ASSIGNMENT 1

INTRODUCTION
Culture and language are intertwined. To understand culture we have to draw on many resources connected to language. Among them is the notion of linguistic relativity and Sapir-Whorf hypothesis, the linguistic sign, and context of situation and context of culture. This assignment is based on the readings from Chapters 1, 2 and 3.

TASK
This is an individual task. Read the story on Eleven that is given to you. Answer the questions given below.

Question 1
In a paragraph of 150-200 words, use the theory of linguistic relativity to explain the talk that expresses the feelings of the eleven-year-old child.

Question 2
The red sweater is a symbol or a sign in the story. Discuss in 150-200 words the relationship between denotation, connotation, or iconicity in the interpretation of the sign.

Question 3
How do the main speakers (the eleven year old child and Mrs. Price) establish pragmatic coherence? Give your answer in 200-250 words.

OTHER DETAILS
Plagiarism is faulted. If you submit answers that are similar, you will be penalized. It is alright to discuss the answers in a group but you cannot submit the same answer word for word.

You are not to exceed the number of words specified. Write down the number of words at the end of each answer.

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSION
During the mid semester test.

MARKS ALLOCATION
This assignment takes up 20%. You will be marked on the understanding of the concepts and the ability to link the substance of the story to the concepts. Give concrete examples from the story to support your answer.
ASSIGNMENT 2

INTRODUCTION
In learning about language and culture, we also pay attention to the notion of cultural identity. It involves issues on 1) stereotypes, 2) linguistic nativism and 3) linguistic and cultural imperialism, all of which can help to explain cultural identity.

TASK
Read more about these concepts (2 additional references each, other than the text used) and design 30 questions to investigate cultural identity (Use Likert scale of 1 – 4 for your questionnaire). Administer the Questionnaire to 30 respondents of a particular age group (e.g. students of 15 -16, 30-35 etc.) and report on the findings of their cultural identity.

Follow these steps:
1. Define the concepts.
2. Explain how these concepts are going to be measured.
3. Identify the questions that are related to each of the concepts.
4. Describe how the questionnaire was administered.
5. Report on the findings.

The assignment is an individual task. It is to be written in 550-600 words. Use the steps as headings in your report (You can modify them slightly, e.g. Definition of Concepts). Add in a heading for Conclusion. You should also have a reference list (excluded from the 550-600 word count). DO NOT PLAGIARISE.

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSION

11th week of the semester.
Send the assignment through your centre, not directly to me.

MARKS ALLOCATION
This assignment takes up 20%. You will be marked on the ability to operationalise the concept of cultural identity and the ability to present and discuss the data.
Eleven

What they don’t understand about birthdays and what they never
tell you is that when you’re eleven, you’re also ten, and nine, and
eight, and seven, and six, and five, and four, and three, and two, and
one. And when you wake up on your eleventh birthday you expect to
feel eleven, but you don’t. You open your eyes and everything’s just
like yesterday, only it’s today. And you don’t feel eleven at all. You feel
like you’re still ten. And you are—underneath the year that makes you
eleven.

Like some days you might say something stupid, and that’s the part
of you that’s still ten. Or maybe some days you might need to sit on
your mama’s lap because you’re scared, and that’s the part of you
that’s five. And maybe one day when you’re all grown up maybe you
will need to cry like if you’re three, and that’s okay. That’s what I tell
Mama when she’s sad and needs to cry. Maybe she’s feeling three.

Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the
rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that fit one
inside the other, each year inside the next one. That’s how being
eleven years old is.

You don’t feel eleven. Not right away. It takes a few days, weeks
even, sometimes even months before you say Eleven when they ask
you. And you don’t feel smart eleven, not until you’re almost twelve.
That’s the way it is.

Only today I wish I didn’t have only eleven years rattling inside me
like pennies in a tin Band-Aid box. Today I wish I was one hundred
and two instead of eleven because if I was one hundred and two I’d
have known what to say when Mrs. Price put the red sweater on my
desk. I would’ve known how to tell her it wasn’t mine instead of just
sitting there with that look on my face and nothing coming out of my
mouth.

“Whose is this?” Mrs. Price says, and she holds the red sweater up
in the air for all the class to see. “Whose? It’s been sitting in the coat-
room for a month.”

“Not mine,” says everybody. “Not me.”

“It has to belong to somebody,” Mrs. Price keeps saying, but
nobody can remember. It’s an ugly sweater with red plastic buttons
and a collar and sleeves all stretched out like you could use it for a
jump rope. It’s maybe a thousand years old and even if it belonged to
me I wouldn’t say so.

Maybe because I’m skinny, maybe because she doesn’t like me, that
stupid Sylvia Saldivar says, “I think it belongs to Rachel.” An ugly
sweater like that, all raggedy and old, but Mrs. Price believes her. Mrs.
Price takes the sweater and puts it right on my desk, but when I open
my mouth nothing comes out.

“That’s not, I don’t, you’re not... Not mine,” I finally say in a little
voice that was maybe me when I was four.

“Of course it’s yours,” Mrs. Price says. “I remember you wearing it
once.” Because she’s older and the teacher, she’s right and I’m not.

Not mine, not mine, not mine, but Mrs. Price is already turning to
page thirty-two, and math problem number four. I don’t know why
but all of a sudden I’m feeling sick inside, like the part of me that’s
three wants to come out of my eyes, only I squeeze them shut tight
and bite down on my teeth real hard and try to remember today I am
eleven, eleven. Mama is making a cake for me for tonight, and when
Papa comes home everybody will sing Happy birthday, happy birth-
day to you.

But when the sick feeling goes away and I open my eyes, the red
sweater’s still sitting there like a big red mountain. I move the red
sweater to the corner of my desk with my ruler. I move my pencil and books and eraser as far from it as possible. I even move my chair a little to the right. Not mine, not mine, not mine.

In my head I'm thinking how long till lunchtime, how long till I can take the red sweater and throw it over the schoolyard fence, or leave it hanging on a parking meter, or bunch it up into a little ball and toss it in the alley. Except when math period ends Mrs. Price says loud and in front of everybody, "Now, Rachel, that's enough," because she sees I've shoved the red sweater to the tippy-tip corner of my desk and it's hanging all over the edge like a waterfall, but I don't care.

"Rachel," Mrs. Price says. She says it like she's getting mad. "You put that sweater on right now and no more nonsense."

"But it's not—"

"Now!" Mrs. Price says.

This is when I wish I wasn't eleven, because all the years inside of me—ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, and one—are pushing at the back of my eyes when I put one arm through one sleeve of the sweater that smells like cottage cheese, and then the other arm through the other and stand there with my arms apart like if the sweater hurts me and it does, all itchy and full of germs that aren't even mine.

That's when everything I've been holding in since this morning, since when Mrs. Price put the sweater on my desk, finally lets go, and all of a sudden I'm crying in front of everybody. I wish I was invisible but I'm not. I'm eleven and it's my birthday today and I'm crying like I'm three in front of everybody. I put my head down on the desk and bury my face in my stupid clown-sweater arms. My face all hot and spit coming out of my mouth because I can't stop the little animal noises from coming out of me, until there aren't any more tears left in my eyes, and it's just my body shaking like when you have the hiccups, and my whole head hurts like when you drink milk too fast.

But the worst part is right before the bell rings for lunch. That stupid Phyllis Lopez, who is even dumber than Sylvia Saldívar, says she remembers the red sweater is hers! I take it off right away and give it to her, only Mrs. Price pretends like everything's okay.

Today I'm eleven. There's a cake Mama's making for tonight, and when Papa comes home from work we'll eat it. There'll be candles and presents and everybody will sing Happy birthday, happy birthday to you, Rachel, only it's too late.

I'm eleven today. I'm eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, and one, but I wish I was one hundred and two. I wish I was anything but eleven, because I want today to be far away already, far away like a runaway balloon, like a tiny o in the sky, so tiny-tiny you have to close your eyes to see it.