Before Reading

All Summer in a Day
Short Story by Ray Bradbury

What if your whole world changed?

People often become comfortable in the familiar world of their family, friends, and daily routines. However, people move and traditions change. When your world changes, whether by a little or a lot, it can have an impact on your life. In “All Summer in a Day,” a young girl feels lost in a new place.

SKETCH IT  Think about the people, places, events, and ideas that are most precious to you. Create a sketch of your world, showing some of the things that make it a special place. How would you feel if any of these things disappeared?
Meet the Author

Ray Bradbury
born 1920

Vivid Imagination
As a boy in Illinois, Ray Bradbury had a passion for adventure stories, secret code rings, and comic strips. He started writing fiction to create his own imaginary worlds.

Creative Genius
While some of Bradbury’s most famous stories are science fiction, he doesn’t think of himself as a science fiction writer. Instead, he thinks of himself as someone who simply writes what he sees, just “through a different lens.” Though he writes about future technology and space travel, Bradbury is a bit old-fashioned. He has never learned to drive a car, preferring to get around by riding a bicycle.

Background to the Story
Beyond Summer
When Bradbury wrote “All Summer in a Day” in 1954, very little was known about Venus. The mysterious planet lay hidden beneath a very heavy layer of clouds. Scientists learned a few years later that this dense cloud cover did not result in constant rain, as occurs in Bradbury’s story. Instead, the clouds appear to trap heat. The temperature at the surface of the planet is about 860° F, which is much too hot for rainfall.

Literary Analysis: Plot and Setting
The plot is the series of events that make up a story, including the conflict and its resolution. Setting is where and when a story takes place. In science fiction stories, the setting is often the distant future. This setting usually causes the events of the plot to unfold in an unexpected way. As you read “All Summer in a Day,” look for clues that tell you when and where the story takes place. Then think about the setting’s influence on the story’s conflict and resolution, or denouement.

Review: Conflict

Reading Skill: Make Inferences
As a reader you are a detective. Details, events, and dialogue in a story are your clues. You put the clues together with your own knowledge to make inferences, or guesses.

As you read “All Summer in a Day,” use an equation like the one shown to record the inferences you make about the characters’ feelings and their actions.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Clues from the Story</th>
<th>+</th>
<th>My Knowledge</th>
<th>=</th>
<th>Inference</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Margot is not part of the group.</td>
<td>+</td>
<td>Not being part of a group can make you feel sad.</td>
<td>=</td>
<td>Margot feels sad.</td>
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Review: Identify Cause and Effect

Vocabulary in Context
Ray Bradbury uses the words below to create a world that is very different from our own. Complete each sentence with an appropriate word from the list.

WORD LIST
apparatus  resilient  slacken
immense  savor  tumultuously

1. The leaves shook ______, and we were scared.
2. The ______ planet offered many areas to explore.
3. The sturdy shelters are built to be ______.
4. After the storm, the wind began to ______.
5. The ______ used to open the hatch was broken.
6. She sat quietly to ______ everything around her.

Complete the activities in your Reader/Writer Notebook.
“Ready?”
“Ready.”
“How?”
“Soon.”

“Do the scientists really know? Will it happen today, will it?”
“Look, look; see for yourself!”

The children pressed to each other like so many roses, so many weeds, intermixed, peering out for a look at the hidden sun.

It rained.

It had been raining for seven years; thousands upon thousands of days compounded and filled from one end to the other with rain, with the drum and gush of water, with the sweet crystal fall of showers and the concussion\(^1\) of storms so heavy they were tidal waves come over the islands. A thousand forests had been crushed under the rain and grown up a thousand times to be crushed again. And this was the way life was forever on the planet Venus, and this was the school room of the children of the rocket men and women who had come to a raining world to set up civilization and live out their lives.\(^A\)

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\(^1\) concussion (kan-kūsh’an): pounding.
“It’s stopping, it’s stopping!”

“Yes, yes!”

Margot stood apart from them, from these children who could never remember a time when there wasn’t rain and rain and rain. They were all nine years old, and if there had been a day, seven years ago, when the sun came out for an hour and showed its face to the stunned world, they could not recall. Sometimes, at night, she heard them stir, in remembrance, and she knew they were dreaming and remembering gold or a yellow crayon or a coin large enough to buy the world with. She knew that they thought they remembered a warmness, like a blushing in the face, in the body, in the arms and legs and trembling hands. But then they always awoke to the tatting drum, the endless shaking down of clear bead necklaces upon the roof, the walk, the gardens, the forest, and their dreams were gone.

All day yesterday they had read in class, about the sun. About how like a lemon it was, and how hot. And they had written small stories or essays or poems about it:

“I think the sun is a flower,
That blooms for just one hour.”

That was Margot’s poem, read in a quiet voice in the still classroom while the rain was falling outside.

“Aw, you didn’t write that!” protested one of the boys.

“I did,” said Margot. “I did.”

“William!” said the teacher.

But that was yesterday. Now, the rain was slackening, and the children were crushed to the great thick windows.

“Where’s teacher?”

“She’ll be back.”

“She’d better hurry, we’ll miss it!”

They turned on themselves, like a feverish wheel, all tumbling spokes. Margot stood alone. She was a very frail girl who looked as if she had been lost in the rain for years and the rain had washed out the blue from her eyes and the red from her mouth and the yellow from her hair. She was an old photograph dusted from an album, whitened away, and if she spoke at all her voice would be a ghost. Now she stood, separate, staring at the rain and the loud wet world beyond the huge glass.

“What’re you looking at?” said William.

Margot said nothing.

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2. tatting drum: a continuous, soft, beating sound.
“Speak when you’re spoken to.” He gave her a shove. But she did not move; rather, she let herself be moved only by him and nothing else. They edged away from her, they would not look at her. She felt them go away. And this was because she would play no games with them in the echoing tunnels of the underground city. If they tagged her and ran, she stood blinking after them and did not follow. When the class sang songs about happiness and life and games, her lips barely moved. Only when they sang about the sun and the summer did her lips move, as she watched the drenched windows.

And then, of course, the biggest crime of all was that she had come here only five years ago from Earth, and she remembered the sun and the way the sun was and the sky was, when she was four, in Ohio. And they, they had been on Venus all their lives, and they had been only two years old when last the sun came out, and had long since forgotten the color and heat of it and the way that it really was. But Margot remembered.

“It’s like a penny,” she said once, eyes closed.
“No it’s not!” the children cried.
“It’s like a fire,” she said, “in the stove.”
“You’re lying; you don’t remember!” cried the children.

But she remembered and stood quietly apart from all of them and watched the patterning windows. And once, a month ago, she had refused to shower in the school shower-rooms, had clutched her hands to her ears and over her head, screaming the water mustn’t touch her head. So after that, dimly, dimly, she sensed it, she was different and they knew her difference and kept away.

There was talk that her father and mother were taking her back to Earth next year; it seemed vital to her that they do so, though it would mean the loss of thousands of dollars to her family. And so, the children hated her for all these reasons, of big and little consequence. They hated her pale, snow face, her waiting silence, her thinness and her possible future.

“Get away!” The boy gave her another push. “What’re you waiting for?” Then, for the first time, she turned and looked at him. And what she was waiting for was in her eyes.

“Well, don’t wait around here!” cried the boy, savagely. “You won’t see nothing!” Her lips moved.

“Nothing!” he cried. “It was all a joke, wasn’t it?” He turned to the other children. “Nothing’s happening today. Is it?” They all blinked at him and then, understanding, laughed and shook their heads. “Nothing, nothing!”

**CONFLICT**
What is the conflict between Margot and her classmates?

**MAKE INFERENCES**
Why does Margot refuse to take a shower?

**SETTING**
Reread lines 88–97. If Venus had a climate like Earth’s, do you think Margot would have a problem with the boy? Explain how a change in setting would affect the conflict.
“Oh, but,” Margot whispered, her eyes helpless. “But, this is the day, the scientists predict, they say, they know, the sun . . .”

“All a joke!” said the boy, and seized her roughly. “Hey, everyone, let’s put her in a closet before teacher comes!”

“No,” said Margot, falling back. They surged about her, caught her up, and bore her, protesting, and then pleading, and then crying, back into a tunnel, a room, a closet, where they slammed and locked the door. They stood looking at the door and saw it tremble from her beating and throwing herself against it. They heard her muffled cries. Then, smiling, they turned and went out and back down the tunnel, just as the teacher arrived.

“Ready, children?” She glanced at her watch.

“Yes!” said everyone.

“Are we all here?”

“Yes!”

The rain slackened still more. They crowded to the huge door.

The rain stopped.

It was as if, in the midst of a film concerning an avalanche, a tornado, a hurricane, a volcanic eruption, something had, first, gone wrong with the sound apparatus, thus muffling and finally cutting off all noise, all of the blasts and repercussions and thunders, and then, secondly, ripped the film from the projector and inserted in its place a peaceful tropical slide which did not move or tremor. The world ground to a standstill. The silence was so immense and unbelievable that you felt that your ears had been stuffed or you had lost your hearing altogether. The children put their hands to their ears. They stood apart. The door slid back and the smell of the silent, waiting world came in to them.

The sun came out. It was the color of flaming bronze and it was very large. And the sky around it was a blazing blue tile color. And the jungle burned with sunlight as the children, released from their spell, rushed out, yelling, into the summer-time.

“Now, don’t go too far,” called the teacher after them. “You’ve only one hour, you know. You wouldn’t want to get caught out!”

But they were running and turning their faces up to the sky and feeling the sun on their cheeks like a warm iron; they were taking off their jackets and letting the sun burn their arms.

“Oh, it’s better than the sun-lamps, isn’t it?”
“Much, much better!”
They stopped running and stood in the great jungle that covered Venus, that grew and never stopped growing, tumultuously, even as you watched it. It was a nest of octopuses, clustering up great arms of flesh-like weed, wavering, flowering in this brief spring. It was the color of rubber and ash, this jungle, from the many years without sun. It was the color of stones and white cheeses and ink.

The children lay out, laughing, on the jungle mattress, and heard it sigh and squeak under them, resilient and alive. They ran among the trees, they slipped and fell, they pushed each other, they played hide-and-seek and tag, but most of all they squinted at the sun until tears ran down their faces, they put their hands up at that yellowness and that amazing blueness, and they breathed of the fresh fresh air and listened and listened to the silence which suspended them in a blessed sea of no sound and no motion. They looked at everything and savored everything. Then, wildly, like animals escaped from their caves, they ran and ran in shouting circles. They ran for an hour and did not stop running.

And then—
In the midst of their running, one of the girls wailed. Everyone stopped. The girl, standing in the open, held out her hand. “Oh, look, look,” she said, trembling. They came slowly to look at her opened palm.
In the center of it, cupped and huge, was a single raindrop. She began to cry, looking at it. They glanced quickly at the sky. “Oh. Oh.” A few cold drops fell on their noses and their cheeks and their mouths. The sun faded behind a stir of mist. A wind blew cool around them. They turned and started to walk back toward the underground house, their hands at their sides, their smiles vanishing away.

A boom of thunder startled them and like leaves before a new hurricane, they tumbled upon each other and ran. Lightning struck ten miles away, five miles away, a mile, a half-mile. The sky darkened into midnight in a flash.

They stood in the doorway of the underground for a moment until it was raining hard. Then they closed the door and heard the gigantic sound of the rain falling in tons and avalanches everywhere and forever.

“Will it be seven more years?”
“Yes. Seven.” Then one of them gave a little cry.
“Margot!”
“What?”
“She’s still in the closet where we locked her.”
“Margot.”
They stood as if someone had driven them, like so many stakes, into the floor. They looked at each other and then looked away. They glanced out at the world that was raining now and raining and raining steadily. They could not meet each other’s glances. Their faces were solemn and pale. They looked at their hands and feet, their faces down.

“Margot.”
One of the girls said, “Well . . . ?”
No one moved.

“Go on,” whispered the girl. ♦

They walked slowly down the hall in the sound of cold rain. They turned through the doorway to the room, in the sound of the storm and thunder, lightning on their faces, blue and terrible. They walked over to the closet door slowly and stood by it.

Behind the closet door was only silence.
They unlocked the door, even more slowly, and let Margot out. ♦
Comprehension
1. Recall How often does the sun shine on Venus?
2. Clarify Why is Margot the only child who remembers the sun?
3. Summarize What is the conflict and resolution of this story?

Literary Analysis
4. Make Inferences Review the inferences that you recorded as you read the story. Were any of your ideas wrong or incomplete based on what you learned later on in the story? Adjust your equations as needed.
5. Identify Cause and Effect A cause-and-effect relationship occurs when one event causes another event to happen. What events in the story and prior to the story lead to Margot’s unhappiness?
6. Analyze Setting Think about what happens on a sunny day on Earth. How is that day different from the sunny day in the story? Use a Y chart to compare and contrast which details might stay the same and which might be different.
7. Examine Conflict An external conflict is a struggle between a character and an outside force. An internal conflict occurs when a character is struggling with his or her own feelings. Reread lines 182–196. Are the children facing an external or internal conflict as they walk to the closet and unlock the door for Margot? Explain.
8. Analyze Plot and Setting How does the setting of this story influence the plot, including the conflict and resolution? Would there still be a story if Bradbury’s Venus had less extreme weather? Explain.

Extension and Challenge
9. SCIENCE CONNECTION Venus and Earth have often been referred to as “twin planets.” Research Venus and Earth to learn more about their similarities and differences.

What if your whole WORLD changed?
Describe what you sketched for your vision of your world. What elements of your world would you most hate to see disappear, and why?
Vocabulary in Context

**VOCABULARY PRACTICE**

For each numbered item below, choose the word that differs most in meaning from the other words.

1. (a) prepare, (b) appreciate, (c) enjoy, (d) savor
2. (a) appliance, (b) device, (c) apparatus, (d) operator
3. (a) slacken, (b) lessen, (c) decrease, (d) enlarge
4. (a) enormous, (b) immense, (c) gigantic, (d) distant
5. (a) tumultuously, (b) carefully, (c) thoughtfully, (d) cautiously
6. (a) elastic, (b) nervous, (c) flexible, (d) resilient

**ACADEMIC VOCABULARY IN SPEAKING**

With a partner, discuss the possible impact on Margot of being shut in the closet. **Provide evidence** from the text to support your response. Use at least two Academic Vocabulary words in your discussion.

**VOCABULARY STRATEGY: FIND THE BEST SYNONYM**

A synonym is a word that has the same or similar meaning as another word. A book of synonyms is called a **thesaurus**. You can use a thesaurus to find words that express a specific meaning. When you look up a common word like **big** in a thesaurus, you will find many alternate word choices: **immense**, **enormous**, **huge**, and so on. In this story, the writer uses **immense** to describe the silence that occurs after the rain stops. This word gives the reader a clearer sense of the silence than a word like **enormous** or **huge** would.

**PRACTICE** Choose the synonym from the box that best fits the meaning of each sentence. Use a thesaurus if you need help.

1. The _____ poster did not fit into the small frame.
2. The _____ theater easily held the 600 students.
3. Fields of wheat stretched for miles across the _____ plains.
4. The _____ package was hard to lift.
Conventions in Writing

**GRAMMAR IN CONTEXT: Punctuate Dialogue Correctly**

Keep the following rules in mind when you write dialogue:

- Put quotation marks before and after a speaker's exact words.
- Place punctuation marks such as commas and periods inside the quotation marks.
- If a speaker tag, such as *he said,* comes before the quotation, set a comma after the speaker tag.
- If a speaker tag follows the dialogue, set a comma after the quotation (before the closing quotation mark) and a period after the speaker tag.

**Original:** Margot said I have seen the sun.

**Revised:** Margot said, "I have seen the sun."

**PRACTICE** Rewrite the following sentences. Correct the misplaced punctuation marks and insert any missing marks.

1. “It’s been raining for years” the girl said.
2. “Let’s go outside the teacher said.”
3. The boy said “What are you waiting for?”
4. The sun looks like a penny Margot said

*For more help with punctuating dialogue, see page R50 in the Grammar Handbook.*

**READING-WRITING CONNECTION**

**YOUR TURN** Broaden your understanding of “All Summer in a Day” by responding to this prompt. Then use the **revising tip** to improve your writing.

**WRITING PROMPT**

Extended Response: Create a Dialogue

What would Margot say to her classmates and teacher now that she has been freed? How would they respond to her? Write a brief dialogue that begins at the moment Margot walks out of the closet.

**REVISING TIP**

Review your response. Have you used correct punctuation in your dialogue? If not, revise your writing.

*Interactive Revision* 

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