Name: _____ Date Due: _____

8th Grade Language Arts

HW#13

Assignment	Points Earned
Journals 47,48,49,50 (choose any derivative 1-100)	
BookBlog #12 Assignment – Letter Exchange	
Reading Selection – The Lottery Ticket	
No new GL words until 1/25	fyi
BookBlog #11 due 1/14	fyi

Total=>

Journal #_____

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Name: _____ Book Title: _____

Book #12 – Letter Exchange

Imagine that a character from your book does not like what the author of the book is doing to him/her. Think of a scene from your book that this character is not liking (e.g. *Their puppy runs away. Their best friend gets in a fight with them. They're kidnapped by ogres. They die.* Anything your character might not be happy with). Write a letter from that character to the author expressing your character's displeasure at the situation they have found themselves in.

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The Lottery Ticket
By Anton P. Chekhov

Directions: Read the short story and answer the questions that follow. Refer to the text to check your answers.

Ivan Dmitritch, a middle-class man who lived with his family on an income of twelve hundred a year and was very well satisfied with his lot, sat down on the sofa after supper and began reading the newspaper.

"I forgot to look at the newspaper today," his wife said to him as she cleared the table. "Look and see whether the list of drawings is there."

"Yes, it is," said Ivan Dmitritch; "but hasn't your ticket expired?"

"No, I bought it on Tuesday."

"What is the number?"

"Series 9,499, number 26."

"All right... we will look... 9,499 and 26."

Ivan Dmitritch had no faith in lottery luck, and would not, as a rule, have consented to look at the lists of winning numbers, but now, as he had nothing else to do and as the newspaper was before his eyes, he passed his finger downwards along the column of numbers. And immediately, as though in mockery of his **skepticism**[1], no further than the second line from the top, his eye was caught by the figure 9,499! Unable to believe his eyes, he hurriedly dropped the paper on his knees without looking to see the number of the ticket, and, just as though he had drank a glass of cold water, he felt an agreeable chill in the pit of the stomach; tingling and terrible and sweet!

"Masha, 9,499 is there!" he said in a hollow voice.

His wife looked at his astonished and panic-stricken face, and realized that he was not joking.

"9,499?" she asked, turning pale and dropping the folded tablecloth on the table.

"Yes, yes... it really is there!"

"And the number of the ticket?"

"Oh, yes! There's the number of the ticket too. But stay... wait! No, I say! Anyway, the number of our series is there! Anyway, you understand..."

Looking at his wife, Ivan Dmitritch gave a broad, senseless smile, like a baby when a bright object is shown it. His wife smiled too; it was as pleasant to her as to him that he only mentioned the series, and did not try to find out the number of the winning ticket. To torment and tantalize oneself with hopes of possible fortune is so sweet, so thrilling!

"It is our series," said Ivan Dmitritch, after a long silence. "So there is a probability that we have won. It's only a probability, but there it is!"

"Well, now look!"

"Wait a little. We have plenty of time to be disappointed. It's on the second line from the top, so the prize is seventy-five thousand. That's not money, but power, capital! And in a minute I shall look at the list, and there--26! Eh? I say, what if we really have won?"

The husband and wife began laughing and staring at one another in silence. The possibility of winning bewildered them; they could not have said, could not have dreamed, what they both needed that seventy-five thousand for, what they would buy, where they would go. They thought only of the figures 9,499 and 75,000 and pictured them in their imagination, while somehow they could not think of the happiness itself which was so possible.

Ivan Dmitritch, holding the paper in his hand, walked several times from corner to corner, and only when he had recovered from the first impression began dreaming a little.

"And if we have won," he said--"why, it will be a new life, it will be a transformation! The ticket is yours, but if it were mine I should, first of all, of course, spend twenty-five thousand on real property in the shape of an estate; ten thousand on immediate expenses, new furnishing... travelling... paying debts, and so on... The other forty thousand I would put in the bank and get interest on it."

"Yes, an estate, that would be nice," said his wife, sitting down and dropping her hands in her lap.

"Somewhere in the **Tula** or **Oryol**[2] provinces... In the first place we shouldn't need a summer villa, and besides, it would always bring in an income."

And pictures came crowding on his imagination, each more gracious and poetical than the last. And in all these pictures he saw himself well-fed, serene, healthy, felt warm, even hot! Here, after eating a summer soup, cold as ice, he lay on his back on the burning sand close to a stream or in the garden under a lime-tree... It is hot... His little boy and girl are crawling about near him, digging in the sand or catching ladybirds in the grass. He dozes sweetly, thinking of nothing, and feeling all over that he need not go to the office today, tomorrow, or the day after. Or, tired of lying still, he goes to the hayfield, or to the forest for mushrooms, or watches the peasants catching fish with a net. When the sun sets he takes a towel and soap and saunters to the bathing-shed, where he undresses at his leisure, slowly rubs his bare chest with his hands, and goes into the water. And in the water, near the **opaque**[3] soapy circles, little fish flit to and fro and green water-weeds nod their heads. After bathing there is tea with cream and milk rolls... In the evening a walk or **vint**[4] with the neighbors.

Vocabulary

1. **skepticism**: doubt or disbelief
2. **Tula & Oryol:** Russian cities along rivers south of Moscow
3. **opaque**: allowing little light to pass through
4. **vint**: a Russian card game similar to Bridge

"Yes, it would be nice to buy an estate," said his wife, also dreaming, and from her face it was evident that she was enchanted by her thoughts.

Ivan Dmitritch pictured to himself autumn with its rains, its cold evenings, and its **St. Martin's**[5] summer. At that season he would have to take longer walks about the garden and beside the river, so as to get thoroughly chilled, and then drink a big glass of vodka and eat a salted mushroom or a soused cucumber, and then--drink another... The children would come running from the kitchen-garden, bringing a carrot and a radish smelling of fresh earth... And then, he would lie stretched full length on the sofa, and in leisurely fashion turn over the pages of some illustrated magazine, or, covering his face with it and unbuttoning his waistcoat, give himself up to slumber.

The St. Martin's summer is followed by cloudy, gloomy weather. It rains day and night, the bare trees weep, the wind is damp and cold. The dogs, the horses, the fowls--all are wet, depressed, downcast. There is nowhere to walk; one can't go out for days together; one has to pace up and down the room, looking despondently at the grey window. It is dreary!

Ivan Dmitritch stopped and looked at his wife.

"I should go abroad, you know, Masha," he said.

And he began thinking how nice it would be in late autumn to go abroad somewhere to the South of France... to Italy... to India!

"I should certainly go abroad too," his wife said. "But look at thenumber of the ticket!"

"Wait, wait!..."

He walked about the room and went on thinking. It occurred to him: whatif his wife really did go abroad? It is pleasant to travel alone, or inthe society of light, careless women who live in the present, and notsuch as think and talk all the journey about nothing but their children,sigh, and tremble with dismay over every penny. Ivan Dmitritchimagined his wife in the train with a multitude of parcels, baskets, andbags; she would be sighing over something, complaining that the trainmade her head ache, that she had spent so much money... At the stationshe would continually be having to run for boiling water, bread andbutter... She wouldn't have dinner because of its being too expensive...

"She would **begrudge**[6] me every penny," he thought, with a glance at his wife. "The lottery ticket is hers, not mine! Besides, what is the use of her going abroad? What does she want there? She would shut herself up in the hotel, and not let me out of her sight... I know!"

And for the first time in his life his mind dwelt on the fact that his wife had grown elderly and plain, and that she was saturated through and through with the smell of cooking, while he was still young, fresh, and healthy, and might well have got married again.

"Of course, all that is silly nonsense," he thought; "but... why should she go abroad? What would she make of it? And yet she would go, of course... I can fancy... In reality it is all one to her, whether it is Naples or Klin. She would only be in my way. I should be dependent upon her. I can fancy how, like a regular woman, she will lock the money up as soon as she gets it... She will hide it from me... She will look after her relatives and grudge me every penny."

Ivan Dmitritch thought of her relatives. All those wretched brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles would come crawling about as soon as they heard of the winning ticket, would begin whining like beggars, and fawning upon them with oily, hypocritical smiles. Wretched, detestable people! If they were given anything, they would ask for more; while if they were refused, they would swear at them, slander them, and wish them every kind of misfortune.

Ivan Dmitritch remembered his own relatives, and their faces, at which he had looked impartially in the past, struck him now as repulsive and hateful.

"They are such reptiles!" he thought.

And his wife's face, too, struck him as repulsive and hateful. Anger surged up in his heart against her, and he thought malignantly:

"She knows nothing about money, and so she is stingy. If she won it she would give me a hundred **roubles**[7], and put the rest away under lock and key."

And he looked at his wife, not with a smile now, but with hatred. She glanced at him too, and also with hatred and anger. She had her own daydreams, her own plans, her own reflections; she understood perfectly well what her husband's dreams were. She knew who would be the first to try and grab her winnings.

"It's very nice making daydreams at other people's expense!" is what her eyes expressed. "No, don't you dare!"

Her husband understood her look; hatred began stirring again in his breast, and in order to annoy his wife he glanced quickly, to spite her at the fourth page on the newspaper and read out triumphantly:

"Series 9,499, number 46! Not 26!"

Hatred and hope both disappeared at once, and it began immediately to seem to Ivan Dmitritch and his wife that their rooms were dark and small and low-pitched, that the supper they had been eating was not doing them good, but lying heavy on their stomachs, that the evenings were long and wearisome...

"What the devil's the meaning of it?" said Ivan Dmitritch, beginning to be ill-humoured. "Wherever one steps there are bits of paper under one's feet, crumbs, husks. The rooms are never swept! One is simply forced to go out. Damnation take my soul entirely! I shall go and hang myself on the first aspen-tree!"

Vocabulary

5. **Saint Martin**: a tropical island in the Caribbean Sea
6. **begrudge:** to give reluctantly
7. **rouble**: a Russian monetary unit; Russian currency

Name: _____

The Lottery Ticket | Reading Quiz

1. Which of these statements about Ivan Dmitritch is **true** at the start of the story?

a. He encourages his wife to play the lottery more frequently.
b. He thinks that playing the lottery is a waste of time and money.
c. He plays the lottery quite often and it angers his wife.
d. He doesn't play the lottery because it is against his religion.

2. Which best describes Ivan and Masha Dmitritch's financial position at the start of the text?

a. They are struggling to survive.
b. They are very wealthy.
c. They have everything that they need.
d. They cannot afford to eat.

3. Which is **not** part of Ivan's fantasy?

a. He hunts for mushrooms and watches people fish.
b. He reads magazines and falls asleep on the couch.
c. His children play in the garden and dig in the sand.
d. He dances with his wife under the moonlight.

4. Which figurative language technique is used in the following sentence?

"*The bare trees weep, the wind is damp and cold.*"

a. Personification
b. Simile
c. Metaphor
d. Hyperbole

5. Which best expresses how the lottery ticket affects Ivan's opinion of his wife?

a. He becomes resentful of her and finds her unattractive.
b. He suddenly acts very nice to his wife because he thinks that she will have money.
c. He does not care about money; he just wants to finish reading the paper.
d. He appreciates her more than ever because her money can solve their problems.

6. Which of these statements about Ivan Dmitritch is **false**?

a. He thinks that he is more attractive than his wife.
b. He wants to go on a vacation alone.
c. He dislikes his wife's family.
d. He thinks his wife will spend the money too quickly.

7. From which perspective is this story narrated?

a. First-Person
b. Third-Person Objective
c. Third-Person Limited
d. Third-Person Omniscient

8. Which statement best expresses a theme in this text?

a. If you don't play, you can't win.
b. Money doesn't buy happiness.
c. You need money to make money.
d. Always ask for more than you need.

9. Which of these statements about Masha Dmitritch is **false**?

a. She thinks bad things about her husband.
b. She knows her husband very well.
c. She would enjoy sharing her winnings with her husband.
d. She is in a worse position for having played the lottery.

10. Which conclusion is best supported by the text?

a. Money gives people the potential to do great and noble things.
b. Just the thought of money can bring out the worst in people.
c. Nothing brings a couple closer together like planning a vacation.
d. It's fun and harmless to dream about winning a lot of money.

Long Response: Answer the following question in complete sentences. Use evidence from the text.

1. What lesson is the author of this story trying to teach readers with this story? Use text to support your response.