

Inquiry Chart for Unit: _____ The Quest _____

	Guiding Question #1 What is a quest?	Guiding Question #2 What might motivate one to go on a quest or to avoid such action?	Guiding Question #3 What role does magic or the imagination play in forwarding the plot or action in the literary work?	Guiding Question #4 Word choice matters. Which words matter greatly in each literary text and why?	New Questions I have
What I already know:					
Source #1: Title: "The Song of the Wandering Aengus" - W. B. Yeats					
Source #2: "The School Children" – W. B. Yeats					
Source #3: "The Golden Apple of the Sun" – Ray Bradbury					
Source #4: "A Poem for My Librarian, Mrs. Long" Nikki Giovanni					
Source #5 "Oranges" – Gary Soto					
Source 6 <i>Vincent Van Gogh: Portrait of an Artist</i>)Next page Media Text					
Summary					

Giovanni, Nikki. "A Poem for My Librarian, Mrs. Long." Acolytes. New York: William Morrow, 2007. (2007)
A Poem for My Librarian, Mrs. Long
(You never know what troubled little girl needs a book)

At a time when there was not tv before 3:00 P.M.
And on Sunday none until 5:00

We sat on the front porches watching
The jfg sign go on and off greeting
The neighbors, discussion the political
Situation congratulating the preacher
On his sermon
There was always the radio which brought us
Songs from wlac in nashville and what we would now call
Easy listening or smooth jazz but when I listened
Late at night with my portable (that I was so proud of)
Tucked under my pillow
I heard nat king cole and matt dennis, june christy and ella fitzgerald
And sometimes sarah vaughan sing black coffee
Which I now drink
It was just called music

There was a bookstore uptown on gay street
Which I visited and inhaled that wonderful odor
Of new books
Even today I read hardcover as a preference paperback only
As a last resort

And up the hill on vine street
(The main black corridor) sat our carnegie library
Mrs. Long always glad to see you
The stereoscope always ready to show you faraway
Places to dream about

Mrs. Long asking what are you looking for today
When I wanted Leaves of Grass or alfred north whitehead
She would go to the big library uptown and I now know
Hat in hand to ask to borrow so that I might borrow

Probably they said something humiliating since southern
Whites like to humiliate southern blacks

But she nonetheless brought the books
Back and I held them to my chest

Close to my heart
And happily skipped back to grandmother's house
Where I would sit on the front porch
In a gray glider and dream of a world
Far away

I love the world where I was
I was safe and warm and grandmother gave me neck kissed
When I was on my way to bed

But there was a world
SomewhereOut there
And Mrs. Long opened that wardrobe
But no lions or witches scared me
I went through
Knowing there would be
Spring

Greenberg, Jan, and Sandra Jordan. *Vincent Van Gogh: Portrait of an Artist*. New York: Random House, 2001. (2001) From Chapter 1: “A Brabant Boy 1853–75”

I have nature and art and poetry, if that is not enough what is? —Letter to Theo, January 1874

On March 30, 1853, the handsome, soberly dressed Reverend Theodorus van Gogh entered the ancient town hall of Groot-Zundert, in the Brabant, a province of the Netherlands. He opened the birth register to number twenty-nine, where exactly one year earlier he had sadly written “Vincent Willem van Gogh, stillborn.” Beside the inscription he wrote again “Vincent Willem van Gogh,” the name of his new, healthy son, who was sleeping soundly next to his mother in the tiny parsonage across the square. The baby’s arrival was an answered prayer for the still-grieving family.

The first Vincent lay buried in a tiny grave by the door of the church where Pastor van Gogh preached. The Vincent who lived grew to be a sturdy redheaded boy. Every Sunday on his way to church, young Vincent would pass the headstone carved with the name he shared. Did he feel as if his dead brother where the rightful Vincent, the one who would remain perfect in his parents’ hearts, and that he was merely an unsatisfactory replacement? That might have been one of the reasons he spent so much of his life feeling like a lonely outsider, as if he didn’t fit anywhere in the world.

Despite his dramatic beginning, Vincent had an ordinary childhood, giving no hint of the painter he would become. The small parsonage, with an upstairs just two windows wide under a slanting roof, quickly grew crowded. By the time he was six he had two sisters, Anna and Elizabeth, and one brother, Theo, whose gentle nature made him their mother’s favorite.