State Exam English III Study GuideName: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Class: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. Lloyd Due Date: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Part I: Literary and Rhetoric Terms

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Term** | **Definition** | **Example** | **Effect (Infinitive Phrase)** |
| Figurative Language |  |  |  |
| Anecdote |  |  |  |
| Purpose |  |  |  |
| Theme |  |  |  |
| Direct and Indirect Characterization |  |  |  |
| **Term** | **Definition** | **Example** | **Effect** |
| Imagery |  |  |  |
| Allusion |  |  |  |
| Tone |  |  |  |
| Repetition |  |  |  |
| Point of View |  |  |  |
| Structure |  |  |  |
| **Term** | **Definition** | **Example** | **Effect** |
| Syntax |  |  |  |
| Parallel Structure |  |  |  |
| Juxtaposition |  |  |  |
| Rhetorical Question |  |  |  |
| Simile |  |  |  |
| Metaphor |  |  |  |
| **Term** | **Definition** | **Example** | **Effect** |
| Personification |  |  |  |
| Hyperbole |  |  |  |
| Paradox |  |  |  |
| Oxymoron |  |  |  |
| Irony |  |  |  |
| Antithesis |  |  |  |

Part II: Vocabulary & Question Stems

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Term** | **Part of Speech** | **Definition** | **Create a question…** |
| Effect |  |  |  |
| Meaning |  |  |  |
| Infer |  |  |  |
| Comparison |  |  |  |
| Analyze |  |  |  |
| Determine |  |  |  |
| Global Effect |  |  |  |
| Impact |  |  |  |
| Context |  |  |  |
| Imply |  |  |  |
| Exemplifies |  |  |  |
| Prove |  |  |  |

**Part III:** Test Taking Strategies – From your handout, paraphrase each section into a **full** paragraph.

**Elimination Strategies:**

**Coaching Strategies:**

**Course Content:**

Part IV: Annotation: fully annotate the three passages

**Passage #1: PART A of Excerpt from *The Avalanche:* “Chapter 1” by Gertrude Franklin Horn Atherton**

Price Ruyler knew that many secrets had been inhumed by the earthquake and fire of San Francisco and wondered if his wife’s had been one of them. After all, she had been born in this city of odd and whispered pasts, and there were moments when his silent mother-in-law suggested a past of her own.

That there was a secret of some sort he had been progressively convinced for quite six months. Moreover, he felt equally sure that this impalpable gray cloud had not drifted even transiently between himself and his wife during the first year and a half of their marriage. They had been uncommonly happy; they were happy yet . . . the difference lay not in the quality of Helene’s devotion, enhanced always by an outspoken admiration for himself and his achievements, but in subtle changes of temperament and spirits.

She had been a happy and irresponsible young creature when he married her, so much so that he had found it expedient to put her on an allowance and ask her not to run up staggering bills in the fashionable shops which she visited daily, as much for the pleasure of the informal encounter with other lively and irresponsible young luminaries of San Francisco society as for the excitement of buying what she did not want.

He had broached the subject with some trepidation, for they had never had a quarrel; but she had shown no resentment whatever, merely an eager desire to please him. She even went directly down to the Palace Hotel and reproached her august parent for failing to warn her that a dollar was not capable of infinite expansion.

But no wonder she had been extravagant, she told Ruyler plaintively. It had been like a fairy tale, this sudden release from the rigid economies of her girlhood, when she had rarely had a franc in her pocket, and they had lived in a suite of the old family villa on one of the hills of Rouen, Madame Delano paying her brother for their lodging, and dressing herself and Helene with the aid of a half-paralyzed seamstress with a fiery red nose. Ma foi! It was the nightmare of her youth, that nose and that croaking voice. But the woman had fingers, and a taste! And her mother could have concocted a smart evening frock out of an old window curtain.

But the petted little daughter was never asked to go out and buy a spool of thread, much less was she consulted in the household economies. All she noticed was that her clothes were smarter than Cousin Marthe’s, who had a real dressmaker and was subject to fits of jealous sulks. No wonder that when money was poured into her lap out in this wonderful California, she had assumed that it was made only to spend.

But she would learn! She would learn! She would ask her mother that very day to initiate her into the fascinating secrets of personal economies, teach her how to portion out her quarterly allowance between her wardrobe, club dues, charities, even her private automobile.

This last heroic suggestion was her own, and although her husband protested, he finally agreed; it was well she should learn just what it cost to be a woman of fashion in San Francisco, and the allowance was very generous. His old steward, Mannings, ran the household, although as he went through the form of laying the bills before his little mistress on the third of every month, she knew that the upkeep of the San Francisco house and the Burlingame villa ran into a small fortune a year.

**Passage #2: PART B of Excerpt from *The Avalanche:* “Chapter 1” by Gertrude Franklin Horn Atherton**

“It is not that I am threatened with financial disaster,” Ruyler had said to her. “But San Francisco has not recovered yet, and it is impossible to say just when she will recover. I want to be absolutely sure of my expenditures.”

She had promised vehemently, and, as far as he knew, she had kept her promise. He had received no more bills, and it was obvious that her haughty chauffeur was paid on schedule time, until, seized with another economical spasm, she sold her car and bought a small electric which she could drive herself.

Ruyler, little as he liked his mother-in-law, was intensely grateful to her for the dexterity with which she had adjusted Helene’s mind to the new condition. She even taught her how to keep books in an elemental way and balanced them herself on the first of every month. As Helene Ruyler had a mind as quick and supple as it was cultivated in les graces, she soon ceased to feel the chafing of her new harness, although she did squander the sum she had reserved for three months’ mere pocket money upon a hat which was sent to the house by her wily milliner on the first day of the second quarter. She confessed this with tears, and her husband, who thought her feminine passion for hats adorable, dried her tears and took her to the opening night of a new play. But he did not furnish the pathetic little gold mesh bag, and as he made her promise not to borrow, she did not treat her friends to tea or ices at any of the fashionable rendezvous for a month. Then her native French thrift came to her aid, and she sold a superfluous gold purse, a wedding present, to an envious friend at a handsome bargain.

That was ancient history now. It was twenty months since Price had received a bill, and secret inquiries during the past two had satisfied him that his wife’s name was written in the books of no shop in San Francisco that she would condescend to visit. Therefore, this maddening but intangible barrier had nothing to do with a change of habit that had not caused an hour of tears and sulks. Helene had a quick temper but a happy and sweet disposition, normally high spirits, little apparent selfishness, and a naive adoration of masculine superiority and strength—altogether, with her high bred beauty and her dignity in public, an enchanting creature and an ideal wife for a busy man of inherited social position and no small degree of pride.

But all this lovely equipment was blurred, almost obscured at times, by the shadow that he was beginning to liken to the San Francisco fogs that drifted through the Golden Gate and settled down into the deep hollows of the Marin hills; moving gently but restlessly even there, like ghostly floating tides. He could see them from his library window, where he often finished his afternoon’s work with his secretaries.

But the fog drifted back to the Pacific, and the shadow that encompassed his wife did not, or rarely. It chilled their ardors, even their serene domesticity. She was often as happy and impulsive as ever, but with abrupt reserves, an implication not only of a new maturity of spirit, but of watchfulness, even fear. She had once gone so far as to give voice passionately to the dogma that no two mortals had the right to be as happy as they were; then laughed apologetically and “guessed” that the old Puritan spirit of her father’s people was coming to life in her Gallic little soul; then, with another change of mood, added defiantly that it was time America were rid of its baneful inheritance, and that she would be happy today if the skies fell tomorrow. She had flung herself into her husband’s arms, and even while he embraced her, the eyes of his spirit searched for the girl wife who had fled and left this more subtly fascinating but incomprehensible creature in her place.

**Passage #3: Journey by Edna St. Vincent Millay**

Ah, could I lay me down in this long grass  
And close my eyes, and let the quiet wind  
Blow over me—I am so tired, so tired  
Of passing pleasant places! All my life,  
Following Care along the dusty road,  
Have I looked back at loveliness and sighed;  
Yet at my hand an unrelenting hand  
Tugged ever, and I passed. All my life long  
Over my shoulder have I looked at peace;  
And now I fain would lie in this long grass  
And close my eyes.  
Yet onward!  
Cat birds call  
Through the long afternoon, and creeks at dusk  
Are guttural. Whip-poor-wills wake and cry,  
Drawing the twilight close about their throats.  
Only my heart makes answer. Eager vines  
Go up the rocks and wait; flushed apple-trees  
Pause in their dance and break the ring for me;  
And bayberry, that through sweet bevies thread  
Of round-faced roses, pink and petulant,  
Look back and beckon ere they disappear.  
Only my heart, only my heart responds.  
Yet, ah, my path is sweet on either side  
All through the dragging day,—sharp underfoot  
And hot, and like dead mist the dry dust hangs—  
But far, oh, far as passionate eye can reach,  
And long, ah, long as rapturous eye can cling,  
The world is mine: blue hill, still silver lake,  
Broad field, bright flower, and the long white road  
A gateless garden, and an open path:  
My feet to follow, and my heart to hold.

Part V: Constructed Response Notes

*Example: How does the author use the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to develop the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of the text? Include one example from the text to support your answer.*