

Make sure to read all of these directions:

1. Read the text in each of the 3 sections. **Look for Daisy's subject matter, and tone.**
2. As you read, fill in the charts below for each section.
3. Refer to the example.
4. When the charts are complete, write one paragraph as described on the reverse of this paper.

Example Section:

2 Quotations from text:

"I felt like I'd belonged to this house for centuries"
 "that room seemed like the safest place I'd ever been in my life"

Speaker: **Daisy**

Subject: **Her new home**

Tone: **Comforted, at Peace**

Sentence and quotations: **Daisy's tone toward her new home is comforted, as if she is at peace. For example, she felt like she had, "belonged to this house for centuries," and that it was the "safest place" she had ever been in her life.**

Now, use the readings to complete sections 1-3.

It is okay if you write outside of the boxes.

Section 1:

2 Quotations from text:

Speaker: **Daisy**

Subject:

Tone:

Sentence and quotations:

Section 2:

2 Quotations from text:

Speaker: **Daisy**

Subject:

Tone:

Sentence and quotations:

Section 3:

2 Quotations from text:

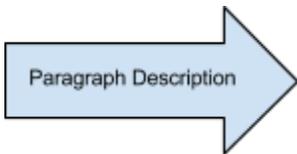
Speaker: **Daisy**

Subject:

Tone:

Sentence and quotations:

When you finish the above charts, write one paragraph on Loose Leaf Paper:



Sentence 1: (Copy this Topic Sentence) "In the novel, *How I Live Now*, the narrator, Daisy, uses several different tones."

Sentence 2: For example, . . . (Use your Sentence and Quotations from Section 1).

Sentence 3: In addition, . . . (Use your Sentence and Quotations from Section 2).

Sentence 4: Furthermore, . . . (Use your Sentence and Quotations from Section 3).

Sentence 5: Write a conclusion that re-phrases the topic sentence.

* Don't forget to put your name on your paper!

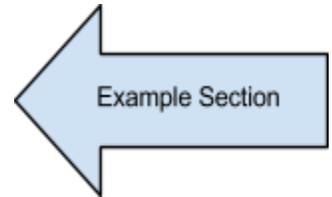
The quotations I used for the example are in bold. Your job is to find 2 quotations from each section (1-3) that you can write about. Look for Daisy's subject matter (what she is writing / talking about), and tone (attitude toward her subject).

She took me upstairs to a room down at the end of a hall which was the kind of room a monk would live in - small and plain with thick white walls that weren't straight like new walls, and one huge window divided into lots of panes of yellow and greenish glass. There was a big striped cat under the bed and some daffodils in an old bottle and **suddenly that room seemed like the safest place I'd ever been in my life**, which just goes to show how wrong a person can be about what's in store for them but here I go jumping the gun again.

We pushed my suitcase into a corner, and Piper came in with a big pile of old blankets and she said in a shy way that they were woven from the sheep on the farm a long time ago and that the black ones were from the black sheep.

I pulled the black sheep blanket over my head and closed my eyes and for no good reason I could think of, **I felt like I'd belonged to this house for centuries** but that could have been wishful thinking.

And then I fell asleep.



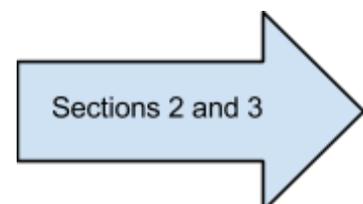
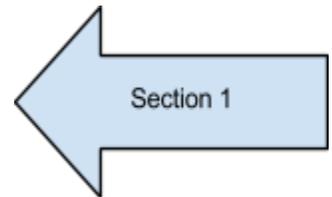
I didn't mean to sleep practically a whole day and a night but I did. And when I woke up I thought how strange it was to be lying in someone else's bed thousands of miles from home surrounded by grayish light and a weird kind of quiet that you never get in New York City where the traffic keeps you company in a constant buzzy way day and night.

The first thing I did was to check my phone for messages, but all it said was NO NETWORK and I thought Oh boy so much for civilization and felt a little freaked out and thought of that movie where they say No One Can Hear You Scream. But then I went over to the window and looked out and there was the slightest bit of pink light over to one side where the sun must have just started coming up and a totally quiet gray mist hung over the barn and the gardens and the fields and everything was perfectly still and beautiful and I stared and stared expecting to see a deer or maybe a unicorn trotting home after a hard night but I didn't see anything except some birds.

After a while I was cold and got back under the blankets.

I felt too shy to come out of my room, so I stayed there and thought about my old home which unfortunately led to thinking about Davina the Diabolical, who sucked my father's soul out and then got herself knocked up with the devil's spawn which, when it pops out, Leah and I are going to call Damian even if it's a girl.

According to my best friend Leah, D the D would have liked to poison me slowly till I turned black and swelled up like a pig and died in agony but I guess that plan flopped when I refused to eat anything and in the end she got me sent off to live with a bunch of cousins I'd never met a few thousand miles away while she and Dad and the devil's spawn went on their merry way. If she was making even the slightest attempt to address centuries of bad press for stepmothers, she scored a Big Fat Zero.

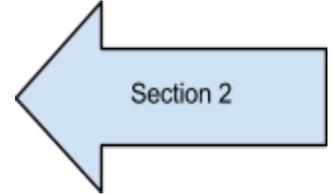


I didn't spend much time thinking about the war because I was bored with everyone jabbering on for about the last five years about Would There Be One or Wouldn't There and I happen to know there wasn't anything we could do about it anyway so why even bring the subject up.

It was when I was thinking things like this that I sometimes noticed Edmond looking at me in his odd, listening kind of way and sometimes I looked back at him doing the same expression myself just to see what he'd say. But mostly he just smiled and half closed his eyes and looked more like Wise Dog than ever and I thought to myself If this kid turns out to be thirtyfive I won't be a bit surprised.

So that was pretty much all that happened on my first conscious day in England, and so far I was finding Life With My Cousins more than OK and a huge improvement over my so-called life at home on Eightysixth Street.

Late that night I heard the phone ring somewhere in the house and I wondered if it was my father calling to say Hey I made a mistake sending my only daughter away to another country because of some scheming harpy's ruthless whims, but by that time I was too sleepy to bother getting up and wandering around looking for a keyhole to listen at. So as you can see, that old country air must be doing me tons of good already.



It was times like this when I let my guard down for something like half a nanosecond, that Mom had a habit of strolling into my brain. Even though she was dead, which made people put on this sickening pious kind of face and say Oh I'm SO sorry, like it was their fault and in fact if everyone wasn't so busy apologizing all the time about asking a perfectly normal question like Where's your mother? I might have managed to get more information out of someone than just She Died To Give You Life, which is the party line on Good Old Mom.

It's a shame, starting out your first day on the planet as a murderer but there you go, I didn't have much choice at the time. Still, I could live quite happily without the labels I picked up because of it. Murderer or Poor Motherless Lamb.

Which one would you choose, the rock or the hard place?

Dad was one of those Never Mention Her Name Again type of fathers which if you ask me was extremely unpsychologically correct of him. Leah's father worked on Wall Street and shot himself one day when he lost \$600 million of someone else's money and they never shut up about him in their house. Which, as Leah likes to point out, is not the perfect answer either.

I sometimes wished someone would just fill me in on the simple boring things like did she have big feet or wear makeup and what was her favorite song and did she like dogs or have a nice voice and what books did she read etc. I made up my mind to ask Aunt Penn some of these questions when she came back from Oslo but I guess what you really want to know are the things you can't ask like Did she have eyes like yours and When you pushed my hair back was that what it feels like to have your mother do it and Did her hands look serious and quiet like yours and Did she ever have a chance to look at me with a complicated expression like the one on your face, and by the way Was she scared to die.

