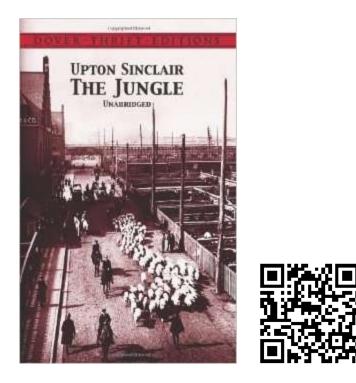
Name: The Jungle Unit Packet Date: Mrs. Seemayer



Unit Objectives

- -Students will know the details of the meat packing industry in Chicago.
- -Students will know author's craft.
- -Students will know author's purpose.

-Students will understand the impact working conditions have on a person's life.

-Students will understand the social and political issues addressed in *The Jungle* that still affect people today.

-Students will understand how to conduct a close reading of a passage to draw meaning.

-Students will understand how to critically approach historical documents.

-Students will understand that Biblical principles transcend time and situations.

-Students will be able to analyze historical documents.

-Students will be able to have deep discussions and synthesize information.

-Students will be able to locate and discuss meaningful quotations.

-Students will be able to apply Biblical principles to concepts in The Jungle.

Understand

Meaningful Quotations

-have meaning that can be applied outside of the text.

-make the reader think to grasp the meaning

-have a deep impact on the development of the story or characters

-contain examples of figurative language

-can be shared and discussed because of their deep impact

Ways to Mark Quotations in a Text

underline Mark it place brackets with a around sticky the section note!

Meaningful, or not?

Directions: Read the following quotations from The Hunger Games. Decide which quotation in each line is the meaningful quotation (circle) and then explain why it is meaningful.

Quotation 1	Quotation 2	Explanation
"District 12: Where you can starve to death in safety."	"No. Now, shut up and eat your pears."	
"You've got about as much charm as a dead slug."	"You don't forget the face of the person who was your last hope."	
"Oh, and I suppose the apples ate the cheese."	"For there to be betrayal, there would have to have been trust first."	
"I am not pretty. I am not beautiful. I am as radiant as the sun."	"All right," he whispers."	

Information	Memory Strategies
Definition	Examples

Close Reading: Setting the Tone

Before the feast has been five minutes under way, Tamoszius Kuszleika has risen in his excitement; a minute or two more and you see that he is beginning to edge over toward the tables. His nostrils are dilated and his breath comes fast—his demons are driving him. He nods and shakes his head at his companions, jerking at them with his violin, until at last the long form of the second violinist also rises up. In the end all three of them begin advancing, step by step, upon the banqueters, Valentinavyczia, the cellist, bumping along with his instrument between notes. Finally all three are gathered at the foot of the tables, and there Tamoszius mounts upon a stool.

Now he is in his glory, dominating the scene. Some of the people are eating, some are laughing and talking—but you will make a great mistake if you think there is one of them who does not hear him. His notes are never true, and his fiddle buzzes on the low ones and squeaks and scratches on the high; but these things they heed no more than they heed the dirt and noise and squalor about them—it is out of this material that they have to build their lives, with it that they have to utter their souls. And this is their utterance; merry and boisterous, or mournful and wailing, or passionate and rebellious, this music is their music, music of home. It stretches out its arms to them, they have only to give themselves up. Chicago and its saloons and its slums fade away-there are green meadows and sunlit rivers, mighty forests and snow-clad hills. They behold home landscapes and childhood scenes returning; old loves and friendships begin to waken, old joys and griefs to laugh and weep. Some fall back and close their eyes, some beat upon the table. Now and then one leaps up with a cry and calls for this song or that; and then the fire leaps brighter in Tamoszius' eyes, and he flings up his fiddle and shouts to his companions, and away they go in mad career. The company takes up the choruses, and men and women cry out like all possessed; some leap to their feet and stamp upon the floor, lifting their glasses and pledging each other. Before long it occurs to some one to demand an old wedding song, which celebrates the beauty of the bride and the joys of love. In the excitement of this masterpiece Tamoszius Kuszleika begins to edge in between the tables, making his way toward the head, where sits the bride. There is not a foot of space between the chairs of the guests, and Tamoszius is so short that he pokes them with his bow whenever he reaches over for the low notes; but still he presses in, and insists relentlessly that his companions must follow. During their progress. needless to say, the sounds of the cello are pretty well extinguished; but at last the three are at the head, and Tamoszius takes his station at the right hand of the bride and begins to pour out his soul in melting strains.

Old Country vs. New Country

Lithuania	America

Opinion: Should this family have moved the America? Where were they better off?

Close Reading: Parallel Structure

Hogs	People
One could not stand and watch very long	
without becoming philosophical, without	
beginning to deal in symbols and similes, and	
to hear the hog squeal of the universe. Was it	
permitted to believe that there was nowhere	
upon the earth, or above the earth, a heaven	
for hogs, where they were requited for all this	
suffering? Each one of these hogs was a	
separate creature. Some were white hogs,	
some were black; some were brown, some	
were spotted; some were old, some young;	
some were long and lean, some were	
monstrous. And each of them had an	
individuality of his own, a will of his own, a	
hope and a heart's desire; each was full of self-	
confidence, of self-importance, and a sense of	
dignity. And trusting and strong in faith he had	
gone about his business, the while a black	
shadow hung over him and a horrid Fate	
waited in his pathway. Now suddenly it had	
swooped upon him, and had seized him by the	
leg. Relentless, remorseless, it was; all his	
protests, his screams, were nothing to it—it	
did its cruel will with him, as if his wishes, his	
feelings, had simply no existence at all; it cut	
his throat and watched him gasp out his life.	
And now was one to believe that there was	
nowhere a god of hogs, to whom this hog	
personality was precious, to whom these hog	
squeals and agonies had a meaning? Who	
would take this hog into his arms and comfort	
him, reward him for his work well done, and	
show him the meaning of his sacrifice?	
Perhaps some glimpse of all this was in the	
thoughts of our humble-minded Jurgis, as he	
turned to go on with the rest of the party, and	
muttered: "Dieve—but I'm glad I'm not a	
hog!"	
nog:	

Discuss: What is the irony of the last statement in this paragraph?

Observations and Predictions

What have you observed so far? How do you feel about it? What do you think will happen? How do you feel about it?

Farming Jigsaw Activity

Discussion Questions:

1. Summarize your reading for your group members.

2. What effects do our decisions have on our health and our environment?

3. Why do farmers use chemicals in their practice? Do you think these practices should change? Why or why not?

4. How can changing our farming practices affect our environment and our health?

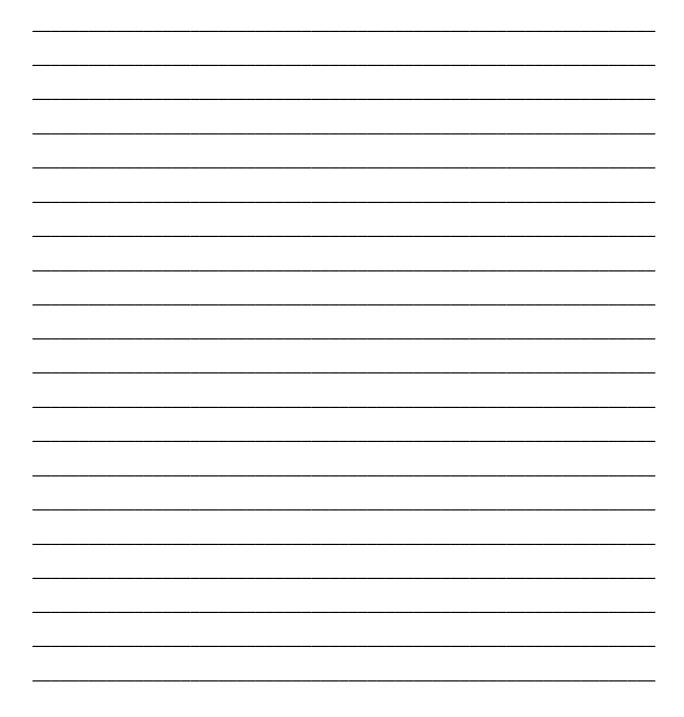
Article	3 important facts from article

Short Answer

Directions: Come up with an argument **using at least two pieces of text evidence** that supports **ONE** of the following claims

Farmers should use organic practices to produce food.

Farmers should not use organic practices to produce food.



Industry Today

My life as a sweatshop worker: Undercover reporter tells of crushing hours and terrible pay in Bangladeshi clothes factory where she worked for girl boss aged just NINE

By <u>Daily Mail Reporter</u> Published: 14:54 EST, 12 October 2013 | Updated: 15:09 EST, 12 October 2013

A Canadian journalist working undercover in a Bangladeshi sweatshop has revealed details of the back-breaking work and appalling conditions children as young as nine have to deal with.

Raveena Aulakh traveled to Dhaka to experience firsthand conditions in garment factories that mass produce products for the West.

Her account in the <u>Toronto Star</u> sheds light on the long hours, poor pay and dangerous and unsanitary conditions factory workers are subjected to.



Heart breaking: Nine-year-old factory worker Meem was in charge of training undercover reporter Raveena Aulakh

Most shocking of all was how a nine-year-old girl named Meem, forced into work to help raise money for her family, was put in charge of training Ms Aulakh.

'The first time I saw Meem, which was also my first day at work at a sweatshop, she was having a good day despite the wretched heat. She sat crosslegged on the concrete floor, a tiny, frail figure among piles of collars, cuffs and other parts of unstitched shirts,' Ms Aulakh wrote in the Toronto Star.

The reporter's investigation came in the wake of the Rana Plaza factory collapse in April, when more

than 1,100 workers died.

After what became known as the worst garment factory disaster in the world, there was intense scrutiny of working conditions and child labor.

But the larger factories also brought in improved security and screening programs, making it harder for undercover investigators to gain access.

Ms Aulakh was able to find work only after a Bangladeshi driver told a small factory owner, named Hamid, that she was related to his wife and had moved to the city for work.

After being offered a trial, Ms Aulakh found herself arriving at the sweatshop on an oppressively hot day in August.

'The factory wasn't big: about two dozen sewing machines lined the walls of the windowless room, about half the size of a basketball court. Two cutting machines sat in a corner. The sewing machines had little benches for the operators, and almost all had piles of colorful fabric by the side. Three ceiling fans, covered with layers of dirt, hummed quietly,' she wrote.



Child labor: Taaniya, 13, was one of the youngsters working 12-hour days at the factory

A quick tour of the building revealed no fire extinguishers, only one exit - the front door - and little more than a hole in the ground, down a rat-infested hall, for the toilet.

Staff worked from 9am to 9pm with only a lunch break. The girls tasked with snipping off threads from the men's shirts being made, had to sit cross legged in the middle of the floor.

Ms Aulakh joined the girls on the floor and, under Meem's direction, was taught how to snip away loose threads without marking the clothes.

'It was back-breaking, it was finger-numbing. It was particularly rage-inducing,' she said.

'Not because it was painfully hard work but because children like Meem hunched over hour after hour, squinted at the threads, cleaned one collar after another, one cuff after another, one arm piece after another until the piles were depleted.'



Disaster: More than 1,100 factory workers were killed when a Dhaka sweatshon collapsed in April

Like many young factory workers, Meem was taken out of school when the family ran into hardship. With her mother pregnant and unable to work, the family needed Meem to help boost the income.

Her father found her the job at Hamid's factory because the girl's aunt also worked there and would be able to look after her.

Overnight, Meem went from being a carefree schoolgirl to a factory worker, toiling for 12 hours a day.

'It works for everyone,' Smitha Zaheed, of the Dhaka-based Independent Garment Workers' Union Federation, said. 'Factory owners get workers who are not demanding ... while the parents get to keep what the kids earn because the kids don't know any better.'

Meem's wages are paid to her father and she is allowed to buy herself a glittery hair clip each month and an occasional ice-cream.

'It is not as if Meem's parents don't care for her, they simply had no choice,' Ms Aulakh wrote.

Despite the long hours and aches caused from sitting hunched over for hours at a time, Meem was always smiling and her only complaint was that she was yelled at if she chatted too much or hummed too loudly.

Workers like Meem are paid about \$25 a month. They are allowed half a day off every Friday and do not get holidays or paid sick leave.

In a country with widespread poverty however, such jobs are valued and Meem had ambitions to move up the factory chain to become a better-paid sewing operator.

'When I become a sewing operator, I will make very good shirts,' she said. 'No one will yell at me.'

The lifestyle is so common in Bangladesh that Meem and another of the girls, 13-year-old Taaniya think nothing of ending their education early.

Even at their young ages they knew how the extra money could help and talked of how their families had been able to buy furniture and goats.



Ambition: Becoming a sewing operator like Lootfah, above. is the dream of girls like Meem

Taaniya also hoped she could earn enough to avoid being married off to a stranger.

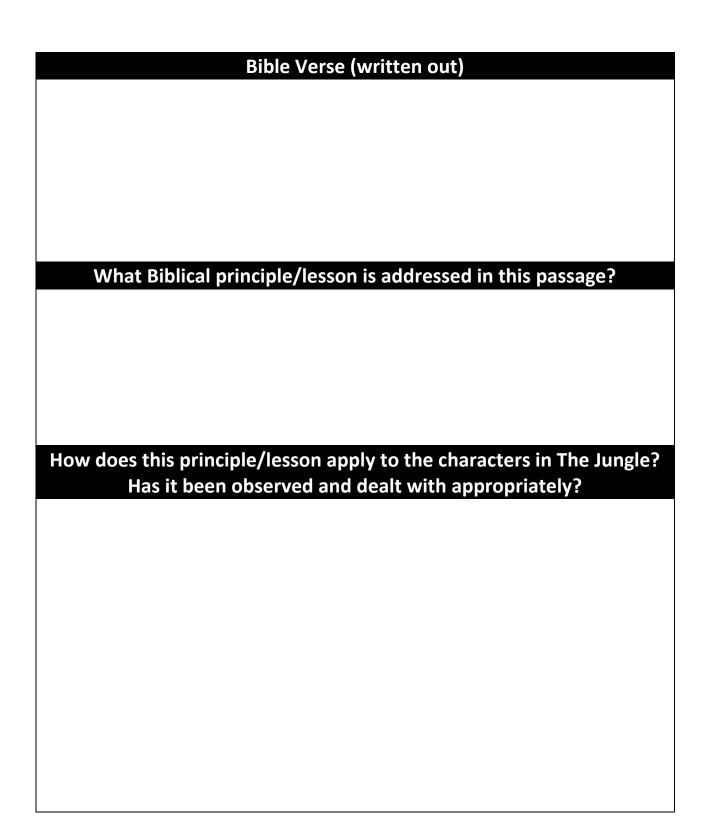
'By all accounts, working women are changing their lives, their families' lives,' Ms Aulakh said. 'There is more food in homes, and cleaner clothes. There is electricity, even if it's one bulb, and there are toilets ... But it has come at a price.'

For children like Meem, the factory has become their life. Ms Aulakh may have been able to return to her comfortable home and office job, but the knowledge that thousands of girls remain trapped in such backbreaking work has stayed with her.

Fair Trade Video Notes

Type of Industry	Pros	Cons
sdo		
Sweatshops		
0)		
Fair Trade		
Fai		

Biblical Principles Applied to *The Jungle*



Dynamic and Static Characters

	Dynamic Characters	Static Characters
Definition		
Examples from The Jungle		

Short Answer: How has being in America impacted a dynamic character of your choice?

Close Reading: The Evangelist

The evangelist was preaching "sin and redemption," the infinite grace of God and His pardon for human frailty. He was very much in earnest, and he meant well, but Jurgis, as he listened, found his soul filled with hatred. What did he know about sin and suffering—with his smooth, black coat and his neatly starched collar, his body warm, and his belly full, and money in his pocket—and lecturing men who were struggling for their lives, men at the death grapple with the demon powers of hunger and cold!-This, of course, was unfair; but Jurgis felt that these men were out of touch with the life they discussed, that they were unfitted to solve its problems; nay, they themselves were part of the problem-they were part of the order established that was crushing men down and beating them! They were of the triumphant and insolent possessors; they had a hall, and a fire, and food and clothing and money, and so they might preach to hungry men, and the hungry men must be humble and listen! They were trying to save their souls-and who but a fool could fail to see that all that was the matter with their souls was that they had not been able to get a decent existence for their bodies?

Muckraking with The Jungle

lssue	How it is exposed through The Jungle

Social Reform

Social Reform-

Social Reform Issues	Examples of Social Issues as Shown in The Jungle
Poverty	
Health & Safety	
Housing	
Education	
Immigration	

Socialism Speech

"You listen to these things," the man was saying, "and you say, 'Yes, they are true, but they have been that way always.' Or you say, 'Maybe it will come, but not in my time—it will not help me.' And so you return to your daily round of toil, you go back to be ground up for profits in the world-wide mill of economic might! To toil long hours for another's advantage; to live in mean and squalid homes, to work in dangerous and unhealthful places; to wrestle with the specters of hunger and privation, to take your chances of accident, disease, and death. And each day the struggle becomes fiercer, the pace more cruel; each day you have to toil a little harder, and feel the iron hand of circumstance close upon you a little tighter. Months pass, years maybe—and then you come again; and again I am here to plead with you, to know if want and misery have yet done their work with you, if injustice and oppression have yet opened your eyes! I shall still be waiting—there is nothing else that I can do. There is no wilderness where I can hide from these things, there is no haven where I can escape them; though I travel to the ends of the earth, I find the same accursed system—I find that all the fair and noble impulses of humanity, the dreams of poets and the agonies of martyrs, are shackled and bound in the service of organized and predatory Greed! And therefore I cannot rest, I cannot be silent; therefore I cast aside comfort and happiness, health and good repute—and go out into the world and cry out the pain of my spirit! Therefore I am not to be silenced by poverty and sickness, not by hatred and obloguy, by threats and ridicule—not by prison and persecution, if they should come—not by any power that is upon the earth or above the earth,

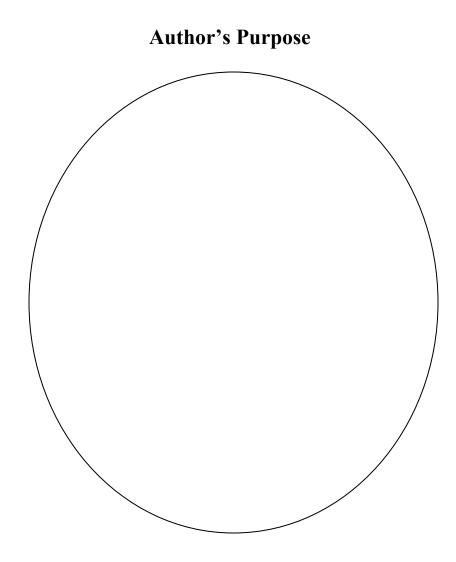
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that was, or is, or ever can be created. If I fail tonight, I can only try tomorrow; knowing that the fault must be mine—that if once the vision of my soul were spoken upon earth, if once the anguish of its defeat were uttered in human speech, it would break the stoutest barriers of prejudice, it would shake the most sluggish soul to action! It would abash the most cynical, it would terrify the most selfish; and the voice of mockery would be silenced, and fraud and falsehood would slink back into their dens, and the truth would stand forth alone! For I speak with the voice of the millions who are voiceless! Of them that are oppressed and have no comforter! Of the disinherited of life, for whom there is no respite and no deliverance, to whom the world is a prison, a dungeon of torture, a tomb! With the voice of the little child who toils tonight in a Southern cotton mill, staggering with exhaustion, numb with agony, and knowing no hope but the grave! Of the mother who sews by candlelight in her tenement garret, weary and weeping, smitten with the mortal hunger of her babes! Of the man who lies upon a bed of rags, wrestling in his last sickness and leaving his loved ones to perish! Of the young girl who, somewhere at this moment, is walking the streets of this horrible city, beaten and starving, and making her choice between the brothel and the lake! With the voice of those, whoever and wherever they may be, who are caught beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut of Greed! With the voice of humanity, calling for deliverance! Of the everlasting soul of Man, arising from the dust; breaking its way out of its prison—rending the bands of oppression and ignorance—groping its way to the light!"

Political Reform

Political Reform-

	Capitalism	Socialism
Definition and		
Background		
Knowledge		
As Portrayed in		
The Jungle		



Short Answer: What is the author's purpose for writing *The Jungle*?

Nightly Homework

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