is that massive amounts of these stress hormones can go right to the heart and produce a stunning of the heart muscle that causes this temporary dysfunction resembling a heart attack," Wittstein said. "It doesn't kill the heart muscle like a typical heart attack, but it renders it helpless."

Tests also found distinctive patterns in the electrical firing and contractions of the hearts of those who experienced the syndrome, which should enable doctors to diagnose the condition quickly, Wittstein said.

While victims of classic heart attacks often experience long-lasting damage and take weeks or months to recover, these patients showed dramatic improvement within a few days and complete recovery with no lingering damage within two weeks.

That was the case for Meg Bale, 70, of Bloomington, Minn., who had an attack after Sen. Paul D. Wellstone (D-Minn.) died in a plane crash in 2002. She began experiencing severe chest pain that shot down her arm after attending an emotional gathering at Wellstone's office, and she ended up being taken to an emergency room.

"For me, it was just such a shock. I really thought he was something special -- he had real heart," Bale said. "I felt just awful."

Connection Reading

Read the article, "[Study Suggests You Can Die of a Broken Heart.](#)" Then answer the questions below:

What does the study say may happen to an otherwise healthy person's heart when he or she experiences a sudden loss or shock?

What are some implications from the study?

What is the official name of the disorder, and how is it different than a "classic heart attack"?

How is recovery different for these patients than for people who have ordinary heart attacks?

Identify a theme from "Story of an Hour." Then find a poem or song with lines or lyrics that match the theme. What song or poem did you choose?
