



# Module 1:

# Identity

## Learning Goals:

- Understand how to do a close reading of a text
- Annotate a text effectively
- Understand plot elements and literary terms

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Period: \_\_\_\_, ELA 7

## Do Now!

WHAT MAKES US WHO WE ARE? –or- WHAT CREATES IDENTITY?

## WRITE A WELL-DEVELOPED PARAGRAPH

## ANSWERING THESE QUESTIONS.

\*Remember: A paragraph should have a claim (thesis statement), evidence (3 components/attributes) with examples/explanations, and a realization (concluding statement).

[illegible]

**Watch the video and keep these questions in mind.**  
**Feel free to jot down notes, so you don't forget your answers.**

- Why would the director use masks?
- What does it mean when someone changes masks?
- How do we all wear masks?
- What parts of school require masks?
- How does the story the Cave come in to play?

- How does the description of chess come in to play?
- What happens when the mask chips?

**Watch the video a second time through, and note anything else you now notice:**

## **Applying Literary Terms...**

Give an example of INTERNAL CONFLICT from the video:

Give an example of EXTERNAL CONFLICT and specify which sub-genre of external conflict it falls into:

What is the THEME of the video?

Title _____	
Author _____	
<p><b>EXPOSITION</b></p> <p>Setting _____</p> <p>Main Character _____</p>	<p>Rising Action</p> <p>Falling Action</p> <p>Climax</p> <p>Resolution</p>

## Masks

Don't be fooled by me. Don't be fooled by the face I wear, for I wear a thousand masks, masks that I am afraid to take off, and none of them are me. Pretending is an art that's become second nature to me, but don't be fooled - for God's sakes don't be fooled. I give you the impression that I'm secure, that everything is sunny and unruffled with me, inside as well as outside, that confidence is my name and coolness is my game, that everything is calm and I'm in command and that I don't need anyone. But don't believe me. Please. My surface may be smooth but my surface is a mask. And underneath this mask lives the real me, in confusion, in fear and aloneness.

But I hide this; I don't want anyone to know it. I panic when I think of my weakness, and I fear being exposed for what I am. And that's why I frantically create a mask to hide behind, a nonchalant, sophisticated facade, to help me pretend, to shield me from the glance that knows. But such a glance is just the thing that can save me and I know it. That is, if that glance is followed by acceptance, if it is followed by love. And it's the only thing that will assure me that I am worth something. But I don't tell you this - I don't dare. I am afraid to. I am afraid your glance won't be followed by acceptance and love. I am afraid that you will think less about me, that you will laugh at me and your laugh would kill me. I am afraid that deep down inside I am nothing, that I am no good and that you'll see this and reject me.

And so I play my game, my desperate little game, with a facade of assurance on the outside, and a trembling little child on the inside. And so begins the parade of masks, and my life becomes nothing but a front. But I don't like hiding, really I don't. I don't like the superficial games I am playing, the phony game. I'd really like to be spontaneous and genuine and me, but you've got to help me. You've got to hold out your hand, even when it's the last thing I want. Each time you are kind and gentle and encouraging, each time you try to understand me because you really care, then my heart begins to grow wings - very small and feeble wings, but wings. With your sensitivity and sympathy and your power of understanding, you can breathe new life into me. I want you to know that. I want you to know how important you are to me, how you can be the creator of a person that is me, if you choose to. Please choose to. Only you can break down the wall behind which I tremble. Only you can release me from my shadow world of panic and uncertainty, from my lonely prison. Do not pass me by; please ... don't pass me by.

It won't be easy for you. I've built up some pretty strong walls around me. The closer you get to me, the more I'll strike back at you. I'll fight against the very thing I cry out for. But I am told that love is stronger than walls, and I really hope it is true. Please - try to beat down these walls with firm hands, but gentle hands, for a frightened child is very sensitive. Who am I, you may wonder? I am someone you know very well. I am every man and every woman you meet and maybe, I am you.

\*\*\*This was written by a FMS student in 1985.