

LITTLE BILLY WILSON

Directions:

1. Follow the rubric !!!
2. Use a complete heading on all of your work.
3. Each answer should be at least 5-7 sentences long.
4. A handwritten **AND** typed copy of your work must be submitted.
5. Avoid pronouns, opinion statements and excessively long quotations.
6. Use the A.S.E./T.B.S. format, to address the five (5) items listed below.
7. Typed copy must be double spaced in a 12pt., Times New Roman font.

* Students who completed this assignment for extra credit (last quarter) should VERY carefully review/edit/revise their work based on information provided in recent class lessons. *Hint: The rubric is your friend...*

How do we answer questions?

We A.S.E. them !!

Answer - Provide a simple answer (claim) with a 'because' statement.

Support - Introduce & provide text-based evidence to support your claim.

Explain - Explain how/why this quotation supports your answer (claim).

* Each answer should be at least 5-7 sentences

Carefully identify & explain each of the following:

1. The **setting AND condition** for this story.
2. The formal form of **conflict** in this story.
3. The **climax** (pattern change) for this story.
4. The **resolution** of this story.
5. The overall **theme** of this story.

BILLY WILSON

By William W. Wilson

His father was in jail. His mother was out most nights. Waiting for her to come home, eight-year-old, Billy Willson would stand hour after hour at the window, looking down the Brooklyn street where junkies, drug dealers and drunks swarmed. It was not a good neighborhood at all; there were fights and robberies, and the sounds of sirens could be heard periodically throughout the night. Billy Wilson was frightened here, and he cried himself to sleep – when, he slept – more often than not.

Well into the early morning hours, little Billy would continue to watch for his mother. Then he would see her crossing the street. Sometimes, when she came home her boyfriend was with her and that made Billy angry because he didn't like the way that man treated his mother at all. When he would see them together on the street below, Billy would sneak back into bed and pretend to sleep.

In the morning, he would force himself out of bed. At school, he would have trouble concentrating. In the evening, the youngster would once again be alone at the window – waiting for his mother. "Sometimes it seemed that life isn't worth living," he thought.

That winter, Billy Wilson went to visit his grandmother. She was a friendly woman who traveled between home and work with a clock-like routine. She always returned home to be with Billy at the exact time she said she would return. When it was time for Billy to leave, he hid under the table and said he would NOT go back to live with his mother in Brooklyn. "Okay, Billy" Said his grandmother. "We'll both get along fine right here."

Staying with his grandmother, Billy found it easier to sleep. He spent his evenings reading and working very hard to get good grades. "I'm going to make something of myself," Billy thought. "In order to accomplish what you want, you have to study." So he studied and made the school honor roll. He won certificates for excellence in math and music, and joined the robotics club at his school.

Four years later, Billy's father returned home from prison. He watched Billy walk right on through all the trouble of the streets with his books under his arms and proudly remarked: "No one on these streets is as tough as this kid – my kid – who comes right home every afternoon and does his homework. He's gonna' be somebody."