Margaret Chase Smith was the first woman in US history to serve in both the House of Representatives and the Senate. Her most significant moment in Congress took place on June 1, 1950, when she delivered a strong rebuke to the scare tactics of her fellow Republican Senator Joseph McCarthy.

Mr. President, I would like to speak briefly and simply about a serious national condition. It is a national feeling of fear and frustration that could result in national suicide and the end of everything that we Americans hold dear. It is a condition that comes from the lack of effective leadership in either the legislative branch or the executive branch of our Government.

That leadership is so lacking that serious and responsible proposals are being made that national advisory commissions be appointed to provide such critically needed leadership...

I speak as a Republican. I speak as a woman. I speak as a United States Senator. I speak as an American.

The United States Senate has long enjoyed worldwide respect as the greatest deliberative body in the world. But recently that deliberative character has too often been debased to the level of a forum of hate and character assassination sheltered by the shield of congressional immunity.

It is ironical that we Senators can debate in the Senate directly or indirectly, by any form of words impute to any American, who is not a Senator, any conduct or motive unworthy or unbecoming an American—and without that non-Senator American having any legal redress against it—yet if we say the same thing in the Senate about our colleagues we can be stopped on the grounds of being out of order.

It is strange that we can verbally attack anyone else without restraint and with full protection and yet we hold ourselves above the same type of criticism here on the Senate floor. Surely the United States Senate is big enough to take self-criticism and self-appraisal. Surely we should be able to
take the same kind of character attacks that we “dish out” to outsiders.

I think that it is high time for the United States Senate and its Members to do some soul searching—for us to weigh our consciences—on the manner in which we are performing our duty to the people of America; on the manner in which we are using or abusing our individual powers and privileges.

I think that it is high time that we remembered that we have sworn to uphold and defend the Constitution. I think that it is high time that we remembered that the Constitution, as amended, speaks not only of the freedom of speech, but also of trial by jury instead of trial by accusation. Whether it be a criminal prosecution in court or a character prosecution in the Senate, there is little practical distinction when the life of a person has been ruined.

Those of us who shout the loudest about Americanism in making character assassinations are all too frequently those who, by our own words and acts, ignore some of the basic principles of Americanism—

The right to criticize;
The right to hold unpopular beliefs;
The right to protest;
The right of independent thought.

The exercise of these rights should not cost one single American citizen his reputation or his right to a livelihood nor should he be in danger of losing his reputation or livelihood merely because he happens to know someone who holds unpopular beliefs. Who of us doesn’t? Otherwise none of us could call our souls our own. Otherwise thought control would have set in.

The American people are sick and tired of being afraid to speak their minds lest they be politically smeared as “Communists” or “Fascists” by their opponents. Freedom of speech is not what it used to be in America. It has been so abused by some that it is not exercised by others.

The American people are sick and tired of seeing innocent people smeared and guilty people whitewashed...

As a Republican, I say to my colleagues on this side of the aisle that the Republican Party faces a challenge today that is not unlike the challenge that it faced back in Lincoln’s day. The Republican Party so successfully met that challenge that it emerged from the Civil War as the champion of a united nation—in addition to being a party that unrelentingly fought loose spending and loose programs.
Today our country is being psychologically divided by the confusion and the suspicions that are bred in the United States Senate to spread like cancerous tentacles of “know nothing, suspect everything” attitudes. Today we have a Democratic administration that has developed a mania for loose spending and loose programs. History is repeating itself—and the Republican Party again has the opportunity to emerge as the champion of unity and prudence.

The record of the present Democratic administration has provided us with sufficient campaign issues without the necessity of resorting to political smears. America is rapidly losing its position as leader of the world simply because the Democratic administration has pitifully failed to provide effective leadership.

The Democratic administration has completely confused the American people by its daily contradictory grave warnings and optimistic assurances—that show the people that our Democratic administration has no idea of where it is going.

The Democratic administration has greatly lost the confidence of the American people by its complacency to the threat of communism here at home and the leak of vital secrets to Russia through key officials of the Democratic administration. There are enough proved cases to make this point without diluting our criticism with unproved charges.

Surely these are sufficient reasons to make it clear to the American people that it is time for a change and that a Republican victory is necessary to the security of this country. Surely it is clear that this nation will continue to suffer as long as it is governed by the present ineffective Democratic administration.

Yet to displace it with a Republican regime embracing a philosophy that lacks political integrity or intellectual honesty would prove equally disastrous to this Nation. The Nation sorely needs a Republican victory. But I don’t want to see the Republican Party ride to political victory on the four horsemen of calumny²—fear, ignorance, bigotry and smear.

I doubt if the Republican Party could—simply because I don’t believe the American people will uphold any political party that puts political exploitation above national interest. Surely we Republicans aren’t that desperate for victory.

I don’t want to see the Republican Party win that way. While it might be a fleeting victory for the Republican Party, it would be a more lasting defeat for the American people. Surely it would ultimately be suicide for the Republican Party and the two-party system that has protected our American
liberties from the dictatorship of a one-party system.

As members of the minority party, we do not have the primary authority to formulate the policy of our Government. But we do have the responsibility of rendering constructive criticism, of clarifying issues, of allaying fears by acting as responsible citizens.

As a woman, I wonder how the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters feel about the way in which members of their families have been politically mangled in Senate debate—and I use the word “debate” advisedly.

As a United States Senator, I am not proud of the way in which the Senate has been made a publicity platform for irresponsible sensationalism. I am not proud of the reckless abandon in which unproved charges have been hurled from this side of the aisle. I am not proud of the obviously staged, undignified countercharges that have been attempted in retaliation from the other side of the aisle.

I don’t like the way the Senate has been made a rendezvous for vilification, for selfish political gain at the sacrifice of individual reputations and national unity. I am not proud of the way we smear outsiders from the floor of the Senate and hide behind the cloak of congressional immunity and still place ourselves beyond criticism on the floor of the Senate.

As an American, I am shocked at the way Republicans and Democrats alike are playing directly into the Communist design of “confuse, divide and conquer.” As an American, I don’t want a Democratic administration “whitewash” or “cover-up” any more than I want a Republican smear or witch hunt.

As an American, I condemn a Republican “Fascist” just as much as I condemn a Democrat “Communist.” I condemn a Democrat “Fascist” just as much as I condemn a Republican “Communist.” They are equally dangerous to you and me and to our country. As an American, I want to see our Nation recapture the strength and unity it once had when we fought the enemy instead of ourselves.

1 deliberative: characterized by thoughtful and considerate discussion

2 calumny: false charges calculated to harm someone’s reputation

3 vilification: abusive statements, which may not be true

Excerpt from speech "Declaration of Conscience" by Margaret Chase Smith. Delivered to the
U.S. Senate, June 1, 1950.

1. In the excerpt from Margaret Chase Smith's “Declaration of Conscience Speech,” which sentence accuses her fellow politicians of hypocrisy?

A. “It is strange that we can verbally attack anyone else without restraint and with full protection and yet we hold ourselves above the same type of criticism here on the Senate floor.”

B. “America is rapidly losing its position as leader of the world simply because the Democratic administration has pitifully failed to provide effective leadership.”

C. “Yet to displace it with a Republican regime embracing a philosophy that lacks political integrity or intellectual honesty would prove equally disastrous to this Nation.”

D. “As an American, I am shocked at the way Republicans and Democrats alike are playing directly into the Communist design of ‘confuse, divide and conquer.’”

2. **Point Value:** 8 points

**Suggested Time:**
- Part 1: Two 45-minute class periods
- Part 2: Two 45-minute class periods

**Task Overview:**
Students will research the responses and reactions generated by Margaret Chase Smith’s “Declaration of Conscience Speech” after it was given in
1950. They will use that research to write an editorial written from the point of view of a supporter or opponent of Smith’s views.

**Student Directions:**
Margaret Chase Smith, a moderate Republican, gave her famous “Declaration of Conscience Speech” as a response to fellow senator Joseph McCarthy’s “Wheeling Speech,” given a few months earlier. Smith’s speech generated a very mixed response among members of Congress and the public. Your task is to research the response to Smith's speech, as well as why it was supported or opposed. Then, you will use your research to write an editorial from the point of view of a supporter or an opponent.

**Part 1:**
Use at least three reliable sources to conduct research on Smith's speech and the response it generated. Consider these questions in your research:

- Who opposed the speech, and who were its defenders?
- For what reasons did people support or oppose it?
- How did the response to the speech change within the next few years, and why?

Take notes on the information you find in your research. Be sure to record publication information (title, author, and publication date). As you prepare your notes, keep track of other research questions that you may have.

**Part 2:**
Choose a position of Smith's speech and draft some notes regarding your opinion of its content. Then, organize your information into an editorial from an early 1950s speech supporter or opponent. Provide an overview of the speech and give reasons for supporting or opposing it, similar to those felt by it's defenders and critics at that time. Submit a bibliography listing all of your sources with your editorial.

**Scoring:**
Your work will be scored based on the following criteria:

- You have used reliable sources and have answered the questions
thoroughly.
• Your editorial is organized logically and expresses clear central ideas about the speech.
• You support the statements in the editorial with facts and quotations.

3. Read this sentence from the “Declaration of Conscience Speech.”

I think that it is high time for the United States Senate and its Members to do some soul searching—for us to weigh our consciences—on the manner in which we are performing our duty to the people of America; on the manner in which we are using or abusing our individual powers and privileges.

Which sentence from later in the speech develops this idea?

A. “As a Republican, I say to my colleagues on this side of the aisle that the Republican Party faces a challenge today that is not unlike the challenge that it faced back in Lincoln’s day.”

B. “Today we have a Democratic administration that has developed a mania for loose spending and loose programs.”

C. “I am not proud of the reckless abandon in which unproved charges have been hurled from this side of the aisle.”

D. “As an American, I want to see our Nation recapture the strength and unity it once had when we fought the enemy instead of ourselves.”
Read the following and answer the questions below:

from State of the Union Address, 1966

Excerpt from State of the Union Address, 1966
by Lyndon B. Johnson

This is an excerpt from the State of the Union address that President Lyndon B. Johnson delivered on January 12, 1966. At that time, United States troops were helping the people of South Vietnam fight to keep their country separate from North Vietnam, which had a Communist government.

In recent months a number of nations have [cast] out those who would subject them to the ambitions of mainland China.

History is on the side of freedom and is on the side of societies shaped from the genius of each people. History does not favor a single system or belief—unless force is used to make it so.

That is why it has been necessary for us to defend this basic principle of our policy, to defend it in Berlin, in Korea, in Cuba—and tonight in Vietnam.

For tonight, as so many nights before, young Americans struggle and young Americans die in a distant land.

Tonight, as so many nights before, the American nation is asked to sacrifice the blood of its children and the fruits of its labor for the love of its freedom.

How many times—in my lifetime and in yours—have the American people gathered, as they do now, to hear their president tell them of conflict and tell them of danger?

Each time they have answered. They have answered with all the effort that the security and the freedom of this nation required.

And they do again tonight in Vietnam. Not too many years ago Vietnam was a peaceful, if troubled, land. In the North was an independent Communist government. In the South a people struggled to build a nation, with the friendly help of the United States.
There were some in South Vietnam who wished to force Communist rule on their own people. But their progress was slight. Their hope of success was dim. Then, little more than 6 years ago, North Vietnam decided on conquest. And from that day to this, soldiers and supplies have moved from North to South in a swelling stream that is swallowing the remnants of revolution in aggression.

As the assault mounted, our choice gradually became clear. We could leave, abandoning South Vietnam to its attackers and to certain conquest, or we could stay and fight beside the people of South Vietnam. We stayed.

And we will stay until aggression has stopped.

We will stay because a just nation cannot leave to the cruelties of its enemies a people who have staked their lives and independence on America’s solemn pledge—a pledge which has grown through the commitments of three American presidents.

We will stay because in Asia and around the world are countries whose independence rests, in large measure, on confidence in America’s word and in America’s protection. To yield to force in Vietnam would weaken that confidence, would undermine the independence of many lands, and would whet the appetite of aggression. We would have to fight in one land, and then we would have to fight in another—or abandon much of Asia to the domination of Communists.

And we do not intend to abandon Asia to conquest.

Our decision to stand firm has been matched by our desire for peace.

In 1965 alone we had 300 private talks for peace in Vietnam, with friends and adversaries throughout the world.

Since Christmas your government has labored again, with imagination and endurance, to remove any barrier to peaceful settlement. For 20 days now we and our Vietnamese allies have dropped no bombs in North Vietnam.

Able and experienced spokesmen have visited, in behalf of America, more than 40 countries. We have talked to more than a hundred governments, all 113 that we have relations with, and some that we don’t. We have talked to the United Nations and we have called upon all of its members to make any contribution that they can toward helping obtain peace.

In public statements and in private communications, to adversaries and to friends, in Rome and Warsaw, in Paris and Tokyo, in Africa and throughout this hemisphere, America has made her position abundantly clear.
We seek neither territory nor bases, economic domination or military alliance in Vietnam. We fight for the principle of self-determination—that the people of South Vietnam should be able to choose their own course, choose it in free elections without violence, without terror, and without fear.

The people of all Vietnam should make a free decision on the great question of reunification.

This is all we want for South Vietnam. It is all the people of South Vietnam want. And if there is a single nation on this earth that desires less than this for its own people, then let its voice be heard.

"State of the Union address, 1966” in the public domain.

4. In the second half of “State of the Union Address, 1966,” President Johnson cites several specific numbers, such as “300 private talks,” “20 days,” and “more than 40 countries.” Write one paragraph analyzing the effect of these numbers in the speech. How do the numbers relate to other parts of the speech? Why might they make an audience more likely to support Johnson’s argument? Use details from the address to support your answer.
Excerpt from State of the Union Address, 1942

by Franklin D. Roosevelt

President Franklin D. Roosevelt delivered this State of the Union address on January 6, 1942, less than a month after the United States had entered World War II.

Japan’s scheme of conquest goes back half a century. It was not merely a policy of seeking living room: it was a plan which included the subjugation of all the peoples in the Far East and in the islands of the Pacific, and the domination of that ocean by Japanese military and naval control of the western coasts of North, Central, and South America.

The development of this ambitious conspiracy was marked by the war against China in 1894; the subsequent occupation of Korea; the war against Russia in 1904; the illegal fortification of the mandated Pacific islands following 1920; the seizure of Manchuria in 1931; and the invasion of China in 1937.

A similar policy of criminal conquest was adopted by Italy. The Fascists first revealed their imperial designs in Libya and Tripoli. In 1935 they seized Abyssinia. Their goal was the domination of all North Africa, Egypt, parts of France, and the entire Mediterranean world.

But the dreams of empire of the Japanese and Fascist leaders were modest in comparison with the gargantuan aspirations of Hitler and his Nazis. Even before they came to power in 1933, their plans for that conquest had been drawn. Those plans provided for ultimate domination, not of any one section of the world, but of the whole earth and all the oceans on it.

When Hitler organized his Berlin-Rome-Tokyo alliance, all these plans of conquest became a single plan. Under this, in addition to her own schemes of conquest, Japan’s role was obviously to cut off our supply of weapons of war to Britain, and Russia and China—weapons which increasingly were
speeding the day of Hitler’s doom. The act of Japan at Pearl Harbor was intended to stun us—to terrify us to such an extent that we would divert our industrial and military strength to the Pacific area, or even to our own continental defense.

The plan has failed in its purpose. We have not been stunned. We have not been terrified or confused. This very reassembling of the Seventy-seventh Congress today is proof of that; for the mood of quiet, grim resolution which here prevails bodes ill for those who conspired and collaborated to murder world peace.

That mood is stronger than any mere desire for revenge. It expresses the will of the American people to make very certain that the world will never so suffer again.

Admittedly, we have been faced with hard choices. It was bitter, for example, not to be able to relieve the heroic and historic defenders of Wake Island. It was bitter for us not to be able to land a million men in a thousand ships in the Philippine Islands.

But this adds only to our determination to see to it that the Stars and Stripes will fly again over Wake and Guam. Yes, see to it that the brave people of the Philippines will be rid of Japanese imperialism; and will live in freedom, security, and independence.

Powerful and offensive actions must and will be taken in proper time. The consolidation of the United Nations’ total war effort against our common enemies is being achieved.

That was and is the purpose of conferences which have been held during the past two weeks in Washington, and Moscow and Chungking. That is the primary objective of the declaration of solidarity signed in Washington on January 1, 1942, by 26 Nations united against the Axis powers.

Difficult choices may have to be made in the months to come. We do not shrink from such decisions. We and those united with us will make those decisions with courage and determination.

Plans have been laid here and in the other capitals for coordinated and cooperative action by all the United Nations—military action and economic action. Already we have established, as you know, unified command of land, sea, and air forces in the southwestern Pacific theater of war. There will be a continuation of conferences and consultations among military staffs, so that the plans and operations of each will fit into the general strategy designed to crush the enemy. We shall not fight isolated wars—each Nation going its own way. These 26 Nations are united—not in spirit and determination alone, but
in the broad conduct of the war in all its phases.

1 mandated: governed according to specifications made by the League of Nations

"State of the Union Address, 1942" in the public domain.

5. Based on the information in “State of the Union Address, 1942” and “State of the Union Address, 1966,” which statement shows a similarity in Roosevelt’s and Johnson’s perspective on opposing international aggression?

A. Both understood that history was on the side of democratic political systems.

B. Both believed it was vital to gain the support of other countries in the wars to come.

C. Both feared that the American people would oppose going to war to defend other countries.

D. Both considered Communist countries to pose the greatest threat to freedom and democracy.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from “Speech at the Republican National Convention”

Excerpt from “Speech at the Republican National Convention”
Excerpt from “Speech at the Republican National Convention”
by Herbert Hoover

Herbert Hoover became president in 1929, the year that the Great
Depression began. In 1932, in the midst of the Great
Depression, Herbert Hoover was nominated by the Republican Party
to run for a second term as president. The following excerpt is from
his “Speech at the Republican National Convention” with which he
accepted the nomination and attempted to defend his record as
president.

Mr. Chairman and my fellow citizens:

In accepting the great honor that you have brought to me, I desire to speak
so simply and so plainly that every man and woman in the United States
who may hear or read my words cannot misunderstand.

The last three years have been a time of unparalleled economic calamity.
They have been years of greater suffering and hardship than any which have
come to the American people since the aftermath of the Civil War. As we
look back over these troubled years we realize that we have passed through
two different stages of dislocation and distress.

Before the storm broke we were steadily gaining in prosperity. Our wounds
from the war were rapidly healing. Advances in science and invention had
opened vast vistas of new progress. Being prosperous, we became
optimistic—all of us. From optimism some of us went to overexpansion in
anticipation of the future, and from overexpansion to reckless speculation. In
the soil poisoned by speculation grew those ugly weeds of waste,
exploitation, and abuse of financial power. In this overproduction and
speculative mania we marched with the rest of the whole world. Then three
years ago came retribution by the inevitable worldwide slump in the
consumption of goods, in prices, and employment. At that juncture it was the normal penalty for a reckless boom such as we have witnessed a score of times in our national history. Through such depressions we have always passed safely after a relatively short period of losses, of hardship, and of adjustment. We have adopted policies in the Government which were fitting to the situation. Gradually the country began to right itself. Eighteen months ago there was a solid basis for hope that recovery was in sight.

Then, there came to us a new calamity, a blow from abroad of such dangerous character as to strike at the very safety of the Republic. The countries of Europe proved unable to withstand the stress of the depression. The memories of the world had ignored the fact that the insidious diseases left by the Great War had not been cured. The skill and intelligence of millions in Europe had been blotted out by battle, by disease, and by starvation. Stupendous burdens of national debt had been built up. Poisoned springs of political instability lay in the treaties which closed the war. Fear and hates held armament to double those before the great conflict. Governments were fallaciously seeking to build back by enlarged borrowing, by subsidizing industry and employment from taxes that slowly sapped the savings upon which industry and rejuvenated commerce must be built. Under these strains the financial systems of foreign countries crashed one by one ...

I have but one desire: that is, to see my country again on the road to prosperity which shall be more sane and lasting through the lessons of this experience, to see the principles and ideals of the American people perpetuated

I rest the case of the Republican Party upon the intelligence and the just discernment of the American people. Should my countrymen again place upon me the responsibilities of this high office, I shall carry forward the work of reconstruction. I shall hope long before another four years have passed to see the world prosperous and at peace and every American home again in the sunshine of genuine progress and of genuine prosperity. I shall seek to maintain untarnished and unweakened those fundamental traditions and principles upon which our Nation was rounded, upon which it has grown. I shall invite and welcome the help of every man and woman in the preservation of the United States for the happiness of its people. This is my pledge to the Nation and my pledge to the Almighty God.

6. Which sentence from “Speech at the Republican National Convention” best suggests that the Great Depression did not result from Hoover’s own errors?

A. “The last three years have been a time of unparalleled economic calamity.”

B. “As we look back over these troubled years we realize that we have passed through two different stages of dislocation and distress.”

C. “Then three years ago came retribution by the inevitable worldwide slump in the consumption of goods, in prices, and employment.”

D. “We have adopted policies in the Government which were fitting to the situation.”
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from “Share Our Wealth”

Excerpt from “Share Our Wealth”

_Huey Long_ was a senator from Louisiana. During the 1932 presidential election, he campaigned on behalf of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and against Herbert Hoover. Following Roosevelt’s victory, however, Long became increasingly critical of the new president. Long argued that even Roosevelt’s New Deal did not go far enough to right the wrongs of the Great Depression. In this speech, Long argued for more dramatic measures to address the economic inequality he abhorred.

**Mr. Long:** Mr. President, I send to the desk and ask to have printed in the RECORD not a speech but what is more in the nature of an appeal to the people of America.

There being no objection, the paper entitled "Carry Out the Command of the Lord" was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

*By Huey P. Long, United States Senator*

People of America: In every community get together at once and organize a share-our-wealth society--Motto: Every man a king

Principles and platform:

1. To limit poverty by providing that every deserving family shall share in the wealth of America for not less than one third of the average wealth, thereby to possess not less than $5,000 free of debt.

2. To limit fortunes to such a few million dollars as will allow the balance of the American people to share in the wealth and profits of the land.

3. Old-age pensions of $30 per month to persons over 60 years of age who do not earn as much as $1,000 per year or who possess less than $10,000
in cash or property, thereby to remove from the field of labor in times of unemployment those who have contributed their share to the public service.

4. To limit the hours of work to such an extent as to prevent overproduction and to give the workers of America some share in the recreations, conveniences, and luxuries of life.

5. To balance agricultural production with what can be sold and consumed according to the laws of God, which have never failed.

6. To care for the veterans of our wars.

7. Taxation to run the Government to be supported, first, by reducing big fortunes from the top, thereby to improve the country and provide employment in public works whenever agricultural surplus is such as to render unnecessary, in whole or in part, any particular crop.

**Simple and Concrete--Not an Experiment**

To share our wealth by providing for every deserving family to have one third of the average wealth would mean that, at the worst, such a family could have a fairly comfortable home, an automobile, and a radio, with other reasonable home conveniences, and a place to educate their children. Through sharing the work, that is, by limiting the hours of toil so that all would share in what is made and produced in the land, every family would have enough coming in every year to feed, clothe, and provide a fair share of the luxuries of life to its members. Such is the result to a family, at the worst.

From the worst to the best there would be no limit to opportunity. One might become a millionaire or more. There would be a chance for talent to make a man big, because enough would be floating in the land to give brains its chance to be used. As it is, no matter how smart a man may be, everything is tied up in so few hands that no amount of energy or talent has a chance to gain any of it.

Would it break up big concerns? No. It would simply mean that, instead of one man getting all the one concern made, that there might be 1,000 or 10,000 persons sharing in such excess fortune, any one of whom, or all of whom, might be millionaires and over.

I ask somebody in every city, town, village, and farm community of America to take this as my personal request to call a meeting of as many neighbors and friends as will come to it to start a share-our-wealth society. Elect a president and a secretary and charge no dues. The meeting can be held at a
courthouse, in some town hall or public building, or in the home of someone.

It does not matter how many will come to the first meeting. Get a society organized, if it has only two members. Then let us get to work quick, quick, quick to put an end by law to people starving and going naked in this land of too much to eat and too much to wear. The case is all with us. It is the word and work of the Lord. The Gideons had but two men when they organized. Three tailors of Tooley Street drew the Magna Carta of England. . . .

We have waited long enough for these financial masters to do these things. They have promised and promised. Now we find our country $10 billion further in debt on account of the depression, and big lenders even propose to get 90 percent of that out of the hides of the common people in the form of a sales tax.

There is nothing wrong with the United States. We have more food than we can eat. We have more clothes and things out of which to make clothes than we can wear. We have more houses and lands than the whole 120 million can use if they all had good homes. So what is the trouble? Nothing except that a handful of men have everything and the balance of the people have nothing if their debts were paid. There should be every man a king in this land flowing with milk and honey instead of the lords of finance at the top and slaves and peasants at the bottom. . . .


7. Identify a cause of economic problems discussed by both Hoover and Long. How were their approaches to this concept similar? How were they different? Write one paragraph, using details from “Speech at the Republican National Convention” and “Share Our Wealth” to support your answer.

8. Read this sentence from President Hoover’s 1932 “Speech at the Republican National Convention.”

   Eighteen months ago there was a solid basis for hope that recovery was in sight.
How does this sentence contribute to the purpose of the speech?

A. It encourages Americans to maintain an optimistic attitude.

B. It reminds people that positive outcomes may emerge from the Depression.

C. It advocates for continuing the governmental policies adopted since the Depression.

D. It suggests the economy will continue to show improvement if Hoover is elected for a second term.
Behind the Headlines: Lessons from a Desk Professor

When I first contracted to serve as the faculty adviser for the student-run weekly newspaper at the university where I teach, I anticipated the assignment would be a great deal of fun. After all, I could reconnect directly to the news industry to which I had dedicated most of my professional life. I would also be working with undergraduate students, who were likely to be enthusiastic, receptive to my advice, and enjoyable to be around.

Now, after having worked as an adviser for two years, I can honestly say that the experience has been both stimulating and challenging. However, the fun remains elusive.

Balancing Act

When I first began this job as faculty adviser, it was immediately evident that the position would require a balancing act. I was expected to employ my three decades of newspaper experience to enable students to progress as journalists. However, I lack the authority or control that professors in the classroom possess. I am a desk professor, so to speak, in an atmosphere where the student staff has almost as much power as I do.

For example, I am allowed to give exhaustive advice and exhortation, but I have no approval authority over news decisions or student behavior. These are remarkably confining boundaries within which to navigate, and I am still trying to find the way to compel a student without the ability to command.

Scandalous Dilemma

An important part of the job is that I allow students to learn from their mistakes. Yet, I also must prevent missteps that could result in a scandal. Every year, two or three of these brouhahas—resulting from tasteless articles, foul language, or an insensitive editorial cartoon—turn into national embarrassments for student newspapers and their universities. Therefore, I ensure that I am aware of all the content that is placed in the publication each week. Despite my hesitation to hover over the shoulders of my student
journalists monitoring their every action, I am also cognizant that university administrators and outsiders alike will immediately question my attentiveness should a scandal erupt on my watch.

So I am daily faced with the question: to censor or not to censor? Nobody wants to hear me rationalize that censoring content is beyond my purview. But my role as faculty adviser is to gently “advise,” not to step on the toes of the actual editor-in-chief, who is, of course, a student. Yet, I am ultimately accountable for the actions of my student staff—a tricky position, indeed.

**Editor Woes**

It is my belief that our newspaper office should emulate a professional workplace. That is a difficult concept for many of our students to embrace; most have yet to be initiated into a work environment outside the cocoon of academia. Additionally, students are not exactly practiced in taking direct orders from a peer. Consequently, our student editor-in-chief sometimes has difficulty keeping the staff organized and on task.

It did not take long to recognize the myriad challenges confronting the student editor-in-chief. It is a high-stress, high-burnout occupation! Staff members, who are undergoing internships, routinely leave loose ends in their writing, editing, or page design work. Consequently, the final product will appear shoddy and unprofessional if the editor-in-chief neglects to fix the errors.

Ideally, every student at the newspaper should be an aspiring journalist. However, students have a variety of reasons for seeking newspaper work. Some apply primarily for the paycheck, which creates a distinct problem. In order to maximize their compensation, these students tend to place a priority on the quantity, rather than quality, of their work. This leaves the editor-in-chief with a heavy load of mediocre content.

**Conflicting Missions**

Additionally, some students want to use the newspaper as a vehicle to advance their favorite political causes or co-curricular endeavors. This is contrary to our newspaper’s mission of striving to serve a widespread, diverse campus rather than placating special interests. These students with an agenda fail to appreciate the distinction between “serving” and “self-serving.”

Other students envision the newspaper as a social experience, which is acceptable until they begin blasting loud music, watching internet videos, or introducing their pets into the workplace.

While supervising the student newspaper is full of surprises for me, none has been
more alarming than the requirement to meet a budget. The university provides a reasonable subsidy but does not cover all expenses. To avoid an overrun, we need to sell about $50,000 worth of advertising each fiscal year. During my newspaper career, I never had to furrow my brow over advertising. I was a writer, and newspapers typically isolate the advertising and editorial departments. Ethically, an advertiser’s business should not influence the news coverage of that advertiser.

That ethical standard is applied at our newspaper. But because I am the adviser for both the editorial and business sides, I fret about generating sufficient advertising revenue to cover expenses. Consequently, I have gained a newfound respect for the difficulty of selling advertising. This is especially true for a student newspaper with a circulation of only 4,000. Moreover, we live in a sales climate in which the ability for businesses to advertise for free on the internet has suppressed advertising sales at publications of all sizes.

Positive Outcome

The positive outcome from all this work is that the newspaper is currently gaining in stature. Due largely to the efforts of a dynamic editor-in-chief, the weakest editions of the paper’s second year are generally stronger than the best editions of the first year. Our student journalists still make their fair share of mistakes, but none so serious they cannot be corrected, or used as constructive lessons for improvement. And it is music to my ears to hear some of them say how much they love their jobs at the paper.

But will this job as newspaper faculty adviser ever be fun? I eventually realized that question is irrelevant, and perhaps even selfish. Ultimately, my job is to enable my students to learn to become better journalists. They have taught me, in other words, that my job needs to be more about them, and less about me.

9. How does the author of “Behind the Headlines: Lessons from a Desk Professor” organize information in the passage?

A. by identifying the challenges of being a faculty adviser as the cause of the newspaper’s lack of improvement

B. by examining the problems of running a college newspaper and proposing possible solutions
C. by comparing and contrasting the role of an adviser to that of a professional journalist

D. by listing the problems in their order of importance to the newspaper’s success
For two decades now, with the rise of the celebrity chef, food television, and foodie culture, cooking has become a glamorous and popular pastime. Cooks and chefs from everywhere are watching national and international food trends, and the market for high-end cookware is concurrently booming. Classic cast-iron pots sell for up to hundreds of dollars. Many chefs have their own line of signature knives, pots, or pans available for eager consumers to enhance their personal kitchens. Walk into a nice cookware shop; you will find a mind-boggling array of gastronomic gadgets. Yet, you will find among the aisles of silicone spatulas and the latest non-stick pans a 2,000-year-old cooking tool that retains its relevance and simplicity today while out-performing much more expensive and trendy cookware: the humble Chinese wok.

When purchasing a fine wok, you need not fork over your wallet; a good wok can be found for under thirty dollars. Cheap but sturdy, a well-cared-for wok will last for years—perhaps even a lifetime. Furthermore, a wok is the perfect cooking vessel for conserving valuable fuel and feeding many people at once. Traditionally, a large wok would be placed over a wood-burning stove. This single vessel could feed a family or an entire small village. In older, rural Chinese villages, a large, communal wok could stretch up to
three feet in diameter. This wok would serve to cook large, shared meals and, later, to boil water for washing laundry. In desperate times, it could be used as a watering trough for livestock.

**Care for Your Wok**

A new wok must go through a process called opening or seasoning. Woks should be made of either cast iron or carbon steel, each of which has slightly different heating and cooling properties. However, to season either version, the process is the same. To season a wok, you must burn oil into its surface. The cooked-in oil over time makes the surface increasingly smooth and allows for cooking without the problem of food sticking to the wok. This quality is quite desirable today in newer pots and pans; most come with a prefabricated non-stick surface. Seasoning a new wok, though, can be done at home. In fact, there is a lot of lore about seasoning a wok, with variations on techniques that have been handed down through generations.

The most common approach to seasoning your wok is to first scrub the wok with liquid detergent and water to get rid of any metallic residue. This should be the last time you ever need to use detergent to clean the wok! Next, rub oil into the surface and then heat the wok on high. At this stage, tradition dictates using the wok to stir-fry Chinese chives in order to remove the metallic taste sometimes found in a new wok. Whether you stir-fry Chinese chives in your wok or skip this step, the essential point is to create a non-stick surface—a patina. The beauty of the patina is that the more you cook with a particular wok, the more seasoned and non-stick it becomes. Old woks often appear black, because they have survived years of use, making their patinas nearly impenetrable. For this reason, it is important not to scrub your wok with detergent once you season it, because this will strip away, or erode, the patina.

Of course, you still need to clean your wok after each use, even though you are not using detergent. To clean the wok, simply run it under some warm water, scrubbing it with a cleaning brush to remove food particles. Next, wipe the wok dry and rub a little more oil into it. This will preserve the precious patina you have created over time. Be careful, though. There is an Achilles’ heel to the non-stick patina: vinegar and other acids. Cooking a highly acidic tomato dish in a wok for too long, for example, will begin to destroy the non-stick surface. You can always re-season your wok if this happens.

**Form, Function, and Food Preparation**
The wok is an incredibly versatile cooking tool. A wok is arguably the only pot or pan you may ever need, because with its deep, bowl-like interior and its larger bottom surface, it is both a pot and a pan. A wok heats and cools quickly, allowing the cook to control temperatures while stir-frying. The wok is essentially shaped like a bowl that concentrates the oil toward the bottom and center, which results in a concentration of heat. The wok is perfect for deep-frying, steaming, stir-frying, and even smoking meats.

**Steaming**

Steaming is perhaps the most simple and efficient use of a wok. Because of its bowl shape, you do not need much water to create steam. A bamboo steamer is specifically made to sit in a wok. Bamboo steamers are stackable too. You can steam one type of food in the bottom steamer basket, a different food in the second tier, and yet another in the third tier of the steamer. You need only enough heat to boil a little water, because the wok is designed to cook quite a bit of food at once. A soup could be simmering in the wok while a steamer is placed on top of the wok, thus allowing the steam from the soup to cook the fish, vegetables, or rice in the steamers. This process conserves fuel (usually wood or oil), too, so you get the maximum benefit from one session of cooking. Using a wok can help you save time and fuel, making this ancient cooking method both efficient and economical.

**Stir-Frying and the Elusive “Wok Hay”**

Stir-frying in a wok is often a very quick process that requires sharp instincts and timing. High heat is crucial, and ingredients should only be cooked for a few minutes at most. Some foods only require a few seconds of cooking. A stir-fry dish from a wok should be served immediately to achieve “wok hay,” which translates to the “breath of a wok.” “Wok hay” is the elusive taste and aroma of the ingredients being seared quickly, yet remaining fresh and vibrant. Achieving “wok hay” is a sign of mastery.

One common mistake in stir-frying is overloading the wok with too many ingredients at once. This brings the temperature down. Then, instead of searing the ingredients, the wok will begin to steam them, and the vegetables will begin to soften too much instead of staying crisp. For this reason, it is best to quickly stir-fry one or two ingredients, remove them from the wok, and then stir-fry the other ingredients. Once you are ready to add a sauce, combine everything in the wok, quickly add the sauce, toss well once or twice, and serve immediately.
To be able to cook this way, you must have all ingredients chopped and ready before you start. This method also requires ingredients to be chopped into similar sizes so they cook evenly. Timing is everything in stir-frying, and chopping ingredients while things are happening fast in the wok throws off the whole meal. This idea of having everything at the ready is called “mis en place,” which is a French term meaning “putting in place.” For a professional cook of any kind, mis en place is an important principle.

If you take care of your wok, it will reward you with its simplicity and effectiveness. Very few items we purchase become better with age. Master the wok, and you become part of an old tradition. Using a wok may help you develop the virtues of a skilled cook: a sense of economy, an eye for fresh ingredients, care and respect for one’s tools, control of heat, graceful movement, preparation, and speed. The wok is a teacher as much as it is a tool. It is no wonder that it is still so widely used after two millennia.

"Cooking with the Past" property of the Florida Department of Education.

10. In “Cooking with the Past” the author makes many claims about the use of the wok. Write one to two paragraphs stating a claim made by the author and evaluate its validity. Use details from the passage to support your response.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

The Special Message to the Congress on Greece and Turkey

Excerpt from The Special Message to the Congress on Greece and Turkey

by Harry Truman

Following the end of World War II, the United States and its wartime ally the Soviet Union came into many conflicts in what would become known as the Cold War. One example of this tension occurred during a civil war in Greece. President Harry Truman’s concerns about what would happen if a communist government supported by the Soviet Union took over Greece led to his speech, “The Special Message to the Congress on Greece and Turkey,” on March 12, 1947.

One of the primary objectives of the foreign policy of the United States is the creation of conditions in which we and other nations will be able to work out a way of life free from coercion. This was a fundamental issue in the war with Germany and Japan. Our victory was won over countries, which sought to impose their will, and their way of life, upon other nations.

To ensure the peaceful development of nations, free from coercion, the United States has taken a leading part in establishing the United Nations. The United Nations is designed to make possible lasting freedom and independence for all its members. We shall not realize our objectives, however, unless we are willing to help free peoples to maintain their free institutions and their national integrity against aggressive movements that seek to impose upon them totalitarian regimes. This is no more than a frank recognition that totalitarian regimes imposed upon free peoples, by direct or indirect aggression, undermine the foundations of international peace and hence the security of the United States.

The peoples of a number of countries of the world have recently had totalitarian regimes forced upon them against their will. The Government of the United States has made frequent protests against coercion and
intimidation, in violation of the Yalta agreement, in Poland, Rumania, and Bulgaria. I must also state that in a number of other countries there have been similar developments.

At the present moment in world history nearly every nation must choose between alternative ways of life. The choice is too often not a free one.

One way of life is based upon the will of the majority, and is distinguished by free institutions, representative government, free elections, guarantees of individual liberty, freedom of speech and religion, and freedom from political oppression.

The second way of life is based upon the will of a minority forcibly imposed upon the majority. It relies upon terror and oppression, a controlled press and radio, fixed elections, and the suppression of personal freedoms.

I believe that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation; by armed minorities or by outside pressures.

I believe that we must assist free peoples to work out their own destinies in their own way.

I believe that our help should be primarily through economic and financial aid which is essential to economic stability and orderly political processes.

The world is not static, and the status quo is not sacred. But we cannot allow changes in the status quo in violation of the Charter of the United Nations by such methods as coercion, or by such subterfuges as political infiltration. In helping free and independent nations to maintain their freedom, the United States will be giving effect to the principles of the Charter of the United Nations.

It is necessary only to glance at a map to realize that the survival and integrity of the Greek nation are of grave importance in a much wider situation. If Greece should fall under the control of an armed minority, the effect upon its neighbor, Turkey, would be immediate and serious. Confusion and disorder might well spread throughout the entire Middle East.

Moreover, the disappearance of Greece as an independent state would have a profound effect upon those countries in Europe whose peoples are struggling against great difficulties to maintain their freedoms and their independence while they repair the damages of war.

It would be an unspeakable tragedy if these countries, which have struggled so long against overwhelming odds, should lose that victory for which they sacrificed so much. Collapse of free institutions and loss of independence
would be disastrous not only for them but for the world. Discouragement and possibly failure would quickly be the lot of neighboring peoples striving to maintain their freedom and independence.

Should we fail to aid Greece and Turkey in this fateful hour, the effect will be far reaching to the West as well as to the East.

We must take immediate and resolute action.

Ⅰ Yalta agreement: a conference between the victors of World War II to discuss the postwar reorganization of Europe

Ⅱ status quo: current state of affairs

"The Special Message to the Congress on Greece and Turkey" in the public domain.

11. Which sentence from “Excerpt from The Special Message to the Congress on Greece and Turkey” best supports the claim that the fight against tyranny is a global concern?

A. “The peoples of a number of countries of the world have recently had totalitarian regimes forced upon them against their will.”

B. “One way of life is based upon the will of the majority, and is distinguished by free institutions, representative government, free elections, guarantees of individual liberty, freedom of speech and religion, and freedom from political oppression.”

C. “I believe that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation; by armed minorities or by outside pressures.”

D. “Moreover, the disappearance of Greece as an independent state
would have a profound effect upon those countries in Europe whose peoples are struggling against great difficulties to maintain their freedoms and their independence while they repair the damages of war."
On June 10, 1788, John Marshall also addressed the Virginia Convention with the speech, "On the Federal Constitution." He responded to Patrick Henry's speech and advocated for the acceptance of the Constitution.

Permit me to attend to what the honorable gentleman, Mr. Henry, has said. He has [explained] the necessity of a due attention to certain maxims, to certain fundamental principles from which a free people ought never to depart...

What are the favorite maxims of democracy? A strict observance of justice and public faith and a steady adherence to virtue. These, sir, are the principles of a good government. No mischief, no misfortune, ought to [keep] us from a strict observance of justice and public faith. Would to heaven that these principles had been observed under the present government! Had this been the case the friends of liberty would not be so willing now to part with it. Can we boast that our government is founded on these maxims? Can we pretend to the enjoyment of political freedom or security when we are told that a man has been, by an act of Assembly, struck out of existence without a trial by jury, without examination, without being confronted with his accusers and witnesses, without the benefits of the law of the land? Where is our safety when we are told that this act was justifiable because the person was not a Socrates?¹ What has become of the worthy member’s maxims? Is this one of them? Shall it be a maxim that a man shall be deprived of his life without the benefit of law? Shall such a deprivation of life be justified by answering that a man’s life was not taken [according to accepted practice], because he was a bad man? Shall it be a maxim that government ought not to be empowered to protect virtue?...

[Mr. Henry] then stated the necessity and probability of obtaining amendments. This we ought to postpone until we come to that clause, and make up our minds whether there be anything unsafe in this system. He conceived it impossible to obtain amendments after adopting it. If he was
right, does not his own argument prove that in his own conception previous amendments can not be had? For, sir, if subsequent amendments can not be obtained, shall we get amendments before we ratify? The reasons against the latter do not apply against the former.

There are in this State, and in every State in the Union, many who are decided enemies of the Union. Reflect on the probable conduct of such men. What will they do? They will bring amendments which are local in their nature and which they know will not be accepted. What security have we that other States will not do the same? We are told that many in the States were violently opposed to it. They are more mindful of local interests. They will never propose such amendments as they think would be obtained.

Disunion will be their object. This will be attained by the proposal of unreasonable amendments. This, sir, tho a strong cause, is not the only we that will militate against previous amendments. Look at the comparative temper of this country now, and when the late Federal Convention met. We had no idea then of any particular system. The formation of the most perfect plan was our object and wish. It was imagined that the States would agree to and be pleased with the proposition that would be made them. Consider the violence of opinions, the prejudices, and [strong hostilities] which have been since imbibed...

They have proposed to our consideration a scheme of government which they thought advisable. We are not bound to adopt it if we disapprove of it. Had not every individual in this community a right to tender that scheme which he thought [best for] the welfare of his country? Have not several gentlemen already demonstrated that the Convention did not exceed their powers? But the Congress have the power of making bad laws, it seems. The Senate, with the president, he informs us, may make a treaty which shall be disadvantageous to us; and that, if they be not good men, it will not be a good constitution. I shall ask the worthy member only if the people at large, and they alone, ought to make laws and treaties. Has any man this in contemplation?

You can not exercise the powers of government personally yourselves. You must trust to agents. If so, will you dispute giving them the power of acting for you, from an existing possibility that they may abuse it? As long as it is impossible for you to transact your business in person, if you [invest] no confidence in delegates because there is a possibility of their abusing it, you can have no government.

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1 Socrates was a philosopher in ancient Greece, who was convicted and sentenced to death...
by his fellow citizens for introducing new ideas that conflicted with traditional ways of thought.

2 militate: prevent or fight against

3 imbibed: absorbed into the mind

4 agents: people who represent others or act on their behalf


from "Shall Liberty or Empire Be Sought?"

from "Shall Liberty or Empire Be Sought?"

Excerpt from “Shall Liberty or Empire Be Sought?”

by Patrick Henry

On June 5, 1788, Patrick Henry addressed the Virginia Convention which met to decide whether Virginia should adopt the Constitution that had been drafted at the Federal Convention the year before. In his speech, “Shall Liberty or Empire Be Sought?” Henry calls for the defense of liberty, and argues that adopting the Constitution would grant the federal government too much power.

This, sir, is the language of democracy—that a majority of the community have a right to alter government when found to be oppressive. But how different is the genius of your new Constitution from this! How different from the sentiments of freemen that a contemptible minority can prevent the good of the majority! If, then, gentlemen standing on this ground are come to that point, that they are willing to bind themselves and their posterity to be oppressed, I am amazed and inexpressibly astonished. If this be the opinion of the majority, I must submit; but to me, sir, it appears perilous and destructive. I can not help thinking so. Perhaps it may be the result of my age. These may be feelings natural to a man of my years, when the American spirit has left him, and his mental powers, like the members of the body, are decayed. If, sir, amendments are left to the twentieth, or tenth part of the people of America, your liberty is gone for ever.

We have heard that there is a great deal of bribery practiced in the House of Commons of England, and that many of the members raise themselves to preferments;¹ by selling the rights of the whole of the people. But, sir, the tenth part of that body can not continue oppressions on the rest of the
people. English liberty is, in this case, on a firmer foundation than American liberty. It will be [easy to win] the opposition of one-tenth of the people to any alteration, however judicious. The honorable gentleman who presides told us that, to prevent abuses in our government, we will assemble in convention, recall our delegated powers, and punish our servants for abusing the trust [given to] them. Oh, sir! we should have fine times, indeed, if, to punish tyrants, it were only sufficient to assemble the people! Your arms, wherewith you could defend yourselves, are gone; and you have no longer an aristocratical, no longer a democratical spirit. Did you ever read of any revolution in a nation, brought about by the punishment of those in power, inflicted by those who had no power at all? You read of a riot act in a country which is called one of the freest in the world, where a few neighbors can not assemble without the risk of being shot by a hired soldiery, the engines of despotism. We may see such an act in America.

A standing army we shall have, also, to execute the execrable commands of tyranny; and how are you to punish them? Will you order them to be punished? Who shall obey these orders? Will your mace-bearer be a match for a disciplined regiment? In what situation are we to be? The clause before you gives a power of direct taxation, unbounded and unlimited—an exclusive power of legislation, in all cases whatsoever, for ten miles square, and over all places purchased for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dockyards, etc. What resistance could be made? The attempt would be madness. You will find all the strength of this country in the hands of your enemies; their garrisons will naturally be the strongest places in the country. Your militia is given up to Congress, also, in another part of this plan; they will therefore act as they think proper; all power will be in their own possession. You can not force them to receive their punishment: of what service would militia be to you, when, most probably, you will not have a single musket in the State? For, as arms are to be provided by Congress, they may or may not furnish them...

We are descended from a people whose government was founded on liberty; our glorious forefathers of Great Britain made liberty the foundation of everything. That country is become a great, mighty, and splendid nation; not because their government is strong and energetic, but, sir, because liberty is its direct end and foundation. We drew the spirit of liberty from our British ancestors; by that spirit we have triumphed over every difficulty. But now, sir, the American spirit, assisted by the ropes and chains of consolidation, is about to convert this country into a powerful and mighty empire. If you make the citizens of this country agree to become the subjects of one great consolidated empire of America, your government will not have sufficient energy to keep them together. Such a government is
incompatible with the genius of republicanism. There will be no checks, no real balances, in this government. What can avail your specious, imaginary balances, your rope-dancing, chain-rattling, ridiculous ideal checks and contrivances? But, sir, “we are not feared by foreigners; we do not make nations tremble.” Would this [lead to] happiness or secure liberty? I trust, sir, our political hemisphere will ever direct their operations to the security of those objects.

1. **preferments**: positions of higher power

2. **judicious**: deserving; showing good sense

3. **servants**: elected representatives

4. **despotism**: abusive

5. **execrable**: detestable

6. **mace-bearer**: an individual holding a club

7. **specious**: misleading, something that sounds true but is actually false

8. **contrivances**: schemes

"Shall Liberty or Empire Be Sought?" from "The World’s Famous Orations, v. VIII" in the public domain.

12. Based on details in “Excerpt from Shall Liberty or Empire Be Sought?” and “An Excerpt from On the Federal Constitution,” which statement best describes a similarity between Henry’s and Marshall’s views on the role of government in the United States?

A. They both emphasize that freedom requires sacrifices.

B. They both believe all American citizens should be allowed to vote.

C. They both acknowledge that corruption in government takes place.
D. They both argue that the people have the ultimate say in their government.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Early Reminiscences of Nebraska City

An early resident of Nebraska, Ellen Kinney Ware settled there in 1858. She wrote numerous historical accounts and biographies related to events and people of those times.

Social Aspects

As a girl graduate I came to Nebraska City from Virginia, at an early day. It seemed to me that I was leaving everything attractive socially and intellectually, behind me, but I was mistaken. On arriving here, I expected to see quite a town, was disappointed, for two large brick hotels and a few scattered houses comprised the place. Among my first acquaintances was the family of Governor Black, consisting of his daughter about my own age, his wife, and himself. He was not only bright and clever, but a wit as well, and famous as a storyteller ...

Those were freighting days and Russell, Majors, and Waddell, government freighters, made this their headquarters. Alexander Majors brought his family here adding much socially to the town. Major Martin, an army officer, was stationed here. He was a charming gentleman and had a lovely wife. Dancing was the principal amusement with the young people. Informal dances [were held] at private homes and occasionally on a steamboat when it arrived, brilliantly lighted and having a band of music on board. At the “Outfit” as it was called, where the supplies for the freighting company were kept, dwelt a family, Raisin by name, who were exceedingly hospitable, not only entertaining frequently, but often sending an ambulance for their guests. At these parties no round dancing was indulged in, just simple quadrilles and the lancers. Mr. and Mrs. J. Sterling Morton, who lived on a country place, a short distance from town, which has since become widely known as Arbor Lodge, were among the most active entertainers, dispensing
that delightful hospitality for which in later times they were so well known. And so we lived without railroads, without telephones, automobiles, or theaters. But I believe that our social enjoyment was greater than it is now. Instead of railroads, we had steamboats arriving almost daily from St. Louis, St. Joseph, and other towns. In carriages we drove to Omaha and back, and the social intercourse of the two towns was much greater than it is now.

Amateur theatricals took the place of the theater, and often brilliant, undreamed of talent was shown. Literature also was not neglected, many highly educated men and women were among our pioneers and literary societies were a prominent part of our social life. We played chess in those days, but not cards. This alone might be taken as an index of how much less frivolous that day was than the present.

In 1860 Bishop Talbot arrived here from Indianapolis and made this his home, adding greatly socially and intellectually to the life of the community. In his family was the Rev. Isaac Hager, beloved and revered by all who knew him, a most thorough musician, as well as a fine preacher.

Remembering old times we sometimes ask ourselves, where now are the men and women, equal to the ones we knew in those days, certainly there are none superior to them, in intellect, manners, wit, and true nobility.

“Oh brave hearts journeyed to the west,
When this old town was new!”


13. Read this excerpt from “Early Reminiscences of Nebraska City.”

Amateur theatricals took the place of the theater, and often brilliant, undreamed of talent was shown. Literature also was not neglected, many highly educated men and women were among our pioneers and literary societies were a prominent part of our social life.

What was the author’s most likely purpose for including these descriptions in the passage?
A. to highlight the lack of cultural resources available for Nebraska City residents

B. to give readers an idea of the most common activities for Nebraska City residents

C. to show that Nebraska City residents were in their own ways as cultured as any others

D. to show that Nebraska City residents were resourceful and made do with what they had
As a motherless child, I always regarded my good grandmother as the wisest of guides and the best of protectors. It was not long before I began to realize her superiority to most of her contemporaries. This idea was not gained entirely from my own observation, but also from a knowledge of the high regard in which she was held by other women. Aside from her native talent and ingenuity, she was endowed with a truly wonderful memory. No other midwife in her day and tribe could compete with her in skill and judgment. Her observations in practice were all preserved in her mind for reference, as systematically as if they had been written upon the pages of a note-book.

I distinctly recall one occasion when she took me with her into the woods in search of certain medicinal roots.

"Why do you not use all kinds of roots for medicines?" said I.

"Because," she replied, in her quick, characteristic manner, "the Great Mystery does not will us to find things too easily. In that case everybody would be a medicine-giver, and Ohiyesa must learn that there are many secrets which the Great Mystery will disclose only to the most worthy. Only those who seek him fasting and in solitude will receive his signs."

With this and many similar explanations she wrought in my soul wonderful and lively conceptions of the "Great Mystery" and of the effects of prayer and solitude. I continued my childish questioning.

"But why did you not dig those plants that we saw in the woods, of the
same kind that you are digging now?"

"For the same reason that we do not like the berries we find in the shadow of deep woods as well as the ones which grow in sunny places. The latter have more sweetness and flavor. Those herbs which have medicinal virtues should be sought in a place that is neither too wet nor too dry, and where they have a generous amount of sunshine to maintain their vigor.

"Some day Ohiyesa will be old enough to know the secrets of medicine; then I will tell him all. But if you should grow up to be a bad man, I must withhold these treasures from you and give them to your brother, for a medicine man must be a good and wise man. I hope Ohiyesa will be a great medicine man when he grows up. To be a great warrior is a noble ambition; but to be a mighty medicine man is a nobler!"

She said these things so thoughtfully and impressively that I cannot but feel and remember them even to this day.

Our native women gathered all the wild rice, roots, berries and fruits which formed an important part of our food. This was distinctively a woman's work. Uncheedah (grandmother) understood these matters perfectly, and it became a kind of instinct with her to know just where to look for each edible variety and at what season of the year. This sort of labor gave the Indian women every opportunity to observe and study Nature after their fashion; and in this Uncheedah was more acute than most of the men. The abilities of her boys were not all inherited from their father; indeed, the stronger family traits came obviously from her. She was a leader among the native women, and they came to her, not only for medical aid, but for advice in all their affairs.

In bravery she equaled any of the men. This trait, together with her ingenuity and alertness of mind, more than once saved her and her people from destruction. Once, when we were roaming over a region occupied by other tribes, and on a day when most of the men were out upon the hunt, a party of hostile Indians suddenly appeared. Although there were a few men left at home, they were taken by surprise at first and scarcely knew what to do, when this woman came forward and advanced alone to meet our foes. She had gone some distance when some of the men followed her. She met the strangers and offered her hand to them. They accepted her friendly greeting; and as a result of her brave act we were left alone and at peace.

"My Indian Grandmother" in the public domain.
14. Which statement best expresses how the central idea develops throughout the passage?

A. By detailing her medicinal practices, the grandmother is shown to be a healer among her people.

B. By describing her bravery and intelligence, the grandmother is proven to be a defender of her people.

C. By illustrating her judgment and knowledge, the grandmother is established as a leader among the women.

D. By providing examples of her actions and words, the grandmother is revealed as an important role model for the boy.

15. Which sentence confirms the narrator as a reliable source when it comes to seeing his grandmother as “the wisest of guides and the best of protectors”?

A. “Uncheedah (grandmother) understood these matters perfectly . . .”

B. “The stronger family traits came obviously from her . . .”

C. “She was a leader among the native women, and they came to her, not only for medical aid, but for advice in all their affairs.”

D. “In bravery she equaled any of the men.”
16. One of the central ideas of “My Indian Grandmother” is that Ohiyesa’s grandmother is an extraordinary woman. Write one paragraph in which you analyze this central idea, explaining how it is developed and refined throughout the passage. Use details from the passage to support your response.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from “Stars and Stripes Forever”

John Philip Sousa was an American musician, conductor, and composer who lived from 1854–1932. He is known for his many marches, the most famous of which is “Stars and Stripes Forever.” This article tells the story of that famous march.

Let martial note in triumph float
And liberty extend its mighty hand . . .

John Philip Sousa was America’s “March King.” He was surrounded by music from birth: his father played trombone with the United States Marine Band and as a child he studied violin as well as music theory. He grew up during the Civil War in Washington, D.C., where martial music was frequently played both in homes and on the streets.

Sousa attended band rehearsals with his father and, after his parents disapproved of his joining a circus band, was pressed into service as an apprentice musician with the Marine Band. By age twenty-six he was the Band’s director—a position he held from 1880–1892. During those years Sousa added to the Band’s repertoire not only the work of Europe’s then contemporary composers (Tchaikovsky, Verdi, Wagner and others) but also compositions of his own such as “President Garfield’s Inauguration March (1881),” “Semper Fidelis (1888),” and “The Washington Post” (1889).

Sousa was the greatest musical star of his era, combining the charisma and popularity of Leonard Bernstein and the Beatles. He was so popular that he left the Marine Band to start his own band in 1892. It toured the nation with unparalleled success.

Four years later, while on vacation in Europe with his wife, Sousa received word that his good friend and band manager, David Blakely, had died. Sousa quickly returned to the States aboard the S.S. Teutonic. Pacing the deck of the ship, the music of “The Stars and Stripes Forever” began to come to him, its first stirring notes being those of the “Dies Irae.” As he wrote in his autobiography, “. . . absorbed in thoughts of my manager’s death and the
many duties and decisions which awaited me in New York. Suddenly, I began to sense a rhythmic beat of a band playing within my brain. Throughout the whole tense voyage, that imaginary band continued to unfold the same themes, echoing and re-echoing the most distant melody. I did not transfer a note of that music to paper while I was on the steamer, but when we reached shore, I set down the measures that my brain-band had been playing for me, and not a note of it has ever changed.” For twenty-five years Sousa’s Band played the march at almost every concert it held. Although the piece is always played as an instrumental, Sousa did set words—somewhat triumphalistic by today’s standards—to it.

_Let martial note in triumph float_
_And liberty extend its might hand_
_A flag appears 'mid thunderous cheers,_
_The banner of the Western land._

Sousa always wore a neat military-like uniform when he conducted, displayed a lot of vim and vigor on stage, and carried himself with remarkably fine posture. He was the prolific composer of 15 operettas, 70 songs, numerous overtures, concert pieces, vocal works, waltzes, books and articles, along with his 136 marches.

“The Stars and Stripes Forever” was declared the National March of the United States in 1987. Sousa’s other marches included “El Capitan,” “The Pathfinder of Panama,” “Hands Across the Sea,” “Solid Men to the Front” and “The High School Cadets.” Sousa also composed a number of pieces to encourage student bands and music education in U.S. schools: “Marquette University March,” “University of Illinois March” and “University of Nebraska March.”


17. Read this sentence from “Excerpt from 'Stars and Stripes Forever.'”

Sousa was the greatest musical star of his era, combining the charisma and popularity of Leonard Bernstein and the Beatles.

Which statement identifies the weakness in the author’s reasoning in the excerpt?
A. The author does not compare Sousa to musicians of his era.

B. The author does not consider qualifications other than popularity.

C. The author does not explain what qualified Sousa as the greatest star.

D. The author does not explain who Leonard Bernstein and the Beatles were.

18. Read this sentence from “Stars and Stripes Forever.”

He was the prolific composer of 15 operettas, 70 songs, numerous overtures, concert pieces, vocal works, waltzes, books and articles, along with his 136 marches.

How does this sentence support one of the author’s arguments about Sousa?

A. It shows that Sousa was a musician his entire life.

B. It shows that Sousa rarely revised his compositions.

C. It shows that Sousa worked in many different areas as a musician.

D. It shows that Sousa broke with traditions among American bandleaders.
George Plunkitt was a member of the New York state legislature and the Tammany Hall political machine. He was a candid supporter of using political office and power to enrich himself and others. The book Plunkitt of Tammany Hall is a collection of Plunkitt’s talks about government and the business of politics. The following excerpt is from a chapter called “Honest Graft and Dishonest Graft.”

Everybody is talkin’ these days about Tammany men growin’ rich on graft,¹ but nobody thinks of drawin’ the distinction between honest graft and dishonest graft. There’s all the difference in the world between the two. Yes, many of our men have grown rich in politics. I have myself. I’ve made a big fortune out of the game, and I’m gettin’ richer every day, but I’ve not gone in for dishonest graft—blackmailin’ gamblers, saloonkeepers, disorderly people, etc.—and neither has any of the men who have made big fortunes in politics.

There’s an honest graft, and I’m an example of how it works. I might sum up the whole thing by sayin’: “I seen my opportunities and I took ’em.”

Just let me explain by examples. My party’s in power in the city, and it’s goin’ to undertake a lot of public improvements. Well, I’m tipped off, say, that they’re goin’ to lay out a new park at a certain place …

I go to that place and I buy up all the land I can in the neighborhood. Then the board of this or that makes its plan public, and there is a rush to get my land, which nobody cared particular for before.

Ain’t it perfectly honest to charge a good price and make a profit on my investment and foresight? Of course, it is. Well, that’s honest graft.

Or supposin’ it’s a new bridge they’re goin’ to build. I get tipped off and I buy as much property as I can that has to be taken for approaches. I sell at my own price later on and drop some more money in the bank …

It’s just like lookin’ ahead in Wall Street or in the coffee or cotton market.
It’s honest graft, and I’m lookin’ for it every day in the year. I will tell you frankly that I’ve got a good lot of it, too.

I’ll tell you of one case. They were goin’ to fix up a big park, no matter where. I got on to it, and went lookin’ about for land in that neighborhood. I could get nothin’ at a bargain but a big piece of swamp, but I took it fast enough and held on to it. What turned out was just what I counted on. They couldn’t make the park complete without Plunkitt’s swamp, and they had to pay a good price for it. Anything dishonest in that?

Up in the watershed I made some money, too. I bought up several bits of land there some years ago and made a pretty good guess that they would be bought up for water purposes later by the city. Somehow, I always guessed about right, and shouldn’t I enjoy the profit of my foresight? It was rather amusin’ when the condemnation commissioners came along and found piece after piece of the land in the name of George Plunkitt of the Fifteenth Assembly District, New York City. They wondered how I knew just what to buy. The answer is—I seen my opportunity and I took it. I haven’t confined myself to land; anything that pays is in my line ...

I’ve told you how I got rich by honest graft. Now, let me tell you that most politicians who are accused of robbin’ the city get rich the same way. They didn’t steal a dollar from the city treasury. They just seen their opportunities and took them. That is why, when a reform administration comes in and spends a half million dollars in tryin’ to find the public robberies they talked about in the campaign, they don’t find them ...

The books are always all right. The money in the city treasury is all right. Everything is all right. All they can show is that the Tammany heads of departments looked after their friends, within the law, and gave them what opportunities they could to make honest graft. Now, let me tell you that’s never goin’ to hurt Tammany with the people. Every good man looks after his friends, and any man who doesn’t isn’t likely to be popular. If I have a good thing to hand out in private life, I give it to a friend—Why shouldn’t I do the same in public life?

Another kind of honest graft. Tammany has raised a good many salaries. There was an awful howl by the reformers, but don’t you know that Tammany gains ten votes for every one it lost by salary raisin’?

The Wall Street banker thinks it shameful to raise a department clerk’s salary from $1500 to $1800 a year, but every man who draws a salary
himself says: “That’s all right. I wish it was me.” And he feels very much like votin’ the Tammany ticket on election day, just out of sympathy.

Tammany was beat in 1901 because the people were deceived into believin’ that it worked dishonest graft. They didn’t draw a distinction between dishonest and honest graft, but they saw that some Tammany men grew rich, and supposed they had been robbin’ the city treasury or levyin’ blackmail on disorderly houses, or workin’ in with the gamblers and lawbreakers.

As a matter of policy, if nothing else, why should the Tammany leaders go into such dirty business, when there is so much honest graft lyin’ around when they are in power? Did you ever consider that?

Now, in conclusion, I want to say that I don’t own a dishonest dollar. If my worst enemy was given the job of writin’ my epitaph when I’m gone, he couldn’t do more than write:

“George W. Plunkitt. He Seen His Opportunities, and He Took ‘Em.”

1 **graft**: earning money through questionable means

"Plunkitt of Tammany Hall" in public domain.

**Criminal Misgovernment**

Excerpt from **Criminal Misgovernment**

by Ernest Hamlin et al.

*In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, a political organization known as “Tammany Hall” controlled much of the political life in New York City and the state of New York. In 1900, a weekly newspaper, The Outlook, published an article called “Criminal Misgovernment,” which articulates some of the strongest and most common arguments against the tactics, influence, and corruption of Tammany Hall. The following is an excerpt from this article.*

... Tammany Hall is well beyond the line of legitimate political enterprises; it
stands neither for principle nor for morality. It is Democratic in name, but it has no more care for Democratic principles than for Republican principles. Its power as an organization is made possible by the peculiar conditions in this city. It is not, as at present constituted, American, either in spirit, method, or membership; it is supported by the votes of foreign-born citizens who have not been in this country long enough to be intelligent about American conditions, and who are led by a dexterous appeal to their comfort, their loyalty, and their class feeling. If for one hour the real character of Tammany Hall were understood on the East Side, it would never again put a single official into office. The rank and file of the men who sustain it do not know what it is; they do not understand that they are really bought by its so-called charities and that they are as sheep in the shambles so far as any real care for their interests is concerned. The leaders, so far as they have any intelligence, are men who either know the corruption which sustains the organization, or, if they do not know, are so willfully blind that they are morally responsible for it.

Tammany Hall draws a large part of its revenue today from gambling ... and all manner of law-breaking. These are very serious charges to make; they are not only based on ample evidence, but that they are true has been practically confessed again and again. Perhaps never before in the history of a great city has there existed this partnership between its governing body and its criminal classes; never before, certainly, has that partnership been so thoroughly systematized, has vice been taxed with such businesslike exactness, and every available source of vicious income drawn upon with such skill. Tammany Hall has inverted the order of government. Instead of suppressing it is encouraging vice; instead of enforcing the law it is receiving revenue from encouraging the evasion of the law. The men who represent it in office are not only taxed to support the organization whose creatures they are, but they are bound hand and foot; instead of being the servants of the public, they are the slaves of the law-breaking element in the city; for the city is ruled today largely by the vicious classes.

... [R]espectable New York must organize itself for the purpose of uprooting the conspiracy of greed and vice represented by Tammany Hall ... The question raised by this condition of things is not political. New York is not dealing with a political organization in dealing with Tammany Hall; it is dealing with organized crime; with an association which has passed beyond the line of respectability, and with which it is impossible any longer for men of any character to associate themselves ... It is an infamous traffic in vice, an organized utilization of crime; ... it is an attack on those fundamental things in human character and government which are precious alike to men
of every party.

¹ dexterous: clever

"Criminal Misgovernment" in the public domain.

19. Which statement best describes a similarity between “Criminal Misgovernment” and Plunkitt of Tammany Hall?

A. The authors of both passages agree that Tammany Hall politicians have repeatedly broken laws.

B. The authors of both passages describe the dangers that unethical politicians could pose to society.

C. The authors of both passages suggest that Tammany Hall politicians care deeply about making profits.

D. The authors of both passages distinguish between moral and immoral ways of making money through politics.

20. In the “Excerpt from Plunkitt of Tammany Hall,” George Plunkitt presented his ideas and claims about the accusations he faced. You will write a response essay that you will then use to contribute to a class discussion analyzing his argument.

**Part 1:**

In a three- to four-paragraph response, analyze the speech by carefully detailing the key claims that Plunkitt makes and his reasoning or support
for each. Consider these questions in your essay:

- What are the main claims that Plunkitt made?
- What persuasive techniques did he use to make those claims?
- Which sentences or points from the passage are especially effective or persuasive?
- Which sentences or points are ineffective or not persuasive?

**Part 2:**

Bring your essay to a large-group class discussion, and share the claims and examples you wrote about in Part 1. Listen and comment as your classmates share their examples. As a class, try to come to an agreement about the most effective and least effective points or techniques from the passage. Refer to evidence from the passage to support your observations.

**Scoring:**

Your presentation will be scored based on the following criteria:

- Reading/Writing: You identified ideas and claims from the passage and analyzed them in an organized essay.
- Speaking and Listening: You participated in the class discussion by sharing your examples and responding to classmates’ observations.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Strait of Magellan

"Strait of Magellan"

Excerpt from Discoverers and Explorers

by Edward R. Shaw

Magellan

One of the boldest and most determined of all the early explorers was Ferdinand Magellan, a young Portuguese nobleman. He felt sure that somewhere on that long coast which so many explorers had reached he would find a strait through which he would be able to pass, and which would lead into the Indian Ocean; and so Magellan formed the idea of circumnavigating the globe.
He applied to the King of Portugal for aid; but as the Portuguese king was not willing to help him, he went to Spain, where his plan found favor.

The Spanish king gave him a fleet of five vessels, and on September 20, 1519, he set sail for the Canary Islands. Continuing the voyage toward Sierra Leone, the vessels were becalmed, and for a period of three weeks they advanced only nine miles. Then a terrific storm arose, and the sailors, who had grumbled and found fault with everything during the entire voyage, broke into open mutiny. This mutiny Magellan quickly quelled by causing the principal offender to be arrested and put in irons.

The voyage was then continued, and land was at last sighted on the Brazilian coast, near Pernambuco.

The fleet then proceeded down the coast as far as Patagonia, where the weather grew so very cold that it was decided to seek winter quarters and postpone the remainder of the journey until spring. This was done, Magellan finding a sheltered spot at Port St. Julian, where plenty of fish could be obtained and where the natives were friendly.

These native Patagonians Magellan described as being very tall, like giants, with long, flowing hair, and dressed scantily in skins.

Great hardships had been endured by the crew. Food and water had been scarce, the storms had been severe, and suffering from cold was intense. The sailors did not believe there was any strait, and they begged Magellan to sail for home. It was useless to try to influence this determined man. Danger made him only the more firm. Magellan told them that he would not return until he had found the opening for which he was looking.

Then the mutiny broke out anew. But Magellan by his prompt and decisive action put it down in twenty-four hours. One offender was killed, and two others were put in irons and left to their fate on the shore when the ships sailed away.

As soon as the weather grew warmer the ships started again southward. After nearly two months of sailing, most of the time through violent storms, a narrow channel was found, in which the water was salt. This the sailors knew must be the entrance to a strait.

Food was scarce, and the men again begged Magellan to return; but he firmly refused, saying: "I will go on, if I have to eat the leather off the ship's yards."

So the ships entered and sailed through the winding passage, which sometimes broadened out into a bay and then became narrow again. Among
the twists and windings of this perilous strait, one of the vessels, being in charge of a mutinous commander, escaped and turned back.

On both sides of the shore there were high mountains, the tops of which were covered with snow, and which cast gloomy shadows upon the water below them.

Think of the feelings of the crew when, after sailing five weeks through this winding channel, they came out into a calm expanse of water. Magellan was overcome by the sight, and shed tears of joy. He named the vast waters before him Pacific, which means "peaceful," because of their contrast to the violent and stormy Atlantic.

The fleet now sailed northwest into a warmer climate and over a tranquil ocean, and as week after week passed and no land was seen, the sailors lost all hope. They began to think that this ocean had no end, and that they might sail on and on forever.

These poor men suffered very much from lack of food and water, and many died of famine. The boastful remark of Magellan was recalled when the sailors did really begin to eat the leather from the ship's yards, first soaking it in the water.

Anxiously these worn and haggard men looked about for signs of land, and at length they were rewarded. The Ladrone Islands were reached, and supplies of fresh vegetables, meats, and fruits were obtained. From the Isles de Ladrones, or "Isles of Robbers," the fleet proceeded to the Philippines.

Here Magellan knew that he was near the Indian Ocean, and realized that if he kept on in his course he would circumnavigate the globe.
It was on one of the Philippine Islands that this "Prince of Navigators" lost his life in a skirmish with the natives. He was, as usual, in the thickest of the fight, and while trying to shield one of his men was struck down by the spear of a native.

One of his ships, the Victoria, continued the voyage around Cape of Good Hope, and on September 6, 1522, with eighteen weary and half-starved men on board, succeeded in reaching Spain.

Great hardships had been endured, but the wonderful news they brought made up in some measure for their suffering.

This was the greatest voyage since the first voyage of Columbus, and the strait still bears the name of the remarkable man whose courage and strength of purpose led to the accomplishment of one of the greatest undertakings ever recorded in history.

This wonderful voyage of Magellan's proved beyond doubt that the earth is round. It also proved that South America is a continent, and that there is no short southwest passage.

After this voyage all the navigators turned their attention to the discovery of a northwest passage.

"Strait of Magellan" in the public domain.

21. After reading "Strait of Magellan," think about the man Ferdinand Magellan. Write one to two paragraphs explaining which personal characteristics he possessed that enabled him to discover the Strait of Magellan. Use specific textual evidence to support your answer.

22. One central idea of “Strait of Magellan” is that Ferdinand Magellan was one of the most determined of all the early explorers. Write one paragraph that uses details from the passage to explain how this central idea is developed.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Is South Carolina Out of the Union?

Is South Carolina Out of the Union?

Is South Carolina Out of the Union?

Talk of leaving the Union among Southern states had been frequent in the years leading to the Civil War and many in the North believed that such drastic action would not really occur. "Is South Carolina Out of the Union?" was an editorial that appeared in the New York Herald on December 30, 1860—ten days after South Carolina seceded from the United States. It reflects the common attitude that secession was not legitimate and that Southern agitation would eventually cool.

South Carolina, through the regular forms of a State Convention, has repealed her acts recognizing the constitution and general government of the United States. She has issued various ordinances and executive proclamations, as from an independent nation to all intents and purposes. She has appointed three envoys extraordinary to treat with the government at Washington as with a foreign power. She has seized upon several fortresses at Charleston. She has taken down the United States flag from the Arsenal, the Custom House and Post Office at Charleston, and has substituted the new national flag of South Carolina. In all these acts her people unanimously support her; for they unanimously believe that they owe no further allegiance to the general government of the United States.

But still the question recurs: is South Carolina out of the Union? We say no. There are two parties to the original bargain—the State and the United States; and until the United States shall have recognized the independent nationality of South Carolina, she will not be out of the Union. The federal government may suspend the exercise of its authority and functions, touching the revenue, the United States mails and judicial department in South Carolina, and still she will not be cut off from the Union. She can only be cut off by the recognition of her independence by the United States. Very true, the constitution has made no provision for the coercion of a seceding State; but it is equally true that it makes no provision for the recognition of a seceding State as an independent nation. What, then, is to be done? Are we to have civil War? We hope not. We trust rather that South Carolina may be, de facto, restored to the Union, as she still remains, de jure, in the
Union; and yet we fear that all may be lost unless the President-Elect [Lincoln] shall at once interpose in behalf of peace.

Peace is now the first necessity, and Congress may keep the peace by recognizing temporarily the seceding State of States in that attitude of semi-nationality which Congress has the constitutional authority to confer. Thus secession may be left to a fair trial without provoking a warlike collision, and when the secessionists are tired of their experiment they will come back into the family circle of the Union of their own accord.

1 de facto: in fact, whether or not by right or law
2 de jure: by right or law

“Is South Carolina Out of the Union?” in the public domain.

Excerpt from Declaration of the Immediate Causes Which Induce and Justify the Secession of South Carolina

Excerpt from Declaration of the Immediate Causes Which Induce and Justify the Secession of South Carolina from the Federal Union

Excerpt from “Declaration of the Immediate Causes Which Induce and Justify the Secession of South Carolina from the Federal Union” by C.G. Memminger

The sharp tension between the North and South came to a climax soon after the 1860 election of President Abraham Lincoln. In “Declaration of the Immediate Causes Which Induce and Justify the Secession of South Carolina from the Federal Union” C. G. Memminger, who later became the Confederate States of America’s Secretary of the Treasury, details the reasoning behind South Carolina’s move to leave the Union in December 1860. Within six weeks, six other states in the South had followed South Carolina’s lead and seceded from the United States.

[In 1852] the people of the State of South Carolina declared that the frequent violations of the constitution of the United States by the federal government, and its encroachments upon the reserved rights of the states, fully justified this state ... withdrawing from the Federal Union. [B]ut in
deference to the opinions and wishes of the other slaveholding states, she forebore at that time to exercise this right. Since that time, these encroachments have continued to increase, and further forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

And now the State of South Carolina having resumed her separate and equal place among nations, deems it due to herself, to the remaining United States of America, and to the nations of the world, that she should declare the immediate causes which have led to this act.

In the year 1765 ... Great Britain undertook to make laws for the government of that portion composed of the thirteen American colonies. A struggle for the right of self-government ensued, which resulted on the 4th of July, 1776, in a declaration by the colonies, “that they are, and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES: and that as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do.”

They further solemnly declared that whenever any “form of government becomes destructive of the ends for which it was established, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government.” Deeming the government of Great Britain to have become destructive of these ends, they declared that the colonies “are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be totally dissolved.”

In pursuance of this Declaration of independence, each of the thirteen states proceeded to exercise its separate sovereignty, adopted for itself a constitution, and appointed officers for the administration of government in all its departments—legislative, executive and judicial. For purposes of defense, they united their arms ... [I]n 1778 they entered into a league known as the articles of confederation, whereby they agreed to entrust the administration of their external relations to a common agent, known as the Congress of the United States ...

Under this confederation the war of the revolution was carried on, and on the 3d September, 1783, the contest ended, and a definitive treaty was signed by Great Britain, in which she acknowledged the independence of the colonies in the following terms:

“Article I.—His Britanic Majesty acknowledges the said United States, viz: New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, to be FREE,
SOVEREIGN AND INDEPENDENT STATES; that he treats with them as such; and for himself, his heirs and successors, relinquishes all claims to the government, proprietary and territorial rights of the same and every part thereof.”

Thus were established the two great principles asserted by the colonies, namely: the right of a state to govern itself; and the right of a people to abolish a government when it becomes destructive of the ends for which it was instituted. And concurrent with the establishment of these principles, was the fact that each colony became, and was recognized by the mother country as a FREE, SOVEREIGN AND INDEPENDENT STATE ...

We hold that the government thus established is subject to the two great principles asserted in the Declaration of Independence … [W]e hold further, that the mode of its formation subjects it to a third fundamental principle namely: the law of compact. We maintain that in every compact between two or more parties the obligation is mutual; that the failure of one of the contracting parties to perform a material part of the agreement, entirely releases the obligations of the other; and that where no arbiter is provided, each party is remitted to his own judgment to determine the fact of failure, with all its consequences.

In the present case, the fact is established with certainty. We assert that fourteen of the states have deliberately refused for years past, to fulfill their constitutional obligations ...

For twenty-five years this agitation has been steadily increasing, until it has now secured to its aid the power of the common government. Observing the forms of the constitution, a sectional party has found within that article establishing the executive department the means of subverting the constitution itself. A geographical line has been drawn across the Union, and all the states north of that line have united in the election of a man to the high office of President of the United States, whose opinions and purposes are hostile to slavery. He is to be entrusted with the administration of the common government, because he has declared that that “government cannot endure permanently half slave, half free,” and that the public mind must rest in the belief that slavery is in the course of ultimate extinction ...

We, therefore, the people of South Carolina ... have solemnly declared that the union heretofore existing between this state and the other states of North America, is dissolved, and that the State of South Carolina has resumed her position among the nations of the world, as a separate and independent state, with full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which
23. Which statement would the authors of “Declaration of the Immediate Causes Which Induce and Justify the Secession of South Carolina from the Federal Union” and “Is South Carolina Out of the Union?” most likely have agreed with?

A. The Union should avoid making laws that the states are required to follow.

B. Only an independent nation has the power to control foreign relations and trade.

C. A state has the power to decide for itself whether it wants to be a member of the Union.

D. The recognition of a state’s independence must be mutual between the state and the Union.

24. In his “Declaration of the Immediate Causes Which Induce and Justify the Secession of South Carolina from the Federal Union,” Memminger quoted from the treaty that granted independence to the United States. In capital letters, he wrote that the former colonies became “FREE, SOVEREIGN AND INDEPENDENT STATES.” Write a paragraph response explaining why this concept was important to Memminger's argument that South Carolina was justified in its secession. Use details from the passage to support your answer.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from "Energy and the National Goals: A Crisis of Confidence"

by Jimmy Carter

On July 15, 1976, President Jimmy Carter addressed the nation regarding its dependence on foreign oil resources in his speech “Energy and the National Goals: A Crisis of Confidence.” The following excerpt is from his address.

As you know, there is a growing disrespect for government and for churches and for schools, the news media, and other institutions. This is not a message of happiness or reassurance, but it is the truth and it is a warning.

These changes did not happen overnight. They’ve come upon us gradually over the last generation, years that were filled with shocks and tragedy.

We were sure that ours was a nation of the ballot, not the bullet, until the murders of John Kennedy and Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. We were taught that our armies were always invincible and our causes were always just, only to suffer the agony of Vietnam. We respected the Presidency as a place of honor until the shock of Watergate.

We remember when the phrase “sound as a dollar” was an expression of absolute dependability, until ten years of inflation began to shrink our dollar and our savings. We believed that our nation’s resources were limitless until 1973 when we had to face a growing dependence on foreign oil.

These wounds are still very deep. They have never been healed.

Looking for a way out of this crisis, our people have turned to the Federal Government and found it isolated from the mainstream of our nation’s life. Washington, D.C., has become an island. The gap between our citizens and our government has never been so wide. The people are looking for honest answers, not easy answers; clear leadership, not false claims and evasiveness and politics as usual.

What you see too often in Washington and elsewhere around the country is a
system of government that seems incapable of action. You see a Congress twisted and pulled in every direction by hundreds of well-financed and powerful special interests.

You see every extreme position defended to the last vote, almost to the last breath by one unyielding group or another. You often see a balanced and a fair approach that demands sacrifice, a little sacrifice from everyone, abandoned like an orphan without support and without friends.

Often you see paralysis and stagnation and drift. You don’t like it, and neither do I. What can we do?

First of all, we must face the truth, and then we can change our course. We simply must have faith in each other, faith in our ability to govern ourselves, and faith in the future of this nation. Restoring that faith and that confidence to America is now the most important task we face. It is a true challenge of this generation of Americans.

One of the visitors to Camp David last week put it this way: “We’ve got to stop crying and start sweating, stop talking and start walking, stop cursing and start praying. The strength we need will not come from the White House, but from every house in America.”

We know the strength of America. We are strong. We can regain our unity. We can regain our confidence. We are the heirs of generations who survived threats much more powerful and awesome than those that challenge us now. Our fathers and mothers were strong men and women who shaped a new society during the Great Depression, who fought world wars and who carved out a new charter of peace for the world.

We ourselves are the same Americans who just ten years ago put a man on the moon. We are the generation that dedicated our society to the pursuit of human rights and equality. And we are the generation that will win the war on the energy problem and in that process, rebuild the unity and confidence of America.

We are at a turning point in our history. There are two paths to choose. One is a path I’ve warned about tonight, the path that leads to fragmentation and self-interest. Down that road lies a mistaken idea of freedom, the right to grasp for ourselves some advantage over others. That path would be one of constant conflict between narrow interests ending in chaos and immobility. It is a certain route to failure.

All the traditions of our past, all the lessons of our heritage, all the promises of our future point to another path—the path of common purpose and the
restoration of American values. That path leads to true freedom for our nation and ourselves. We can take the first steps down that path as we begin to solve our energy problem.

Energy will be the immediate test of our ability to unite this nation, and it can also be the standard around which we rally. On the battlefield of energy we can win for our nation a new confidence, and we can seize control again of our common destiny.

In little more than two decades we’ve gone from a position of energy independence to one in which almost half the oil we use comes from foreign countries, at prices that are going through the roof. Our excessive dependence on OPEC has already taken a tremendous toll on our economy and our people. This is the direct cause of the long lines which have made millions of you spend aggravating hours waiting for gasoline. It’s a cause of the increased inflation and unemployment that we now face. This intolerable dependence on foreign oil threatens our economic independence and the very security of our nation.

The energy crisis is real. It is worldwide. It is a clear and present danger to our nation. These are facts and we simply must face them.

So, the solution of our energy crisis can also help us to conquer the crisis of the spirit in our country. It can rekindle our sense of unity, our confidence in the future, and give our nation and all of us individually a new sense of purpose.

You know we can do it. We have the natural resources. We have more oil in our shale alone than several Saudi Arabias. We have more coal than any nation on earth. We have the world’s highest level of technology. We have the most skilled work force, with innovative genius, and I firmly believe that we have the national will to win this war.

I do not promise you that this struggle for freedom will be easy. I do not promise a quick way out of our nation’s problems, when the truth is that the only way out is an all-out effort. What I do promise you is that I will lead our fight, and I will enforce fairness in our struggle, and I will ensure honesty. And above all, I will act.

We can manage the short-term shortages more effectively, and we will; but there are no short-term solutions to our long-range problems. There is simply no way to avoid sacrifice.

Twelve hours from now I will speak again in Kansas City, to expand and to explain further our energy program. Just as the search for solutions to our energy shortages has now led us to a new awareness of our nation’s deeper
problems, so our willingness to work for those solutions in energy can strengthen us to attack those deeper problems.

I will continue to travel this country, to hear the people of America. You can help me to develop a national agenda for the 1980s. I will listen; and I will act. We will act together.


25. Which excerpt from “Energy and the National Goals: A Crisis of Confidence” identifies a cause of Americans’ loss of faith in government at the time of Carter’s presidency?

A. “We respected the Presidency as a place of honor until the shock of Watergate.”

B. “We ourselves are the same Americans who just ten years ago put a man on the moon.”

C. “We simply must have faith in each other, faith in our ability to govern ourselves, and faith in the future of this nation.”

D. “We are the heirs of generations who survived threats much more powerful and awesome than those that challenge us now.”

26. Which statement best describes the connections that President Carter implied between the Vietnam War, the moon landing, and the energy crisis?

A. The Vietnam War was a great defeat, but the moon landing was a great victory. Winning “the war on the energy problem” was an opportunity for Americans to achieve victory again.
B. The United States lost the Vietnam War, but the United States also put a man on the moon. The "war on the energy problem" was more similar to the moon landing than to the Vietnam War.

C. The Vietnam War demonstrated poor decisions by Congress, but the moon landing demonstrated good decisions by the President. To solve the energy crisis, the President needed more power than Congress.

D. The United States became involved in the Vietnam War due to unfortunate decisions by the Congress and the President, but the moon landing was the result of sound decisions. The energy crisis was evidence of more bad decisions.
Rapa Nui is a remote island in the South Pacific. In fact, Rapa Nui is the most isolated settlement on Earth. A special territory of Chile, a country in South America, Rapa Nui is located 2,360 miles from the capital city of Santiago. The nearest inhabited land, Pitcairn Island, is 1,200 miles away, and only about 60 people live there!

The oldest name for Rapa Nui, given by the Polynesian people who settled the island, is Te Pito Te-Henua. This name has been translated into English as "The Navel of the World," or, less poetically, "Land's End." According to oral tradition, this name was bestowed upon the island 1,500 years ago by a Polynesian chief named The Great Parent who arrived in a double canoe with his wife and family, having navigated their way using the stars, the movement of the waves, and the flight of birds.

The modern Polynesian name for the island is Rapa Nui, taken from the name Rapanui, which refers to the people of the island and their language. Rapa Nui is commonly referred to as Easter Island, named by a Dutch admiral whose ship stopped in Rapa Nui on Easter Sunday in 1722. It is interesting that such an isolated piece of land can have a plethora of different names. Yet despite being so far from other human settlements, Rapa Nui has had a rich culture, along with some interesting mysteries connected to the island.

One of the mysteries of the island lies within a simple vegetable: the sweet potato. The sweet potato is one of the plants found on Rapa Nui. This would not be so unusual but for the fact that scientists have found that the orange potato likely originated in Peru, or perhaps Central America or Mexico. In contrast, the Rapanui people were not of these origins but were biologically, linguistically, and culturally Polynesian. Did Peruvians or Central Americans come to Rapa Nui bearing the vegetable? Did the Rapanui sail to Peru or beyond, and bring the potato back home with them? No one knows.

Another mystery of the island is its unique writing system. Knowledge of this language comes from a European transcription from the 1870s of creation...
stories, and from the meager remains of wood inscriptions that are being used to study the script. These curious wooden tablets are contained mostly in museums, and not one genuine script artifact remains on the island. Attempts at deciphering the enigmatic script are as-of-yet unsuccessful.

Another "mysterious" feature of Rapa Nui is its apparent absence of trees on the island. In actuality, there is a very concrete explanation for the dearth of trees: overuse of the land. Wood was used to construct canoes and tools for moving objects. Wood was also used for the building of fires for warmth and cooking. This overreliance on the wood led to deforestation. When Captain Cook arrived on Rapa Nui, he noted that there were no trees over ten feet tall. Cook's Tahitian translator responded with this remark about Rapa Nui: "Bad land, good people." But it was not so much bad land as fragile, overused land. Some scientists hold that there were probably around 3,000–5,000 people on Rapa Nui at its most populated, far more than the island could healthily accommodate.

Perhaps the greatest and most intriguing mystery of Rapa Nui lies in its "heads." These "heads," called moai, are a group of around 900 huge stone megaliths. These statues of tall heads with emotionless faces tower over the landscape and create an atmosphere of brooding mystique. The huge stones were extracted and sculpted in place and then somehow moved to various places around the island. Rapanui legends surrounding the moai tell of chiefs and priests and others with divine power who could command the statues to walk to their places.

Today, Rapa Nui art, culture, and tourism are flourishing. The history and mysterious intrigue of Rapa Nui continue to draw visitors to this beautiful island paradise. But the island is very fragile. Its history of deforestation should remind us that these culturally rich treasures of our planet should be protected and nurtured.

"A Fragile Island Paradise" property of the Florida Department of Education.

27. Which excerpt from "A Fragile Island Paradise" provides evidence that explains one of the island’s mysteries?

A. “This would not be so unusual but for the fact that scientists have found that the orange potato likely originated in Peru, or perhaps Central America or Mexico.”
B. “Knowledge of this language comes from a European transcription from the 1870s of creation stories, and from the meager remains of wood inscriptions that are being used to study the script.”

C. “This overreliance on the wood led to deforestation.”

D. “These “heads,” called moai, are a group of around 900 huge stone megaliths.”

28. The author of “A Fragile Island Paradise” states, “Rapa Nui has had a rich culture.” Which excerpt from the article best supports this claim?

A. “According to oral tradition, this name was bestowed upon the island 1,500 years ago by a Polynesian chief named The Great Parent....”

B. “The modern Polynesian name for the island is Rapa Nui, taken from the name Rapanui, which refers to the people of the island and their language.”

C. “Rapanui legends surrounding the moai tell of chiefs and priests and others with divine power who could command the statues to walk to their places.”

D. “The history and mysterious intrigue of Rapa Nui continue to draw visitors to this beautiful island paradise.”
Read the following and answer the questions below:

**Statues of Land's End**

Rapa Nui is often referred to as Easter Island, and most people have seen some image based on the huge stone statues, or *moai*, often referred to as "heads." Maybe you have seen a version of these monumental heads in cartoons or in other art.

Rapa Nui was named Easter Island by a Dutch admiral when his ship stopped in Rapa Nui on Easter Sunday in 1722.

The oldest name for the island, given by the Polynesian people who settled the island, is Te Pito Te-Henua. This name has been translated into English as "The Navel of the World," or, less poetically, "Land’s End." According to oral tradition, this name was bestowed upon the island 1,500 years ago by a Polynesian chief named The Great Parent, who arrived in a double canoe with his wife and family. The modern Polynesian name is Rapa Nui, taken from the name Rapanui, which refers to the people and their language.

Rapa Nui is the most isolated settled place on Earth. Currently a special territory of Chile, Rapa Nui is 2,360 miles from Santiago, the capital of Chile. The nearest inhabited land, Pitcairn Island, is 1,200 miles away, and only about 60 people live there!

Despite being so far away from other human settlements, Rapa Nui has had a rich culture. The great huge stone statues were quarried and sculpted in place and then somehow moved, all 900 or so of them, to various places around the island. These mighty megaliths tower over the landscape and create an atmosphere of brooding mystery. Rapanui legends tell of chiefs and priests and other people with divine power who could command the statues to walk to their places.

Research has shown that the statues were somehow sculpted and moved using stone, wood, rope, and human power. Several researchers have tried to move the statues, using materials that were available to the original Rapanui stoneworkers. These teams have been successful, but so far none have duplicated the feat of the artists who came before the Europeans, the
engineers, and the workers of Rapa Nui.

A recent effort to erect a concrete statue used methods that would have been available to the Rapanui. The archaeologist who led a team of Rapanui said that the experience helped her see the purposes that arose in the process of sculpting and erecting the statues, including the display of power of various chiefs, the creation of ties of pride among the families and chieftains, and the stories that would be told and retold about "our statues." The Rapanui involved in this project named their statues tangataanga, which means "people working."

Recent archaeological work has revealed that all of the heads have bodies.

29. According to “A Fragile Island Paradise,” “Rapa Nui has had a rich culture, along with some interesting mysteries connected to the island.” After reading both “A Fragile Island Paradise” and “Statues of Land’s End,” write one to two paragraphs explaining how Rapa Nui has earned a reputation for being mysterious. Cite evidence from both passages to support your response.
30. Which sentence from “A Fragile Island Paradise” explains the origin of the island’s official English name?

A. “The oldest name for Rapa Nui, given by the Polynesian people who settled the island, is Te Pito Te-Henua.”

B. “This name has been translated into English as ‘The Navel of the World,’ or, less poetically, ‘Land’s End.’”

C. “The modern Polynesian name for the island is Rapa Nui, taken from the name Rapanui, which refers to the people of the island and their language.”

D. “Rapa Nui is commonly referred to as Easter Island, named by a Dutch admiral whose ship stopped in Rapa Nui on Easter Sunday in 1722.”
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Address at the Opening Ceremonies of the Brooklyn Bridge

Excerpt from Address at the Opening Ceremonies of the Brooklyn Bridge

_**Address at the Opening Ceremonies of the Brooklyn Bridge**_
by Seth Low

The Brooklyn Bridge was completed in 1883, providing a way to travel easily from Manhattan to Brooklyn. The bridge had been designed by John Augustus Roebling, who died as a result of an accident during construction. Seth Low, mayor of Brooklyn, gave this “Address at the Opening Ceremonies of the Brooklyn Bridge” on May 24, 1883.

Gentlemen of the Trustees—With profound satisfaction, on behalf of the City of Brooklyn, I accept the completed Bridge. Fourteen times the earth has made its great march through the heavens since the work began. The vicissitudes of fourteen years have tried the courage and the faith of engineers and of people. At last we all rejoice in the signal triumph. The beautiful and stately structure fulfills the fondest hope. It will be a source of pleasure to-day to every citizen that no other name is associated with the end than that which has directed the work from the beginning—the name of Roebling. With all my heart I give to him who bears it now the city’s acknowledgment and thanks.

Fourteen years ago a city of 400,000 people on this side of the river heard of a projected suspension bridge with incredulity. The span was so long, the height so great, and the enterprise likely to be so costly, that few thought of it as something begun in earnest. The irresistible demands of commerce enforced these hard conditions. But Science said, “It is possible,” and Courage said, “It shall be!” To-day a city of 600,000 people welcomes with enthusiasm the wonderful creation of genius. Graceful, and yet majestic, it clings to the land like a thing that has taken root. Beautiful as a vision of fairyland it salutes our sight. The impression it makes upon the visitor is one of astonishment, an astonishment that grows with every visit. No one who has been upon it can ever forget it. This great structure cannot be confined
to the limits of local pride. The glory of it belongs to the race. Not one shall see it and not feel prouder to be a man.

And yet it is distinctly an American triumph. American genius designed it, American skill built it, and American workshops made it ... And so this Bridge is a wonder of science. But in no less degree it is a triumph of faith. I speak not now of the courage of those who projected it. Except for the faith which removes mountains yonder river could not have been spanned by this Bridge. It is true that the material which has gone into it has been paid for; the labor which has been spent upon it has received its hire. But the money which did these things was not the money of those who own the Bridge. The money was lent to them on the faith that these two great cities would redeem their bond. So have the Alps been tunneled in our day; while the ancient prophecy has been fulfilled that faith should remove mountains. We justify this faith in us as we pay for the Bridge by redeeming the bond ...

Let us recall with kindness at this hour the work of ... that great army of men who have wrought, year in and year out, to execute the great design. Let us give our meed of praise to-day to the humblest workman who has here done his duty well, no less than to the great engineer who told him what to do.

The importance of this Bridge in its far-reaching effects at once entices and baffles the imagination. At either end of the Bridge lies a great city—cities full of vigorous life. The activities and the energies of each flow over into the other. The electric current has conveyed unchecked between the two the interchanging thoughts, but the rapid river has ever bidden halt to the foot of man. It is as though the population of these cities had been brought down to the river-side, year after year, there to be taught patience; and as though, in this Bridge, after these many years, patience had had her perfect work. The ardent merchant, the busy lawyer, the impatient traveler—all, without distinction and without exception—at the river have been told to wait. No one can compute the loss of time ensuing daily from delays at the ferries to the multitudes crossing the stream. And time is not only money—it is opportunity. Brooklyn becomes available, henceforth, as a place of residence to thousands, to whom the ability to reach their places of business without interruption from fog and ice is of paramount importance. To all Brooklyn’s present citizens a distinct boon is given. The certainty of communication with New York afforded by the Bridge is the fundamental benefit it confers. Incident to this is the opportunity it gives for rapid communication.

As the water of the lakes found the salt sea when the Erie Canal was opened, so surely will quick communication seek and find this noble Bridge,
and as the ships have carried hither and thither the products of the mighty West, so shall diverging railroads transport the people swiftly to their homes in the hospitable city of Brooklyn. The Erie Canal is a waterway through the land connecting the great West with the older East. This Bridge is a landway over the water, connecting two cities bearing to each other relations in some respects similar. It is the function of such works to bless “both him that gives and him that takes.” The development of the West has not belittled, but has enlarged New York, and Brooklyn will grow by reason of this Bridge, not at New York’s expense, but to her permanent advantage. The Brooklyn of 1900 can hardly be guessed at from the city of to-day. The hand of Time is a mighty hand. To those who are privileged to live in sight of this noble structure every line of it should be eloquent with inspiration. Courage, enterprise, skill, faith, endurance—these are the qualities which have made the great Bridge, and these are the qualities which will make our city great and our people great. God grant they never may be lacking in our midst ...

1 meed: reward

"Address at the Opening Ceremonies of the Brooklyn Bridge" in the public domain.

31. **Student Directions:**
   In his address, Seth Low made many claims about how the Brooklyn Bridge would benefit New York City. Your task is to first closely read his address and identify these claims. Then, you will conduct research on the bridge to determine if Low’s predictions were realized. Finally, you will write a five-paragraph research paper detailing your findings.

**Part 1:**
Carefully re-read Low’s address, paying particular attention to the claims he makes about the bridge’s future impact on New York City. While reading, look for answers to these questions:

- How would the Brooklyn Bridge affect the economy of New York City?
- How would it improve the lives of people?
- How would it “make New York smaller,” and why was this idea important?

As you read, take notes as you discover answers to the above questions.
Part 2:
Use outside sources to do additional research on the future of the Brooklyn Bridge. Add important details, examples, or other information to respond to these claims made by the mayor. For your research, use at least three reliable sources. Be sure to record publication information for each source, including the title, author, and publication date and location; use proper MLA format, or a format designated by your instructor, to document your sources.

Part 3:
Compile your findings into a brief research paper. Write a rough draft, then revise your draft into a finished response.

Scoring:
Your research paper will be scored based on the following criteria:

- A clear focus on the main topic and questions of the task as well as clear, focused answers to the questions.
- The information in the research paper is supported with evidence from the address and from reliable outside sources.
- The language in the research paper is appropriate for the task and is grammatically correct.

32. Why did Seth Low most likely mention John Augustus Roebling’s contribution in the first paragraph? How does this acknowledgment set the tone and theme for the address? In a one-paragraph response, use details from “Address at the Opening Ceremonies of the Brooklyn Bridge” to support your answer.
Prior to President Richard Nixon’s trip to China in 1972, American presidents had not had diplomatic contact with the country since 1949. In 1984, President Ronald Reagan continued Nixon’s work on diplomacy with China, planning his own visit accompanied by his wife, Nancy. On April 28, 1984, Reagan gave this “Radio Address to the Nation on the Trip to China” to explain the purpose of the visit.

My fellow Americans:

I’m sure you’ve heard that Nancy and I are traveling a long way from home this week. We’ve already flown more than 9,000 miles, stopping off in the beautiful islands of Hawaii to visit the citizens of our 50th State; and then across the International Dateline to Guam, where the rays of each sunrise first touch the Stars and Stripes; and then on to our primary destination, China, one of the world’s oldest civilizations and a country of great importance in today’s Pacific community of nations.

This is our second trip to Asia in the last 6 months. It demonstrates our awareness of America’s responsibility as a Pacific leader in the search for regional security and economic well-being. The stability and prosperity of this region are of crucial importance to the United States. The nations comprising the Pacific Basin represent our fastest growing trading markets. Many say that the 21st century will be the century of the Pacific.

Our relations with China have continued to develop through the last four administrations, ever since President Nixon made his historic journey here in 1972. In 1978 the Chinese leadership decided to chart a new course for their country, permitting more economic freedom for the people in an effort to modernize their economy. Not surprisingly, the results have been positive. Today China’s efforts to modernize, foster the spirit of enterprise, open its doors to the West, and expand areas of mutual cooperation while opposing Soviet aggression make it a nation of increasing importance to America and
to prospects for peace and prosperity in the Pacific.

When Nancy and I arrived in Beijing, we were touched by the friendly hospitality of the Chinese people, and we’ve been delighted to see the sweeping vistas, the bustling activity, and the many hallmarks of history in this great, old city.

In Beijing, narrow residential streets, traditional one-story houses, and treasures like the Forbidden City, a former Imperial Palace, first erected in 1420, are interspersed with modern high-rises and wide avenues. The streets are normally filled with people riding bicycles. All of you who like bikeriding would love Beijing.

From the first moment, our schedule has been fully packed. I’ve already had extensive meetings with the Chinese leaders—President Li, Prime Minister Zhao, General Secretary Hu, and Chairman Deng. I had the honor of addressing a large group of Chinese and American leaders in science and industry in the Great Hall of the People, and I’ve spoken to the people of China over Chinese television.

We’ve also squeezed in some side trips—first, to the magnificent Great Wall, built by the Chinese more than 2,000 years ago to protect their country from outside invaders; and tomorrow, to the ancient city of Xi’an, an archeological treasure considered the cradle of Chinese civilization and located in a fertile plain near the Yellow River.

In all of our meetings and appearances, I’ve stressed one overriding point—different as to our two forms of government—different as they may be, the common interests that bind our two peoples are even greater. Namely, our determination to build a better life and to resist aggressors who violate the rights of law-abiding nations and endanger world peace.

When people have the opportunity to communicate, cooperate, and engage in commerce, they can often produce astonishing results. We’ve already agreed to cooperate more closely in the areas of trade, technology, investment, and exchange of scientific and managerial expertise. And we’ve reached an important agreement on the peaceful uses of nuclear energy for economic development.

Our last stop in China will be Shanghai, a center of culture and commerce. We plan to visit the Shanghai Foxboro Company, where Americans and Chinese are making high technology equipment to help advance China’s industries. And I’ll also visit with the students at Fudan University and speak to them about the meaning of America, the challenges our people face, and the dreams we share.
We can learn much from the rich history of China and from the wisdom and character of her people. And I’ve told the Chinese that Americans are people of peace, filled with the spirit of innovation and a passion for progress to make tomorrow better than today.

Our two nations are poised to take an historic step forward on the path of peaceful cooperation and economic development. I’m confident that our trip will be a significant success, resulting in a stronger U.S.-China relationship than before. For Americans, this will mean more jobs and a better chance for a peaceful world.

Excerpt from “Radio Address to the Nation on the Trip to China” by President Ronald Reagan. April 28, 1984.

33. Which excerpt from “Radio Address to the Nation on the Trip to China” suggests that the Chinese are not as different from Americans as many might think?

A. “In 1978 the Chinese leadership decided to chart a new course for their country, permitting more economic freedom for the people in an effort to modernize their economy.”

B. “The streets are normally filled with people riding bicycles. All of you who like bikeriding would love Beijing.”

C. “When people have the opportunity to communicate, cooperate, and engage in commerce, they can often produce astonishing results.”

D. “We can learn much from the rich history of China and from the wisdom and character of her people.”

34. Which is the most likely reason Reagan balanced his reports of meetings with political and economic leaders with accounts of his sightseeing in “Radio Address to the Nation on the Trip to China”? 
A. to present China as appealing and inviting

B. to make China appear comfortable and familiar

C. to relate to his audience as an ordinary tourist

D. to convince his audience of his interest in culture
Dear Editor:

Thank you for publishing the recent article about trends in American work productivity. I have researched this very topic extensively and would like to provide even more alarming information for your readers.

The more Americans work, the less productive we are. That’s the surprising finding from a review of studies related to Americans and vacation time. And workers in the country that we might think of as the least industrious—France—are actually more productive than their American counterparts.

Americans usually think of themselves as the world’s great workaholics. And it is true that we take less vacation time and work more hours than people in other developed countries. Every other industrialized nation has a national law requiring employers to offer holidays or vacations, but not the United States.

The European Union requires a minimum of 20 paid vacation days a year and some countries offer more, like the French (30 days) and the British (28). In the United States, paid vacation increases with seniority, which means that Americans lucky enough to receive paid vacation would have to stay on a job for 20 years to get as much as Europeans get the day they start work. And on top of that, some countries actually offer younger workers more time off. Germany gives people between one and six days off based on age. Of course, what’s the point of vacation if you can’t spend a buck on fun? In some countries, workers also get holiday pay.

Let’s compare that to our own plight. Of working Americans, 23 percent get no paid vacation or paid holidays, and the average of those who do get some time off is “less than the minimum legal standard set in the rest of the world’s rich economies,” according to the Center for Economic and Policy Research. The Center found that, without a national mandate, employers are free to pick and choose who receives which benefits. Little surprise, then, that people who are paid less, or who work part time or work for smaller...
businesses, are least likely to have bosses who offer paid vacation or holidays. The same is true based on worker education, according to information from the Bureau of Labor Statistics. For high school dropouts, just 34.9 percent report receiving paid vacation. The rate rises to 61.1 percent for workers with a high school diploma and to 71.6 percent for workers with a college degree. Public employees, at 76.1 percent, were more likely to get paid vacation than their private sector counterparts, at 56.8 percent.

You would think that Americans would guard their scarce vacation days and use every single minute, wouldn’t you? You would be wrong, wrong, wrong. A Harris Interactive study found that 57 percent of workers in the 10 largest American cities do not take all of their allotted vacation time. And our workaholic culture actually encourages discrimination against people who take vacation. A 2012 Adecco study showed that almost half of people aged 18–24 only get one week or less of vacation, but many of them, 26 percent, feel judged when they take it. “Though they’re not happy about this, they don’t feel charitable toward colleagues who take time off. Almost half, 45 percent, are jealous of their co-workers who take time off,” the Adecco study reported.

It is as if we are so miserable that we cannot stand anyone who is less miserable than us. The even sadder thing is, working constantly makes us less, not more, productive. According to Derek Thompson’s 2012 article “No-Vacation Nation” in The Atlantic, “anything from a coffee break to a two-week vacation can make us better workers by replenishing our energy and attention and allowing our brains to make new connections that are obscured in the daily time. Even at companies that offer vacation time (the vast majority of them),” Thompson continues, “Americans often do not take advantage. We like working, or at least we are so afraid of not working that we deny ourselves breaks that might, paradoxically, make us more productive in the long term. Are we crazy?”

Yes, and deluded, too. Consider, if you will, the French and their 30 days of vacation a year. On an hour-by-hour basis, they are more productive than we are. A new survey from financial services company UBS shows that people in Paris worked an average of 1,594 hours per year, while in the rest of the surveyed cities around the world they worked 1,902 hours a year. Still, France is ranked 18th in terms of gross domestic product per capita (GDP/capita) but they work 16 percent fewer hours than the average world citizen. France has $36,500 GDP/capita and works 1,453 hours per year, which equates to a GDP/capita/hour of $25.10. Americans have $44,150 GDP/capita but work 1,792 hours a year, thus they only achieve $24.60 of
GDP/capita/hour.

One European who employs several American nationals commented in an online discussion on the topic that Americans work incredibly slowly. “Lots of talk, lots of slow results,” he wrote, describing the productivity of American workers. “Europe can afford its long holidays because we simply get more done.” He called it “presenteeism,” the idea that if your rear end is in the chair, that is all that is required of you.

Sometimes it takes an outsider to hold up a mirror and tell us what we already know. Americans are suffering from the scourge of presenteeism. It is not enough that we show up if all we’re doing is standing around, gossiping and whining about the boss. It might be a good idea to actually get some work done. Our American laziness is costing us the opportunity to take time off, to have lives that we might actually enjoy. Movie director Woody Allen once said that 99 percent of life is showing up, and now Americans behave as if that’s a good thing. What is the best way to eliminate presenteeism and increase productivity at work? Don’t show up. That’s right. Fight for your vacation rights. Take every minute that’s due you and push for more. Push for a national minimum of 30 days of vacation time.

A productive American workforce depends on reducing our hours and increasing our focus. Without radical changes, we risk losing American workers to Europe. As one online commentator wrote, “I’m an American living in Germany for over 20 years now. We get 30 days of vacation a year, and paid holidays also. I got laid off once and was still getting full payment for seven months while the layoff was going through court. I got a ‘good’ settlement and found a new job right after that. I’ll only go back to the U.S.A. for vacation every year and when I retire. I love my country and served it for ten years, but ya gotta raise your family where it’s best.”

Most of us think that best place is America. Are we wrong? Write your congressperson today.

"Vacation and Presenteeism" property of the Florida Department of Education.

35. How does the author of “Vacation and Presenteeism” use rhetoric to convey his purpose?

A. He urges American workers to increase their productivity by using a desperate tone and listing economic consequences.
B. He scolds American workers for their careless attitudes toward their jobs by using multiple examples of their lack of productivity.

C. He claims Europe is a better place to work and raise a family by listing specific details of lives made better because of mandated vacation time.

D. He asks Americans to use their full vacation time and to push for mandated vacations by using statistics to compare and contrast European and American productivity.

36. Which statement supports the development of the central idea in “Vacation and Presenteeism”?

A. Authoritative quotes are provided to support claims about the abstract concept of productivity, which is difficult to measure.

B. Details about American attitudes and productivity are provided to support claims about Americans enjoying their vacation time.

C. Anecdotes of Americans working in Europe are provided to support claims that vacation is strongly related to productivity.

D. French vacation and productivity statistics are provided to support claims that vacation can increase productivity.

37. The article “Vacation and Presenteeism” implies that Americans do not realize how unproductive they are in their jobs. Which detail best supports this inference?
A. “Public employees, at 76.1 percent, were more likely to get paid vacation than their private sector counterparts, at 56.8 percent.”

B. “And our workaholic culture actually encourages discrimination against people who take vacation.”

C. “Americans have $44,150 GDP/capita but work 1,792 hours a year, thus they only achieve $24.60 of GDP/capita/hour.”

D. “‘Europe can afford its long holidays because we simply get more done.’”

38. Which phrase from “Vacation and Presenteeism” indicates an objective point of view?

A. “I have researched this very topic extensively and would like to provide even more alarming information for your readers.”

B. “The European Union requires a minimum of 20 paid vacation days a year and some countries offer more, like the French (30 days) and the British (28).”

C. “Of course, what's the point of vacation if you can’t spend a buck on fun?”

D. “Sometimes it takes an outsider to hold up a mirror and tell us what we already know.”
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from FDR's Fireside Chat 3

Excerpt from FDR's Fireside Chat 3

_Excerpt from Fired Chat 3: On the National Recovery Administration_

speech delivered by Franklin D. Roosevelt July 24, 1933

*Franklin Delano Roosevelt was inaugurated as president of the United States on March 4, 1933 during the Great Depression. It was a time when the country’s economy severely suffered, causing widespread unemployment and decreased spending. As soon as he took office, Roosevelt initiated a program to help the struggling economy. In this radio address, delivered on July 24, 1933, Roosevelt discusses his program.*

I think it will interest you if I set forth the fundamentals of this planning for national recovery; and this I am very certain will make it abundantly clear to you that all of the proposals and all of the legislation since the fourth day of March have not been just a collection of haphazard schemes but rather the orderly component parts of a connected and logical whole . . .

For years the Government had not lived within its income. The immediate task was to bring our regular expenses within our revenues. That has been done . . .

It was a vital necessity to restore purchasing power [for individual citizens] by reducing the debt and interest charges upon our people, but while we were helping people to save their credit it was at the same time absolutely essential to do something about the physical needs of hundreds of thousands who were in dire straits at that very moment. Municipal and State aid were being stretched to the limit. We appropriated half a billion dollars to supplement their efforts and in addition, as you know, we have put 300,000 young men into practical and useful work in our forests and to prevent flood and soil erosion. The wages they earn are going in greater part to the support of the nearly one million people who constitute their families.
In this same classification we can properly place the great public works program running to a total of over Three Billion Dollars—to be used for highways and ships and flood prevention and inland navigation and thousands of self-sustaining state and municipal improvements. Two points should be made clear in the allotting and administration of these projects. [F]irst, we are using the utmost care to choose labor creating quick-acting, useful projects . . . [S]econdly, we are hoping that at least half of the money will come back to the government from projects which will pay for themselves over a period of years.

Thus far I have spoken primarily of the foundation stones—the measures that were necessary to re-establish credit and to head people in the opposite direction by preventing distress and providing as much work as possible through governmental agencies. Now I come to the links which will build us a more lasting prosperity. I have said that we cannot attain that in a nation half boom and half broke. If all of our people have work and fair wages and fair profits, they can buy the products of their neighbors and business is good. But if you take away the wages and the profits of half of them, business is only half as good. It doesn't help much if the fortunate half is very prosperous—the best way is for everybody to be reasonably prosperous.

For many years the two great barriers to a normal prosperity have been low farm prices and the creeping paralysis of unemployment. These factors have cut the purchasing power of the country in half. I promised action. Congress did its part when it passed the farm and the industrial recovery acts. Today we are putting these two acts to work and they will work if people understand their plain objectives.

First, the Farm Act: It is based on the fact that the purchasing power of nearly half our population depends on adequate prices for farm products. We have been producing more of some crops than we consume or can sell in a depressed world market. The cure is not to produce so much. Without our help the farmers cannot get together and cut production, and the Farm Bill gives them a method of bringing their production down to a reasonable level and of obtaining reasonable prices for their crops. I have clearly stated that this method is in a sense experimental, but so far as we have gone we have reason to believe that it will produce good results.

It is obvious that if we can greatly increase the purchasing power of the tens of millions of our people who make a living from farming and the distribution of farm crops, we will greatly increase the consumption of those goods which are turned out by industry.
That brings me to the final step—bringing back industry along sound lines. Last Autumn, on several occasions, I expressed my faith that we can make possible by democratic self-discipline in industry general increases in wages and shortening of hours sufficient to enable industry to pay its own workers enough to let those workers buy and use the things that their labor produces. This can be done only if we permit and encourage cooperative action in industry because it is obvious that without united action a few selfish men in each competitive group will pay starvation wages and insist on long hours of work. Others in that group must either follow suit or close up shop. We have seen the result of action of that kind in the continuing descent into the economic [misery] of the past four years.


39. Which statement made by Roosevelt in “Excerpt from FDR’s Fireside Chat 3” is most easily validated for the American listeners?

A. “...all of the legislation since the fourth day of March have not been just a collection of haphazard schemes but rather the orderly component parts of a connected and logical whole...”

B. “[F]irst, we are using the utmost care to choose labor creating quick-acting, useful projects...”

C. “We have been producing more of some crops than we consume or can sell in a depressed world market.”

D. “This can be done only if we permit and encourage cooperative action in industry because it is obvious that without united action a few
selfish men in each competitive group will pay starvation wages and insist on long hours of work.”

40. Which sentence from “FDR’s Fireside Chat 3” best supports the idea that different sectors of the economy are mutually dependent and interconnected?

A. “We appropriated half a billion dollars to supplement their efforts and in addition, as you know, we have put 300,000 young men into practical and useful work in our forests and to prevent flood and soil erosion.”

B. “Thus far I have spoken primarily of the foundation stones—the measures that were necessary to re-establish credit and to head people in the opposite direction by preventing distress and providing as much work as possible through governmental agencies.”

C. “I promised action. Congress did its part when it passed the farm and the industrial recovery acts. Today we are putting these two acts to work and they will work if people understand their plain objectives.”

D. “It is obvious that if we can greatly increase the purchasing power of the tens of millions of our people who make a living from farming and the distribution of farm crops, we will greatly increase the consumption of those goods which are turned out by industry.”
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Henry V

Excerpt from Henry V

Excerpt from Henry V

*Excerpt from Henry V*

by William Shakespeare

*In Act IV of Shakespeare’s Henry V, King Henry leads his forces to meet the French army in the Battle of Agincourt. Although British forces are greatly outnumbered and dispirited, King Henry encourages his men with an inspiring speech that includes the famous and often-quoted line “We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.”*

**ACT IV, SCENE III**

(The English camp)

(Enter the English host; Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury and Westmoreland.)

GLOSTER: Where is the king?

BEDFORD: The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WESTMORELAND: Of fighting-men they have full three-score thousand.

EXETER: There’s five to one; besides, they all are fresh ...

(Enter King Henry.)

WESTMORELAND: O, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!
KING HENRY V: What’s he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark’d to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God’s will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz,² wish not a man from England:
God’s peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man’s company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call’d the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is nam’d,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say ‘To-morrow is Saint Crispian:’
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.
And say ‘These wounds I had on Crispin’s day.’
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he’ll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words, -
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, -
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember’d.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne’er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember’d; -
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne’er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin’s day.³

1 yearns: grieves
2 coz: cousin
3 Saint Crispin’s day: feast day of twins Saint Crispin and Saint Crispinian, martyrs

Excerpt from play “Henry V,” by William Shakespeare. Published by B. Tauchnitz, 1868.

41. Which statement summarizes King Henry’s message in “Excerpt from Henry V”?

A. A soldier who fights bravely and survives against tremendous odds will enjoy honor while he lives and be remembered forever.

B. A soldier who loses heart should be disqualified from fighting with those who are courageous in the face of daunting challenges.

C. A soldier who commits youthful deeds of bravery will have happy memories and opportunities to boast in later life.

D. A soldier who follows his leader into battle will earn a share of all the rewards of victory.

42. What ideas about masculinity and war does Henry’s speech convey to the soldiers? Write one paragraph, using details from “Excerpt from Henry V” to support your answer.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

George Frederick Handel

Born the same year as Johann Sebastian Bach in 1685, another German-born musical prodigy, George Frederick Handel, is best remembered for his operas, oratorios, anthems, and organ concertos.

Chapter III

While little Sebastian Bach was laboriously copying out music by pale moonlight, because of his great love for it, another child of the same age was finding the greatest happiness of his life seated before an old spinet, standing in a lumber garret. He was trying to make music from those half dumb keys. No one had taught him how to play; it was innate genius that guided his little hands to find the right harmonies and bring melody out of the old spinet.

The boy's name was George Frederick Handel, and he was born in the German town of Halle, February 23, 1685. Almost from infancy he showed a remarkable fondness for music. His toys must be able to produce musical sounds or he did not care for them. The child did not inherit a love for music from his father, for Dr. Handel, who was a surgeon, looked on music with contempt, as something beneath the notice of a gentleman. He had decided his son was to be a lawyer, and refused to allow him to attend school for fear some one might teach him his notes. The mother was a sweet gentle woman, a second wife, and much younger than her husband, who seemed to have ruled his household with a rod of iron.

When little George was about five, a kind friend, who knew how he longed to make music, had a spinet sent to him unbeknown to his father, and placed in a corner of the old garret. Here the child loved to come when he could
escape notice. Often at night, when all were asleep, he would steal away to the garret and work at the spinet, mastering difficulties one by one. The strings of the instrument had been wound with cloth to deaden the sound, and thus made only a tiny tinkle.

After this secret practising had been going on for some time, it was discovered one night, when little George was enjoying his favorite pastime. He had been missed and the whole house went in search. Finally the father, holding high the lantern in his hand and followed by mother and the rest of the inmates, reached the garret, and there found the lost child seated at his beloved spinet, quite lost to the material world. There is no record of any angry outburst on the father's part and it is likely little George was left in peace.

One day when the boy was seven years old, the father was about to start for the castle of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, to see his son, a stepbrother of George, who was a *valet de chambre* to the Duke. Little George begged to go too, for he knew there was music to be heard at the castle. In spite of his father's refusal he made up his mind to go if he had to run every step of the way. So watching his chance, he started to run after the coach in which his father rode. The child had no idea it was a distance of forty miles. He strove bravely to keep pace with the horses, but the roads were rough and muddy. His strength beginning to fail, he called out to the coachman to stop. His father, hearing the boy's voice looked out of the window. Instead of scolding the little scamp roundly, he was touched by his woebegone appearance, had him lifted into the coach and carried on to Weissenfels.

George enjoyed himself hugely at the castle. The musicians were very kind to him, and his delight could hardly be restrained when he was allowed to try the beautiful organ in the chapel. The organist stood behind him and arranged the stops, and the child put his fingers on the keys that made the big pipes speak. During his stay, George had several chances to play; one was on a Sunday at the close of the service. The organist lifted him upon the bench and bade him play. Instead of the Duke and all his people leaving the chapel, they stayed to listen. When the music ceased the Duke asked: "Who is that child? Does anybody know his name?" The organist was sent for, and then little George was brought. The Duke patted him on the head, praised his playing and said he was sure to become a good musician. The organist then remarked he had heard the father disapproved of his musical studies. The Duke was greatly astonished. He sent for the father and after speaking highly of the boy's talent, said that to place any obstacle in the child's way would be unworthy of the father's honorable profession.
And so it was settled that George Frederick should devote himself to music. Frederick Zachau, organist of the cathedral at Halle, was the teacher chosen to instruct the boy on the organ, harpsichord and violin. He also taught him composition, and showed him how different countries and composers differed in their ideas of musical style. Very soon the boy was composing the regular weekly service for the church, besides playing the organ whenever Zachau happened to be absent. At that time the boy could not have been more than eight years old.

[George Frederick Handel became the most internationally famous musician during his lifetime and is known today as one of the greatest composers of all time.]

1 garret: a small, unfinished attic

George Frederick Handel in the public domain.

43. Write one paragraph explaining why the author of “George Frederick Handel” chose to use the third-person point of view in the passage, and describe how the use of alliteration develops the theme.

44. Based on information in the passage “George Frederick Handel,” which factor contributed most to Handel’s success?

   A. his natural talent

   B. his musical instruction

   C. his disapproving father
D. his secret hiding place

45. Which sentence best summarizes the passage?

A. A child reveals his genius.

B. A child grows into a musician.

C. A father’s sternness diminishes.

D. A father’s actions provide opportunities.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

**An Idyl of the Honey-Bee**

“An Idyl of the Honey-Bee”
*Excerpt from The Oxford Book of American Essays*
by John Burroughs

**John Burroughs (1837–1921) wrote essays primarily concerned with the natural world. His work influenced many who would later go on to champion environmental protection.**

There is no creature with which man has surrounded himself that seems so much like a product of civilization, so much like the result of development on special lines and in special fields, as the honey-bee. Indeed, a colony of bees, with their neatness and love of order, their division of labor, their public-spiritedness, their thrift, their complex economies, and their inordinate love of gain, seems as far removed from a condition of rude nature as does a walled city or a cathedral town.

The honey-bee’s great ambition is to be rich, to lay up great stores, to possess the sweet of every flower that blooms. She is more than provident. Enough will not satisfy her; she must have all she can get by hook or by crook. She comes from the oldest country, Asia, and thrives best in the most fertile and long-settled lands.

Yet the fact remains that the honey-bee is essentially a wild creature, and never has been and cannot be thoroughly domesticated. Its proper home is the woods, and thither every new swarm counts on going; and thither many do go in spite of the care and watchfulness of the bee-keeper. If the woods in any given locality are deficient in trees with suitable cavities, the bees resort to all sorts of make-shifts; they go into chimneys, into barns and outhouses, under stones, into rocks, and so forth. Several chimneys in my locality with disused flues are taken possession of by colonies of bees nearly every season.

One day, while bee-hunting, I developed a line that went toward a farmhouse where I had reason to believe no bees were kept. I followed it up
and questioned the farmer about his bees. He said he kept no bees, but that a swarm had taken possession of his chimney, and another had gone under the clapboards in the gable end of his house. He had taken a large lot of honey out of both places the year before. Another farmer told me that one day his family had seen a number of bees examining a knothole in the side of his house; the next day, as they were sitting down to dinner, their attention was attracted by a loud humming noise, when they discovered a swarm of bees settling upon the side of the house and pouring into the knothole. In subsequent years other swarms came to the same place.

Apparently every swarm of bees, before it leaves the parent hive, sends out exploring parties to look up the future home. The woods and groves are searched through and through, and no doubt the privacy of many a squirrel and many a wood-mouse is intruded upon. What cozy nooks and retreats they do spy out, so much more attractive than the painted hive in the garden, so much cooler in summer and so much warmer in winter!

The bee is in the main an honest citizen: she prefers legitimate to illegitimate business; she is never an outlaw until her proper sources of supply fail; she will not touch honey as long as honey yielding flowers can be found; she always prefers to go to the fountain-head, and dislikes to take her sweets at second hand. But in the fall, after the flowers have failed, she can be tempted. The bee-hunter takes advantage of this fact; he betrays her with a little honey. He wants to steal her stores, and he first encourages her to steal his, then follows the thief home with her booty.

This is the whole trick of the bee-hunter. The bees never suspect his game, else by taking a circuitous route they could easily baffle him. But the honey-bee has absolutely no wit or cunning outside of her special gifts as a gatherer and storer of honey. She is a simple-minded creature, and can be imposed upon by any novice. Yet it is not every novice that can find a bee-tree. The sportsman may track his game to its retreat by the aid of his dog, but in hunting the honey-bee one must be his own dog, and track his game through an element in which it leaves no trail. It is a task for a sharp, quick eye, and may test the resources of the best woodcraft.

1 **Idyl**: a literary work, either poetry or prose, that describes a pleasant scene or situation

"An Idyl of the Honey-Bee" in the public domain.

46. In “An Idyl of the Honey-Bee,” Burroughs conveys an abundance of information about honey-bees. Which method of development does he use in the passage to introduce and to conclude his ideas about bees?
A. an explanation of the limitations of honey-bees

B. a narration of personal experiences with honey-bees

C. a personified description of the behavior of honey-bees

D. an extended definition of resourcefulness in swarms of honey-bees
Read the following and answer the questions below:

The Brooklyn Bridge

The Brooklyn Bridge

American poet Edna Dean Proctor was born in 1827 in New Hampshire. Her poems often describe locations along the east coast of the United States. This poem—"The Brooklyn Bridge"—was published in Proctor’s 1890 collection entitled Poems.

A Granite cliff on either shore,
A highway poised in air;
Above, the wheels of traffic roar,
Below, the fleets sail fair;—
(5)And in and out forevermore,
The surging tides of ocean pour,
And past the towers the white gulls soar,
And winds the sea-clouds bear.

O peerless this majestic street,
(10)This road that leaps the brine!
Upon its heights twin cities meet,
And throng its grand incline,—
To east, to west, with swiftest feet,
Though ice may crash and billows beat,
(15)Though blinding fogs the wave may greet
Or golden summer shine.

Sail up the Bay with morning’s beam,
Or rocky Hellgate by,—
Its columns rise, its cables gleam,
(20)Great tents athwart the sky!
And lone it looms, august, supreme,
When, with the splendor of a dream,
Its blazing cressets⁴ gild the stream
Till evening shadows fly.
(25) By Nile stand proud the pyramids,  
But they were for the dead;  
The awful gloom that joy forbids,  
The mourners’ silent tread,  
The crypt, the coffin’s stony lids,—  
(30) Sad as a soul the maze that thrids\textsuperscript{2}  
Of dark Amenti,\textsuperscript{3} ere it rids  
Its way of judgment dread.

This glorious arch, these climbing towers,  
Are all for life and cheer!  
(35) Part of the New World’s nobler dowers;\textsuperscript{4}  
Hint of millennial year  
That comes apace, though evil lowers,—  
When loftier aims and larger powers  
Will mould and deck this earth of ours,  
(40) And heaven at length bring near!

Unmoved its cliffs shall crown the shore;  
Its arch the chasm dare;  
Its network hang, the blue before,  
As gossamer in air;  
(45) While in and out forevermore,  
The surging tides of ocean pour,  
And past its towers the white gulls soar  
And winds the sea-clouds bear!

\textsuperscript{1} cressets: metal containers filled with oil, lit, and used as torches or lanterns  
\textsuperscript{2} thrids: finds a course through  
\textsuperscript{3} Amenti: in the religion of Ancient Egypt, the entrance to the land of the dead; also the Egyptian goddess who greeted the dead at this entrance  
\textsuperscript{4} dowers: the inheritances of widows

“The Brooklyn Bridge” in the public domain.

47. **Point Value:** 6 points

**Suggested Time:**

- Part 1: One 45 minute class period
• Part 2: One or two 45 minute class periods

**Task Overview:**
Students will examine the poem “The Brooklyn Bridge” by Edna Dean Proctor and make notes about the structure of the poem. They will then compose their own poem with a similar structure.

**Student Directions:**
In her poem “The Brooklyn Bridge,” Edna Dean Proctor makes a powerful statement through verse about New York’s largest bridge. Examine her poem, paying careful attention to how she uses structure to convey ideas. Then, write your own poem on a similar subject that follows a structure resembling Proctor’s.

**Part 1:**
Examine and analyze Proctor’s poem. You may need to read it several times, each time looking for different details. As you read, take notes on what you discover. Look for answers to these questions:

• What events occur in the poem?
• What aspects of the bridge does the poet highlight?
• What is the mood and purpose of the poem?
• How do strategies such as rhyme, line length, and the use of metaphor help capture that purpose and mood?

**Part 2:**
After carefully examining Proctor’s poem, write your own poem that follows the same structure as hers. Choose a topic that lends itself to the format, and write at least six eight-line verses. After you have finished writing, revise your poem as needed. You may find it helpful to ask a classmate for their advice on how your poem could be improved.

**Scoring:**
Your poem will be scored based on the following criteria:

• It demonstrates an understanding of the poem’s format and structural techniques.
• It uses language that is appropriate for the task and is grammatically
correct.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Why Social Security?

A 32-page Social Security Board booklet, “Why Social Security?” was published in 1937 as part of the Board’s efforts to explain to the American public the rationale underlying the new Social Security program. The section entitled “The Social Security Act of 1935” appears below.

The Social Security Act of 1935 ... consolidates our past experience in meeting insecurity. It also sets up a bulwark against some of the newer kinds of insecurity that threaten large numbers of us in this twentieth century.

Several parts of the Social Security Act deal with groups of people whose troubles we have recognized for many years. These provisions consider the people who are too young or too old to earn or are physically handicapped. The act authorizes Federal grants-in-aid to enable the States to broaden and extend regular allowances for needy mothers, the needy blind, and the needy aged. It authorizes grants-in-aid for State services for child welfare, for crippled children, and for physically handicapped people who can be helped to work again ...

These sections of the Social Security Act draw on our national resources to help all States to do better what most or all have undertaken in some way and to some degree. They give a way to put into effect the best measures we have been able to devise for helping people who are unable to help themselves.

Other provisions of the Social Security Act recognize the risks of sickness—risks which affect all of us, young and old, rich and poor. The act authorizes Federal grants-in-aid to help States to give service for the health of mothers and children and to strengthen and extend public-health services. It authorizes funds for the study of national and interstate health problems ...
Finally, two provisions deal with insecurity in earning...

Under one of these provisions, the Social Security Act sets up a framework to protect the States which wish to enact laws for unemployment compensation. Federal funds are authorized to help a State to do this by meeting the costs of administration...

The act thus helps States to find ways in which workers and employers can steady livelihood. It also provides ways to build up the livelihood of wage earners in old age.

The Social Security Act establishes a system of Federal old-age benefits which will provide monthly payments, in 1942 and after, to many workers when they reach the age of 65. The amount of a man’s benefit depends on the wages he has received in his working years, after 1936, as defined in the act. Thus old-age benefits are based on wage records.

Under another provision of the act grants are made to the States for old-age assistance. Old-age assistance is not the same as old-age benefits. In old-age assistance Federal, State, and local funds are used to help old people who lack means of their own. Regular assistance may be given to any aged person who is entitled to aid under a State plan approved by the Social Security Board. Thus old-age assistance is helping those who now are old and in need.

Old-age benefits, on the other hand, offer future provision for large groups of people who now are working and earning. Under the plan for old-age benefits, the majority of the Nation’s wage earners can look forward to a definite old-age income of their own. Their old-age benefits will supplement any savings these workers have been able to make. They do not have to prove that they are needy. The benefits are theirs regardless of need.

If a worker dies before he has received his benefits, his estate receives a lump sum equal to 3½ percent of his wages counted toward benefits.

In general, the Social Security Act helps to assure some income to people who cannot earn and to steady the income of millions of wage earners during their working years and their old age. In one way and another taxation is spread over large groups of people to carry the cost of giving some security to those who are unfortunate or incapacitated at any one time. The act is a foundation on which we have begun to build security as States and as a people, against the risks which families cannot meet one by one.

The colonists and frontiersmen wanted independence. They wanted a chance for themselves and their children.
They wanted a place of their own and an active share in the life of their times.

There is no reason to think that our wants have changed.

These are the things that most Americans ask today. What has changed is the way we take to get them. Families no longer can carve out security for themselves. Our security is the security of a people.

“Why Social Security?” in the public domain.

Social Security Act Congressional debate, 1935

The Social Security Act was the subject of intense debate in Congress in 1935, at time when the country was still in the midst of the Great Depression. Below, Representative Allen Treadway of Massachusetts expresses his concerns about and objections to selected aspects of the bill.

This bill contains such vital issues that it should be thoroughly and completely discussed, and, I hope, very materially amended before it reaches a final vote...

It has been my firm effort to become convinced of the merits of the bill, and I have approached the several subjects with an open mind. However, I have come to the conclusion that the demerits of the measure far outweigh the merits...

FAVOR OLD-AGE PENSIONS, AID TO CHILDREN, ETC.

In the first class are titles I, IV, V, and VI. granting aid to the States for old-age pensions, for the care of dependent children, for maternal and child welfare, and for public health. They carry with them an appropriation for each of the various purposes, which will aggregate less than $100,000,000 the first year. I am in favor of all of these titles.

OPPOSED TO OTHER TITLES

The other group consists of titles II and VIII relating to compulsory contributory annuities\(^1\), and titles III and IX relating to unemployment...
insurance. I am opposed to these four titles of the bill. They are not in any sense emergency measures. They would not become effective in time to help present economic conditions, but on the contrary, would be a definite drag on recovery...

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

Titles III and IX of the bill seek to coerce the States into enacting laws for the payment of unemployment compensation...

DIRECT COERCION ON STATES UNDER TITLE IX

The coercion under title IX, in the guise of a tax, is more direct. Employers of 10 or more persons are required, beginning next year, to pay a Federal tax on then pay roll, but are permitted to offset against this tax, up to 90 percent thereof, any contributions made by such employers to State unemployment-insurance funds.

If the employer’s State has no unemployment-insurance law, he gets no credit, but must pay the Federal tax in full. His employees, however, get no unemployment benefits, since the receipts from the tax are simply covered into the general revenues of the Government. Thus, employers will have the burden of a pay-roll tax whether their State has an unemployment-insurance law or not, and they can escape the major portion of the Federal tax only by prevailing upon their State legislature to enact such a law. In effect, title IX forces employers to pay a tax either to the Federal Government or to the State.

RATES OF TAX AND TAX BURDEN

The rate of tax under title IX would be 1 percent in 1936, 2 percent in 1937, and 3 percent in 1938 and subsequent years. The burden which it would impose on business and industry is estimated by the committee at $228,000,000 in the first year, $500,000,000 in the second year, and from $800,000,000 to $900,000,000 annually thereafter.

TAX WOULD INCREASE UNEMPLOYMENT AND WOULD BE A BURDEN ON BUSINESS

At this point I want to say that I have approached the subject of unemployment insurance with an open mind. I believe in it in principle and favor its ultimate enactment under State laws. However, I cannot support titles III and IX of the present bill, because I am convinced that instead of contributing to the relief of the unemployment problem they would aggravate it. This would result in the following manner:

First, by putting the penalty on pay rolls the tax under title IX would
admittedly have the effect of increasing unemployment.

Second, by imposing a tremendous additional burden on industry and business the tax would seriously retard business recovery.

Moreover, there is a constitutional question involved, since the tax under title IX is not a true tax, but a legislative “club” to force State action along certain lines.

EMPLOYERS WILL REDUCE NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES TO ESCAPE OR MINIMIZE TAX

That the tax will increase unemployment should be rather obvious. In the first place, employers of less than 10 persons are exempted. The natural tendency for employers of slightly more than 10 persons will be to reduce the number below that figure and thereby escape all tax. If, for example, 11 or 12 persons are employed, the tax ‘must be paid on the pay roll of all, but if only 9 are employed: no tax whatever is imposed.’

The bill, therefore, offers a direct invitation to reduce the number of employees in a business to nine or less wherever that is possible. At the same time it offers an inducement to larger employers to get along with as little help as possible in order to minimize the pay-roll tax. It is quite apparent, therefore, that, although the tax is in the long term supposed to be of benefit to the unemployed, it actually will increase their ranks.

INOPPORTUNE TIME FOR ENACTMENT

To summarize my position on the subject of unemployment insurance, I may say that while I am in complete sympathy with its general purpose, I do not believe that the present is an opportune time to put it into effect, nor do I believe that the method adopted by the bill is the best or only method for dealing with the problem.

1 annuities: a sum of money payable yearly

"Congressional Record - House: April 12, 1935" in the public domain.

48. On which statement would the authors of both passages most likely agree?

A. It is important for all businesses to help families secure their livelihoods.
B. The granting of aid to the states for old-age pensions is a necessary emergency measure.

C. The granting of aid to the states for unemployment compensation will reduce unemployment drastically.

D. It is important for all businesses to pay additional payroll taxes regardless of their number of employees.

49. The authors of “Why Social Security?” end the passage with a reference to the colonists and frontiersmen. Write one paragraph explaining why the authors chose to use this reference to support their position. Use details from the passage to support your answer.

50. Read this excerpt from “Why Social Security?”

Under one of these provisions, the Social Security Act sets up a framework to protect the States which wish to enact laws for unemployment compensation. Federal funds are authorized to help a State to do this by meeting the costs of administration ... The act thus helps States to find ways in which workers and employers can steady livelihood. It also provides ways to build up the livelihood of wage earners in old age.

Which statement best represents a possible weakness in the authors’ argument?

A. The authors did not suggest the ways in which the federal funds would be delivered to states.

B. The authors did not clarify whether older workers with jobs would be
given priority over unemployed people.

C. The authors did not suggest the possibility that states would spend the funds put aside for unemployed people.

D. The authors did not clarify how federal funds put towards administration costs would help lessen unemployment.
Nothing better illustrates the elasticity of American democratic life than the fact that within a span of forty years Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt were Presidents of the United States. Two men more unlike in origin, in training, and in opportunity, could hardly be found.

Lincoln came from an incompetent Kentuckian father, a pioneer without the pioneer's spirit of enterprise and push; he lacked schooling; he had barely the necessaries of life measured even by the standards of the Border; his companions were rough frontier wastrels, many of whom had either been, or might easily become, ruffians. The books on which he fed his young mind were very few, not more than five or six, but they were the best. And yet in spite of these handicaps, Abraham Lincoln rose to be the leader and example of the American Nation during its most perilous crisis, and the ideal Democrat of the nineteenth century.

Theodore Roosevelt, on the contrary, was born in New York City, enjoyed every advantage in education and training; his family had been for many generations respected in the city; his father was cultivated and had distinction as a citizen, who devoted his wealth and his energies to serving his fellow men. But, just as incredible adversity could not crush Abraham Lincoln, so lavish prosperity could not keep down or spoil Theodore Roosevelt.

In his "Autobiography" he tells us that "about 1644 his ancestor, Claes Martensen van Roosevelt, came to New Amsterdam as a 'settler'—the euphemistic name for an immigrant who came over in the steerage of a sailing ship in the seventeenth century. From that time for the next seven generations from father to son every one of us was born on Manhattan Island." For over a hundred years the Roosevelts continued to be typical Dutch burghers in a hard-working, God-fearing, stolid Dutch way, each leaving to his son a little more than he had inherited. During the Revolution,
some of the family were in the Continental Army, but they won no high honors, and some of them sat in the Congresses of that generation—sat, and were honest, but did not shine. Theodore's great-grandfather seems to have amassed what was regarded in those days as a large fortune.

His grandfather, Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt, a glass importer and banker, added to his inheritance, but was more than a mere money-maker.

His son Theodore, born in 1831, was the father of the President. Inheriting sufficient means to live in great comfort, not to say in luxury, he nevertheless engaged in business; but he had a high sense of the obligation which wealth lays on its possessors. And so, instead of wasting his life in merely heaping up dollars, he dedicated it to spending wisely and generously those which he had. There was nothing puritanical, however, in his way of living. He enjoyed the normal, healthy pleasures of his station. He drove his coach and four and was counted one of the best whips in New York. Taking his paternal responsibilities seriously, he implanted in his children lively respect for discipline and duty; but he kept very near to their affection, so that he remained throughout their childhood, and after they grew up, their most intimate friend.

What finer tribute could a son pay than this which follows?

'My father, Theodore Roosevelt, was the best man I ever knew. He combined strength and courage with gentleness, tenderness, and great unselfishness. He would not tolerate in us children selfishness or cruelty, idleness, cowardice, or untruthfulness. As we grew older he made us understand that the same standard of clean living was demanded for the boys as for the girls; that what was wrong in a woman could not be right in a man. With great love and patience and the most understanding sympathy and consideration he combined insistence on discipline. He never physically punished me but once, but he was the only man of whom I was ever really afraid.'

"Theodore Roosevelt; An Intimate Biography" in the public domain

51. Which statement from "An Excerpt from Theodore Roosevelt: An Intimate Biography" best supports the author's claim that all men can be successful in America?

A. "And yet in spite of these handicaps, Abraham Lincoln rose to be the leader and example of the American Nation during its most perilous
crisis, and the ideal Democrat of the nineteenth century.”

B. “But, just as incredible adversity could not crush Abraham Lincoln, so lavish prosperity could not keep down or spoil Theodore Roosevelt.”

C. “Theodore’s great-grandfather seems to have amassed what was regarded in those days as a large fortune.”

D. “Taking his paternal responsibilities seriously, he implanted in his children lively respect for discipline and duty; but he kept very near to their affection so that he remained throughout their childhood, and after they grew up, their most intimate friend.”

52. How does the author develop the idea of “the elasticity of American democratic life” at the beginning of “Excerpt from Theodore Roosevelt: An Intimate Biography”?

A. by contrasting the lives of two American presidents

B. by describing the ancestors of an American president

C. by explaining the advantages an American president had while growing up

D. by revealing the relationships two American presidents had with their fathers

53. What organizational pattern does the author of “An Excerpt from Theodore Roosevelt: An Intimate Biography” use to develop his main ideas?
A. spatial order

B. cause and effect

C. chronological order

D. compare and contrast
In 1968 Shirley Chisholm became the first African-American woman ever elected to the U.S. Congress. She served as a member of the New York delegation in the House of Representatives from 1969–1983. The following passage is Chisholm’s speech called “Equal Rights for Women,” delivered May 21, 1969.

Mr. Speaker, when a young woman graduates from college and starts looking for a job, she is likely to have a frustrating and even demeaning experience ahead of her. If she walks into an office for an interview, the first question she will be asked is, “Do you type?”

There is a calculated system of prejudice that lies unspoken behind that question. Why is it acceptable for women to be secretaries, librarians, and teachers, but totally unacceptable for them to be managers, administrators, doctors, lawyers, and Members of Congress?

The unspoken assumption is that women are different. They do not have executive ability, orderly minds, stability, leadership skills, and they are too emotional.

It has been observed before, that society for a long time, discriminated against another minority, the blacks, on the same basis—that they were different and inferior ...

As a black person, I am no stranger to race prejudice. But the truth is that in the political world I have been far oftener discriminated against because I am a woman than because I am black.

Prejudice against blacks is becoming unacceptable although it will take years to eliminate it. But it is doomed because, slowly, white America is beginning to admit that it exists. Prejudice against women is still acceptable. There is very little understanding yet of the immorality involved in double pay scales
and the classification of most of the better jobs as “for men only.”

More than half of the population of the United States is female. But women occupy only 2 percent of the managerial positions. They have not even reached the level of tokenism yet. No women sit on the AFL-CIO council or Supreme Court. There have been only two women who have held Cabinet rank, and at present there are none. Only two women now hold ambassadorial rank in the diplomatic corps. In Congress, we are down to one senator and 10 representatives.

Considering that there are about 3 1/2 million more women in the United States than men, this situation is outrageous.

It is true that part of the problem has been that women have not been aggressive in demanding their rights. This was also true of the black population for many years. They submitted to oppression and even cooperated with it. Women have done the same thing. But now there is an awareness of this situation particularly among the younger segment of the population.

As in the field of equal rights for blacks, [Latinos], the Indians, and other groups, laws will not change such deep-seated problems overnight. But they can be used to provide protection for those who are most abused, and to begin the process of evolutionary change by compelling the insensitive majority to reexamine its unconscious attitudes.

It is for this reason that I wish to introduce today a proposal that has been before every Congress for the last 40 years and that sooner or later must become part of the basic law of the land—the equal rights amendment.

Let me note and try to refute two of the commonest arguments that are offered against this amendment. One is that women are already protected under the law and do not need legislation. Existing laws are not adequate to secure equal rights for women. Sufficient proof of this is the concentration of women in lower paying, menial, unrewarding jobs and their incredible scarcity in the upper level jobs. If women are already equal, why is it such an event whenever one happens to be elected to Congress?

It is obvious that discrimination exists. Women do not have the opportunities that men do. And women that do not conform to the system, who try to break with the accepted patterns, are stigmatized as “odd” and “unfeminine.” The fact is that a woman who aspires to be chairman of the board, or a Member of the House, does so for exactly the same reasons as any man. Basically, these are that she thinks she can do the job and she wants to try.
A second argument often heard against the equal rights amendment is that it would eliminate legislation that many states and the federal government have enacted giving special protection to women and that it would throw the marriage and divorce laws into chaos.

As for the marriage laws, they are due for a sweeping reform, and an excellent beginning would be to wipe the existing ones off the books. Regarding special protection for working women, I cannot understand why it should be needed. Women need no protection that men do not need. What we need are laws to protect working people, to guarantee them fair pay, safe working conditions, protection against sickness and layoffs, and provision for dignified, comfortable retirement. Men and women need these things equally. That one sex needs protection more than the other is a male supremacist myth as ridiculous and unworthy of respect as the white supremacist myths that society is trying to cure itself of at this time.

1 tokenism: making only a symbolic effort
2 AFL-CIO: American Federation of Labor–Congress of Industrial Organizations
3 stigmatized: regarded as worthy of disgrace or extreme disapproval

"Equal Rights for Women” in the public domain.

54. Read this excerpt from “Equal Rights for Women.”

Mr. Speaker, when a young woman graduates from college and starts looking for a job, she is likely to have a frustrating and even demeaning experience ahead of her. If she walks into an office for an interview, the first question she will be asked is, “Do you type?”

What can the reader conclude from the excerpt?

A. Most women were eager to go to college and seek jobs as office
workers.

B. Colleges often did not prepare women well enough for entering the job market.

C. Most employers believed that women were qualified only to work as secretaries.

D. Interviewers generally asked women a greater number of questions than they asked men.
Careers in the Arts: Interview with a Theater Director

Theater director Lee Conrads, who graduated from Carleton College in 2012 with a double major in theater and history, is pursuing a career in theater in Minneapolis, Minnesota. She made her directorial debut in 2012 at the Kansas City Fringe Festival with Winter House, a short play about a young couple who set up house in the first act and prepare for divorce in the second act.

How did you get involved with theater and how did you decide you wanted to be a director?

I got into theater in high school by working on the costume crew and taking theater classes. I did not ever see myself as a director until I was a senior and ended up directing a class production of Charlotte’s Web. After that, I directed a one-act play and worked as the assistant director on a faculty-directed school production. Directing really clicked for me and felt like something I wanted to keep doing.

What are the first things you have to concern yourself with as the director of a play?

The first thing you have to do is find a script. Once you have a script, your thought process goes in two different directions at more or less the same time. You have to figure out what the production is going to look like—the visual and design part of the show. You also have to determine what the play is about. This may seem obvious, but it often ends up being harder than it sounds.

There are different ways to ascertain what your play is about. The way I’ve been taught is to pin down the “central verb” of the play. What is the play doing? That becomes your jumping off point for the rest of the process.
A lot of American theater comes out of a school of thought that says that acting is not really acting; rather, acting is doing. It’s what Sanford Meisner, an influential acting teacher, called “living honestly under fictional circumstances.” That state is almost always articulated in verbs: What are the characters doing? What is the action that drives the play or the scene? Sometimes you can come up with a single central verb for the whole play, though often that’s oversimplified and you need two verbs or several connected verbs. The idea is to keep the concept of the play as action-driven as possible.

What was the central verb for Winter House?

Our central verb was “to build.” The play is about building, but it also deals with two notions associated with the verb. The first act is about the construction part of building, while the second act is about the destruction part.

Do each character and each scene have their own verbs as well?

Yes. You start out by determining the verb for the play. With that, each character has their driving action for the whole play. Then, that breaks down into each scene: What’s the driving action for the scene or the driving action for the characters in the scene?

How do you go about casting a play?

Sometimes you go in knowing actors you want for particular roles or having strong ideas about the kind of actor who will fit a role. Usually I will come up with a list of qualities that I want in each actor. Sometimes it is purely a physical thing. If a character is described in the script as tall, then a short person is not going to work, regardless of his acting skills.

At some point in the audition process, you’re going to end up with a whole bunch of actors and you need to figure out which will work and which won’t. Auditions are about making actors go through a set of actions to see if they can do what you want them to. I’ve come up with a set of tests for discerning if they have the qualities that I need. I also try to provide props for actors during auditions, because how actors handle objects is really important.
As a director, do you also have to concern yourself with lighting and sets and costumes?

Your job as a director is really to make sure that all of the pieces of the production fit together. You become the central clearinghouse for all the different creative jobs that are happening on the production, and it’s your responsibility to make sure that everybody is on the same page and everybody is telling the same story. Depending on your relationship with your designers and how your designers like to work, the process can pan out many different ways. Typically you will go to your designer and say, “This is my vision and how I want the production to look. These are the scenes I want to highlight.” The designers will then work up ideas. Then, you make sure that what they came up with fits with your vision.

What do you like most about directing?

I really like that you get to be closely involved with both the nitty-gritty details and the big picture.

What was the biggest challenge you faced directing Winter House?

Learning the logistics of putting on a Fringe Festival production. It allows anyone to apply for participation, and we didn’t really know about marketing and publicity. We had only nineteen days to put together an hour-long show. There are always a lot of moving parts, and it was challenging figuring out how to get all of them to work together, without the support structure we had at school.

Another aspect that was really hard was that we ended up having a first act that, in the text, didn’t have a verb. A major part of directing is learning to be as specific as possible, and you learn when you get into rehearsals that even a verb you thought was perfect is not specific enough. As we were working through Winter House, we realized there is a lot of stage business the actors were doing—unpacking boxes, mainly—that seemed totally separate from the emotional and intellectual action of building a home. Then, we realized that the central verb of the play is not “to build” but “to nest.” That helped the actors a lot. Even though it seems weird to have a first act that’s watching people move into a house, that process of nesting is really what the first act was about.
Did you work with the playwright on that problem with the script?

A little bit, but having only nineteen days, we didn’t want her to do too much rewriting, because that would then be new material for the actors to have to memorize. Much of the solution was rethinking the action and trying to turn mundane actions into interesting actions.

Were there any scenes in Winter House that presented a particular challenge?

Figuring out how to handle the transition between the two acts, in which seven years elapse, was difficult. We didn’t want to have an intermission in a production that was so short. We could have written in the program that Act II takes place seven years later, but there was a danger that many in the audience wouldn’t take note of that and would be confused by what was happening on stage. We finally settled on staging a series of vignettes, separated by blackouts, with music over the whole thing, to show the passage of time. We really struggled with how to make the transition seem organic. We didn’t want to lay out specific events in the intervening time. We wanted to show the passage of time without showing specific story. I think it worked surprisingly well.

55. In “Careers in the Arts: Interview with a Theater Director,” readers get a better idea of what a director’s job entails. Write one to two paragraphs in which you explain at least three responsibilities of a director of a play. Use details from the passage to support your explanation.

56. In “Careers in the Arts: Interview with a Theater Director,” readers get a clear idea of what a director’s job entails. Write one paragraph analyzing how the interview is structured and how connections are drawn between the different aspects of theater direction. Use details from the passage for support.
Cross of Gold

William Jennings Bryan was a strong politician and orator of his time, mostly speaking for “the common man.” Despite running three solid campaigns and having many followers, he never became a United States President.

I want to suggest this truth, that if the gold standard is a good thing we ought to declare in favor of its retention and not in favor of abandoning it; and if the gold standard is a bad thing, why should we wait until some other nations are willing to help us to let it go?

Here is the line of battle. We care not upon which issue they force the fight. We are prepared to meet them on either issue or on both. If they tell us that the gold standard is the standard of civilization, we reply to them that this, the most enlightened of all nations of the earth, has never declared for a gold standard, and both the parties this year are declaring against it. If the gold standard is the standard of civilization, why, my friends, should we not have it? So if they come to meet us on that, we can present the history of our nation. More than that, we can tell them this, that they will search the pages of history in vain to find a single instance in which the common people of any land ever declared themselves in favor of a gold standard. They can find where the holders of fixed investments have.

Mr. Carlisle said in 1878 that this was a struggle between the idle holders of idle capital and the struggling masses who produce the wealth and pay the taxes of the country; and my friends, it is simply a question that we shall decide upon which side shall the Democratic Party fight. Upon the side of the idle holders of idle capital, or upon the side of the struggling masses? That is the question that the party must answer first; and then it must be answered by each individual hereafter. The sympathies of the Democratic Party, as described by the platform, are on the side of the struggling masses, who have ever been the foundation of the Democratic Party.
There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that if you just legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, that their prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous their prosperity will find its way up and through every class that rests upon it.

You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard. I tell you that the great cities rest upon these broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic. But destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country.

My friends, we shall declare that this nation is able to legislate for its own people on every question without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth, and upon that issue we expect to carry every single state in the Union.

I shall not slander the fair state of Massachusetts nor the state of New York by saying that when citizens are confronted with the proposition, Is this nation able to attend to its own business? —I will not slander either one by saying that the people of those states will declare our helpless impotency as a nation to attend to our own business. It is the issue of 1776 over again. Our ancestors, when but 3 million, had the courage to declare their political independence of every other nation upon earth. Shall we, their descendants, when we have grown to 70 million, declare that we are less independent than our forefathers? No, my friends, it will never be the judgment of this people. Therefore, we care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good but we cannot have it till some nation helps us, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we shall restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States have.

If they dare to come out in the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we shall fight them to the uttermost, having behind us the producing masses of the nation and the world. Having behind us the commercial interests and the laboring interests and all the toiling masses, we shall answer their demands for a gold standard by saying to them, you shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns.

“Cross of Gold” in the public domain.
57. Which statement accurately identifies a logical flaw in Bryan’s reasoning?

A. Bryan incorrectly states that cities rely upon farms for food.

B. Bryan falsely assumes that bimetallism is essential to progress.

C. Bryan falsely assumes that there are only two possible ideas of government.

D. Bryan incorrectly states that the gold standard is the only standard of civilization.
Investigative journalism was a significant force during the early 1900s, and it served the important function of revealing the truth behind the American landscape. One famous example was Upton Sinclair’s book *The Jungle*, which showed the American public the terrible working conditions in the meat-packing industry. However, in addition to the honest journalists there were also those who stretched the facts to satisfy the public’s desire for sensational, juicy stories of corruption and greed. President Roosevelt addresses this situation in “The Man with The Muck-Rake”, an address given on Saturday, April 14, 1906 at the laying of the cornerstone of the office building of the House of Representatives.

Over a century ago Washington laid the corner stone of the Capitol in what was then little more than a tract of wooded wilderness here beside the Potomac. We now find it necessary to provide by great additional buildings for the business of the Government ... The material problems that face us today are not such as they were in Washington’s time, but the underlying facts of human nature are the same now as they were then. Under altered external form we war with the same tendencies toward evil that were evident in Washington’s time, and are helped by the same tendencies for good. It is about some of these that I wish to say a word to-day.

In Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress you may recall the description of the Man with the Muck-rake, the man who could look no way but downward, with the muck-rake in his hand; who was offered a celestial crown for his muck-rake, but who would neither look up nor regard the crown he was offered, but continued to rake to himself the filth of the floor ... 

This man typifies the person who in this life consistently refuses to see aught
that is lofty, and fixes his eyes with solemn intentness only on that which is vile and debasing. Now, it is very necessary that we should not flinch from seeing what is vile and debasing. There is filth on the floor, and it must be scraped up with the muck-rake; and there are times and places where this service is the most needed of all the services that can be performed. But the man who never does anything else, who never thinks or speaks or writes, save of his feats with the muck-rake, speedily becomes, not a help to society, not an incitement to good, but one of the most potent forces for evil.

There are, in the body politic, economic and social, many and grave evils, and there is urgent necessity for the sternest war upon them. There should be relentless exposure of and attack upon every evil man whether politician or business man, every evil practice, whether in politics, in business, or in social life. I hail as a benefactor every writer or speaker, every man who, on the platform, or in book, magazine, or newspaper, with merciless severity makes such attack, provided always that he in his turn remembers that the attack is of use only if it is absolutely truthful ...The soul of every scoundrel is gladdened whenever an honest man is assailed, or even when a scoundrel is untruthfully assailed.

Now, it is easy to twist out of shape what I have just said ... Some persons are sincerely incapable of understanding that to denounce mud slinging does not mean the endorsement of whitewashing; and both the interested individuals who need whitewashing, and those others who practice mud slinging, like to encourage such confusion of ideas ...

At the risk of repetition let me say again that my plea is, not for immunity to but for the most unsparing exposure of the politician who betrays his trust, of the big business man who makes or spends his fortune in illegitimate or corrupt ways. There should be a resolute effort to hunt every such man out of the position he has disgraced. Expose the crime, and hunt down the criminal; but remember that even in the case of crime, if it is attacked in sensational, lurid, and untruthful fashion, the attack may do more damage to the public mind than the crime itself. It is because I feel that there should be no rest in the endless war against the forces of evil that I ask that the war be conducted with sanity as well as with resolution. The men with the muck-rakes are often indispensable to the well-being of society; but only if they know when to stop raking the muck, and to look upward to the celestial crown above them, to the crown of worthy endeavor. There are beautiful things above and round about them; and if they gradually grow to feel that the whole world is nothing but muck, their power of usefulness is gone ...
In 1965, the United States was several years deep in the Vietnam war, and Senator Robert F. Kennedy was calling for a truce. Three students in Des Moines, Iowa, planned to wear black armbands to protest the war and support the proposed truce. The school administration forbade this act of protest and banned the wearing of armbands. The Supreme Court ruled on the case of Tinker et al. v. Des Moines Independent Community School District et al. on February 24, 1969, and Mr. Justice Fortas delivered the opinion of the Court.

Petitioner John F. Tinker, 15 years old, and petitioner Christopher Eckhardt, 16 years old, attended high schools in Des Moines, Iowa. Petitioner Mary Beth Tinker, John’s sister, was a 13-year-old student in junior high school.

In December 1965, a group of adults and students in Des Moines held a meeting at the Eckhardt home. The group determined to publicize their objections to the hostilities in Vietnam and their support for a truce by wearing black armbands during the holiday season and by fasting on December 16 and New Year’s Eve. Petitioners and their parents had previously engaged in similar activities, and they decided to participate in the program.

The principals of the Des Moines schools became aware of the plan to wear armbands. On December 14, 1965, they met and adopted a policy that any student wearing an armband to school would be asked to remove it, and if he refused he would be suspended until he returned without the armband. Petitioners were aware of the regulation that the school authorities adopted.

On December 16, Mary Beth and Christopher wore black armbands to their schools. John Tinker wore his armband the next day. They were all sent
home and suspended from school until they would come back without their armbands...

The District Court recognized that the wearing of an armband for the purpose of expressing certain views is the type of symbolic act that is within the Free Speech Clause of the First Amendment...

First Amendment rights, applied in light of the special characteristics of the school environment, are available to teachers and students. It can hardly be argued that either students or teachers shed their constitutional rights to freedom of speech or expression at the schoolhouse gate. This has been the unmistakable holding of this Court for almost 50 years...

The problem posed by the present case does not relate to regulation of the length of skirts or the type of clothing, to hair style, or deportment. It does not concern aggressive, disruptive action or even group demonstrations. Our problem involves direct, primary First Amendment rights akin to “pure speech.”

The school officials banned and sought to punish petitioners for a silent, passive expression of opinion, unaccompanied by any disorder or disturbance on the part of petitioners. There is here no evidence whatever of petitioners’ interference, actual or nascent, with the schools’ work or of collision with the rights of other students to be secure and to be let alone. Accordingly, this case does not concern speech or action that intrudes upon the work of the schools or the rights of other students...

The District Court concluded that the action of the school authorities was reasonable because it was based upon their fear of a disturbance from the wearing of the armbands. But, in our system, undifferentiated fear or apprehension of disturbance is not enough to overcome the right to freedom of expression. Any departure from absolute regimentation may cause trouble. Any variation from the majority’s opinion may inspire fear. Any word spoken, in class, in the lunchroom, or on the campus, that deviates from the views of another person may start an argument or cause a disturbance. But our Constitution says we must take this risk, and our history says that it is this sort of hazardous freedom—this kind of openness—that is the basis of our national strength and of the independence and vigor of Americans who grow up and live in this relatively permissive, often disputatious, society.

In order for the State in the person of school officials to justify prohibition of a particular expression of opinion, it must be able to show that its action was caused by something more than a mere desire to avoid the discomfort and unpleasantness that always accompany an unpopular viewpoint...
In the present case, the District Court made no such finding, and our independent examination of the record fails to yield evidence that the school authorities had reason to anticipate that the wearing of the armbands would substantially interfere with the work of the school or impinge upon the rights of other students...

On the contrary, the action of the school authorities appears to have been based upon an urgent wish to avoid the controversy which might result from the expression, even by the silent symbol of armbands, of opposition to this Nation’s part in the conflagration in Vietnam...

It is also relevant that the school authorities did not purport to prohibit the wearing of all symbols of political or controversial significance...Instead, a particular symbol—black armbands worn to exhibit opposition to this Nation’s involvement in Vietnam—was singled out for prohibition. Clearly, the prohibition of expression of one particular opinion, at least without evidence that it is necessary to avoid material and substantial interference with schoolwork or discipline, is not constitutionally permissible...

Students in school as well as out of school are “persons” under our Constitution. They are possessed of fundamental rights which the State must respect, just as they themselves must respect their obligations to the State...In the absence of a specific showing of constitutionally valid reasons to regulate their speech, students are entitled to freedom of expression of their views. As Judge Gewin, speaking for the Fifth Circuit, said, school officials cannot suppress “expressions of feelings with which they do not wish to contend.”


58. Although they write about different subjects and in different time periods, the authors of “Excerpt from Tinker et al. v. Des Moines Independent Community School District et al.” and “Excerpt from The Man With the Muck-Rake” share common ideals. Which ideals do the authors most value and associate with the United States? Write a one paragraph response using details from both passages to support your answer.
59. Which statement from “Tinker et al. v. Des Moines Independent Community School District et al.” best supports the idea that the fear of disruption is not enough of a reason to suspend free speech rights?

A. “The District Court recognized that the wearing of an armband for the purpose of expressing certain views is the type of symbolic act that is within the Free Speech Clause of the First Amendment.”

B. “It can hardly be argued that either students or teachers shed their constitutional rights to freedom of speech or expression at the schoolhouse gate.”

C. “In order for the State in the person of school officials to justify prohibition of a particular expression of opinion, it must be able to show that its action was caused by something more than a mere desire to avoid the discomfort and unpleasantness that always accompany an unpopular viewpoint...”

D. “It is also relevant that the school authorities did not purport to prohibit the wearing of all symbols of political or controversial significance...Instead, a particular symbol—black armbands worn to exhibit opposition to this Nation’s involvement in Vietnam—was singled out for prohibition.”
One important feature in the life of a soldier was the matter of his pay, and a few words on that subject may not be out of place. When I enlisted in January, 1862, the monthly pay of the enlisted men of a regiment of infantry was as follows: First sergeant, $20; duty sergeants, $17; corporals and privates, $13. By act of Congress of May 1st, 1864, the monthly pay of the enlisted men was increased, and from that date was as follows: First sergeant, $24; duty sergeants, $20; corporals, $18; privates, $16. That rate existed as long, at least, as we remained in the service. The first payment made to our regiment was on May 1st, 1862, while we were in camp at Owl Creek, Tennessee. The amount I received was $49.40, and of this I sent $45 home to my father at the first opportunity. For a poor man, he was heavily in debt at the time of my enlistment, and was left without any boys to help him do the work upon the farm, so I regarded it as my duty to send him every dollar of my pay that possibly could be spared, and did so as long as I was in the service. But he finally got out of debt during the war. He had good crops, and all manner of farm products brought high prices, so the war period was financially a prosperous one for him. And, to be fair about it, I will say that he later repaid me, when I was pursuing my law studies at the Albany, New York, Law School, almost all the money I had sent him while in the army. So the result really was that the money received by me, as a soldier, was what later enabled me to qualify as a lawyer.

I have heretofore said in these reminiscences that the great "stand-bys" in the way of the food of the soldiers of the western armies were coffee, sowbelly, Yankee beans, and hardtack. But other articles of diet were also issued to us, some of which we liked, while others were flat failures. I have previously said something about the antipathy I had for rice. The French General, Baron Gourgaud, in his "Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena" (p. 240), records Napoleon as having said, "Rice is the best food for the soldier."
Napoleon, in my opinion, was the greatest soldier that mankind ever produced,—but all the same, I emphatically dissent from his rice proposition. His remark may have been correct when applied to European soldiers of his time and place,—but I know it wouldn't fit western American boys of 1861–65.

There were a few occasions when an article of diet was issued called "desiccated potatoes." For "desiccated" the boys promptly substituted "desecrated," and "desecrated potatoes" was its name among the rank and file from start to finish. It consisted of Irish potatoes cut up fine and thoroughly dried. In appearance it much resembled the modern preparation called "grape nuts." We would mix it in water, grease, and salt, and make it up into little cakes, which we would fry, and they were first rate. There was a while when we were at Bolivar, Tennessee, that some stuff called "compressed vegetables" was issued to us, which the boys, almost unanimously, considered an awful fraud. It was composed of all sorts of vegetables, pressed into small bales, in a solid mass, and as dry as threshed straw. The conglomeration contained turnip-tops, cabbage leaves, string-beans (pod and all), onion blades, and possibly some of every other kind of a vegetable that ever grew in a garden. It came to the army in small boxes, about the size of the Chinese tea-boxes that were frequently seen in this country about fifty years ago. In the process of cooking, it would swell up prodigiously,—a great deal more so than rice. The Germans in the regiment would make big dishes of soup out of this "baled hay," as we called it, and they liked it, but the native Americans, after one trial, wouldn't touch it. I think about the last box of it that was issued to our company was pitched into a ditch in the rear of the camp, and it soon got thoroughly soaked and loomed up about as big as a fair-sized hay-cock. "Split-peas" were issued to us, more or less, during all the time we were in the service. My understanding was that they were the ordinary garden peas. They were split in two, dried, and about as hard as gravel. But they yielded to cooking, made excellent food, and we were all fond of them. In our opinion, when properly cooked, they were almost as good as Yankee beans.

When our forces captured Little Rock in September, 1863, we obtained possession, among other plunder, of quite a quantity of Confederate commissary stores. Among these was a copious supply of "jerked beef." It consisted of narrow, thin strips of beef, which had been dried on scaffolds in the sun, and it is no exaggeration to say that it was almost as hard and dry as a cottonwood chip. Our manner of eating it was simply to cut off a chunk about as big as one of our elongated musket balls, and proceed to "chaw." It was rather a comical sight to see us in our cabins of a cold winter night,
sitting by the fire, and all solemnly "chawing" away, in profound silence, on
the Johnnies' jerked beef. But, if sufficiently masticated, it was nutritious
and healthful, and we all liked it. I often thought it would have been a good
thing if the government had made this kind of beef a permanent and regular
addition to our rations. As long as kept in the dry, it would apparently keep
indefinitely, and a piece big enough to last a soldier two or three days would
take up but little space in a haversack.

Passing from the topic of army rations, I will now take leave to say here,
with sincerity and emphasis, that the best school to fit me for the practical
affairs of life that I ever attended was in the old 61st Illinois during the Civil
War. It would be too long a story to undertake to tell all the benefits derived
from that experience, but a few will be alluded to. In the first place, when I
was a boy at home, I was, to some extent, a "spoiled child." I was
exceedingly particular and "finicky" about my food. Fat meat I abhorred, and
wouldn't touch it, and on the other hand, when we had chicken to eat, the
gizzard was claimed by me as my sole and exclusive tid-bit, and "Leander"
always got it. Let it be known that in the regiment those habits were gotten
over so soon that I was astonished myself.

"The Story of a Common Soldier of Army Life in the Civil War, 1861–1865" in the public
domain.

60. Write one to two paragraphs that explain how Stillwell uses a comment
of French General Napoleon to develop the ideas in his memoir, “The
Story of a Common Soldier of Army Life in the Civil War, 1861–1865.” Use details from the text to support your answer.

61. Which sentence from “Story of a Common Soldier” best supports the
inference that the author matured during the war?

A. “The amount I received was $49.40, and of this I sent $45 home to
my father at the first opportunity.”

B. “But other articles of diet were also issued to us, some of which we
liked, while others were flat failures.”

C. “I often thought it would have been a good thing if the government had made this kind of beef a permanent and regular addition to our rations.”

D. “Passing from the topic of army rations, I will now take leave to say here, with sincerity and emphasis, that the best school to fit me for the practical affairs of life that I ever attended was in the old 61st Illinois during the Civil War.”
Read the following and answer the questions below:

The Art of Melted Sand

On a beach in the Mediterranean:

_The night was cool. In an effort to ward off the ocean chill, Phoenician sailors collected driftwood and started a fire on the beach where they were making camp. Boxes of cargo lay stacked around them, and one sailor unpacked the nearest box to reach a large block of salt to season their dinner. He removed the kettle from the fire and absentmindedly set it on the block of salt. When he lifted it later, he noticed the surface of the block had crystallized into a strange, transparent surface._

Though that story of the invention of glass has been told for centuries, historians are not convinced it is true. While the earliest examples of glass do exhibit a mixture of sand melded with natron, a salt-like substance known as sodium carbonate, the creation of glass is a complicated process undertaken by skilled craftspeople. Nature's version is to strike a beach or desert with lightning. The heat from the lightning bolt is so intense it instantly melts the sand into glass. Since humans in ancient times did not have the capability of harnessing the electric power of a lightning bolt, they had to be more creative.

Ancient cultures discovered ways to make fire burn hotter. They developed stoves, or kilns, to bake pottery and bricks and to soften iron. Certain elements that raised fire temperatures, such as wood ashes from certain trees, were added. In the process of glass-making, lime was also added to the sand to stabilize the transformation. It is interesting to note that, despite the advances of technology, glass-making has not changed much since its origin.

Early civilizations used melted glass to create vessels that could contain and preserve substances such as wine and oils. They chose a soft material such as clay or even dung and fashioned it into a shape for the inside core of the vessel. They wrapped semi-liquid ropes of glass around this soft core and added dyes for decoration before letting it cool. The flexible ropes were
smoothed and heated repeatedly until they fused together. Once the glass had hardened, the core was removed.

Initially, the art of glass-making was regarded as a secret privy only to those noble or educated enough to be deemed worthy of learning the art form. As necessity became the master of invention, village craftsmen began to experiment with glass, and they created mosaics, jars, and glass beads for sale. Through trade, the secret of glass-making slowly spread across the Middle East, Asia, and eventually into Europe.

Around 50 BCE, the Syrians completed the next step in glass-making's evolution. They realized that if one took a hollow tube or straw and used it to blow air into a blob of melted glass, different shapes could be created without the trouble of making a core. Glass was blown into molds designed to give the glass a particular shape. This allowed a glass-maker to make many copies of a jar in half the time it took to make one the old way. Once this process became known, glass became more common and thus more accessible to all classes of people.

For artisans, glass-blowing was an exciting discovery. While much of the manufacturing of glass went towards functional pieces, each region developed its own style and method. The Romans were the first to cut shapes inside their molds so that their glass had decorative imprints. They also developed rich colors and added precious metals such as gold and bronze. The lavish designs were often used to store priceless perfumes and
oils. As the market expanded, glass was also used for decorative purposes such as creating intricate glass mosaics or adorning ceilings.

Though the creation of glass was progressing, the effect of wars and poor economy took its toll. During the Dark Ages in Europe, the population was suffering from a combination of disease, economic failure, and war fatigue. The European countries' coffers had been depleted from waging war against each other and abroad. Bankrupt nobles squeezed their farmers and tenants for money, leaving them unable to plant crops, raise livestock, or harvest honey. The demand for glass, for both frivolous and utilitarian purposes, faded.

In the Middle East, war with Europe had also left the region vulnerable, and in 1400 AD the Mongols destroyed Damascus—a capital city as well as the center of Islamic glass production. With glass on the decline in both eastern and western centers of civilization, little advancement in the craft was made. The exception appeared to be a small region in Italy called Venice.

Venice is a city of water canals, and much of the transport is via a type of canoe called a gondola. In 1291 AD, wanting to control both the industry and to avoid disastrous fires from glass-makers' kilns, officials banished all glass-blowers to the nearby island of Murano. For a short while, Venice enjoyed the economic boost of trading to both the Middle East and Western Europe. Venetian glass was highly desirable, so officials guarded their glass-making secrets closely and even established punitive laws against glass-makers leaving the island. Still, some glass-blowers escaped their island prison and began teaching their trade to other countries.

By the 1600s, a man with knowledge of Venetian glass-making secrets published a tell-all book about the secrets of the industry. He described how to make and blow the glass and even how to build the equipment. Glass-makers across the world used this information and formed their own types of glass. They established their own factories so that their specialty glass could be identified by the specific business "house" from which it originated. The glass-making industry had begun.
62. Which sentence best reflects how the central idea is developed and supported in “The Art of Melted Sand”?

A. The passage highlights economic changes throughout history that affected glass-making.

B. The passage explains how glass is made and details different techniques in glass-making.

C. The passage shows how wars at different points in history changed the demand for glass and the health of the glass-making industry.

D. The passage provides an overview of the history of glass-making with key, specific events in history that affected the glass-making industry.

63. Which excerpt from “The Art of Melted Sand” best explains why the glass
industry grew around 50 BCE?

A. “. . . village craftsmen began to experiment with glass, and they created mosaics, jars, and glass beads for sale. Through trade, the secret of glass-making slowly spread across the Middle East, Asia, and eventually into Europe.”

B. “. . . the Syrians . . . realized that if one took a hollow tube or straw and used it to blow air into a blob of melted glass, different shapes could be created without the trouble of making a core.”

C. “Venetian glass was highly desirable, so officials guarded their glass-making secrets closely and even established punitive laws against glass-makers leaving the island.”

D. “Still, some glass-blowers escaped their island prison and began teaching their trade to other countries.”
Read the following and answer the questions below:

The Peace Corps: A Giving Spirit

The Peace Corps: A Giving Spirit

Some believe that the spirit of caring about and helping others is an innate human instinct, as common as any emotion that we may experience. The practice of helping others, however, has not always extended beyond our own neighborhood, so to speak. Certainly, throughout history there have been those who traveled the world to learn about and care for people in other communities. As a country, however, the United States’ involvement in helping those outside of its own borders is a more recent phenomenon. One way that the government has formalized a process of helping people in foreign lands is through the development of the Peace Corps.

An Important Change

Through Executive Order 10924, signed on March 1, 1961, President John F. Kennedy started the Peace Corps to foster “world peace and friendship.” More specifically, he viewed the Peace Corps as a way of challenging U.S. citizens to volunteer to help people throughout the developing world. In the fifty years since its creation, more than 210,000 Peace Corps volunteers have served in 139 countries.

As stated on its official website, the Peace Corps has a three-part mission:

1. Helping the people of interested countries in meeting their need for trained men and women.

2. Helping promote a better understanding of Americans on the part of the people served.

3. Helping promote a better understanding of other peoples on the part of Americans.

This mission illustrates the shift that has taken place in United States foreign policy since World War II. Prior to the war, the United States avoided collaborations and interactions with foreign countries through a policy known as “isolationism.” However, the start of the Cold War and membership in the United Nations guaranteed that the United States would never again exist as
a country isolated from the rest of the world.

President Kennedy hoped his “bold new experiment in public service” would change society’s way of thinking. Kennedy’s hopes were realized. Eager young Americans joined the Peace Corps in large numbers.

**The Peace Corps Today**

As of 2012, more than 8,000 Peace Corps volunteers are working in seventy-six countries. These volunteers, whose average age is 28, manage projects on every continent of the world except Antarctica, with the largest number of participants in Africa, Latin America, Eastern Europe, and Central Asia. With a budget of $375 million provided by Congress, Peace Corps volunteers work on projects supporting a range of global needs, such as education, health, the environment, and business development.

Health programs stress nutritional training and home visits to assess and improve infant care in the neediest of countries. Economic initiatives include strategic planning for community development, such as providing leadership and management training to entrepreneurs who wish to start their own businesses. Training and support is also provided to villagers to ensure that they build proper sanitation systems and have access to clean water. The most common Peace Corps project remains teaching English as a second language.

**The Spirit of Volunteerism**

Peace Corps volunteers receive assistance with college loans along with a little money. The greatest benefit, though, is the human experience of learning about and caring about others. This is the benefit of forging friendships for life, gaining a deep appreciation for the culture of others, and experiencing the satisfaction of helping improve the lives of those beyond one’s own neighborhood.

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**A Conversation With Claire Lea: Peace Corps Recruiter**

Claire Lea is a 34-year-old former Peace Corps volunteer who now recruits new volunteers from the student population of the University of Missouri.
She educates interested students about the roles and expectations of Peace Corps volunteers as well as the greatest challenges and rewards of the experience.

**Volunteer Expectations:**

According to Lea, ninety percent of Peace Corps assignments require the volunteers to have a bachelor’s degree.

All assignments also require a twenty-seven month commitment, a time-frame that enables volunteers to become established community leaders in their assigned country. “Assignments are challenging because you are learning a new job while living in a new country making all new friends, which requires learning the language and the cultural ‘dos and don’ts.’ The first year you’re getting used to everything, and the second year you’re able to be an effective volunteer.” The Corps provides a three-month intensive training prior to any assignment so that volunteers will know what to expect when they are sent abroad.

**Lea’s Volunteer Experience:**

From 2002-2004, Lea worked as a middle-school math teacher in Banian, a village in Guinea, West Africa, with a population of around thirty-five thousand. The biggest challenge Lea faced was building new relationships while speaking only in French, the language of Guinea. The biggest reward, she says, was recognizing how much kids in Guinea have in common with kids in the United States, from “being fans of the same professional athletes and pop stars to wanting to be goofy in class,” Lea explains.

Kids there entertain themselves by seeing movies at the local theater or playing cards and checkers with friends at cafés. Unlike most children in the U.S., however, kids in Guinea attend school from 8am to noon, spend the afternoons working in the family fields, and then complete their homework in the evenings by candlelight. On the weekends, the teenagers join the adults for dancing and socializing at the village “boîte de nuit,” which translates in English to “night box.” At this community night club, citizens share snacks and sodas together. “It is the town event on Saturday nights,” says Lea.

**Climate and Lodging:**

Lea describes the climate of Banian as tropical, “hot but pleasant with nice, cool breezes.” Temperatures reach a low of 60 degrees in December, the “coldest” month of the year. During the rainy season, from March to
August, rain falls for around three hours a day.

Lea lived in a round, one-person hut that contained a small kitchen area, a desk, and a bed surrounded by a mosquito net. The bathroom was located in a private outhouse behind the hut. Bathing was done in the form of a “bucket bath,” using water that Lea’s students helped her carry from the well.

While describing her volunteer experience in Africa, Lea reminds all interested volunteers that every country the Peace Corps serves is different and that each volunteer has a unique experience.

64. Which excerpt from “The Peace Corps: A Giving Spirit” explains Claire Lea's volunteer experience in the Peace Corps?

A. "Helping the people of interested countries in meeting their need for trained men and women."

B. "Helping promote a better understanding of other peoples on the part of Americans."

C. "...providing leadership and management training to entrepreneurs who wish to start their own businesses."

D. "...teaching English as a second language."

65. In “The Peace Corps: A Giving Spirit,” the author provides a brief history of the organization and its goals, along with personal insight from a Peace Corps recruiter. Write one to two paragraphs analysing how the author develops ideas about volunteerism and the Peace Corps throughout the passage and makes connections between them. Include details from the passage to support your answer.
66. In the article “The Peace Corps: A Giving Spirit” we see how the desire to help others is an innate human instinct. Write one to two paragraphs explaining the author’s point of view in the passage and how his purpose unfolds through the use of specific, convincing language. Include details from the text to support your answer.

67. “The Peace Corps: A Giving Spirit” presents facts about a federal program initiated by President Kennedy in 1961. Write one paragraph explaining the central idea of this passage and analyzing the rhetoric (style of expression) used by the Peace Corps to appeal to the public and encourage volunteerism. Use details from the passage to support your answer.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

President Truman’s Address before the NAACP

On June 29, 1947, President Harry Truman became the first president to speak before the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP). In his speech, he argued against any form of discrimination based on race, religion, family history, or color.

I am happy to be present at the closing session of the 38th Annual Conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The occasion of meeting with you here at the Lincoln Memorial affords me the opportunity to congratulate the association upon its effective work for the improvement of our democratic processes.

I should like to talk to you briefly about civil rights and human freedom. It is my deep conviction that we have reached a turning point in the long history of our country’s efforts to guarantee freedom and equality to all our citizens. Recent events in the United States and abroad have made us realize that it is more important today than ever before to insure that all Americans enjoy these rights.

When I say all Americans I mean all Americans.

The civil rights laws written in the early years of our Republic, and the traditions which have been built upon them, are precious to us. Those laws were drawn up with the memory still fresh in men’s minds of the tyranny of an absentee government. They were written to protect the citizen against any possible tyrannical act by the new government in this country.

But we cannot be content with a civil liberties program which emphasizes only the need of protection against the possibility of tyranny by the Government. We cannot stop there.

We must keep moving forward, with new concepts of civil rights to safeguard our heritage. The extension of civil rights today means, not protection of the people against the Government, but protection of the people by the
Government.

We must make the Federal Government a friendly, vigilant defender of the rights and equalities of all Americans. And again I mean all Americans.

As Americans, we believe that every man should be free to live his life as he wishes. He should be limited only by his responsibility to his fellow countrymen. If this freedom is to be more than a dream, each man must be guaranteed equality of opportunity. The only limit to an American’s achievement should be his ability, his industry, and his character. These rewards for his effort should be determined only by those truly relevant qualities.

Our immediate task is to remove the last remnants of the barriers which stand between millions of our citizens and their birthright. There is no justifiable reason for discrimination because of ancestry, or religion, or race, or color.

We must not tolerate such limitations on the freedom of any of our people and on their enjoyment of basic rights which every citizen in a truly democratic society must possess.

Every man should have the right to a decent home, the right to an education, the right to adequate medical care, the right to a worthwhile job, the right to an equal share in making the public decisions through the ballot, and the fight to a fair trial in a fair court.

We must insure that these rights—on equal terms—are enjoyed by every citizen.

To these principles I pledge my full and continued support.

Many of our people still suffer the indignity of insult, the narrowing fear of intimidation, and, I regret to say, the threat of physical injury and mob violence. Prejudice and intolerance in which these evils are rooted still exist. The conscience of our Nation, and the legal machinery which enforces it, have not yet secured to each citizen full freedom from fear.

We cannot wait another decade or another generation to remedy these evils. We must work, as never before, to cure them now. The aftermath of war and the desire to keep faith with our Nation’s historic principles make the need a pressing one.

The support of desperate populations of battle-ravaged countries must be won for the free way of life. We must have them as allies in our continuing struggle for the peaceful solution of the world’s problems. Freedom is not an easy lesson to teach, nor an easy cause to sell, to peoples beset by every
kind of privation. They may surrender to the false security offered so temptingly by totalitarian regimes unless we can prove the superiority of democracy.

Our case for democracy should be as strong as we can make it. It should rest on practical evidence that we have been able to put our own house in order.

For these compelling reasons, we can no longer afford the luxury of a leisurely attack upon prejudice and discrimination. There is much that State and local governments can do in providing positive safeguards for civil rights. But we cannot, any longer, await the growth of a will to action in the slowest State or the most backward community.

Our National Government must show the way.

This is a difficult and complex undertaking. Federal laws and administrative machineries must be improved and expanded. We must provide the Government with better tools to do the job. As a first step, I appointed an Advisory Committee on Civil Rights last December. Its members, fifteen distinguished private citizens, have been surveying our civil rights difficulties and needs for several months. I am confident that the product of their work will be a sensible and vigorous program for action by all of us.

We must strive to advance civil rights wherever it lies within our power. For example, I have asked the Congress to pass legislation extending basic civil rights to the people of Guam and American Samoa so that these people can share our ideals of freedom and self-government. This step, with others which will follow, is evidence to the rest of the world of our confidence in the ability of all men to build free institutions.

The way ahead is not easy. We shall need all the wisdom, imagination and courage we can muster. We must and shall guarantee the civil rights of all our citizens. Never before has the need been so urgent for skillful and vigorous action to bring us closer to our ideal.

We can reach the goal. When past difficulties faced our Nation we met the challenge with inspiring charters of human rights—the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and the Emancipation Proclamation. Today our representatives, and those of other liberty-loving countries on the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, are preparing an International Bill of Rights. We can be confident that it will be a great landmark in man’s long search for freedom since its members consist of such distinguished citizens of the world as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

With these noble charters to guide us, and with faith in our hearts, we shall
make our land a happier home for our people, a symbol of hope for all men, and a rock of security in a troubled world.

Abraham Lincoln understood so well the ideal which you and I seek today. As this conference closes we would do well to keep in mind his words, when he said, “if it shall please the Divine Being who determines the destinies of nations, we shall remain a united people, and we will, humbly seeking the Divine Guidance, make their prolonged national existence a source of new benefits to themselves and their successors, and to all classes and conditions of mankind.”

"President Truman's Address before the NAACP" in the public domain.

68. In “President Truman’s Address before the NAACP,” Truman argues that civil rights should entail “not protection of the people against the Government, but protection of the people by the Government.” Write one paragraph in which you explain how Truman introduces and develops this idea in his speech. Use details from the speech to support your response.

69. In “President Truman’s Address before the NAACP,” Truman makes several references to American ideals. How does the inclusion of these references help to develop the central argument of the speech?

A. by recalling important moments in American history

B. by appealing to the American sense of patriotic duty

C. by highlighting the passivity of the American character

D. by emphasizing the need to change American traditions
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from "Statement to the Court Upon Being Convicted of Violating the Sedition Act, 1918"

Excerpt from "Statement to the Court Upon Being Convicted of Violating the Sedition Act, 1918"

Excerpt from “Statement to the Court Upon Being Convicted of Violating the Sedition Act, 1918”

by Eugene Debs

Eugene Debs was a prominent American union leader and an outspoken and skilled orator. He was arrested and convicted for violating the Sedition Act when he denounced the participation of the United States in World War I. In “Statement to the Court Upon Being Convicted of Violating the Sedition Act, 1918” he expresses to the court hearing his case that he stands by his statements and describes his vision of a fairer society.

Your Honor, years ago I recognized my kinship with all living beings, and I made up my mind that I was not one bit better than the meanest on earth. I said then, and I say now, that while there is a lower class, I am in it, and while there is a criminal element I am of it, and while there is a soul in prison, I am not free.

I listened to all that was said in this court in support and justification of this prosecution, but my mind remains unchanged. I look upon the Espionage Law as a despotic\(^1\) enactment in flagrant conflict with democratic principles and with the spirit of free institutions ...

Your Honor, I have stated in this court that I am opposed to the social system in which we live; that I believe in a fundamental change-but if possible by peaceable and orderly means ...

I am thinking this morning of the men in the mills and the factories; of the men in the mines and on the railroads. I am thinking of the women who for a paltry wage are compelled to work out their barren lives; ...

I am opposing a social order in which it is possible for one man who does absolutely nothing that is useful to amass a fortune of hundreds of millions
of dollars, while millions of men and women who work all the days of their lives secure barely enough for a wretched existence.

This order of things cannot always endure. I have registered my protest against it. I recognize the feebleness of my effort, but, fortunately, I am not alone. There are multiplied thousands of others who, like myself, have come to realize that before we may truly enjoy the blessings of civilized life, we must reorganize society upon a mutual and cooperative basis; and to this end we have organized a great economic and political movement that spreads over the face of all the earth ...

Your Honor, I ask no mercy and I plead for no immunity. I realize that finally the right must prevail. I never so clearly comprehended as now the great struggle between the powers of greed and exploitation on the one hand and upon the other the rising hosts of industrial freedom and social justice.

I can see the dawn of the better day for humanity. The people are awakening. In due time they will and must come to their own.

1 despotic: oppressive, tyrannical


Excerpt from "State of the Union Address, 1964"

Excerpt from "State of the Union Address, 1964"

Soon after becoming President of the United States in 1963, Lyndon Johnson moved quickly to implement many social programs as part of his War of Poverty. In “State of the Union Address, 1964,” he describes many of them and explains how they can help the nation.

Poverty is a national problem, requiring improved national organization and support. But this attack, to be effective, must also be organized at the State
and the local level and must be supported and directed by State and local efforts.

For the war against poverty will not be won here in Washington. It must be won in the field, in every private home, in every public office, from the courthouse to the White House.

The program I shall propose will emphasize this cooperative approach to help that one-fifth of all American families with incomes too small to even meet their basic needs.

Our chief weapons in a more pinpointed attack will be better schools, and better health, and better homes, and better training, and better job opportunities to help more Americans, especially young Americans, escape from squalor¹ and misery and unemployment rolls where other citizens help to carry them.

Very often a lack of jobs and money is not the cause of poverty, but the symptom. The cause may lie deeper—in our failure to give our fellow citizens a fair chance to develop their own capacities, in a lack of education and training, in a lack of medical care and housing, in a lack of decent communities in which to live and bring up their children ...

Our aim is not only to relieve the symptom of poverty, but to cure it and, above all, to prevent it. No single piece of legislation, however, is going to suffice.

We will launch a special effort in the chronically distressed areas of Appalachia.

We must expand our small but our successful area redevelopment program.

We must enact youth employment legislation to put jobless, aimless, hopeless youngsters to work on useful projects.

We must distribute more food to the needy through a broader food stamp program.

We must create a National Service Corps to help the economically handicapped of our own country as the Peace Corps now helps those abroad.

We must modernize our unemployment insurance and establish a high-level commission on automation. If we have the brain power to invent these machines, we have the brain power to make certain that they are a boon and not a bane² to humanity.

We must extend the coverage of our minimum wage laws to more than 2
million workers now lacking this basic protection of purchasing power.

We must, by including special school aid funds as part of our education program, improve the quality of teaching, training, and counseling in our hardest hit areas.

We must build more libraries in every area and more hospitals and nursing homes ... and train more nurses to staff them.

We must provide hospital insurance for our older citizens financed by every worker and his employer under Social Security, contributing no more than $1 a month during the employee’s working career to protect him in his old age in a dignified manner ... against the devastating hardship of prolonged or repeated illness.

We must ... give more help to those displaced by slum clearance, provide more housing for our poor and our elderly, and seek as our ultimate goal in our free enterprise system a decent home for every American family.

We must help obtain more modern mass transit within our communities as well as low-cost transportation between them. Above all, we must release $11 billion of tax reduction into the private spending stream to create new jobs and new markets in every area of this land.

These programs are obviously not for the poor or the underprivileged alone. Every American will benefit by the extension of social security to cover the hospital costs of their aged parents. Every American community will benefit from the construction or modernization of schools, libraries, hospitals, and nursing homes, from the training of more nurses and from the improvement of urban renewal in public transit. And every individual American taxpayer and every corporate taxpayer will benefit from the earliest possible passage of the pending tax bill from both the new investment it will bring and the new jobs that it will create ...
70. Based on information in “Excerpt from ‘State of the Union Address, 1964’” and “Excerpt from ‘Statement to the Court Upon Being Convicted of Violating the Sedition Act, 1918,’” with which idea would Johnson and Debs be most likely to agree?

A. The uneven distribution of wealth in the United States is undesirable but unavoidable.

B. It is necessary for the government to intervene to help the less fortunate help themselves.

C. The root cause of poverty lies deeper than an individual’s lack of adequate employment or financial resources.

D. Better opportunities for the poor must begin with programs to improve people’s education and provide job training.

71. In the “Excerpt from ‘State of the Union Address, 1964,’” President Johnson introduces a list of goals the nation must accomplish to combat poverty. How does he arrange this list? How are his goals introduced? How are the connections made between the goals? Write one or two paragraphs answering these questions, using details from the passage to support your answer.

72. In his “Share Our Wealth” speech, Long articulates the reasons he favors economic and social change in the United States. Analyze two of his main claims, focusing on how they are developed and refined throughout the speech. Write one or two paragraphs that explain your analysis of Long’s claims using evidence from the speech to support your answer.
The Curse of Cursive

The Curse of Cursive

The word *cursive*, as used today to describe handwriting, derives from the Latin word *cursus*, which means "flowing." Take note of the curvaceous form of the letters, how each letter flows into the next, like waves on the ocean. When taken in the context of art, cursive writing may be considered beautiful, almost a work that belongs in a gallery or a museum itself.

How many well-educated young people today would be able to read the above paragraph easily and understand what it means? The paragraph is printed in a handwriting font, similar to the cursive writing American students learn in elementary school. Once these students venture into the world, however, they will find that they use cursive infrequently at best. Unless one plans a career as an archivist, digging through the handwritten correspondence of historical figures, cursive writing is of limited use. Yet, our current educational system may insist upon including it in the curriculum, possibly at the expense of something potentially more useful. Of course, cursive writing can be a lovely method of expressing thoughts on paper, but in this day of blogging and posting and texting, who will take the time to read something handwritten?

Cursive as Art

One third-grade teacher was asked recently whether cursive writing still needed to be taught to American students. She only stared, dumbfounded, as if she had just been asked to cease instruction in mathematics or American history. "Cursive is such a beautiful way of writing," she explained. "It would be a shame if it were lost to our next generation of authors and philosophers."

If we want to teach a beautiful style of writing to our interested students, though, we might teach them actual calligraphy, a style of beautiful writing, in art class. Cursive, in everyday use, is just slanting, connected lines. Its beauty will always be overshadowed by its impracticality. In practice, it just does not make sense for students to learn cursive. Cursive takes longer to
write and is more difficult to read than print. Cursive is more impractical than impressive.

Cursive and Motor Skills

Another primary argument for teaching cursive writing in schools is that it serves to improve a student’s fine motor skills. Granted, the ability to hold a pencil or pen and create tiny, curved strokes on paper does require fine motor skills. However, such skills can be developed and honed in ways that are more useful. Young children learn to string beads, cut and paste paper shapes, and sculpt with modeling compound. They endlessly manipulate blocks and other small objects early in their educational careers. They learn to color with crayons, carefully staying within the printed lines of their coloring books. On a more utilitarian level, they also learn to comb their hair, brush their teeth, button their clothes, and tie their shoelaces. Older children learn to hold a pencil properly and form the capital and lowercase letters of manuscript writing. Throughout their schooling, students will continue to practice these fine motor skills and perhaps add others—learning to play a musical instrument, for example.

Cursive vs. Computers

Students no longer are compelled to tote around several spiral binders for taking notes in longhand. Instead, they type their notes on various pieces of technology. A handwritten in-class essay, let alone a research paper, is now considered a relic of a bygone age. One might just as well turn in a manuscript written on papyrus. Computers, smart phones, tablets—these devices embrace the future and leave cursive in the dust of history.

Students rarely need to read anything written in cursive, unless they are studying original historical documents—correspondence, diaries, and so forth. Most of the information students need will be accessible through various forms of printed media or, more likely, online. Even historical documents that were originally written in cursive—the Declaration of Independence, for example—have been transcribed and are readily available in print.

If teachers truly feel obligated to expose students to cursive writing, then the most useful thing to do would be to teach students to sign their names. The legally binding act of affixing one’s signature to a document remains the last bastion of cursive writing. Each student might spend a day or two learning and practicing a signature. Anything more than that is probably
unnecessary.

Cursive No More

There was once a time and place for the teaching of cursive, just as there was a time and place for teaching students how to cut and sharpen a quill into a pen. That time is in the past, however, and that place is lost forever. Students need to spend their time learning technology and trigonometry, physics and philosophy, and language and literature. If they ever need to read something in cursive, surely there will be an “app” for that.

73. Which evidence from “The Curse of Cursive” best supports the author’s claim that cursive writing is unnecessary for refining fine motor skills?

A. Students should learn calligraphy instead.

B. Handwritten items are a thing of the past.

C. Many different activities can develop fine motor skills.

D. Fine motor skills are dispensable with use of computers.

74. Evaluate the author’s argument in “The Curse of Cursive.” Explain why the reasoning is not valid. Identify any false statements or examples of illogical reasoning. Write one paragraph, using specific examples from the text to support your answer.

75. Analyze and explain how the author of “The Curse of Cursive” presents the argument against teaching cursive. Pay special attention to the order in which points are made and the connections that are drawn between them. Write one to two paragraphs, using specific examples
from the passage to support your answer.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Fossilization

At a beach, you may have picked up shells, examined their contours and surfaces, and considered the function of a clam shell hinge, or the spirals of snails, cowries, or other gastropods. Can you imagine having this experience up in the Appalachian Mountains? Though mountains may be the last place you would connect with the beach, imprints of shells are found in rock there. In fact, these imprints show the same hinges and spirals as the shells themselves. Examining rocks such as these, you realize the presence of these imprints suggests that the mountains were once under water.

Fossils fascinate people because they provide a glimpse of what earth was like in the past. Paleontologists, or scientists who study fossils, make this fascination their life’s work. The name comes from paleo-, the Greek word for “ancient.”

Shell markings and other ancient imprints are called trace fossils. These fossils include impressions of footprints, which are clues to where organisms traveled, and burrows, showing where organisms lived. The remains of ancient organisms are another type of fossil. Dinosaur bones are the most famous remains, but fossilized remains also include insects in amber, frozen wooly mammoths, desiccated, or dried out, plants, ancient cat teeth recovered from tar pits, and such lowly objects as coprolites, which are petrified feces. All types of fossils have one thing in common. They are evidence of organisms that lived in the distant past.

Fossilization, or the process by which remains become a fossil, depends on certain conditions. Most important, the traces or remains have to be at least partially intact and in place for a very long time. A buried plant or bone, though, is likely to be broken by animals digging in the area, dissolved by rain or groundwater, or eroded by wind or rushing water. Even remains that survive these disturbances usually decay in place, as was the fate of the remains that became coal and other fossil fuels people extract from the earth and use today. The objects that do persist under layers of sedimentary rock may still be lost if that rock goes through metamorphosis, or extreme
changes.

Traces or remains must be preserved to avoid decay if they are to become fossils. Preservation may occur when a fossil is surrounded by a layer of tar or pine sap. Preservation may be the result of a chemical process, such as the tanning that occurs in peat bogs. Freezing and drying may also preserve fossils. Most fossils, however, are preserved in layers of sediment that collect faster than remains can decay.

Sediment forms from bits of minerals and other materials that are carried, often by wind or water, and then dropped. When the particles are cemented together and compressed, they form sedimentary rock, such as sandstone or shale. Fossils in sedimentary rock are likely to have formed when sediment collected rapidly. Consequently, many fossil beds are discovered off coasts, in inland rock formed from ancient river floodplains or sea bottoms where sediment has been transported by the flowing water.

Some fossils survive because the original organisms have hard parts, such as bones, shells, and teeth. For example, chitin is the hard material in the exoskeletons of beetles, lobsters, and arthropod fossils. Phosphate, another hard natural material, is a major component of teeth and bones. Clam shells made of aragonite, sea stars made of calcite, and wood made mostly of cellulose have all been fossilized in ways that retained their original hard materials.
Most fossilization, however, includes a hardening process such as replacement, in which every molecule of the original material is replaced by a harder material, such as pyrite. Trace fossils go through hardening processes, as well. For instance, a jellyfish might be buried in sediment and leave only an impression as the sediment hardens and the jellyfish dissolves. That impression is a trace fossil called a mold. If the mold later fills with replacement material that hardens, it becomes a cast.

Paleontologists have found fossils preserved from other processes, as well. In recrystalization, the original calcium compound in some sea shells changes to a more stable form. In another unique process called carbonization, a thin film of carbon replaces the original material, and the resulting fossil is almost two-dimensional. Imagine how different a flat carbonized leaf looks compared to a three-dimensional petrified tree. Yet they are both fossilized remains.

Fossilization is a great source of information about the time long before humans walked on Earth. While interested people enjoy finding and even collecting fossils, paleontologists interpret fossil remains to uncover endless secrets of the past.

**76. Based on the information in “Fossilization,” which trait of an organism**
would make it more likely to develop into a fossil?

A. multiple body sections  
B. a dense mineral shell  
C. a large size and weight  
D. abundance of soft tissue
Read the following and answer the questions below:

**Turn It Off: Why Our Community Should Limit Screen Time for Teenagers**

To the Editor of the Liberty Times,

Screens. They dominate our world. It seems we cannot go anywhere anymore without being bombarded with advertisements for the latest and greatest in television, computer, video game, tablet, and cell phone technology. But what does all of this new technology mean for us, the parents of teenagers growing up in a world inundated with screens?

The first thing it means is that our teenagers spend a lot of time in front of a screen—a lot of time. In fact, studies have shown that a majority of teens spend more than 20 hours a week in front of a screen of some kind (usually a television or a computer). Some studies even suggest that nearly a third of teenagers spend close to 40 hours a week in front of a screen! When you consider the fact that here in Liberty Township our high school students spend only 30 hours a week in school, that means that many teenagers in our community spend more time sitting staring at a screen than they do sitting in a classroom, being instructed by their teachers.

Some parents may say, “So what?” Teenagers have to spend time on the Internet, doing research for school or using social media sites to communicate with their friends. This is true, and both can be valid uses of screen time in moderation. But consider the not-so-pretty side of too much television or Internet use. Teenagers who spend a significant amount of their time in front of a screen are highly likely to suffer some rather serious negative consequences. First and foremost, sitting in front of a screen is a sedentary “activity.” To participate, you simply sit there. This can lead to serious health consequences related to an inactive lifestyle. Furthermore, studies have shown that teens who spend more time in front of the screen are less likely to get enough sleep at night, which can lead to sluggishness and a lack of focus in school. Kids who are napping in class because they stayed up all night watching ridiculous television shows are not learning the
content they need.

Being tired is not the only consequence of long hours of TV watching and Internet browsing. Teenagers who spend the majority of their time staring at a screen are also likely to have weak social skills and can often struggle to build lasting relationships with both their parents and their peers. One reason for this could simply be a lack of time: the more time spent in isolation staring at a screen, the less time there is to interact with others and to practice those much-needed social skills.

So what is it that we, as parents, can do to ensure that our teens do not spend too much time in front of the television or the computer? I believe that there are several simple steps we can take to ensure that teenagers get more quality time away from the screens that have come to dominate our lives. First and foremost, we must set rules for screen time. Doctors recommend limiting teenagers’ screen time to no more than two hours a day. On weeknights, we, as parents, must insist that the two hours is spent on homework first and play second. Perhaps a little more time is warranted on the weekends, but, in general, we should follow the guidelines that are set out by the doctors we trust to help keep us healthy.

Second, we should help our teenagers pick up hobbies and activities that are interesting to them. Does your son or your daughter like to watch sports all day? Then encourage him or her to try out for a team at school or join an intramural league through our community’s excellent community center. Lucy Simonds, the teen activity coordinator at the Liberty Township Community Center, recently told me in an e-mail, “The community center hosts an open gym for teenagers every afternoon from 3:45 p.m. until 7:00 p.m. Right now, maybe 5–10 teens show up each night. We have the room and resources for at least 100 teenagers.” The community center is a great way for kids to learn a new sport or game, be active, and, most important, get away from the screen. Not interested in sports? Don’t forget that the high school offers more than 15 different clubs and activities, everything from chess to speech to debate to the environmental club. All of these clubs have plenty of room for more students and would encourage our teens to get involved in the world outside computers and television.

Even if playing a sport or joining a club is not interesting to your child, you can always encourage him or her to apply for a part-time job. Our community has plenty of places where teenagers can pick up some hours and earn some spending money. Jobs are well known to teach important life skills, such as time management, financial responsibility, and teamwork. Nothing says “responsible” on a college application like the ability to hold
down a job while maintaining good grades in school.

Finally, there are plenty of alternative activities for teenagers within the home that do not require a screen. We can encourage our teens to read books, play board games, help plan and cook a family meal, and play games outside with younger brothers, sisters, and neighbors. All of these alternatives can help to alleviate some of the negative consequences of too much screen time.

As parents, we have a responsibility to do what is best for our children. They may whine and complain and say it is not true, but the fact remains that too much screen time is never a good thing. I believe that within our own community of Liberty Township, we must make a concerted effort to limit the amount of time our children spend in front of screens. As families, and as a community, we will all be the better for it.

Sincerely,
Janet Hincherman
Concerned Parent

77. Which summary of “Turn It Off: Why Our Community Should Limit Screen Time for Teenagers” best presents the author’s arguments?

A. Screens dominate our world. For example, most teenagers spend more than 20 hours a week sitting in front of a television or computer screen. Some studies show almost a third of teenagers spend close to 40 hours a week in front of a screen.

B. Parents must control how much time teens spend in front of screens by limiting their teenagers to no more than two hours a day of television watching, video games, or computer use. Also, parents should make sure their children do their homework first.

C. Teenagers spend a lot of time in front of screens. They have to use a computer for homework and social media to connect with their friends. Still, parents should limit the amount of screen time for teens. Teachers must assign less homework that requires Internet
D. Teenagers spend too much time in front of screens, which leads to an inactive lifestyle, loss of sleep, and poor social skills. Parents need to limit screen time for teens. Teens should be required to do their homework first, and then they may spend time on alternate activities.

78. What is the author’s main argument in “Turn It Off: Why Our Community Should Limit Screen Time for Teenagers”? Write a paragraph that identifies the author’s main argument and explains how well the author uses reasons, facts, opinions, and other types of evidence to convince readers. Use details from the passage to support your explanation.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from “The Fallacy of Success”

Excerpt from “The Fallacy of Success”

Excerpt from “The Fallacy of Success”

from All Things Considered
by G.K. Chesterton

British writer G.K. Chesterton, born in 1871, was prolific—his writings include an amazing number of articles, stories, poems, and essays. In fact, he wrote 1,535 essays for the Illustrated London News alone. These essays were later published in collections, the first of which was All Things Considered. The following excerpt from the essay “The Fallacy of Success” appears in that collection.

There has appeared in our time a particular class of books and articles which I sincerely and solemnly think may be called the silliest ever known among men. They are much more wild than the wildest romances of chivalry and much more dull than the dullest religious tract. Moreover, the romances of chivalry were at least about chivalry; the religious tracts are about religion. But these things are about nothing; they are about what is called Success. On every bookstall, in every magazine, you may find works telling people how to succeed. They are books showing men how to succeed in everything; they are written by men who cannot even succeed in writing books. To begin with, of course, there is no such thing as Success. Or, if you like to put it so, there is nothing that is not successful. That a thing is successful merely means that it is; a millionaire is successful in being a millionaire and a donkey in being a donkey. Any live man has succeeded in living ... But, passing over the bad logic and bad philosophy in the phrase, we may take it, as these writers do, in the ordinary sense of success in obtaining money or worldly position. These writers profess to tell the ordinary man how he may succeed in his trade or speculation—how, if he is a builder, he may succeed as a builder; how, if he is a stockbroker, he may succeed as a stockbroker. They profess to show him how, if he is a grocer, he may become a sporting yachtsman; how, if he is a tenth-rate journalist, he may become a peer ... This is a definite and business-like proposal, and I really think that the people who buy these books (if any people do buy them) have a moral, if not a legal, right to ask for their money back. Nobody would dare to publish...
It is perfectly obvious that in any decent occupation (such as bricklaying or writing books) there are only two ways (in any special sense) of succeeding. One is by doing very good work, the other is by cheating. Both are much too simple to require any literary explanation. If you are in for the high jump, either jump higher than any one else, or manage somehow to pretend that you have done so ... You may want a book about jumping ... But you cannot want a book about Success. Especially you cannot want a book about Success such as those which you can now find scattered by the hundred about the book-market. You may want to jump or to play cards; but you do not want to read wandering statements to the effect that jumping is jumping, or that games are won by winners. If these writers, for instance, said anything about success in jumping it would be something like this: “The jumper must have a clear aim before him. He must desire definitely to jump higher than the other men who are in for the same competition. He must let no feeble feelings of mercy (sneaked from the sickening Little Englanders and Pro-Boers) prevent him from trying to do his best. He must remember that a competition in jumping is distinctly competitive, and that ... the weakest go to the wall.” That is the kind of thing the book would say, and very useful it would be, no doubt, if read out in a low and tense voice to a young man just about to take the high jump. Or suppose that in the course of his intellectual rambles the philosopher of Success dropped upon our other case, that of playing cards, his bracing advice would run—“In playing cards it is very necessary to avoid the mistake (commonly made by maudlin humanitarians and Free Traders) of permitting your opponent to win the game. You must have grit and snap and go in to win. The days of idealism and superstition are over. We live in a time of science and hard common sense, and it has now been definitely proved that in any game where two are playing if one does not win the other will.” It is all very stirring, of course; but I confess that if I were playing cards I would rather have some decent little book which told me the rules of the game ...

Turning over a popular magazine, I find a queer and amusing example. There is an article called “The Instinct that Makes People Rich.” It is decorated in front with a formidable portrait of Lord Rothschild. There are many definite methods, honest and dishonest, which make people rich ... That, however, is beside the present point. I wish to quote the following exquisite paragraphs as a piece of typical advice as to how to succeed. It is
so practical; it leaves so little doubt about what should be our next step—

“The name of Vanderbilt is synonymous with wealth gained by modern enterprise. ‘Cornelius,’ the founder of the family, was the first of the great American magnates of commerce. He started as the son of a poor farmer; he ended as a millionaire twenty times over.

“He had the money-making instinct. He seized his opportunities, the opportunities that were given by the application of the steam-engine to ocean traffic, and by the birth of railway locomotion in the wealthy but undeveloped United States of America, and consequently he amassed an immense fortune.

“Now it is, of course, obvious that we cannot all follow exactly in the footsteps of this great railway monarch. The precise opportunities that fell to him do not occur to us. Circumstances have changed. But, although this is so, still, in our own sphere and in our own circumstances, we can follow his general methods; we can seize those opportunities that are given us, and give ourselves a very fair chance of attaining riches.”

In such strange utterances we see quite clearly what is really at the bottom of all these articles and books. It is not mere business; it is not even mere cynicism. It is mysticism; the horrible mysticism of money. The writer of that passage did not really have the remotest notion of how Vanderbilt made his money, or of how anybody else is to make his. He does, indeed, conclude his remarks by advocating some scheme; but it has nothing in the world to do with Vanderbilt. He merely wished to prostrate himself before the mystery of a millionaire.

Excerpt from collection, All Things Considered, by G. K. Chesterton. Published by Methuen & Co., 1908.

79. In “Excerpt from ‘The Fallacy of Success,’” how does Chesterton use the example of the high jump to illustrate his notion about the “ways of succeeding”?

A. by showing that true success in jumping depends on mental attitude and competitiveness rather than on physical strength

B. by explaining that meaningful advice will be advice about the act of
jumping rather than about success in general

C. by revealing that setting goals and striving to attain them are as important as physical training

D. by suggesting that the manner in which advice is given is as important as the advice itself
Once the seat of the French royal court, the Louvre Palace in Paris is now the world’s most famous art museum and an important symbol of French national identity. Begun in 1546 by King Francis I on the ruins of a former medieval fortress, the Louvre’s immense complex consists of interconnected wings and courtyards. Opened as a museum during the French Revolution in 1793, the Louvre Museum houses some of history’s best-known art treasures, including da Vinci’s immortal *Mona Lisa*.

**A Shocking Proposal**

Overlooking the Seine River, which divides the city of Paris in two, and adjacent to the popular Tuileries Garden, the Louvre reminds Parisians daily of their civic pride. So when French President François Mitterrand launched a project in 1983 to build a new entrance to the Louvre that better accommodated its thousands of daily visitors, the great public outcry that followed came as little surprise. It was not only the prospect of change that upset the French public, but also Mitterand’s choice of architect and that architect’s shocking proposal.

The architect was I.M. Pei, who was neither French nor European, but, instead, an American of Chinese birth and origin. Pei was already a world-renowned architect, famous for his designs of the East Building of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., and the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum in Boston (for which he was commissioned by Jacqueline Kennedy herself). He was also winner of the 1983 Pritzker Prize, architecture’s highest honor.

Despite his renown, Pei’s radical idea to place a large, glass pyramid structure at the center of the Louvre’s vast main courtyard, the *Cour Napoléon*, shocked critics and public alike. Detractors argued that the pyramid would dominate the courtyard and overshadow the palace, and that its futuristic appearance would clash too much with the original structure.
The storm of controversy rocked France, but it was nothing new for Pei, whose modern designs had drawn both praise and criticism throughout his career.

When the Louvre Pyramid opened in 1989, its boldness and elegance were greatly admired. The pyramid’s pure, transparent geometry seemed to open up the Cour Napoléon, rather than crowding it, as had been feared. Instead of outshining the surrounding palace structures, the contrasting style gave them a fresh look. The complete turnaround in public sentiment and critical acclaim cemented Pei’s reputation as one of the world’s most visionary architects.

**The Formative Years**

Ieoh Ming Pei was born in 1917 in Canton, China. The eldest son of a wealthy and distinguished banking family, he grew up in Hong Kong and Shanghai in circumstances of great privilege. Distant though he was from his stern businessman father, young I.M. was extraordinarily close to his affectionate mother, an accomplished flutist and devout Buddhist who took him with her on her visits to ancient temples. When he was thirteen, his mother died of cancer, a loss he would mourn for the rest of his life.

Shanghai was a boom town during his teen years there, and Pei witnessed the rise of many new skyscrapers, kindling his interest in buildings. Though it was customary for the sons of wealthy Chinese families to attend prestigious English universities such as Oxford and Cambridge, Pei’s interest in American movies led him instead to the United States, in defiance of his father’s wishes. At age seventeen, Pei arrived at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to study architecture. However, he was disappointed by MIT’s traditionalism, especially in light of exciting innovations of modernist pioneers like Walter Gropius, Marcel Breuer, and Le Corbusier located in Europe.

In 1939, Pei met his future wife, Eileen Loo. Their marriage lasted over seventy years, and they had several children, including architect son Chien Chung, who worked with his father on the Louvre Pyramid. Loo enrolled in Harvard’s Graduate School for Design (GSD), and Pei soon joined the GSD, as well, as both teacher and student. There he worked with Gropius and Breuer themselves, who had fled the Nazi party in pre-WWII Germany. Their clean, powerful aesthetic and attention to light would influence Pei his entire career.
Life in the United States

The Communist takeover of China prevented Pei and Loo from returning to their families. Instead, they headed to New York, where in 1955 Pei started his own firm, I.M. Pei & Associates. The young firm made its mark designing stylishly stark apartment complexes in the heart of New York City and Philadelphia. These led to a commission for a new laboratory at the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colorado, Pei’s first work away from an urban center. With his typical attention to detail, Pei designed towers that mimicked both the form and color of the background mountains.

This success brought his work to the attention of Jacqueline Kennedy, who chose him to design the museum commemorating her husband’s life and presidency. Despite her support, it was a difficult project, with numerous complications and opponents. Several initial designs were rejected, and Pei was displeased with the final compromised result. As always, however, Pei’s combination of impeccable courtesy and steady persistence helped him navigate the often choppy waters surrounding highly public commissions.

Although he continued to actively design well into his 80s—with the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in Cleveland, Ohio, completed in 1995—Pei, now in his 90s, has slowed down over the years. Just as the Louvre Pyramid quickly became a beloved icon, drawing more than double the number of visitors to the Louvre, so has Pei’s uniquely modern vision helped reshape the world of architecture. His extraordinary achievements have changed the look of our world and influenced generations of architects since.

80. According to “A New Angle on the World,” I.M. Pei has had tremendous influence on architecture. Write one paragraph explaining how Pei’s design for the new entrance to the Louvre demonstrates an essential element of his architectural style. Use details from the passage to support your response.
A song, when broken down, is a combination of rhythm, melody, and harmony. Traditionally, a sweeping vocal melody falls over a good beat and supporting instrumentation. This combination of rhythm, melody, and harmony can be achieved with any combination of instruments. There are no hard and fast rules; however, many instruments have evolved to serve specific roles and have evolved alongside other instruments, based on their use in an ensemble. The nature of one instrument influences the nature of another, in search of perfect harmony.

The Ensemble

Ensemble playing simply refers to music made by multiple players and multiple instruments. Nearly every genre of music employs the ensemble, from the classical orchestra, jazz bands, and old time string bands all the way to the modern rock and roll power trio drums, bass, and electric guitar.

Rhythm, melody, and harmony can certainly be achieved by a solo player on a single instrument, but the power of the ensemble lies in breaking down the elements of music and utilizing specialized instruments to perform individual tasks. Drums, for instance, are specifically designed to provide powerful and defined rhythm, while the violin is designed to project soaring melodies.

Sonic range is a consideration in an ensemble. An instrument’s range is the total amount of notes it is capable of producing, from its lowest note to its highest. Different instruments have vastly different ranges, so when used together, multiple instruments can achieve tremendous sonic range.

The Classical Trio

Let’s examine the simple classical trio of cello, viola, and violin. All three of these instruments are members of the violin family, which generally look like the same instrument in different sizes. A cello produces the lowest notes of the trio, while the violin produces the highest. Their construction and design
also reflect their intended range.

The cello is the largest of the three instruments. Its large, hollow body allows for more resonance of lower notes. The strings are also significantly thicker than that of a violin, which requires its scale\textsuperscript{4} to be longer. The thicker strings of the cello need a longer scale to achieve the proper string tension, so that they vibrate properly.

In contrast, the violin is a petite instrument with lighter strings, and its small body is designed to project its higher range to the front of the overall sound. The violin is often used for solos, which are usually the melodic lead of a song. The projection and design of the violin suits its role as the melodic lead.

The viola falls in the middle. It is larger than a violin and smaller than a cello. It is often used to provide body and mid-range tones in the sound. When placed together in an ensemble, these three instruments can create a full, complex sound, with low, rich notes and pronounced, forceful melodies. Multiply this idea and you have the full orchestra.

| CELLO | VIOLA | VIOLIN |

\textbf{The Versatile Guitar}

Walk into any music store, and it is apparent that the guitar is perhaps the most popular modern musical instrument. While there may be a few keyboards or drum sets for sale, there may often be hundreds of guitars hanging on the walls. One reason for this is versatility. The acoustic guitar is an extremely versatile instrument, sometimes called “the portable piano,” because of its wide range of notes and its equally useful rhythmic and melodic qualities, which also makes it a perfect instrument for a solo musician.
The guitar, however, was not always this way. The evolution of the acoustic guitar is largely related to its role in an ensemble. In its Spanish and Northern African beginnings, the guitar was a small instrument without much volume. It was also ornate, with elaborate carvings and jeweled inlays. This excess of material did not let the instrument vibrate freely, essentially choking the tone. As the instrument migrated to America, it became a major player in the American string bands of the south. Other players in this traditional American ensemble were the fiddle (another name for the violin) and the African instrument, the banjo. Both the fiddle and the banjo are loud instruments, and the smaller guitars of the time were outmatched in volume and projection.

Naturally, the acoustic guitar got bigger and more resonant, shedding its decorative fat, until finally the German immigrant, C.F. Martin, designed the dreadnought guitar body, which is named after an old British battleship. The dreadnought body design made the guitar louder and more percussive, giving it the lead rhythm position in the old time string band, and also made it powerful enough to take on solos and be heard. This design has not changed much in the last hundred years.

The acoustic guitar also pairs very well with the human voice, which brings it back into the realm of the perfect solo instrument. However, without its evolution within the ensemble, it might have remained an ornamental, unsuitable instrument for modern play.

**Perfect Harmony**

After examining the evolution of a few musical instruments, we end with a broader notion of harmony. In its simplest terms, harmony is the combination of musical notes used to create a pleasing effect for the ear. A few voices can achieve this without any instruments at all. However, step back and listen to an orchestra and you will hear a deeper sense of the word “harmony,” one that moves through history and crosses oceans.

All of those instruments, combinations of wood, glue, and strings, many of them with designs that have not changed in hundreds of years, perfectly evolved to blend together because they have evolved alongside each other. Generations of craftsmanship and engineering at work vibrate perfectly together, projecting into the air in perfect balance, all with the singular purpose of serving the song.

1. **scale**: the length of the string from the bridge to the nut, which is located by the instrument’s tuners
81. In "Evolving Wood and Harmony" the author claims that rhythm, melody, and harmony are most effectively created when an ensemble uses specialized instruments to perform individual tasks. Write one to two paragraphs explaining how this claim is developed in the section titled "The Classical Trio." Support your answer with details from the passage.
African American explorer Matthew A. Henson was born in 1866 in Maryland. He had been working aboard ships since he was 13 years old when he met polar explorer Robert E. Peary in 1887. Impressed with Henson's skills, Peary hired Henson. The two men set out to explore the Arctic in 1890, and on April 6, 1909, they reached the farthest point north ever reached by previous explorers—175 miles from the Pole. The narrative in this excerpt from Henson's autobiography is interspersed with description from a diary Henson kept during those journeys.

**The Magnificent Desolation of the Arctic**

While we waited here, we had time to appreciate the magnificent desolation
about us. Even on the march, with loaded sledges and tugging dogs to engage attention, unconsciously one finds oneself with wits wool-gathering and eyes taking in the scene, and suddenly being brought back to the business of the hour by the fiend-like conduct of his team.

There is an irresistible fascination about the regions of northern-most Grant Land that is impossible for me to describe. Having no poetry in my soul, and being somewhat hardened by years of experience in that inhospitable country, words proper to give you an idea of its unique beauty do not come to mind. Imagine gorgeous bleakness, beautiful blankness. It never seems broad, bright day, even in the middle of June, and the sky has the different effects of the varying hours of morning and evening twilight from the first to the last peep of day. Early in February, at noon, a thin band of light appears far to the southward, heralding the approach of the sun, and daily the twilight lengthens, until early in March, the sun, a flaming disk of fiery crimson, shows his distorted image above the horizon. This distorted shape is due to the mirage caused by the cold, just as heat-waves above the rails on a railroad-track distort the shape of objects beyond.

The south sides of the lofty peaks have for days reflected the glory of the coming sun, and it does not require an artist to enjoy the unexampled splendor of the view. The snows covering the peaks show all of the colors, variations, and tones of the artist's palette, and more. Artists have gone with us into the Arctic and I have heard them rave over the wonderful beauties of the scene, and I have seen them at work trying to reproduce some of it, with good results but with nothing like the effect of the original. As Mr. Stokes said, "it is color run riot."

To the northward, all is dark and the brighter stars of the heavens are still visible, but growing fainter daily with the strengthening of the sunlight.

When the sun finally gets above the horizon and swings his daily circle, the color effects grow less and less, but then the sky and cloud-effects improve and the shadows in the mountains and clefts of the ice show forth their beauty, cold blues and grays; the bare patches of the land, rich browns; and the whiteness of the snow is dazzling. At midday, the optical impression given by one's shadow is of about nine o'clock in the morning, this due to the altitude of the sun, always giving us long shadows. Above us the sky is blue and bright, bluer than the sky of the Mediterranean, and the clouds from the silky cirrus mare's-tails to the fantastic and heavy cumulus are always objects of beauty. This is the description of fine weather.

Almost any spot would have been a fine one to get a round of views from; at Cape Sheridan, our headquarters, we were bounded by a series of land
marks that have become historical; to the north, Cape Hecla, the point of departure of the 1906 expedition; to the west, Cape Joseph Henry, and beyond, the twin peaks of Cape Columbia rear their giant summits out to the ocean.

From Cape Columbia the expedition was now to leave the land and sledge over the ice-covered ocean four hundred and thirteen miles north-to the Pole!

Ready for the Dash to the Pole

_The Diary-February 23: Heavy snow-fall and furious winds; accordingly intense darkness and much discomfort._

There was a heavy gale blowing at seven o'clock in the morning, on February 22, and the snow was so thick and drifty that we kept close to our igloos and made no attempt to do more than feed the dogs. My igloo was completely covered with snow and the one occupied by Dr. Goodsell was blown away, so that he had to have another one, which I helped to build.

The wind subsided considerably, leaving a thick haze, but after breakfast, Professor MacMillan, Mr. Borup, and their parties, left camp for Cape Colan, to get the supplies they had dumped there, and carry them to Cape Aldrich. I took one Esquimo, Poodloonah, and one sledge from the Captain's party, and with my own three boys, Ooblooyah, Ootah, and I-forget-his-name, and a howling mob of dogs, we left for the western side of Cape Columbia, and got the rest of the pemmican and biscuits. On the way back, we met the Captain, who was out taking exercise. He had nothing to say; he did not shake hands, but there was something in his manner to show that he was glad to see us. With the coming of the daylight a man gets more cheerful, but it was still twilight when we left Cape Columbia, and melancholy would sometimes grip, as it often did during the darkness of midwinter.

Captain Bartlett helped us to push the loaded sledges to Cape Aldrich and nothing was left at Cape Columbia.

When we got back to camp we found Professor Marvin and his party of three Esquimos there. They had just reached the camp and were at work building an igloo.

Professor Marvin came over to our igloo and changed his clothes; that is, in a temperature of at least 45° below zero, by the light of my lantern he coolly and calmly stripped to the pelt, and proceeded to cloth himself in the new suit of reindeerskin and polar bearskin clothing, that had been made for him.
by the Esquimo woman, Ahlikahsingwah, aboard the Roosevelt. It had taken him and his party five days to make the trip from Sheridan to Columbia.

February 26: This from my log: "Clear, no wind, temperature 57° below zero." Listen! I will tell you about it. At seven a.m. we quit trying to sleep and started the pot a-boiling. A pint of hot tea gave us a different point of view, and Professor Marvin handed me the thermometer, which I took outside and got the reading; 57° below; that is cold enough. I have seen it lower, but after forty below the difference is not appreciable.

I climbed to the highest pinnacle of the cape and in the gathering daylight gazed out over the ice-covered ocean to get an idea of its condition. At my back lay the land of sadness, just below me the little village of snow-houses, the northern-most city on the earth (Commander Peary give it the name Crane City), and, stretching wide and far to the northward, the irresistible influence that beckoned us on; broken ice, a sinister chaos, through which we would have to work our way. Dark and heavy clouds along the horizon gave indication of open water, and it was easy to see that the rough and heavy shore-ice would make no jokes for us to appreciate.

82. How does “Excerpt from A Negro Explorer at the North Pole” develop the central idea that Henson is an expert on the Arctic?

A. It contrasts him with less capable members of the expedition.

B. It includes his accounts of different areas that the expedition traveled to.
C. It shows him performing tasks needed for survival and interpreting the terrain.

D. It reveals he is aware that long periods of darkness can affect people's moods.

83. According to details in “Excerpt from A Negro Explorer at the North Pole,” the most vivid colors of the Arctic are displayed at what time of the day?

A. midday

B. twilight

C. early morning

D. late afternoon
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Westward with the Prince of Wales

Excerpt from Westward with the Prince of Wales

By W. Douglas Newton

In 1919, Edward, England’s Prince of Wales, traveled across Canada. The writer and journalist Wilfrid Douglas Newton accompanied the prince as a representative of the press. The following year, Newton published an account of Prince Edward’s journey.

Chapter 14

The Fringe of the Great Northwest: Saskatoon and Edmonton

Saskatoon, the distributing city for the middle of Saskatchewan, was to give the Prince a memorable day. It was here that he obtained his first insight into the life and excitements of the cowboy. Saskatoon, in addition to the usual reception functions, showed him a “Stampede,” which is a cowboy sports meeting.

The Prince arrived in the town at noon, and drove through the streets to the Park and University grounds for the reception ceremonies. It is a keen, bright place, seeming, indeed, of sparkling newness in the wonderful clarified sunlight of the prairie.

It is new. Saskatoon is only now beginning its own history. It is still sorting itself out from the plain which its elevators, business blocks and delightful residential districts are yet occupied in thrusting back. It is a characteristic town on the uplift. It snubs and encroaches upon the illimitable fields with its fine American architecture, and its stone university buildings. It has new suburbs full of houses of symmetrical Western comeliness in a tract wearing the air of Buffalo Bill.

It grows so fast that you can almost see it doing it. It has grown so fast that it has outstripped the guide-book makers. They talk of it in two lines as a
village of a few hundred inhabitants, but put not your trust in guide-books when coming to Canada, for the village you come out to see turns out, like Saskatoon, to be a bustling city full of “pep,” as they say, and possessing 20,000 inhabitants.

The guide-book makers are not to blame. Somewhere about 1903 there were no more than 150 people within its boundaries. Now, from the look of it, it could provide ten motor-cars for each of these oldest inhabitants, and have about 500 over for new-comers—in fact, that is about the figure; there are 2,000 cars on the Saskatoon registers. Saskatoon was full of cars neatly lined up along the Prince’s route during every period of his stay.

The great function of the visit was the “Stampede.” This sports meeting took place on a big racing ground before a grand-stand that held many thousand more people than Saskatoon boasted. The many cars that brought them in from all over the country were parked in huge wedges in and about the ground.

Passing off the wild dirt roads, the Prince headed a procession of cars round the course before entering a special pavilion erected facing the grandstand. His coming was the signal for the Stampede to commence. It was a new thrill to Britishers, an affair of excitement, and a real breath of Western life. They told us that the cattle kings are moving away from this area to the more spacious and lonely lands of the North; but the exhibition the Prince witnessed showed that the daring and skilful spirit of the cowboys has not moved on yet.

We were also told that this Stampede was something in the nature of a circus that toured the country, and that men and animals played their parts mechanically as oft-tried turns in a show. But even if that was so, the thing was unique to British eyes, and the exhibition of all the tricks of the cattleman’s calling was for those who looked on a new sensation.

Cattlemen rode before the Prince on bucking horses that, loosed from wooden cages, came along the track like things compact of India-rubber and violence, as they strove to throw the leechlike men in furry, riding chaps, loose shirts, sweat-rags and high felt hats, who rode them.

Some of the men rode what seemed a more difficult proposition—an angry bull, that bunched itself up and down and lowed vindictively, as it tried to buck its rider off.

From the end of the race-track a steer was loosed, and a cowboy on a small lithe bronco rode after it at top speed. Round the head of this man the lariat whirled like a live snake. In a flash the noose was tight about the steer’s
horns, the brilliant little horse had overtaken the beast, and in an action when man and horse seemed to combine as one, the tightened rope was swung against the steer’s legs. It was thrown heavily. Like lightning the cowboy was off the horse, was on top of the half-stunned steer, and had its legs hobbled in a rope.

One man of the many who competed in this trial of skill performed the whole operation in twenty-eight seconds from the time the steer was loosed to the time its legs were secured.

A more daring feat is “bull-dogging.” The steer is loosed as before, and the cattleman rides after it, but instead of lassoing it, he leaps straight out of his saddle and plunges on to the horns of the beast. Gripping these long and cruel-looking weapons, he twists the bull’s neck until the animal comes down, and there, with his body in the hollow of the neck and shoulder, he holds it until his companions run up and release him.

There is a real thrill of danger in this.

One man, a cowboy millionaire, caught his steer well, but in the crash in which the animal came down it rolled right over him. For a moment man and beast were lost in a confusion of tossing legs and dust. Then the man, with shirt torn to ribbons and his back scraped in an ugly manner, rose up gamely and limped away. The only thing about him that had escaped universal dusting was his white double-linen collar, the strangest article of clothing any “bull-dogger” might wear.

The Prince called this plucky fellow, as well as others of the outfit, into the pavilion, and talked with them some time on the risk and adventures of their business, as well as congratulating them on their skill.

Two comely cowgirls, in fringed leather dresses, high boots, bright blouses and broad sombreros, also caught his eye. He spoke to a “movie” man, who had already added to the gaiety of nations by leaping round in a circle (heavy camera and all) while a big, bucking bronco had leaped round after him, telling him that the girls formed a fit subject for the lens.

“I’m waiting until I can get you with them, sir,” said the “movie” man.

“Oh, you’ll get me all right,” the Prince laughed. “There’s no chance of my escaping you.”

The “movie” man got Prince and cowgirls presently, when the Prince had invited them into the pavilion to chat for a few minutes. They were fine, free and independent girls, who enjoyed the naturalness and easiness of the interview.
During the meeting all the arts of the cowboys were exhibited. The lariat expert lassoed men and horses in bunches of five as easily as he lassoed one, and danced in and turned somersaults through his ever-whirling loop. There were some fine exhibitions of horse-riding, and there was some Amazonian racing by girls in jockey garb.

The human interlude was also there. A daring woman photographer in the grand-stand held up a cowboy. Disregarding her long skirts, she climbed the fence of the course and calmly mounted behind the horseman. Riding thus, she passed across the front of the cheering grand-stand and came to the steps of the Prince’s pavilion. Unconcerned by the joy of the great crowd, she asked permission to take a snapshot, and received it, going her way unruffled and entirely Canadian.

The very thrilling afternoon was closed by the Prince himself. Walking over to the crowd of cattlemen, he stood talking with them and examining their horses. Presently, on the invitation of the leader, he mounted a bronco, and, leading the bunch of cowboys and cowgirls, swept down the track and past the stand. The people, delighted at this unexpected act, vented themselves in the usual way—that is, with extraordinary enthusiasm.

"Westward with the Prince of Wales" in the public domain.

**84. In “Excerpt from Westward with the Prince of Wales,” why is the order of events for the the day the Prince went to the “Stampede” significant?**

A. The author described the men who rode bucking horses before he described the bull riding to emphasize the variety of activities at the “Stampede.”

B. The author began with a description of Saskatoon and its history to give the reader a sense of the setting before describing the “Stampede” itself.

C. The author told about the Prince’s procession before describing the “Stampede” itself to emphasize the importance of the Prince to the festivities.
D. The author told about the Prince meeting some of the members of
the troupe after describing the “Stampede” to show that the Prince
was the most important aspect of the occasion.
Located in Berks County in southeastern Pennsylvania, the Hopewell Furnace produced iron from 1771 until 1883, and is credited with contributing to America’s early industrial transformation. The site, which was referred to as an “iron plantation,” has been restored and designated as a National Historic Site. Thousands of people visit the site every year.

For more than 100 years, from the late 18th to the late 19th century, Hopewell Furnace was the center of a self-contained rural society of 200–300 people, all of whose work was directly or indirectly related to the production of iron. Many of these people lived in tenant houses furnished by the company. Much of their food was grown on acreage belonging to the company. They bought everything they couldn’t grow or make themselves from the company store or itinerant peddlers. The heart of the community was the glowing furnace, whose cycles of filling and tapping set the pace of life.

A clear-cut paternalistic hierarchy of relationships characterized village society. The daily lives of the workers varied with the work they performed; their skills and responsibilities determined their social positions. During his term as ironmaster, Clement Brooke sat at the top of the economic and social pyramid, sharing profits and power only with his absentee partners. From his comfortable home overlooking the entire furnace community, the ironmaster made policy decisions, assumed responsibility for the successful operation of the enterprise, and largely controlled the lives of the furnace employees and their families. The ironmaster’s mansion was at once family home, business headquarters, boarding house, and social center. The ironmaster and his family lived in the fashionable style of country gentry, wearing fine clothing and enjoying expensive furniture and other luxuries.
large staff of household servants, drawn largely from the wives and daughters of furnace workers, worked at the "Big House."

The furnace clerk was second only to the ironmaster in importance. He kept the books, acted as paymaster, and placated unhappy customers. He also managed the company store, ordering supplies for the village and charging workers’ purchases against their wages. He was trusted with setting priorities for filling orders and could extend credit. The clerk also managed the furnace in the ironmaster’s absence. Besides his considerable salary, the clerk was provided with room and board and travel expenses. The holders of this prestigious job often lived in the home of the ironmaster, a position that an enterprising clerk might well expect to attain in time.

Below the management level, the most important man in the community was the founder, the person responsible for the efficient operation of the furnace. He had immediate oversight of the iron workers and was accountable for the quality of their products. Because of his important position, he and his family held considerable prestige in the community.

The majority of other Hopewell Furnace workers labored in 12-hour shifts at grimy, often dangerous tasks. The noisy, reeking, fiery hot furnace defined their work. Skilled craftsmen such as moulders and colliers enjoyed higher earnings and greater prestige than ordinary furnace workers or ancillary workers such as woodcutters, miners, teamsters, and household servants. Moulders, the elite of the furnace workforce, received higher rates than the founder. Fillers and guttermen had the most dangerous jobs and received less pay than the skilled workmen. Blacksmiths, mill and wheelwrights, and other skilled artisans provided indirect, but essential services to the furnace. Farmers and farm workers developed the arable land of the village and grew much of its food.

Many women found paid employment at Hopewell, although few appear in the furnace records. Some skilled women earned wages as seamstresses, cooks, and candle makers for the Big House. Others added to the family income by boarding single men, selling eggs and chickens, marketing home-baked or home-preserved products, and sewing, repairing, or laundering clothing. Many women and children helped with farm work at harvest time. Children were apprenticed at early ages or went to work to help support their families.

Some African Americans were also employed at Hopewell and received equal pay with white workers for the same jobs. They were, however, most often working at the less skilled jobs. Neither living quarters nor social activities were segregated. The forests of southeastern Pennsylvania were known as a
shelter for runaway slaves. Because many black workers appear on the records of Hopewell Furnace for only short periods of time, and because there is some evidence that Clement Brooke was an abolitionist, it is possible he provided runaway slaves with jobs until they could move on to safer areas further north.

While a class system did exist within the workplace, there was also a strong sense of community in Hopewell. Only the ironmaster and his family were really set apart. Everyone else found that their social lives ebbed and flowed with the rhythms of the furnace. When a long blast ended, the people celebrated their temporary freedom from its demands. They held "entertainments," went fishing or hunting, skating or sleighing. At special times, Election Day or the Fourth of July, civic duties were combined with social drinking. Workers and their families often danced, and sometimes fought, the night away. For Hopewell workers, life was a mixture of much hard work and some play.

"The Hopewell Village Community" in the public domain.

85. Which sentence from "The Hopewell Village Community" provides evidence to support the fact that skilled craftsmen were the most valued employees at the furnace?

A. "Farmers and farm workers developed the arable land of the village and grew much of its food."

B. "Moulders, the elite of the furnace workforce, received higher rates than the founder."

C. "Neither living quarters nor social activities were segregated."

D. "They held "entertainments," went fishing or hunting, skating or sleighing."

86. Student Directions:

"The Hopewell Village Community" states that Hope Village has been designated as a National Historic Site. During this task, research the
requirements for a site to be determined “Nationally Historic” and find one other local landmark on the National Historical Register. "Local" can mean the landmark is in your city, county, or state. In groups, you will discuss your research, comparing the different places and requirements. Your ultimate goal will be to determine whether “The Hopewell Village Community” was worthy of its designation when compared to the other sites.

**Part 1:**

Individually, choose a National Historic Site. It can be from your city, town, county, or state (if none can be found near your location). First, you must know the requirements needed for a site to be declared a National Historic Site, and second, you must choose a site and become familiar with it.

- Use outside sources to research the list of National Historic Sites.
- Find at least one source that helps you understand the requirements for this designation.
- Use at least one source to select a local National Historic Site.
- Take notes. These will be helpful in the group discussion.
- Use quotes that come directly from the source. Record this information.
- Provide source documentation.

**Part 2:**

In small groups, take turns sharing the information you found. As a group, come to consensus on one National Historic Site worthy of comparing to The Hopewell Village Community. Make a list of features of your selected site in comparison to the criteria that gave Hopewell Village Community its status. You will have 15 minutes to participate in this small-group discussion.

**Part 3:**

As a large group, take turns sharing the one National Historic Site your small group selected. Have one person share the characteristics of your site. You will have 15 minutes to participate in this large-group discussion.

**Part 4:**

Finally, individually, reflect on the National Historic Sites your peers shared in comparison to The Hopewell Village Community that you read about in the National Park Service excerpt. Compose a response that answers several questions, all of which should have been answered to
some extent during the individual research and discussions:

1. What requirements are necessary for a site to be designated a National Historic Site?
2. What is your choice for the comparison to Hopewell Village Community?
3. How is your choice similar and/or different to Hopewell Village Community?
4. Which is more worthy of the National Historic Site title?

This response should be well structured, with an introduction and a conclusion. It should use complete sentences and contain within it information from “The Hopewell Village Community,” your research, and the notes you took during the small- and large-group discussions. Feel free to use more than one paragraph to answer these questions if you feel that it is necessary. You will have 30 minutes to complete your response.

**Scoring:**

Your work will be scored based on the following:

- how well you participate in the small- and large-group discussions
- how well you answer the research questions about National Historic Sites
- how well you use the information from "The Hopewell Village Community," your individual research, and the small- and large-group discussions
If you are lucky, you live in one of those parts of the world where Nature has one last fling before settling down into winter's sleep. In those lucky places, as days shorten and temperatures become crisp, the quiet green palette of summer foliage is transformed into the vivid autumn palette of reds, oranges, golds, and browns before the leaves fall off the trees. On special years, the colors are truly breathtaking.

**How does autumn color happen?**

For years, scientists have worked to understand the changes that happen to trees and shrubs in the autumn. Although we don't know all the details, we do know enough to explain the basics and help you to enjoy more fully Nature's multicolored autumn farewell. Three factors influence autumn leaf color—leaf pigments, length of night, and weather, but not quite in the way we think. The timing of color change and leaf fall are primarily regulated by the calendar, that is, the increasing length of night. None of the other environmental influences—temperature, rainfall, food supply, and so on—are as unvarying as the steadily increasing length of night during autumn. As days grow shorter, and nights grow longer and cooler, biochemical processes in the leaf begin to paint the landscape with Nature's autumn palette.

**Where do autumn colors come from?**

A color palette needs pigments, and there are three types that are involved in autumn color.

- **Chlorophyll**, which gives leaves their basic green color. It is necessary for photosynthesis, the chemical reaction that enables plants to use sunlight to manufacture sugars for their food. Trees in the temperate zones store these sugars for their winter dormant period.
- **Carotenoids**, which produce yellow, orange, and brown colors in such things as corn, carrots, and daffodils, as well as rutabagas, buttercups, and bananas.
• **Anthocyanins**, which give color to such familiar things as cranberries, red apples, concord grapes, blueberries, cherries, strawberries, and plums. They are water soluble and appear in the watery liquid of leaf cells.

Both chlorophyll and carotenoids are present in the chloroplasts of leaf cells throughout the growing season. Most anthocyanins are produced in the autumn, in response to bright light and excess plant sugars within leaf cells.

During the growing season, chlorophyll is continually being produced and broken down and leaves appear green. As night length increases in the autumn, chlorophyll production slows down and then stops and eventually all the chlorophyll is destroyed. The carotenoids and anthocyanins that are present in the leaf are then unmasked and show their colors.

Certain colors are characteristic of particular species. Oaks turn red, brown, or russet; hickories, golden bronze; aspen and yellow-poplar, golden yellow; dogwood, purplish red; beech, light tan; and sourwood and black tupelo, crimson. Maples differ species by species—red maple turns brilliant scarlet; sugar maple, orange-red; and black maple, glowing yellow. Striped maple becomes almost colorless. Leaves of some species such as the elms simply shrivel up and fall, exhibiting little color other than drab brown.

The timing of the color change also varies by species. Sourwood in southern forests can become vividly colorful in late summer while all other species are still vigorously green. Oaks put on their colors long after other species have already shed their leaves. These differences in timing among species seem to be genetically inherited, for a particular species at the same latitude will show the same coloration in the cool temperatures of high mountain elevations at about the same time as it does in warmer lowlands.

**How does weather affect autumn color?**

The amount and brilliance of the colors that develop in any particular autumn season are related to weather conditions that occur before and during the time the chlorophyll in the leaves is dwindling. Temperature and moisture are the main influences.

A succession of warm, sunny days and cool, crisp but not freezing nights seems to bring about the most spectacular color displays. During these days, lots of sugars are produced in the leaf but the cool nights and the gradual closing of veins going into the leaf prevent these sugars from moving out. These conditions—lots of sugar and lots of light—spur production of the brilliant anthocyanin pigments, which tint reds, purples, and crimson. Because carotenoids are always present in leaves, the yellow and gold colors
remain fairly constant from year to year.

The amount of moisture in the soil also affects autumn colors. Like the weather, soil moisture varies greatly from year to year. The countless combinations of these two highly variable factors assure that no two autumns can be exactly alike. A late spring, or a severe summer drought, can delay the onset of fall color by a few weeks. A warm period during fall will also lower the intensity of autumn colors. A warm wet spring, favorable summer weather, and warm sunny fall days with cool nights should produce the most brilliant autumn colors.

**What triggers leaf fall?**

In early autumn, in response to the shortening days and declining intensity of sunlight, leaves begin the processes leading up to their fall. The veins that carry fluids into and out of the leaf gradually close off as a layer of cells forms at the base of each leaf. These clogged veins trap sugars in the leaf and promote production of anthocyanins. Once this separation layer is complete and the connecting tissues are sealed off, the leaf is ready to fall.

**What does all this do for the tree?**

Winter is a certainty that all vegetation in the temperate zones must face each year. Perennial plants, including trees, must have some sort of protection to survive freezing temperatures and other harsh wintertime influences. Stems, twigs, and buds are equipped to survive extreme cold so that they can reawaken when spring heralds the start of another growing season. Tender leaf tissues, however, would freeze in winter, so plants must either toughen up and protect their leaves or dispose of them.

The evergreens—pines, spruces, cedars, firs, and so on—are able to survive winter because they have toughened up. Their needle-like or scale-like foliage is covered with a heavy wax coating and the fluid inside their cells contains substances that resist freezing. Thus the foliage of evergreens can safely withstand all but the severest winter conditions, such as those in the Arctic. Evergreen needles survive for some years but eventually fall because of old age.

The leaves of broadleaved plants, on the other hand, are tender and vulnerable to damage. These leaves are typically broad and thin and are not protected by any thick coverings. The fluid in cells of these leaves is usually a thin, watery sap that freezes readily. This means that the cells could not survive winter where temperatures fall below freezing. Tissues unable to overwinter must be sealed off and shed to ensure the plant's continued survival. Thus leaf fall precedes each winter in the temperate zones.
87. In the article “Why Leaves Change Color,” the author explains why leaf fall is beneficial to deciduous trees. Write one paragraph explaining how the author develops this idea in the last section, “What does all this do for the tree?” Use details from the passage to support your answer.

88. **Student Directions:**

In “Why Leaves Change Color,” the author describes the process that deciduous trees go through during autumn leaf color change. After reading the article and gathering evidence from it, you are going to do research on the internet to find further information about this process. Collect written and visual texts to help you analyze the steps in autumn leaf color change. Your ultimate goal will be to create a visual representation of the process, which you will use to present your findings in a clear, concise, and logical manner during an oral presentation to your small group. Be creative with your visual aid. You might do a brief power point, a Prezi presentation, a graph, a diagram, a montage of photographs, etc.

**Part 1:**

Individually read “Why Leaves Change Color,” looking for the steps in the process and the connections between the steps. Conduct further online research to complete your understanding of the process of autumn leaf color change.

- Determine the important ideas relating to the process of autumn leaf color change.
- Determine a way to represent the process, including connections between the steps, using a visual aid.

**Part 2:**

Convert your planning into a visual aid that you can effectively use to explain the process to a small group of students.

- Create a visual that is appropriate to the purpose, your audience, and
the task.
• Give your visual a creative title.
• Represent the central ideas and their interrelationships using textual evidence.

**Part 3:**

Present your understanding of the process of autumn leaf color to your small group. Make strategic use of your visual representation to enhance your reasoning and evidence. You will have five minutes to present your findings.

**Scoring:**

Your work will be scored based upon the following:

• how well you interpret the information in the article and use additional findings from credible online sites
• how well you visualize the steps in the process and then transform those steps into a visual representation
• how well you demonstrate the connections between the steps
• how clearly you orally communicate your ideas with the help of your visual representation
Read the following and answer the questions below:

The Work of the Colorado River

The Work of the Colorado River

“The Work of the Colorado River”

Excerpt from The Western United States:

A Geographical Reader

by Harold Wellman Fairbanks

The Western United States: A Geographical Reader was published in 1904 to provide high school readers information about Earth’s most interesting physical features and the influence these features have had on human civilization. The Colorado River is one of the many features detailed in the Reader.

The Colorado River is not old, as we estimate the age of rivers. It was born when the Rocky Mountains were first uplifted to the sky, when their lofty peaks, collecting the moisture of the storms, sent streams dashing down to the plains below. Upon the western slope of the mountains a number of these streams united in one great river, which wound here and there,
seeking the easiest route across the plateau to the Gulf of California.

At first the banks of the river were low, and its course was easily turned one way or another. From the base of the mountains to the level of the ocean there is a fall of more than a mile, so that the river ran swiftly and was not long in making for itself a definite channel.

Many thousands of years passed. America was discovered. The Spaniards conquered Mexico and sent expeditions northward in search of the cities of Cibola, where it was said that gold and silver were abundant. One of these parties is reported to have reached a mighty canyon, into which it was impossible to descend. The canyon was so deep that rocks standing in the bottom, which were in reality higher than the Seville cathedral, appeared no taller than a man.

Another party discovered the mouth of the river and called it, because of their safe arrival, The River of Our Lady of Safe Conduct. They went as far up the river as its shallow waters would permit, but failed to find the seven cities of which they were in search, and turned about and went back to Mexico. For years afterward the river remained undisturbed, so far as white men were concerned. A great part of the stream was unknown even to the Indians, for the barren plateaus upon either side offered no inducements to approach.

Trappers and explorers in the Rocky Mountains reached the head waters of the river nearly one hundred years ago, and followed the converging branches down as far as they dared toward the dark and forbidding canyons. It was believed that no boat could pass through the canyons, and that once launched upon those turbid waters, the adventurer would never be able to return.

The Colorado remained a river of mystery for nearly three centuries after its discovery. When California and New Mexico had become a part of the Union, about the middle of the last century, the canyon of the Colorado was approached at various points by government exploring parties, which brought back more definite reports concerning the rugged gorge through which the river flows.

In 1869 Major Powell, at the head of a small party, undertook the dangerous trip through the canyon by boat. After enduring great hardships for a number of weeks, the party succeeded in reaching the lower end of the canyon. Major Powell’s exploit has been repeated by only one other company, and some members of this party perished before the dangerous feat was accomplished.
The Colorado is a wonderful stream. It is fed by the perpetual snows of the Rocky Mountains. For some distance the tributary streams flow through fertile valleys, many of them now richly and widely cultivated. But soon the branches unite in one mighty river which, seeming to shun life and sunlight, buries itself so deeply in the great plateau that the traveller through this region may perish in sight of its waters without being able to descend far enough to reach them. After passing through one hundred miles of canyon, the river emerges upon a desert region, where the rainfall is so slight that curious and unusual forms of plants and animals have been developed, forms which are adapted to withstand the almost perpetual sunshine and scorching heat of summer.

Below the Grand Canyon the river traverses an open valley, where the bottom lands support a few Indians who raise corn, squashes, and other vegetables. At the Needles the river is hidden for a short time within canyon walls, but beyond Yuma the valley widens, and the stream enters upon vast plains over which it flows to its mouth in the Gulf of California.

No portion of the river is well adapted to navigation. Below the canyon the channels are shallow and ever changing. At the mouth, enormous tides sweep with swift currents over the shallows and produce foam-decked waves known as the "bore."

Visit the Colorado River whenever you will, at flood time in early summer, or in the fall and winter when the waters are lowest, you will always find it deeply discolored. The name "Colorado" signifies red, and was given to the river by the Spaniards. Watch the current and note how it boils and seethes. It seems to be thick with mud. The bars are almost of the same color as the water and are continually changing. Here a low alluvial bank is being washed away, there a broad flat is forming. With the exception of the Rio Grande in New Mexico, and the Gila, which joins the Colorado at Yuma, no other river is known to be so laden with silt. No other river is so rapidly removing the highlands through which it flows.
89. Which statement from “The Work of the Colorado River” best supports the claim that the river has interesting physical features?

A. “At first the banks of the river were low, and its course was easily turned one way or another.”

B. “The canyon was so deep that rocks standing in the bottom, which were in reality higher than the Seville cathedral, appeared no taller than a man.”

C. “Another party discovered the mouth of the river and called it, because of their safe arrival, The River of Our Lady of Safe Conduct.”

D. “The Colorado is a wonderful stream. It is fed by the perpetual snows of the Rocky Mountains.”
90. What is the author’s point of view and purpose in “The Work of the Colorado River”? How does the author use imagery and rhetoric to advance the point of view and purpose? Explain your response in one to two paragraphs using details from the passage for support.
Did you know that numerous cultures have games played with “balls” made of such substances as grass and caribou hair, or which were coconuts, oranges, or pig bladders? For centuries, people in different cultures and times have had a penchant for kicking a ball of some sort to a specific goal. Soccer\(^1\) is probably the most popular game worldwide although it has grown slowly in popularity here in the United States.

Soccer in the United States

The first “official” soccer game in the United States is considered to be a game between Princeton University and Rutgers University in 1869. Over the next several decades, amateur clubs sprang up throughout Northeast and interest slowly spread, but few high schools or colleges had organized teams until about the 1960s. Interest spiked in 1994 when the World Cup\(^2\) was played in the United States. Since then Major League Soccer has attracted international stars such as David Beckham – and larger and larger audiences. The growing interest in soccer has sparked national success, especially in women’s soccer, which has won two Women’s World Cups (1991 and 1999) and four Olympic Gold Medals (1996, 2004, 2008, 2012).

An Early History of Soccer

When and where did this game of soccer, known as “football” in other countries originate? England claims the official beginning of soccer in 1863, but people had been kicking some sort of ball around and past each other for centuries. Historians trace the origins of the sport back to the 3\(^{rd}\) century B.C., when military leaders in the Han Dynasty of China included soccer-type skills in their training manual for soldiers. To improve coordination and foot
speed, soldiers practiced controlling a feather-filled leather ball with their feet, then running with and kicking the ball into a small net attached to bamboo poles up to thirty feet above the ground. A more advanced exercise required the soldier to control the ball to kick while three or four opposing soldiers pushed, shoved, and grabbed him.

Historians also identify other versions of the sport around the world. In Japan a soccer-like game was called *kemari*, in Greece *episkyros*, in Rome *harpastum*. A game with a name meaning “they gather to play with the foot” was played by Indians in the 1600s As many as 1000 individuals would often play on beaches. All of these contests bear a strong resemblance to today’s game, perhaps even stronger than the game that began to develop in Britain over a thousand years ago. Although the matches involved a ball and groups of players, they were disorganized and violent – often described as a brawl. The game had no set limit on players, so any number might arrive ready to play. Sometimes such contests often pitted one village against another and might move through village streets, over fences, through hedges, and across town squares. Another version – Shrovetide – had a few rules and many injuries. It seemed that players were permitted to use every vicious method to score a goal or stop an opponent.
Origins of the Modern Sport

Beginning in the 19th century, people in Britain tried to reform the sport of soccer. School teachers took an interest in the game because of the physical exercise it could provide students who spent hours sitting in classrooms. However, the sport was too violent without rules – or at least the rules not open to interpretation. Injuries and slights on the soccer field ruined many rivalries.

Educators took the lead, recognizing that in addition to exercise, soccer could teach important values such as cooperation and teamwork with appropriate safety regulations. In 1846, Thomas Arnold, the headmaster of Rugby School created the first standardized rule book for soccer. The game was still rough – players could kick opponents in the legs but only below the knee and not while holding these players still – but soon the game began to be played to the same rules of behavior throughout Great Britain.

Schools continued to compete against each other but variations in interpretations often caused fighting to erupt. In 1863, eleven clubs and schools began a series of meetings in London to standardize the sport played
in the schools. The outcome of those meetings was the official separation of rugby and soccer. The Football Association of England formed and began to oversee soccer. Within eight years, 50 clubs had joined the association. That same year the first soccer tournament, the FA Cup, was organized with 15 teams participating. The Football Association today has more than 700 teams.

**The Spread of the Game**

International competition came soon afterward, beginning with a match between England and Scotland in 1872, and quickly spread throughout Europe. These competitions led to the formation of the Fédération Internationale de Football Association (FIFA) in Paris in 1904. By 1912, 21 nations had teams playing in FIFA. The association sponsored and organized the first World Cup in 1930 competition among the 41 member nations, though only 13 nations took part. Today, FIFA has more than 200 members and the World Cup, held every four years, is one of the most popular events in the world.

Every day around the world people are dribbling and shooting the ball with their feet, shouting the now-universal declaration “Goooaalll” when they score! For people young and old, big and small, of every nationality, race and creed, soccer is “The Game.” The name of Edson Arantes "Pele" Nascimento became an international phenom in soccer. Here in the United States, football will always be popular, but gaining in popularity is the international football known as soccer.

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1. **Soccer**: a game played on a rectangular field with net goals at each end; teams of eleven players use their feet to move a ball down the field and score by kicking the ball into the opponent's goal

2. **World Cup**: a soccer tournament held every four years to determine which qualifying national team is the world champion

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91. With which statement would the author most likely agree?

   A. Soccer's popularity is growing in colleges.

   B.
Soccer is a popular exercise for soldiers.

C. Soccer will become more popular than football.

D. Soccer is continuing to grow in popularity in the United States.

92. Read the following sentence from the passage.

Schools continued to compete against each other but variations in interpretations often caused fighting to erupt. In 1863, eleven clubs and schools began a series of meetings in London to standardize the sport played in the schools. The outcome of those meetings was the official separation of rugby and soccer.

How does the excerpt above contribute the author’s claim that soccer has become a popular sport?

A. It suggests that soccer was once a violent sport because so many teams came from schools.

B. It implies that soccer brawls were encouraged by varying rules, leading to a growth in attendance.

C. It illustrates how soccer developed rapidly in one country, while the rest of the world followed later.

D. It explains that common rules required soccer to be played fairly, resulting in greater popularity.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

The House-Passed Equal Rights Amendment

Excerpt from The House-Passed Equal Rights Amendment

by Sam Ervin

Sam Ervin represented North Carolina in the U.S. Senate from 1954–1974. Though he is most famous for his role in the Senate’s investigation of President Richard Nixon during the Watergate scandal, he also drew attention regarding many other issues. On August 21, 1970, Ervin delivered the following speech called “The House-Passed Equal Rights Amendment.”

The objective of those who advocate the adoption of the House-passed equal rights amendment is a worthy one. It is to abolish unfair discriminations which society makes against women in certain areas of life. No one believes more strongly than I that discriminations of this character ought to be abolished … in every case where they are created by law.

Any rational consideration of the advisability of adopting the House-passed equal rights amendment raises these questions:

First: What is the character of the unfair discriminations which society makes against women?

Second: Does it require an amendment to the Constitution of the United States to invalidate them?

Third: If so, would the House-passed equal rights amendment constitute an effective means to that end?

It is the better part of wisdom to recognize that discriminations not created by law cannot be abolished by law. They must be changed by attitudes in the society which imposes them.

From the many conversations I have had with advocates of the … equal rights amendment since coming to the Senate, I am convinced that many of their just grievances are founded upon discriminations not created by law … [F]or this reason the equal rights amendment will have no effect whatsoever in respect to them.
When I have sought to ascertain from them the specific laws of which they complain, the advocates of the equal rights amendment have cited certain state statutes, such as those which impose weight-lifting restriction on women, or bar women from operating saloons, or acting as bartenders, or engaging in professional wrestling. Like them, I think these laws ought to be abolished. I respectfully submit, however, that resorting to an amendment to the Constitution to effect this purpose is about as wise as using an atomic bomb to exterminate a few mice …

No one can gainsay the fact that women suffer many discriminations in [employment], both in respect to the compensation they receive and the promotional opportunities available to them. Some of these discriminations arise out of law and others arise out of the practices of society.

Let me point out that Congress has done much in recent years to abolish discriminations of this character insofar as they can be abolished at the Federal level. It has amended the Fair Labor Standards Act to make it obligatory for employers to pay men and women engaged in interstate commerce or in the production of goods for interstate commerce equal pay for equal work …

Moreover, State legislatures have adopted many enlightened statutes in recent years prohibiting discrimination against women in employment.

If women are not enjoying the full benefit of this Federal and State legislation, … it is due to a defect in enforcement rather than a want of fair laws and regulations …

For these reasons, the House-passed equal rights amendment represents a potentially destructive and self-defeating blunderbuss approach to the problem of abolishing unfair discriminations against women …

1 gainsay: deny or contradict

2 blunderbuss: lacking subtlety and precision

"The House-Passed Equal Rights Amendment" in the public domain.

93. Ervin began his speech by referring to the supporters of the equal rights amendment. What was his attitude and tone toward the supporters? How might beginning the speech in this way affect how listeners reacted to the rest of his speech? Consider your answers to these questions and write a one-paragraph response. Use details from the passage to support your answer.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from The Island of Dr. Moreau by H.G. Wells

H.G. Wells published The Island of Dr. Moreau, a science fiction novel, in 1896. In it, Edward Prendick narrates his experience of being shipwrecked on an island. He finds that the island is the home of a strange scientist, Dr. Moreau, and Montgomery, Moreau’s assistant. The following excerpt is from Chapter VII, “The Locked Door.”

The reader will perhaps understand that at first everything was so strange about me, and my position was the outcome of such unexpected adventures, that I had no discernment of the relative strangeness of this or that thing. I followed the llama up the beach, and was overtaken by Montgomery, who asked me not to enter the stone enclosure. I noticed then that the puma in its cage and the pile of packages had been placed outside the entrance to this quadrangle.

I turned and saw that the launch had now been unloaded, run out again, and was being beached, and the white-haired man was walking towards us. He addressed Montgomery.

“And now comes the problem of this uninvited guest. What are we to do with him?”

“He knows something of science,” said Montgomery.

“I’m itching to get to work again—with this new stuff,” said the white-haired man, nodding towards the enclosure. His eyes grew brighter.

“I daresay you are,” said Montgomery, in anything but a cordial tone.

“We can’t send him over there, and we can’t spare the time to build him a new shanty; and we certainly can’t take him into our confidence just yet.”
“I’m in your hands,” said I. I had no idea of what he meant by “over there.”

“I’ve been thinking of the same things,” Montgomery answered. “There’s my room with the outer door—”

“That’s it,” said the elder man, promptly, looking at Montgomery; and all three of us went towards the enclosure. “I’m sorry to make a mystery, Mr. Prendick; but you’ll remember you’re uninvited. Our little establishment here contains a secret or so, is a kind of Blue-Beard’s chamber, in fact. Nothing very dreadful, really, to a sane man; but just now, as we don’t know you—”

“Decidedly,” said I, “I should be a fool to take offence at any want of confidence.”

He twisted his heavy mouth into a faint smile—he was one of those saturnine people who smile with the corners of the mouth down,—and bowed his acknowledgment of my complaisance. The main entrance to the enclosure was passed; it was a heavy wooden gate, framed in iron and locked, with the cargo of the launch piled outside it, and at the corner we came to a small doorway I had not previously observed. The white-haired man produced a bundle of keys from the pocket of his greasy blue jacket, opened this door, and entered. His keys, and the elaborate locking-up of the place even while it was still under his eye, struck me as peculiar. I followed him, and found myself in a small apartment, plainly but not uncomfortably furnished and with its inner door, which was slightly ajar, opening into a paved courtyard. This inner door Montgomery at once closed. A hammock was slung across the darker corner of the room, and a small unglazed window defended by an iron bar looked out towards the sea.

This the white-haired man told me was to be my apartment; and the inner door, which “for fear of accidents,” he said, he would lock on the other side, was my limit inward. He called my attention to a convenient deck-chair before the window, and to an array of old books, chiefly, I found, surgical works and editions of the Latin and Greek classics (languages I cannot read with any comfort), on a shelf near the hammock. He left the room by the outer door, as if to avoid opening the inner one again.

“We usually have our meals in here,” said Montgomery, and then, as if in doubt, went out after the other. “Moreau!” I heard him call, and for the moment I do not think I noticed. Then as I handled the books on the shelf it came up in consciousness: Where had I heard the name of Moreau before? I sat down before the window, took out the biscuits that still remained to me, and ate them with an excellent appetite. Moreau!

Through the window I saw one of those unaccountable men in white, lugging
a packing-case along the beach. Presently the window-frame hid him. Then I heard a key inserted and turned in the lock behind me. After a little while I heard through the locked door the noise of the staghounds, that had now been brought up from the beach. They were not barking, but sniffing and growling in a curious fashion. I could hear the rapid patter of their feet, and Montgomery’s voice soothing them.

1 * saturnine*: melancholy

Excerpt from novel *The Island of Dr. Moreau* by H. G. Wells. Published by the Garden City Publishing Company, 1896.

94. What mood does the writer establish in “Excerpt from The Island of Dr. Moreau”? Write two to three paragraphs explaining which details contribute to this mood. Support your response with details from the passage.

95. Which sentence from “The Island of Dr. Moreau” best illustrates that Moreau has a mysterious past?

A. “‘I’m itching to get to work again—with this new stuff,’ said the white-haired man, nodding towards the enclosure.”

B. “He twisted his heavy mouth into a faint smile—he was one of those saturnine people who smile with the corners of the mouth down,—and bowed his acknowledgment of my complaisance.”

C. “‘We usually have our meals in here,’ said Montgomery, and then, as if in doubt, went out after the other. ‘Moreau!’ I heard him call, and for the moment I do not think I noticed.”
D. “Then as I handled the books on the shelf it came up in consciousness: Where had I heard the name of Moreau before?”
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Franklin Roosevelt's Second Inaugural Address

This excerpt is from Franklin D. Roosevelt’s Second Inaugural Address on January 20, 1937, which was the first day of his second term as president. It focuses on concerns facing a nation that was still dealing with the effects of an economic depression.

I see a great nation, upon a great continent, blessed with a great wealth of natural resources. Its hundred and thirty million people are at peace among themselves; they are making their country a good neighbor among the nations. I see a United States which can demonstrate that, under democratic methods of government, national wealth can be translated into a spreading volume of human comforts [until now] unknown, and the lowest standard of living can be raised far above the level of mere subsistence.

But here is the challenge to our democracy: In this nation I see tens of millions of its citizens—a substantial part of its whole population—who at this very moment are denied the greater part of what the very lowest standards of today call the necessities of life.

I see millions of families trying to live on incomes so meager that the pall of family disaster hangs over them day by day.

I see millions whose daily lives in city and on farm continue under conditions labeled indecent by a so-called polite society half a century ago.

I see millions denied education, recreation, and the opportunity to better their lot and the lot of their children.

I see millions lacking the means to buy the products of farm and factory and by their poverty denying work and productiveness to many other millions.

I see one-third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished.
It is not in despair that I paint you that picture. I paint it for you in hope—
because the Nation, seeing and understanding the injustice in it, proposes to
paint it out. We are determined to make every American citizen the subject
of his country’s interest and concern; and we will never regard any faithful
law-abiding group within our borders as superfluous. The test of our
progress is not whether we add more to the abundance of those who have
much; it is whether we provide enough for those who have too little.

If I know [anything] of the spirit and purpose of our Nation, we will not
listen to Comfort, Opportunism, and Timidity. We will carry on.

Overwhelmingly, we of the Republic are men and women of good will; men
and women who have more than warm hearts of dedication; men and
women who have cool heads and willing hands of practical purpose as well.
They will insist that every agency of popular government use effective
instruments to carry out their will.

Government is competent when all who compose it work as trustees for the
whole people. It can make constant progress when it keeps abreast of all the
facts. It can obtain justified support and legitimate criticism when the people
receive true information of all that government does.

If I know aught of the will of our people, they will demand that these
conditions of effective government shall be created and maintained. They
will demand a nation uncorrupted by cancers of injustice and, therefore,
strong among the nations in its example of the will to peace.

Today we [again declare] our country to long-cherished ideals in a suddenly
changed civilization. In every land there are always at work forces that drive
men apart and forces that draw men together. In our personal ambitions we
are individualists. But in our seeking for economic and political progress as a
nation, we all go up, or else we all go down, as one people.

“Second Inaugural Address” in the public domain.

96. Which statement from “Franklin Roosevelt’s Second Inaugural Address”
best reveals President Roosevelt’s policy goals?

A. “I see millions of families trying to live on incomes so meager that
the pall of family disaster hangs over them day by day.”

B. “The test of our progress is not whether we add more to the abundance of those who have much; it is whether we provide enough for those who have too little.”

C. “Government is competent when all who compose it work as trustees for the whole people.”

D. “They will demand a nation uncorrupted by cancers of injustice and, therefore, strong among the nations in its example of the will to peace.”
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Lyndon Johnson's Great Society Speech

Excerpt from The Great Society Speech

by Lyndon B. Johnson

On May 22, 1964, President Lyndon B. Johnson explained his vision for a better United States of America, which he referred to as The Great Society. He described ways he thought the United States could achieve this vision.

For a century we labored to settle and to subdue a continent. For half a century we called upon unbounded invention and untiring industry to create an order of plenty for all of our people.

The challenge of the next half century is whether we have the wisdom to use that wealth to enrich and elevate our national life, and to advance the quality of our American civilization.

Your imagination and your initiative, and your indignation will determine whether we build a society where progress is the servant of our needs, or a society where old values and new visions are buried under unbridled growth. For in your time we have the opportunity to move not only toward the rich society and the powerful society, but upward to the Great Society.

The Great Society rests on abundance and liberty for all. It demands an end to poverty and racial injustice, to which we are totally committed in our time. But that is just the beginning.

The Great Society is a place where every child can find knowledge to enrich his mind and to enlarge his talents. It is a place where leisure is a welcome chance to build and reflect, not a feared cause of boredom and restlessness. It is a place where the city of man serves not only the needs of the body and the demands of commerce but the desire for beauty and the hunger for community.

It is a place where man can renew contact with nature. It is a place which honors creation for its own sake and for what it adds to the understanding of the race. It is a place where men are more concerned with the quality of their goals than the quantity of their goods.
But most of all, the Great Society is not a safe harbor, a resting place, a final objective, a finished work. It is a challenge constantly renewed, beckoning us toward a destiny where the meaning of our lives matches the marvelous products of our labor.

“The Great Society Speech” in the public domain.

97. **Student Directions:** In President Roosevelt’s and President Johnson’s speeches, each president described challenges faced by Americans. You will write an essay in which you identify the challenges outlined in each speech and the various programs that each president endorsed as a way of addressing these problems: Roosevelt’s New Deal programs and Johnson’s Great Society programs.

**Part 1:**

Conduct research to answer the following questions:

- What were some of the major programs that President Roosevelt, under the New Deal, proposed in order to attempt to improve the economic conditions of the country? What programs, if any, addressed other issues?
- What were some of the major programs that President Johnson, under the Great Society, proposed in order to improve economic and social conditions for Americans? What programs, if any, addressed other issues?

Use reliable outside sources to answer the questions and make notes on your findings. Be sure to record publication information, such as the title, author, and publication date, and to clearly identify notes from each source so that you can cite it appropriately in your essay.

**Part 2:**

Use the speeches and your research notes to write an essay that explains the major concerns each president addresses and the programs that they promoted to address these concerns. Include an introduction and a conclusion that compares the major concerns and the associated programs for each administration.

**Scoring:**

Your essay will be scored based on the following criteria:
• You have researched and organized material into clear notes, using outside sources and other media to support the notes you have made.
• You have synthesized information from the speeches to determine the major challenges each president addresses.
• You have organized your essay logically around a main purpose and have included accurate details and support from the passage and your research.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

“Play”

*Excerpt from* Study of Child Life
*by Marion Foster Washburne*

*Marion Foster Washburne was an early proponent of “kindergarten” and a proponent of self-directed play, movement, free activity, and sensory toys. She was a lecturer on early-childhood development, served as associate editor of Mother’s Magazine, and wrote a number of books, including Study of Child Life (1907), which is excerpted here.*

Even given freedom and sympathy, the child needs something more in order to play well: he needs the right materials. The best materials are those that are common to him and to the rest of the world, far better than expensive toys that mark him apart from the world of less fortunate children. Such toys are not in any way desirable, and they may even be harmful. What he needs are various simple arrangements of the elements—earth, air, and water.

**(1) Earth.**

*Mud-pies*

The child has a noted affinity for it, and he is specially happy when he has plenty of it on hands, face, and clothes. The love of mud-pies is universal; children of all nationalities and of all degrees of civilization delight in it. No activity could be more wholesome.

*Sand*

Next to mud comes sand. It is cleaner in appearance and can be brought into the house. A tray of moistened sand, set upon a low table, should be in
every nursery, and the sand pile in every yard.

Clay
Clay is more difficult to manage indoors, because it gets dry and sifts all about the house, but if a corner of the cellar, where there is a good light, can be given up for a strong table and a jar of clay mixed with some water, it will be found a great resource for rainy days. If modeling aprons of strong material, buttoned with one button at the neck, be hung near the jar of clay, the children may work in this material without spoiling their clothes. Clay-modeling is an excellent form of manual training, developing without forcing the delicate muscles of the fingers and wrists, and giving wide opportunity for the exercise of the imagination.

Digging
Earth may be played with in still another way. Children should dig in it; for all pass through the digging stage and this should be given free swing. It develops their muscles and keeps them busy at helpful and constructive work. They may dig a well, make a cave, or a pond, or burrow underground and make tunnels like a mole. Give them spades and a piece of ground they can do with as they like, dress them in overalls, and it will be long before you are asked to think of another amusement for them.

Gardens
In still another way the earth may be utilized, for children may make gardens of it. Indeed, there are those who say that no child's education is complete until he has had a garden of his own and grown in it all sorts of seeds from pansies to potatoes. But a garden is too much for a young child to care for all alone. He needs the help, advice, and companionship of some older person. You must be careful, however, to give help only when it is really desired; and careful also not to let him feel that the garden is a task to which he is driven daily, but a joy that draws him.

(2) The Air.
Kites, Windmills, Soap-bubbles
The next important plaything is the air. The kite and the balloon are only two
instruments to help the child play with it. Little windmills made of colored paper and stuck by means of a pin at the end of a whittled stick, make satisfactory toys. One of their great advantages is that even a very young child can make them for himself. Blowing soap-bubbles is another means of playing with air. By giving the children woolen mittens the bubbles may be caught and tossed about as well as blown.

(3) Water.

Perhaps the very first thing he learns to play with is water. Almost before he knows the use of his hands and legs he plays with water in his bath, and sucks his sponge with joy, thus feeling the water with his chief organs of touch, his mouth and tongue. A few months later he will be glad to pour water out of a tin cup. Even when he is two or three years old, he may be amused by the hour, by dressing him in a woolen gown, with his sleeves rolled high, and setting him down before a big bowl or his own bath-tub half full of warm water. To this may be added a sponge, a tin cup, a few bits of wood, and some paper. They should not be given all at once, but one at a time, the child allowed to exhaust the possibilities of each before another is added. Still later he may be given the bits of soap left after a cake of soap is used up. Give him also a few empty bottles or bowls and let him put them away with a solid mass of soap-suds in them and see what will happen.

**LIST OF TOYS SUITABLE FOR VARIOUS AGES**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Toy Description</th>
<th>Suitable Age Range</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ball, rubber ring, soft animals and rag dolls</td>
<td>Before 1 year</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blocks and Bells</td>
<td>1 year</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Small chair and table</td>
<td>1 1/2 years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noah’s Ark</td>
<td>2 years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Picture books</td>
<td>2 years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Materials and instruments</td>
<td>2 to 3 years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carts, stick-horses, and reins</td>
<td>2 1/2 to 3 years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boats, ships, engines, tin or wooden animals,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dolls, dishes, broom, spade, sand-pile, bucket,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>etc.</td>
<td>3 years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoop, games and story books</td>
<td>5 years</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"Play" in the public domain.

98. Which sentence from “Play” best supports the inference that all children can and should be provided toys from nature in order to make the world
a more fair and equitable place in which to live?

A. “Even given freedom and sympathy, the child needs something more in order to play well: he needs the right materials.”

B. “The best materials are those that are common to him and to the rest of the world, far better than expensive toys that mark him apart from the world of less fortunate children.”

C. “Indeed, there are those who say that no child's education is complete until he has had a garden of his own and grown in it all sorts of seeds from pansies to potatoes.”

D. “They should not be given all at once, but one at a time, the child allowed to exhaust the possibilities of each before another is added.”

99. In “Play,” Marion Foster Washburne claims that children do not need manufactured toys. Do you agree or disagree with this claim? Write one or two paragraphs to explain, using details from “Play” to support your answer. Make sure to use a formal style and objective tone in your answer.

100. Which sentence provides the best explanation for why the author of “Play” recommends earth, air, and water as superior play materials for children?

A. They are safe for children to use.

B. They require children to be outdoors.
C. They allow children to be more creative.

D. They are naturally appealing to children.

101. What is the main idea covered by Marion Foster Washburne in “Play”? Write one to two paragraphs summarizing the main idea and key points in the passage. Use evidence from the passage for support.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

The "Art" of the Filibuster

The "Art" of the Filibuster

The “Art” of the Filibuster

On March 5, 1841, the United States Senate found itself deep in debate over who should be the official Senate printer. The majority of senators wanted to fire the current printer while the minority supported their retention and were willing to talk at length about the subject. In fact, they talked for six days, taking advantage of a Senate rule which allowed them to refuse to yield the floor to others. This debate was the Senate’s first filibuster.

Essentially, the filibuster is a tactic used to extend, potentially indefinitely, debate on a measure. This effectively prevents the measure from coming to a “Yea” or “Nay” vote. The origin of the word filibuster reflects its somewhat questionable status. The word refers to the buccaneers who plundered Spanish ships plying the commercial trade route between Spain and South America. A filibusterer was essentially a pirate.

What is ironic is that the Founders saw the Senate, with its six-year terms and representation of a whole state instead of a single region, as practicing a more mature and thoughtful approach to legislation than the House. The filibuster was intended to be a check against partisan actions and feelings. However, the dramatic increase in the use of the filibuster has made it more a partisan strategy than a deliberative tool.

One of the most famous and noble filibusters is a fictional one: the scene from Mr. Smith Goes to Washington in which Jimmy Stewart’s character talks to the point of exhaustion to postpone a bill and to assert his innocence concerning a related scandal. Filibusters are rarely so romantic. In 1957, Sen. Strom Thurmond filibustered for 24 hours and 18 minutes against the Civil Rights Act of 1957. In 1964, southern Democratic senators filibustered for 75 hours in order to prevent the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. This included a 14-hour speech by Sen. Robert Byrd that showed “the extent to which a mind warped with . . . prejudice will go—even in the hallowed halls of Congress,” according to a local NAACP president upon its completion. Byrd said later that he regretted his remarks.

Filibusters have included things such as Louisiana senator Huey Long’s
recitation of Shakespeare and a number of recipes for fried oysters and Roquefort salad dressing. Sen. Ernest F. Hollings of South Carolina filibustered by reading extended excerpts from the memoirs of James F. Byrnes, a political figure also from South Carolina. Sen. Alfonse D’Amato of New York kept a 1992 filibuster going by singing “South of the Border.” In all of these cases, the filibuster was blatantly used to serve a political agenda. Long was promoting his leftist philosophy; Byrd, the prejudice of the 1960s; and D’Amato, a typewriter factory.

The filibuster has been used with increasing frequency in the first decade or so of the twenty-first century. The minority party has found it a powerful tool for influencing or blocking legislation. A filibuster need not even be delivered: simply threatening to filibuster is often sufficient to discourage the majority party.

It is possible, although not easy, to end a filibuster. When a filibuster occurs or is threatened, the Senate can invoke a procedure known as “cloture.” This is the only procedure the Senate can use to place a time limit on the consideration of a bill or other matter. Under the cloture rule (Rule XXII), the Senate may limit the discussion of a pending matter to an additional 30 hours. Ending a filibuster requires the approval of three-fifths of the Senate—a “supermajority” of 60 votes—and not a simple majority (51 votes). If fewer than 60 senators vote “Yea,” then the filibuster continues. In either event, the losing side has no further options.

The number of cloture motions filed, an indicator of the degree to which the majority party fears a filibuster, has increased dramatically in the past 50 years or so. From the Eighty-First Congress (1949–50) through the Ninety-First Congress (1969–70), there were a total of 30 votes on cloture in the Senate. Since then, there has been a noticeable increase. The 110th Congress (2007–08) alone voted on cloture 112 times. Although the Senate Committee on Rules and Administration held a series of monthly public hearings in 2010, the number of cloture votes held to avoid filibusters remains high.

Neither major party has been willing to pass what has been called “the nuclear option.” This option argues that constitutionally, the Senate must adhere to “majority rule” when it comes to various procedures in the Senate. Only a simple majority would be needed to override the existing Senate rules and to end a filibuster or any other such obstructive tactic. At present, a supermajority is required. If upheld by a simple majority, the new interpretation would become effective for the current situation and would also serve as a precedent for any possible future actions. Neither party has been willing to invoke it.
Throughout much of the history of the Senate, a small group—sometimes even a single senator—has been allowed to damage legislation through the use of the filibuster. Allowing so few to cause so much damage seems a high price to pay for the right to engage in such a dubious practice that invites disenchantment, at best, with the Senate. However, the minority party in the Senate will almost certainly cling to the filibuster as a last resort to control legislation and appointments. It may not be pretty, but it is democracy, at least as practiced according to the current rules of the Senate.

102. The author of “The ‘Art’ of the Filibuster” takes a position on the validity of the filibuster as a legislative tool. Write one paragraph that answers these questions:

- What is the author’s position?
- What types of evidence does the author use to support the position (e.g., facts, anecdotes, statistics)?
• Is the evidence valid and sufficient to make a convincing argument? Support your response with details from the passage.

103. How does Johnson present his ideas about a “Great Society” in “Lyndon Johnson’s Great Society Speech”? Write a one-paragraph description of the technique he uses to present his ideas and an explanation of the connections he draws between these ideas. Use details from the speech to support your answer.

104. Read this sentence from “Lyndon Johnson's Great Society Speech.”

The challenge of the next half century is whether we have the wisdom to use that wealth to enrich and elevate our national life, and to advance the quality of our American civilization.

How does this sentence support Johnson's purpose in his speech?

A. It emphasizes the need to increase spending for the defense of the nation.

B. It gives reasons why Americans should support a change in national direction.

C. It provides reasons for Americans to support the necessary increase in federal taxes.

D. It emphasizes the fact that the nation has the wealth and ability to improve quality of life.
How would you like to build a ship? Live in a ship? Create a new kind of dwelling? If you are creative and patient enough, you can be the captain of your own Earthship. Some things to consider: an Earthship does not float or move in water. It does not fly. The only water it will touch will be the rain and snow that hits the roof. An Earthship is a house, not any sort of ship at all!

An architect named Michael Reynolds promotes the design and construction of Earthship homes in many parts of the world. He believes there are multiple benefits to the Earthship home design that can help people live better and help the environment.

**Design**

The most important element of the Earthship design is the foundation wall, which is composed mostly of flattened tires. Recycled tires and soil are used to create solid bricks that are the diameter of a car tire. The wall is built into a hillside, much like a basement,
on only one side. The south-facing side of the house is not enclosed by a foundation wall and has many windows that will collect light and heat for the home.

The tires used to build the foundation wall must be packed with soil by hand. This process is time-consuming and labor-intensive, yet a foundation wall made in this way will be extremely stable and secure. It can withstand an earthquake and a flood. This heavy, thick foundation wall will also create a cave-like climate inside the home, providing a fairly constant temperature. A south-facing wall of windows will provide heat to the home in winter and supply an abundance of bright light for residents.

Earthships are designed to utilize solar power and rainwater filtration systems. Residents of Earthships must have some limited knowledge of these two systems to keep their electricity and their water running properly.

**Benefits**

Living in an Earthship is currently an experiment in living “green,” or living in an environmentally conscious way. It is also a way to live with very few monthly expenses. This can be beneficial to people interested in construction and the environment. Recycling old car tires to build the foundation wall of a house saves them from going to a landfill. Maintaining a house that can run on only solar power saves electricity. Most Earthship residents store rainwater in large underground cisterns and then treat it, or clean it, for drinking and bathing. Even though the resident must learn a bit about using the solar panels and water filters, the key benefit of using solar power and rain water is that there are no utility bills to pay every month.

Another benefit of an Earthship is that it stays cool in the summer and warm in the winter. The north side of the house is like a basement; the wall, surrounded by soil, maintains a cool temperature. In the winter, the sun shining through the south-facing windows warms the house and the north wall, built into the soil, keeps that temperature constant. This also keeps utility bills at almost zero.

Lastly, Earthships are designed with many windows in strategic places to best capture sunlight. Plants and produce can be grown in an attached sun room of the Earthship home. This is beneficial for the environment and for the family living in an Earthship because they are able to reap a harvest of fresh fruits and vegetables right on their porch all year long.

Where can you visit an Earthship? Most Earthships are built in rural areas. Many have been built in the American Southwest. There is a neighborhood in northern New Mexico where all the homes are Earthships. Even in the harsh desert climate with extreme temperatures, Earthships have proven to be successful dwellings. Due to evidence that living in an Earthship can improve people’s quality of life, with less money spent, there is
currently work being done on Earthships all around the world.

Living in an Earthship is an experiment in living “green.” Apart from the environmental benefits of reducing waste and recycling some materials, living in an Earthship can mean you do not have many monthly bills to pay. Construction of an Earthship is labor-intensive, but with a little creativity, patience, and hard work, you too could be the captain of your own Earthship one day!

"Captain Earthship" property of the Florida Department of Education.

105. In the Design section of “Captain Earthship,” the author explains the design of an earthship. Write one to two paragraphs analyzing how the following section, Benefits, builds on the ideas from Design and further develops these ideas.

Include details from “Captain Earthship” for support.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Practice Makes . . .

Imagine this scenario: A young girl watches a basketball game on television. She sees her idol, the dominant player of her generation, score what seems like an astronomical number of points and grab nearly as many rebounds. The girl’s father, who is watching the game with her, says wonderingly, “I have never seen such a gifted basketball player.”

Or how about this: A man attends a symphony performance. The featured musician is a celebrated violinist who has been performing since age thirteen. “Can you imagine giving concerts at such a young age?” he hears a woman next to him exclaim. “Some people just have that inborn musical talent,” he adds.

The “It” Factor

Some people seem to just have “it.” Their talent—their knack—for gymnastics, or physics, or chipping statues of Greek gods out of marble often inspires awe among lesser mortals. Thus, it may seem counterintuitive that research conducted over the past few decades indicates that talent is not, in fact, bestowed only on the few, but is acquired by means of a fairly predictable process—a difficult, arduous process, admittedly, but a process nevertheless.

We can almost anticipate the cries of disbelief. “What about Mozart? What about Emily Dickinson? Or Lebron James? Clearly, some abilities must be genetic in nature. Some people are just better!” Not so much, as it turns out. Or, to be more accurate, some people are better, (Lebron James’s career scoring average is most likely higher than yours), but the reason they are better cannot accurately be called anything like innate.

A major problem with the belief that talent is in the genes is that your genes do not directly create a fully formed you. Genes are unable to produce traits: genes code for proteins that control our cells and organs and bodies, all of which interact with the environment outside our bodies. In turn, the environment can trigger a signal to the genomes, telling them whether or
not to code for proteins in the first place. To imagine that there is a “music
gene” or a “painting gene” or even a “jumps higher than most people could
ever hope to do” gene is far too simplistic.

Nature Vs. Nurture

The argument about seemingly extraordinary abilities has often taken the
form of a debate known as “nature vs. nurture.” Do people’s traits, including
their talents, result from their particular combination of genes, or do they
develop because of specific environments? For years, studies of identical
twins—those who are as close to each other, genetically speaking, as is
possible—raised in different locations were used to support the idea that
nature was more important, due to the striking similarities that were
observed to exist. Later, however, some scientists began to question this
conclusion; they noticed that twins who were placed, say, in different
adoptive homes tended to find themselves in very similar cultural
circumstances. Two children growing up at the same time, even in different
parts of the country, are likely to exhibit at least some similar traits and
preferences; for example, both may have played soccer as children, slept
with stuffed animals, enjoyed the same television programs, etc. If this
happens to twins, is it “indisputable” evidence of genetic determinism? If it
happens to random people, it is . . . coincidence?

Can we conclude, therefore, that nurture, or environmental influence, beats
nature in a rout? The answer is . . . not exactly. Neurobiologists are coming
to the conclusion that nurture and nature combine in as yet unknown ways
to produce each person’s roster of traits. The idea that the externalities of
nurture are somehow separate from the internalities of nature is a specious
distinction. Even though we have not fully mapped their interaction, we do
know that at the macro level, exceptional performance—that indicator of
being “gifted” or “blessed with talent”—seems to depend most strongly on
one thing: practice.

Deliberate Practice

“Ridiculous,” say the skeptics. “If it all comes down to practice, then the kid
who takes weekly music lessons would be Mozart—and that is obviously not
the case.” In this context, however, “practice” refers not to repetitive piano
scales but to something very different, a process more precisely referred to
as “deliberate practice.” Psychologist K. Anders Ericsson coined this term in
1993 to account for a phenomenon he discovered in his research. According
to Ericsson, “expert performance” is “the end result of individuals’ prolonged efforts to improve performance.” He noted further that many of the characteristics that were once believed to exhibit an inborn talent are “actually the result of intense practice extended for a minimum of 10 years.”

This intense practice must take a specific form. First, the practice must be designed to improve performance of a task in which the practitioner is weak or deficient. For example, a basketball player engaged in deliberate practice would not just shoot baskets; he or she would work on using the optimal wrist motion for shooting a basket from areas on the court that have proven problematic. Next, the person practicing must receive feedback regarding progress. Sometimes this feedback is obvious: the basketball does not reach the hoop. Sometimes it requires a knowledgeable evaluator—a music teacher, say—who can assess a musician’s performance of a challenging piece and indicate how to avoid or correct mistakes. “We are often told that talented people acquire their skill by following their ‘natural instincts,’” writes Daniel Coyle, a journalist who has canvassed much of the research on talent. “This sounds nice, but in fact it is baloney. All improvement is about absorbing and applying new information . . .” Learning and practicing this new information, Ericsson points out, necessitates effort that is not inherently enjoyable. Those who engage in this effort must focus on long-term goals or are likely to quit.

To prove their hypotheses about the central role of deliberate practice, Ericsson and his coauthors studied German violin students. They found that the best violinists were those who had spent the greatest number of hours in deliberate practice. This may suggest that only those who start out with a knack for the violin go on to engage in the kind of practice necessary to attain excellence, but other evidence indicates that there need be no inherent attraction to an activity.

Consider the case of a Hungarian man, Laszlo Polgar, who decided that he would train his children to be masters of chess. Chess is a game in which progress is easy to measure and for which there is an international player-ranking system. His three daughters, each of whom began learning and practicing chess from a young age, all became top-ranked players, at least two even becoming grandmasters, the highest ranked player. Their achievements are even more striking when considered in light of the fact that Susan Polgar, the oldest sister, was the youngest grandmaster ever. The youngest sister, Judit, was the second.

So is there a “chess gene” of some sort that determines who will and who will not achieve greatness in the chess world? Was it simply an amazing coincidence that the first females to have this “chess gene” were born to a
man who decided to teach them chess? Maybe, but probably not. This is obviously just a sample of three women, all from the same family, but it is not unreasonable to take it as an indicator that exceptional performance is within the grasp of a lot more people than we have been led to believe.

Deliberate practice is hard and most people do not have the drive to pursue it. Even though you can take up chess tomorrow, and work incredibly hard at it, you cannot go back in time and change the circumstances of your childhood. A big reason that you are not Mozart is that at least one of your parents was not a composer and did not start teaching you music when you were three. And yet: one’s environment, even one’s early environment, does not indicate the whole of one’s destiny. Anyone can choose the path of deliberate practice. And if you should ever witness a breathtaking performance and feel tempted to embrace the “talent is in the genes” idea, just remember something that biologist Lord Robert May is reported to have said: “We share half our genes with the banana.” Take that, Mozart.

"Practice Makes . . ." property of the Florida Department of Education.

106. In the passage “Practice Makes” the author makes claims regarding the role genetics has on an individual, as opposed to the roles the environment and work ethic have on the talent of an individual.

Write an essay to identify the author’s claim regarding genetics and nature vs. environment and work ethic. Evaluate the claim as being either logical or invalid, using evidence from the passage to either support or reject the author’s claims.

Your essay will be scored on the following criteria:

- Consistent focus and logical organization
- Details from the passage that support your answer
- Language that is appropriate for your audience and purpose.
On October 31, 1936, President Roosevelt delivered a speech in New York City days before the presidential election. In this excerpt, he focuses on the country’s economic recovery.

It is needless to repeat the details of the program which this Administration has been hammering out on the anvils of experience. No amount of misrepresentation or statistical contortion can conceal or blur or smear that record. Neither the attacks of unscrupulous enemies nor the exaggerations of over-zealous friends will serve to mislead the American people.

What was our hope in 1932? Above all other things the American people wanted peace. They wanted peace of mind instead of gnawing fear.

First, they sought escape from the personal terror which had stalked them for three years. They wanted the peace that comes from security in their homes: safety for their savings, permanence in their jobs, a fair profit from their enterprise.

Next, they wanted peace in the community, the peace that springs from the ability to meet the needs of community life: schools, playgrounds, parks, sanitation, highways—those things which are expected of solvent local government. They sought escape from disintegration and bankruptcy in local and state affairs.

They also sought peace within the Nation: protection of their currency, fairer wages, the ending of long hours of toil, the abolition of child labor, the elimination of wild-cat speculation, the safety of their children from kidnappers.

And, finally, they sought peace with other Nations—peace in a world of unrest. The Nation knows that I hate war, and I know that the Nation hates
war.

I submit to you a record of peace; and on that record a well-founded expectation for future peace—peace for the individual, peace for the community, peace for the Nation, and peace with the world.

Tonight I call the roll—the roll of honor of those who stood with us in 1932 and still stand with us today.

Written on it are the names of millions who never had a chance—men at starvation wages, women in sweatshops, children at looms.

Written on it are the names of those who despaired, young men and young women for whom opportunity had become a will-o’-the-wisp.

Written on it are the names of farmers whose acres yielded only bitterness, business men whose books were portents of disaster, home owners who were faced with eviction, frugal citizens whose savings were insecure.

Written there in large letters are the names of countless other Americans of all parties and all faiths, Americans who had eyes to see and hearts to understand, whose consciences were burdened because too many of their fellows were burdened, who looked on these things four years ago and said, “This can be changed. We will change it.”

We still lead that army in 1936. They stood with us then because in 1932 they believed. They stand with us today because in 1936 they know. And with them stand millions of new recruits who have come to know.

Their hopes have become our record.

We have not come this far without a struggle and I assure you we cannot go further without a struggle . . .

I should like to have it said of my first Administration that in it the forces of selfishness and of lust for power met their match. I should like to have it said of my second Administration that in it these forces met their master . . .

It is because I have sought to think in terms of the whole Nation that I am confident that today, just as four years ago, the people want more than promises.

Our vision for the future contains more than promises.

This is our answer to those who, silent about their own plans, ask us to state our objectives.

Of course we will continue to seek to improve working conditions for the workers of America—to reduce hours over-long, to increase wages that spell
starvation, to end the labor of children, to wipe out sweatshops. Of course we will continue every effort to end monopoly in business, to support collective bargaining, to stop unfair competition, to abolish dishonorable trade practices. For all these we have only just begun to fight.

Of course we will continue to work for cheaper electricity in the homes and on the farms of America, for better and cheaper transportation, for low interest rates, for sounder home financing, for better banking, for the regulation of security issues, for reciprocal trade among nations, for the wiping out of slums. For all these we have only just begun to fight.

Of course we will continue our efforts in behalf of the farmers of America. With their continued cooperation we will do all in our power to end the piling up of huge surpluses which spelled ruinous prices for their crops. We will persist in successful action for better land use, for reforestation, for the conservation of water all the way from its source to the sea, for drought and flood control, for better marketing facilities for farm commodities, for a definite reduction of farm tenancy, for encouragement of farmer cooperatives, for crop insurance and a stable food supply. For all these we have only just begun to fight . . .

Of course we will continue our efforts for young men and women so that they may obtain an education and an opportunity to put it to use. Of course we will continue our help for the crippled, for the blind, for the mothers, our insurance for the unemployed, our security for the aged. Of course we will continue to protect the consumer against unnecessary price spreads, against the costs that are added by monopoly and speculation. We will continue our successful efforts to increase his purchasing power and to keep it constant.

For these things, too, and for a multitude of others like them, we have only just begun to fight.

All this—all these objectives—spell peace at home. All our actions, all our ideals, spell also peace with other nations.

Speech “At Madison Square Garden” by Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Delivered October 31, 1936.

107. Why did President Roosevelt frequently refer to the idea of peace in “Excerpt from FDR’s Speech at Madison Square Garden”? 
A. to warn that the threat of war was even more pressing than the threat of economic difficulty

B. to assure his audience that his administration had helped improve relationships with other nations

C. to argue that his administration had solved most Americans’ problems and ushered in a time of tranquility

D. to connect Americans’ concerns on various national and international issues that could threaten their stability
Read the following and answer the questions below:

**Blame It on the Moon**

The moon is more than just a pretty face in the night sky. The moon is in continual dynamic interaction with the Earth. It is responsible for far more than just tides and love songs about beautiful nights.

**It’s a...Moon?**

Many people do not realize that the Earth “gave birth” to the moon. Before the moon existed, Earth was struck by a large object about the size of Mars. At impact, several events may have occurred. According to one theory, a large piece of space debris struck Earth at an angle and with enough force that a piece of Earth broke off. Rather than becoming lost to space, Earth’s gravitational pull kept this piece in orbit and it eventually became the moon. Another theory postulates that when the large object struck Earth, many pieces of Earth were flung into space, and these pieces later aggregated to form the moon.

One reason scientists study and have visited the moon is that the moon may hold secrets about the composition of Earth when the moon was created. Since the moon is either made from Earth or contains many of the smaller pieces that were flung from Earth, the moon may hold secrets about Earth’s past which Earth can no longer share. As Earth formed, its early magma surface eventually sunk into its core. Weather, erosion, and the movement of tectonic plates have obliterated evidence of what the surface of Earth was like when the moon was formed. The moon, however, is like a tiny specimen of Earth from the time period when the moon was born. In addition, smaller pieces of Earth that may have landed on the moon are likely to still be there either on or just below the surface. Given the opportunity, scientists’ study of the moon could help us better understand Earth.

**Metals on Earth**

Another consequence of the moon’s creation is that pieces of the large object that struck Earth remain in Earth’s mantle or outer layer. A current theory says that some of the metals Earth exhibits in its mantle today are derived from the spread of the metals located in the core of the original
object that struck the Earth. Metals are essential to many products we take for granted, like computers and cell phones. The metals in these objects may have once been part of an object large enough to create the moon!

**The Moon Keeps Us from Getting Off Kilter**

The moon is important to life on Earth in other ways as well. One way is that the moon is responsible for keeping Earth at a 23.5 degree axial tilt. A stable axial tilt is essential for maintaining climates in the various regions of the planet. If Earth’s axial tilt were to change, climates would change dramatically everywhere on the planet. For example, the axial tilt of Mars has changed many times because of the gravitational pull from other planets in the solar system on Mars. Consequently, ice located at its poles sometimes ends up at its equator. Such an event would have enormous ramifications for life on Earth. The moon, especially because of its size compared to Earth, has prevented much change in Earth’s axial tilt, allowing for a far more stable climate over a far longer period of time.

Another way the moon helps keep Earth’s climate appropriate for the life living on it is by slowing the rotation of the Earth. The moon’s gravitational pull on Earth prevents Earth from spinning faster and exhibiting shorter days. A shorter day would provide less time for Earth to warm itself in the sun. Shorter days would cause colder climates and prevent the existence of many of Earth’s plants and animals.

**Tides**

When the moon first formed, it was much closer to Earth than it is now and much larger. The moon may have appeared ten or twenty times larger in the night sky. Tides at this time may have been nearly a kilometer (or 0.62 miles) high. Tidal ranges are smaller now, but depending on latitude and various land features, high tides occur in some areas of the planet. The tidal range of the English Channel between Great Britain and Europe can be ten meters (or about 32 feet). In the Bay of Fundy in Canada, the tidal range can be as much as 20 meters (or about 64 feet). In most areas near the equator, however, the tidal range is barely a few centimeters (0.30 inches).

Tides are important to many species that rely on the predictable movement of water on and off of shorelines. Grunions, a small fish, and horseshoe crabs, for example, both wait for specific tide levels before they come ashore and lay eggs. The eggs incubate in their sandy nests until the next high tide arrives. Then the eggs hatch, and the offspring are swept away into the ocean on the outgoing tide. This cycle is essential to the existence of these creatures.
By the Light of the Moon

One of the most pertinent reasons the moon is helpful became obsolete with the advent of electric lights. At one time, the moon was an important source of illumination for nighttime activities. For animals and plants, it still is. One reason why so many animals hunt at night is that the moon provides just enough light for animals to see, but not enough so that animals cannot remain hidden. Moonlight is essential to the dynamic of the hunter and the hunted.

Further study of the moon will only provide more insights into the dynamic relationship between Earth and its closest neighbor. More than just a glowing crescent or orb in the sky, the moon is essential for life on Earth as we know it.

108. Which of the following paragraphs best summarizes the central idea of “Blame It on the Moon”?

A. Studying the moon further will provide additional insight into the dynamic relationship between Earth and its closest neighbor. More than just a glowing crescent or orb in the sky, the moon is essential for life on Earth as we know it.

B. The moon came from Earth and is still connected to Earth in many ways. The moon and Earth share a similar composition. Earth’s rotation, axis, and tides are maintained by the steady gravitational pull of the moon. Last, the moon provides essential night-time light to sustain nocturnal hunting activities.

C. The moon helps to maintain life on Earth by providing an axial tilt of 23.5 degrees. The moon possesses a similar composition to Earth, including metals that can be used in cell phones and computers—materials that may have been part of the object that originally struck Earth and formed the moon in the first place. Finally, the moon helps many animals to hunt at night—essential to the dynamic of the hunter and the hunted.
D. The moon is the most important astronomical object to Earth because it provides several methods of determining the nature of Earth. The moon’s composition can reveal information about Earth’s internal composition. The moon maintains the necessary structures of Earth to keep animals alive and helps them hunt while still giving them enough shadows for cover. Last, the moon maintains the speed of Earth to allow us to keep warm enough to live.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from “The Education of Henry Adams”

Excerpt from “The Education of Henry Adams”

Excerpt from “The Education of Henry Adams”

by Henry Adams

The Education of Henry Adams is the autobiography of Henry Adams (1838–1918), grandson of John Quincy Adams, the sixth president of the United States.

The chief charm of New England was harshness of contrasts and extremes of sensibility — a cold that froze the blood, and a heat that boiled it — so that the pleasure of hating — one's self if no better victim offered— was not its rarest amusement; but the charm was a true and natural child of the soil, not a cultivated weed of the ancients. The violence of the contrast was real and made the strongest motive of education. The double exterior nature gave life its relative values. Winter and summer, cold and heat, town and country, force and freedom, marked two modes of life and thought, balanced like lobes of the brain. Town was winter confinement, school, rule, discipline; straight, gloomy streets, piled with six feet of snow in the middle; frosts that made the snow sing under wheels or runners; thaws when the streets became dangerous to cross; society of uncles, aunts, and cousins who expected children to behave themselves, and who were not always gratified; above all else, winter represented the desire to escape and go free. Town was restraint, law, unity. Country, only seven miles away, was liberty, diversity, outlawry, the endless delight of mere sense impressions given by nature for nothing, and breathed by boys without knowing it.

Boys are wild animals, rich in the treasures of sense, but the New England boy had a wider range of emotions than boys of more equable climates. He felt his nature crudely, as it was meant. To the boy Henry Adams, summer was drunken. Among senses, smell was the strongest—smell of hot pine-woods and sweet-fern in the scorching summer noon; of new-mown hay; of ploughed earth; of box hedges; of peaches, lilacs, syringas; of stables, barns, cow-yards; of salt water and low tide on the marshes; nothing came amiss. Next to smell came taste, and the children knew the taste of
everything they saw or touched, from pennyroyal and flagroot to the shell of a pignut and the letters of a spelling-book—the taste of A-B, AB, suddenly revived on the boy’s tongue sixty years afterwards. Light, line, and color as sensual pleasures, came later and were as crude as the rest. The New England light is glare, and the atmosphere harshens color. The boy was a full man before he ever knew what was meant by atmosphere; his idea of pleasure in light was the blaze of a New England sun. His idea of color was a peony, with the dew of early morning on its petals. The intense blue of the sea, as he saw it a mile or two away, from the Quincy hills; the cumuli in a June afternoon sky; the strong reds and greens and purples of colored prints and children’s picture-books, as the American colors then ran; these were ideals. The opposites or antipathies, were the cold grays of November evenings, and the thick, muddy thaws of Boston winter. With such standards, the Bostonian could not but develop a double nature. Life was a double thing. After a January blizzard, the boy who could look with pleasure into the violent snow-glare of the cold white sunshine, with its intense light and shade, scarcely knew what was meant by tone. He could reach it only by education.

Winter and summer, then, were two hostile lives, and bred two separate natures. Winter was always the effort to live; summer was tropical license. Whether the children rolled in the grass, or waded in the brook, or swam in the salt ocean, or sailed in the bay, or fished for smelts in the creeks, or netted minnows in the salt-marshes, or took to the pine-woods and the granite quarries, or chased muskrats and hunted snapping-turtles in the swamps, or mushrooms or nuts on the autumn hills, summer and country were always sensual living, while winter was always compulsory learning. Summer was the multiplicity of nature; winter was school.

Excerpt from The Education of Henry Adams by Henry Adams. Published by The Riverside Press, 1918.

109. How does the author of “Excerpt from The Education of Henry Adams” develop his point of view?

A. By emphasizing the difficult work required during all seasons in New England, he advances his theory that living there caused people to misunderstand nature.
B. By creating a strong impression of the seasonal settings in New England, he advances his theory that living there caused people to develop a double nature.

C. By describing the problem of overexposure to outdoor experiences in New England, he advances his theory that living there caused people to reject cultural change.

D. By providing a sense of the sudden changes in the landscape in New England, he advances his theory that living there caused people to develop unstable personalities.
Remarks on the Signing of the Voting Rights Act 1965

Remarks on the Signing of the Voting Rights Act 1965

Remarks on the Signing of the Voting Rights Act (August 6, 1965)

by Lyndon Baines Johnson

On August 6, 1965, President Lyndon Baines Johnson signed the Voting Rights Act into law. This law made it illegal to impose restrictions on federal, state, and local elections designed to deny black Americans the ability to vote.

Today is a triumph for freedom as huge as any victory that has ever been won on any battlefield. Yet to seize the meaning of this day, we must recall darker times.

Three and a half centuries ago the first Negroes arrived at Jamestown. They did not arrive in brave ships in search of a home for freedom. . . . They came in darkness and they came in chains.

And today we strike away the last major shackle of those fierce and ancient bonds. Today the Negro story and the American story fuse and blend.

And let us remember that it was not always so. The stories of our Nation and of the American Negro are like two great rivers. Welling up from that tiny Jamestown spring they flow through the centuries along divided channels. . . .

It was only at Appomattox, a century ago, that an American victory was also a Negro victory. And the two rivers—one shining with promise, the other dark-stained with oppression—began to move toward one another. . . .

Today is a towering and certain mark that, in this generation, that promise will be kept. In our time the two currents will finally mingle and rush as one great stream . . . .

This act flows from a clear and simple wrong. Its only purpose is to right that wrong. Millions of Americans are denied the right to vote because of their color. This law will ensure them the right to vote. The wrong is one which no American, in his heart, can justify. The right is one which no
American, true to our principles, can deny. . . .

There were those who said this is an old injustice, and there is no need to hurry. But 95 years have passed since the 15th amendment gave all Negroes the right to vote.

And the time for waiting is gone.

There were those who said smaller and more gradual measures should be tried. But they had been tried. For years and years they had been tried, and tried, and tried, and they had failed, and failed, and failed.

And the time for failure is gone.

There were those who said that this is a many-sided and very complex problem. But however viewed, the denial of the right to vote is still a deadly wrong.

And the time for injustice has gone.

This law covers many pages. But the heart of the act is plain. Wherever, by clear and objective standards, states and counties are using regulations, or laws, or tests to deny the right to vote, then they will be struck down. . . .

And I pledge you that we will not delay, or we will not hesitate, or we will not turn aside until Americans of every race and color and origin in this country have the same right as all others to share in the process of democracy.

So, through this act, and its enforcement, an important instrument of freedom passes into the hands of millions of our citizens. But that instrument must be used. Presidents and Congresses, laws and lawsuits can open the doors to the polling places and open the doors to the wondrous rewards which await the wise use of the ballot.

But only the individual Negro, and all others who have been denied the right to vote, can really walk through those doors, and can use that right, and can transform the vote into an instrument of justice and fulfillment. . . .

You must register. You must vote. You must learn, so your choice advances your interest and the interest of our beloved Nation. Your future, and your children's future, depend upon it, and I don't believe that you are going to let them down.

This act is not only a victory for Negro leadership. This act is a great challenge to that leadership. . . . It means that dedicated leaders must work around the clock to teach people their rights and their responsibilities and to lead them to exercise those rights and to fulfill those responsibilities and
those duties to their country.

If you do this, then you will find, as others have found before you, that the vote is the most powerful instrument ever devised by man for breaking down injustice and destroying the terrible walls which imprison men because they are different from other men. . . .

There will be many actions and many difficulties before the rights woven into law are also woven into the fabric of our Nation. But the struggle for equality must now move toward a different battlefield.

It is nothing less than granting every American Negro his freedom to enter the mainstream of American life: not the conformity that blurs enriching differences of culture and tradition, but rather the opportunity that gives each a chance to choose. . . .

For it is not enough just to give men rights. They must be able to use those rights in their personal pursuit of happiness. The wounds and the weaknesses, the outward walls and the inward scars which diminish achievement are the work of American society. We must all now help to end them . . . forever end the special handicaps of those who are black in a Nation that happens to be mostly white. . . .

So, we will move step by step—often painfully but, I think, with clear vision—along the path toward American freedom.

It is difficult to fight for freedom. But I also know how difficult it can be to bend long years of habit and custom to grant it. There is no room for injustice anywhere in the American mansion. But there is always room for understanding toward those who see the old ways crumbling. And to them today I say simply this: It must come. It is right that it should come. And when it has, you will find that a burden has been lifted from your shoulders, too. . . .

The central fact of American civilization . . . is that freedom and justice and the dignity of man are not just words to us. . . . Under all the growth and the tumult and abundance, we believe. And so, as long as some among us are oppressed—and we are part of that oppression—it must blunt our faith and sap the strength of our high purpose.

Thus, this is a victory for the freedom of the American Negro. But it is also a victory for the freedom of the American Nation. And every family across this great, entire, searching land will live stronger in liberty, will live more splendid in expectation, and will be prouder to be American because of the act that you have passed that I will sign today.

110. Which statement from the passage supports the idea that the Voting Rights Act of 1965 is a necessary step to ensure the equality of rights?

A. “It was only at Appomattox, a century ago, that an American victory was also a Negro victory.”

B. “Millions of Americans are denied the right to vote because of their color.”

C. “But 95 years have passed since the 15th amendment gave all Negroes the right to vote.”

D. “But however viewed, the denial of the right to vote is still a deadly wrong.”

111. Which sentence from President Johnson’s “Remarks on the Signing of the Voting Rights Act” best explains the main idea of his speech?

A. “Today is a triumph for freedom as huge as any victory that has ever been won on any battlefield.”

B. “It means that dedicated leaders must work around the clock to teach people their rights and their responsibilities.”

C. “So, through this act, and its enforcement, an important instrument
of freedom passes into the hands of millions of our citizens.”

D. “And so, as long as some among us are oppressed—and we are part of that oppression—it must blunt our faith and sap the strength of our high purpose.”
Read the following and answer the questions below:

**The Plague: A Historical Perspective**

Movies and television shows that focus on a mysterious illness are scarily popular today. The plots are similar: a mysterious and uncontrollable illness is afflicting the population, usually in a large urban area. Scientists unravel the mystery and rescue the populace from dire consequences. Fortunately, such occurrences are fictional. Or are they? Most students have heard the term “the black death,” also known as “the plague.” The words send chills down the spines of almost anyone who hears it, even epidemiologists and doctors. Beyond the purely scientific community, horrific images of affected European towns and villages infest the minds of students who studied the event in world history courses.

In the early Middle Ages, people had limited knowledge about effective ways to prevent or cure disease or arrest its proliferation. They had little understanding of epidemics. If they had, perhaps the events from 660 years ago would have proceeded differently. At that time, between 1348 and 1350, a quarter of the population of Europe died from bubonic plague, commonly called “black death” because of the symptomatic dark splotches that blossomed on the skin of victims.

The contagion dispersed intermittently yet rapidly across the European continent. Investigators pinpoint the inception of the epidemic to the winter of 1348 in port cities in Italy. The scourge spread northward through Italy and by summer had begun ravaging Switzerland, Hungary, Austria, and was bursting out in France and Spain. The contagion had traversed the English Channel to England by December, and for the next two years advanced across the entire European continent, infecting Norway and Sweden in winter 1350.

Medical sleuths studying the epidemic noticed a pattern in its dispersal. The disease proliferated quickly in the spring and summer; it decelerated noticeably in the winter. The scientific detectives reasoned that the advancement of whatever was causing the disease was impeded by cold weather. Investigators noted that in addition to the episodic spread, there
was a geographic pattern.

Using these patterns discovered by historical investigators, modern epidemiologists sought to identify the infecting agent. The researchers sought a source that was waterborne and affected by temperatures. They quickly concluded that disease was not spread by water itself because the water in locales struck by the illness differed between saltwater and freshwater. The perpetrator must be something carried by water but not in the water. As researchers scrutinized the dispersal map, they realized the disease moved on land as well as water. Putting these factors together, the scientists theorized the plague was carried by rats that came ashore from ships docking in ports. Further, they speculated that fleas on the rats were dispersing the disease through bites to people.

Further research indicated that the pandemic had begun in China in the early 1300s. It marched westward on caravans and ships from China, one of the busiest trading nations in the world. Chinese silk and other goods were hauled throughout Asia and the Middle East on caravans and ships. At each stop rats scurried from hiding places and dispersed throughout the city. The cities along the Silk Road were ravaged by the plague, where crowding and unsanitary conditions promoted its spread. Medical historians theorize that the plague was introduced to Europe when rats abandoning trading vessels in Italian ports carried infected fleas onto the land. The rest is history.

Aided by advanced technology, scientists later solved the mystery that eluded medieval physicians: bubonic plague is caused by bacteria. The microbe is carried by rodents and usually transferred by bites from fleas infesting the rodent or by direct contact with a contaminated animal. Unfortunately, in the mid-1300s doctors knew little about the causes of disease or effective treatments. The epidemic cut a swath across the continent, spreading fear and death. As people became ill, time-tested treatments were applied. Swollen lymph nodes – a symptom of the illness – were lanced and covered with a poultice, a paste made from herbs and roots. These pseudo-scientific remedies proved unsuccessful, so to impede the spread of the plague officials surrounded communities and blocked entry and exit. Despite these measures, disease continued to spread.

Turn the calendar to today. Bubonic plague still exists. In the United States, 10 to 15 scattered cases are diagnosed each year. Worldwide, there are reports of 1,000 to 3,000 cases annually. However, the term “plague” is not feared now as it was in the 1300s. The setting is very different. Epidemiologists have the latest scientific implements to battle illness. In the
Middle Ages, information traveled excruciatingly slowly, sometimes arriving after the illness. Today, data crosses communications networks almost instantaneously.

For example, when Ebola, a dangerous viral infection comparable to bubonic plague, erupted in the Democratic Republic of the Congo (Zaire) in the 1990s scientists received quick notification and dispatched researchers and physicians to the beleaguered area. As with bubonic plague, epidemiologists hypothesized that the first incident involved contact with a sick animal. (Primates – monkeys, gorillas, and chimpanzees – appear to carry the virus.) Health officials in Zaire discovered the first patient worked in a forest surrounding the afflicted area. They quickly quarantined the wild primate population in the region and ministered to the infected people. Through quick diagnoses and action, doctors were able to contain the victimization by Ebola to 315 people.

Bubonic plague continues to appear annually in Central Africa, providing scientists with opportunities to study it, test equipment and remedies, and devise additional protections. Researchers continue to seek medicinal treatments or a cure for the illness. Public health officials distribute recommendations for safeguards when providing medical care to infected patients. Improved knowledge, equipment, sanitation, and education help protect the world’s population from horrifying medical events such as the bubonic plague and similar pandemics.

112. Which excerpt from “The Plague: A Historical Perspective” provides evidence that knowledge about the bubonic plague is still helping in the treatment of diseases today?

A. “The plots are similar: a mysterious and uncontrollable illness is afflicting the population, usually in a large urban area.”

B. “Bubonic plague still exists. In the United States, 10 to 15 scattered cases are diagnosed each year.”
C. “As with bubonic plague, epidemiologists hypothesized that the first incident involved contact with a sick animal.”

D. “Researchers continue to seek medicinal treatments or a cure for the illness.”

113. What pattern best represents the distribution of information in the passage?

A. history of the disease, spreading of the disease, the disease today

B. history of the disease, symptoms of the disease, the disease today

C. history of the disease, spreading of the disease, cures for the disease

D. history of the disease, the Ebola virus, the spreading of the disease

114. What is this article primarily about?

A. the causes of the Black Plague

B. a brief exposition of the Black Plague

C. how the Black Plague spread throughout Europe

D. how the ebola virus compares to the Black Plague
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Address at Gettysburg

Excerpt from Address at Gettysburg

Excerpt from Address at Gettysburg

**Excerpt from Address at Gettysburg**

*by Woodrow Wilson*

*To celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, more than 50,000 American Civil War veterans gathered in Pennsylvania to commemorate the historic battle. On the final day of the reunion—July 4, 1913—President Woodrow Wilson gave the following “Address at Gettysburg.”*

*Friends and Fellow Citizens:*

I need not tell you what the Battle of Gettysburg meant. These gallant men in blue and gray sit all about us here. Many of them met upon this ground in grim and deadly struggle. Upon these famous fields and hillsides their comrades died about them. In their presence it were an impertinence to discourse upon how the battle went, how it ended, what it signified! But fifty years have gone by since then, and I crave the privilege of speaking to you for a few minutes of what those fifty years have meant.

What have they meant? They have meant peace and union and vigor, and the maturity and might of a great nation. How wholesome and healing the peace has been! We have found one another again as brothers and comrades in arms, enemies no longer, generous friends rather, our battles long past, the quarrel forgotten—except that we shall not forget the splendid valor, the manly devotion of the men then arrayed against one another, now grasping hands and smiling into each other’s eyes. How complete the union has become and how dear to all of us, how unquestioned, how benign and majestic, as State after State has been added to this our great family of free men! How handsome the vigor, the maturity, the might of the great Nation we love with undivided hearts; how full of large and confident promise that a life will be wrought out that will crown its strength with gracious justice and with a happy welfare that will touch all alike with deep contentment! We are debtors to those fifty crowded years; they have made us heirs to a mighty heritage.
But do we deem the Nation complete and finished? These venerable men crowding here to this famous field have set us a great example of devotion and utter sacrifice. They were willing to die that the people might live. But their task is done. Their day is turned into evening. They look to us to perfect what they established. Their work is handed on to us, to be done in another way, but not in another spirit. Our day is not over; it is upon us in full tide.

Have affairs paused? Does the Nation stand still? Is what the fifty years have wrought since those days of battle finished, rounded out, and completed? Here is a great people, great with every force that has ever beaten in the lifeblood of mankind. And it is secure. There is no one within its borders, there is no power among the nations of the earth, to make it afraid. But has it yet squared itself with its own great standards set up at its birth, when it made that first noble, naive appeal to the moral judgment of mankind to take notice that a government had now at last been established which was to serve men, not masters? It is secure in everything except the satisfaction that its life is right, adjusted to the uttermost to the standards of righteousness and humanity. The days of sacrifice and cleansing are not closed. We have harder things to do than were done in the heroic days of war, because harder to see clearly, requiring more vision, more calm balance of judgment, a more candid searching of the very springs of right.

Look around you upon the field of Gettysburg! Picture the array, the fierce heats and agony of battle, column hurled against column, battery bellowing to battery! Valor? Yes! Greater no man shall see in war; and self-sacrifice, and loss to the uttermost; the high recklessness of exalted devotion which does not count the cost. We are made by these tragic, epic things to know what it costs to make a nation—the blood and sacrifice of multitudes of unknown men lifted to a great stature in the view of all generations by knowing no limit to their manly willingness to serve. In armies thus marshaled from the ranks of free men you will see, as it were, a nation embattled, the leaders and the led, and may know, if you will, how little except in form its action differs in days of peace from its action in days of war.

May we break camp now and be at ease? Are the forces that fight for the Nation dispersed, disbanded, gone to their homes forgetful of the common cause? Are our forces disorganized, without constituted leaders and the might of men consciously united because we contend, not with armies, but with principalities and powers and wickedness in high places? Are we content to lie still? Does our union mean sympathy, our peace contentment, our vigor right action, our maturity self-comprehension and a clear confidence in
choosing what we shall do? War fitted us for action, and action never ceases.

I have been chosen the leader of the Nation. I cannot justify the choice by any qualities of my own, but so it has come about, and here I stand. Whom do I command? The ghostly hosts who fought upon these battlefields long ago and are gone? These gallant gentlemen stricken in years whose fighting days, are over, their glory won? What are the orders for them, and who rallies them? I have in my mind another host, whom these set free of civil strife in order that they might work out in days of peace and settled order the life of a great Nation. That host is the people themselves, the great and the small, without class or difference of kind or race or origin; and undivided in interest, if we have but the vision to guide and direct them and order their lives aright in what we do. Our constitutions are their articles of enlistment. The orders of the day are the laws upon our statute books. What we strive for is their freedom, their right to lift themselves from day to day and behold the things they have hoped for, and so make way for still better days for those whom they love who are to come after them. The recruits are the little children crowding in. The quartermaster’s stores are in the mines and forests and fields, in the shops and factories. Every day something must be done to push the campaign forward; and it must be done by plan and with an eye to some great destiny.

How shall we hold such thoughts in our hearts and not be moved? I would not have you live even to-day wholly in the past, but would wish to stand with you in the light that streams upon us now out of that great day gone by... Who stands ready to act again and always in the spirit of this day of reunion and hope and patriotic fervor? The day of our country’s life has but broadened into morning. Do not put uniforms by. Put the harness of the present on. Lift your eyes to the great tracts of life yet to be conquered in the interest of righteous peace, of that prosperity which lies in a people’s hearts and outlasts all wars and errors of men. Come, let us be comrades and soldiers yet to serve our fellow-men in quiet counsel, where the blare of trumpets is neither heard nor heeded and where the things are done which make blessed the nations of the world in peace and righteousness and love.


115. Read this sentence from “Excerpt from Address at Gettysburg.”

**I need not tell you what the Battle of Gettysburg meant.**

What is the effect of Wilson beginning his speech in this way?
A. It emphasizes Wilson’s limited knowledge of the Civil War.

B. It acknowledges Wilson’s respect for the wartime experiences of the audience.

C. It captures the attention of the audience by referring to the battle in a mysterious way.

D. It highlights the difficulties veterans were experiencing years after the Civil War ended.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

**The President's Farewell Address to the American People**

Excerpt from *The President’s Farewell Address to the American People*

by Harry Truman

At the end of his presidency, Truman addressed the nation one last time in a speech called “The President’s Farewell Address to the American People,” on January 15, 1953. He reflected on an important episode in his presidency: the invasion of South Korea by communist forces from North Korea and China and his decision to send United States forces to repel them.

I was in Independence, Missouri, in June 1950, when Secretary Acheson telephoned me and gave me the news about the invasion of Korea. I told the Secretary to lay the matter at once before the United Nations, and I came on back to Washington...

If we let the Republic of Korea go under, some other country would be next, and then another. And all the time, the courage and confidence of the free world would be ebbing away, just as it did in the 1930s. And the United Nations would go the way of the League of Nations.$^1$

When I reached Washington, I met immediately with the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense, and General Bradley, and the other civilian and military officials who had information and advice to help me decide on what to do. We talked about the problems long and hard. We considered those problems very carefully.

It was not easy to make the decision to send American boys again into battle. I was a soldier in the First World War, and I know what a soldier goes through. I know well the anguish that mothers and fathers and families go through. So I knew what was ahead if we acted in Korea.

But after all this was said, we realized that the issue was whether there would be fighting in a limited area now or on a much larger scale later on—whether there would be some casualties now or many more casualties later.

So a decision was reached—the decision I believe was the most important in my time as President of the United States.

In the days that followed, the most heartening fact was that the American
people clearly agreed with the decision.

And in Korea, our men are fighting as valiantly as Americans have ever fought—because they know they are fighting in the same cause of freedom in which Americans have stood ever since the beginning of the Republic.

Where free men had failed the test before, this time we met the test.

We met it firmly. We met it successfully. The aggression has been repelled. The Communists have seen their hopes of easy conquest go down the drain. The determination of free people to defend themselves has been made clear to the Kremlin.

As I have thought about our worldwide struggle with the Communists these past 8 years—day in and day out—I have never once doubted that you, the people of our country, have the will to do what is necessary to win this terrible fight against communism. I know the people of this country have that will and determination, and I have always depended on it. Because I have been sure of that, I have been able to make necessary decisions even though they called for sacrifices by all of us. And I have not been wrong in my judgment of the American people...

Now, once in a while, I get a letter from some impatient person asking, why don't we get it over with? Why don't we issue an ultimatum, make all-out war, drop the atomic bomb?

For most Americans, the answer is quite simple: We are not made that way. We are a moral people. Peace is our goal, with justice and freedom. We cannot, of our own free will, violate the very principles that we are striving to defend. The whole purpose of what we are doing is to prevent world war III. Starting a war is no way to make peace.

But if anyone still thinks that just this once, bad means can bring good ends, then let me remind you of this: We are living in the 8th year of the atomic age. We are not the only nation that is learning to unleash the power of the atom. A third world war might dig the grave not only of our Communist opponents but also of our own society, our world as well as theirs.

Starting an atomic war is totally unthinkable for rational men.

Then, some of you may ask, when and how will the cold war end? I think I can answer that simply. The Communist world has great resources, and it looks strong. But there is a fatal flaw in their society. Theirs is a godless system, a system of slavery; there is no freedom in it, no consent. The Iron Curtain, the secret police, the constant purges, all these are symptoms of a great basic weakness—the rulers’ fear of their own people.
In the long run the strength of our free society, and our ideals, will prevail over a system that has respect for neither God nor man.

Last week, in my State of the Union Message to the Congress—and I hope you will all take the time to read it—I explained how I think we will finally win through.

As the free world grows stronger, more united, more attractive to men on both sides of the Iron Curtain—and as the Soviet hopes for easy expansion are blocked—then there will have to come a time of change in the Soviet world. Nobody can say for sure when that is going to be, or exactly how it will come about, whether by revolution, or trouble in the satellite states, or by a change inside the Kremlin.

Whether the Communist rulers shift their policies of their own free will—or whether the change comes about in some other way—I have not a doubt in the world that a change will occur. I have a deep and abiding faith in the destiny of free men. With patience and courage, we shall some day move on into a new era—a wonderful golden age—an age when we can use the peaceful tools that science has forged for us to do away with poverty and human misery everywhere on earth.

1 League of Nations: a failed attempt to create an intergovernmental peace organization in the wake of World War I

"The President’s Farewell Address to the American People” in the public domain.

116. Read this sentence from “Excerpt from The President’s Farewell Address to the American People.”

I was a soldier in the First World War, and I know what a soldier goes through. I know well the anguish that mothers and fathers and families go through.

Why did Truman most likely include this rhetorical detail?

A. to clarify his objectives in sending soldiers to war

B. to gain the support of other veterans of the First World War

C. to imply that he reflected on the consequences of war before acting
D. to compare the causes of the First World War to the causes of the Cold War
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Purr-fect Predators

Purr-fect Predators

When we think of invasive species—non-native plants and animals that pose a threat to the environment where they are introduced—we may imagine exotic marine creatures, like zebra mussels, or fearsome reptiles, like large Burmese pythons, critters that cause harm in very limited locations. There is one particular invasive species in the United States, however, that is responsible for the deaths of billions of birds and small mammals each year. While those figures are staggering, what is even more shocking is that many of us harbor these predators in our very own homes.

Early in 2013, a scientific study documenting the impact of outdoor cats on our natural world was published in an online scientific journal. Scientists from the Smithsonian Conservation Biology Institute and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service estimated that domestic cats in the United States kill about 2.4 billion birds and 12.3 billion mammals a year. This includes both cats owned as pets that spend all or part of their day outdoors, and stray or feral cats that live outside.

Most of us do not think of our cherished family pets as members of an invasive species, but, in fact, that is what they are. Cats are native to northeast Africa. They were first domesticated and bred in Egypt more than 4,000 years ago. They were brought to the United States in the 1880s as a means of controlling rodent infestations associated with agriculture. This must have seemed like a good idea at the time; cats excel at hunting and killing rodents. However, native small mammals are an important part of a healthy, diverse ecosystem. Unfortunately, cats do not distinguish between critters we consider pests and others whose numbers we actually want to protect!

Most of the mammals killed by these cuddly kitties are native species, like shrews, chipmunks, and voles. Many of the birds hunted and killed by cats are migratory songbirds, which are federally protected. While the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service report is only one of many that have been published over the years, the estimated kill rates in this recent report are two to four times higher than reported in previous studies. In short, domestic cats are
one of the greatest threats to wildlife around the nation.

**Rapidly Reproducing**

Today, cats may be the most widespread predators in the world. Their numbers are growing globally, even as songbirds and other animals cats prey on are in decline.

Cats in the United States now number more than 77 million. Cats that are family pets have many advantages over native predators. They are protected from predators, starvation, and disease—factors that keep the populations of native predators under control.

Unlike many native predators, cats are not territorial, so they can exist in higher densities than native predators and may out-compete them for food. Of course, our pets do not need to kill to survive, but their hunting instinct is strong. They will hunt and kill even if they are not hungry.

Unaltered cats are also prolific breeders. An average female cat can have three litters a year, with four to six kittens per litter.

The latest study estimates that pet cats are responsible for only about 20 percent of the birds and 11 percent of the mammals killed each year. The bulk of the killing is done by the nation’s 80 million or so stray cats. These cats have no owners, but have gotten lost or strayed away from home. Others were simply abandoned by their owners or are the offspring of such cats.

Many animal welfare organizations support and run programs in which stray and feral cats are humanely captured, vaccinated, spayed or neutered, and—if they cannot be adopted—returned to the outdoor colony from which they came. Supporters of this approach say this is a humane alternative to large-scale euthanasia, and that, since they cannot reproduce, a colony of neutered cats will eventually disappear.

Opponents say that trap-and-release programs actually make the cat population problem worse because they unintentionally encourage people to abandon unwanted pets to outdoor colonies. (Abandoning pets this way is illegal, but all too common.) Many of these colonies are lovingly fed by well-meaning volunteers. Since cats are not strictly territorial, new cats frequently join existing colonies. Some colonies are huge. One in Key Largo, Florida, has an estimated 1,000 cats. Ensuring that all animals in a colony this size are vaccinated and spayed or neutered is a very big undertaking!

Of course, cats are not ultimately responsible for killing native wildlife—
people are. The only way to stop the slaughter of native birds and mammals is if responsible cat owners keep their cats indoors. We should also ensure that any stray or feral cats in our neighborhood are humanely caught, spayed or neutered, and put into a system for adoption. Some lucky family is probably just waiting for a cat—not a killer—they can call their own.

"Purr-fect Predators" property of the Florida Department of Education.

117. In “Purr-fect Predators,” the author paints a negative picture of cats throughout the text. Write one paragraph in which you explain how this negativity is accomplished. Use details from the text to support your response.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Sleepy Milk, Scary Cheese?

You may have heard that drinking a glass of warm milk before going to bed can help one sleep. Conversely, an old tale claims that eating cheese before bed will cause both restlessness and odd dreams.

The origin of the cheese-and-dream claim is unknown. In British author Charles Dickens’ famous story, “A Christmas Carol,” published in 1843, the disgruntled character Ebenezer Scrooge blames his nighttime ghostly visions on “a crumb of cheese” eaten just before bedtime. In the 1960s, a health scare occurred when a compound in cheese interacted with a then-popular medication and caused problems for patients. The medication was taken off the U.S. market. Regardless of the source of this negative association, concerns about sleeplessness and bad dreams still influence many people to avoid eating cheese before bedtime.

A Cheesy Experiment

Why would cheese cause wakefulness while milk would induce sleep? A few years ago, the British Cheese Board sought to answer the question, “Does cheese cause nightmares?” They discovered that cheese, like milk, seems to aid in producing quality sleep when eaten in small quantities before bed. Furthermore, the type of cheese eaten seems to affect the type of dreams that individuals may experience.

Though not conclusive, the British Cheese Board study yielded some interesting data. Participants were asked to eat a very small piece of cheese (equivalent to four-fifths of an ounce) about half an hour before bedtime. The participants were then asked to record their dreams when they woke up in the morning.

Two hundred volunteers signed up, and each one ate a small piece of cheese every night for a week. At the end of the week, 72 percent of the participants in the study reported having had a sound sleep every night, and 67 percent could remember all of their dreams. Not a single participant
reported experiencing a nightmare.

The study also found correlations between the types of cheeses that were eaten and the types of dreams the participants experienced. Of the participants who ate cheddar, 65 percent reported dreaming about celebrities. When participants ate brie, the females all reported having very relaxing dreams, whereas the males had cryptic dreams that made no sense. There was one exception to the dream rule, however; over half of the people who ate Cheshire cheese could not remember their dreams at all.

**Tryptophanic Relaxation**

Scientists cannot definitively determine why cheese helps promote good sleep, or why specific cheeses induce specific types of dreams. But many nutritionists and doctors postulate that the reason for better sleep may have to do with cheese’s rich repository of an essential amino acid called tryptophan. Tryptophan is called an essential amino acid because it is vital for normal bodily function, but the body cannot produce it naturally. Therefore, tryptophan must be obtained from food sources.

Tryptophan is a precursor for producing a molecule in the body called serotonin. In turn, serotonin is used to make melatonin, a key chemical in reducing stress levels and regulating sleep. According to the National Sleep Foundation, carbohydrates make tryptophan more available to the brain. So meals or snacks that are heavy in carbohydrates and rich in protein—specifically tryptophan—can especially promote a sleepy effect in some individuals.

In addition to cheese, turkey is a good source of tryptophan and has been credited with why so many individuals feel sleepy after eating a big Thanksgiving dinner. However, while tryptophan may play a small role in the desire for a post-Thanksgiving dinner nap, it is more likely that the large amounts of carbohydrates in the turkey meal, such as from mashed potatoes and pumpkin pie, are causing the effect. Anytime a large meal is eaten, the body’s systems switch to a less alert state.

An interesting experiment would be to discover if other cheeses, such as Swiss cheese or cottage cheese, have the same effect on sleep patterns. Another would be to eat a small quantity of other foods that contain significant amounts of tryptophan before bed to see if they have the same results as in the British Cheese Board experiment. Turkey is one good source, but chicken, fish, tofu, nuts, beans, and egg whites are all replete with tryptophan too. Pleasant dreams!
Other Foods that Affect Sleep

Research indicates that certain foods are likely to disrupt sleep. Steak and other protein-rich foods, for example, take more work for the body to digest. This required extra work can lead to discomfort and restlessness.

Caffeine is an ingredient known to affect a person’s ability to get a good night’s sleep. Caffeine blocks adenosine, a natural chemical that is critical for inducing drowsiness.

Fast food and spicy food are also known culprits for interrupting sleep cycles. Not only do high-fat diets have negative effects on sleep, they are harmful for your overall health too. In one study, rats that were fed a high-fat diet slept more during the day but had problems sleeping at night.

Spicy food raises body temperature, an important factor in sleep regulation. Spicy food also can play havoc with individuals with gastrointestinal disorders, especially acid reflux disease.

118. In “Sleepy Milk, Scary Cheese?” the author describes the possible effects of food on sleep patterns. Write one to two paragraphs explaining one of the effects described in the article. Use details from the article to support your response.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

“Speech at Wheeling, West Virginia, Read into the Congressional Record”

On February 9, 1950, Senator Joseph McCarthy delivered a controversial and influential speech in Wheeling, West Virginia, that asserted widespread and secret communist influence in American government. On February 20, McCarthy raised his profile, public attention, and fear, as reflected in his following statements.

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight as we celebrate the one hundred and forty-first birthday of one of the greatest men in American history, I would like to be able to talk about what a glorious day today is in the history of the world. As we celebrate the birth of this man who with his whole heart and soul hated war, I would like to be able to speak of peace in our time, of war being outlawed, and of world-wide disarmament. These would be truly appropriate things to be able to mention as we celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln.

Five years after a world war has been won, men’s hearts should anticipate a long peace, and men’s minds should be free from the heavy weight that comes with war. But this is not such a period for this is not a period of peace. This is a time of the “cold war.” This is a time when all the world is split into two vast, increasingly hostile armed camps—a time of a great armaments race ...

The one encouraging thing is that the "mad moment" has not yet arrived for the firing of the gun or the exploding of the bomb which will set civilization about the final task of destroying itself. There is still a hope for peace if we finally decide that no longer can we safely blind our eyes and close our ears to those facts which are shaping up more and more clearly. And that is that we are now engaged in a show-down fight—not the usual war between nations for land areas or other material gains, but a war between two diametrically opposed ideologies.
The great difference between our western Christian world and the atheistic Communist world is not political, ladies and gentlemen, it is moral. There are other differences, of course, but those could be reconciled. For instance, the Marxian idea of confiscating the land and factories and running the entire economy as a single enterprise is momentous. Likewise, Lenin’s invention of the one-party police state as a way to make Marx’s idea work is hardly less momentous.

Stalin’s resolute putting across of these two ideas, of course, did much to divide the world. With only those differences, however, the East and the West could most certainly still live in peace. The real, basic difference, however, lies in the religion of immoralism— invented by Marx, preached feverishly by Lenin, and carried to unimaginable extremes by Stalin. This religion of immoralism, if the Red half of the world wins—and well it may—this religion of immoralism will more deeply wound and damage mankind than any conceivable economic or political system.

Karl Marx dismissed God as a hoax, and Lenin and Stalin have added in clear-cut, unmistakable language their resolve that no nation, no people who believe in a God, can exist side by side with their communistic state …

Today we are engaged in a final, all-out battle between communistic atheism and Christianity. The modern champions of communism have selected this as the time. And, ladies and gentlemen, the chips are down—they are truly down.

Lest there be any doubt that the time has been chosen, let us go directly to the leader of communism today—Joseph Stalin. Here is what he said—not back in 1928, not before the war, not during the war—but 2 years after the last war was ended: “To think that the Communist revolution can be carried out peacefully, within the framework of a Christian democracy, means one has either gone out of one’s mind and lost all normal understanding, or has grossly and openly repudiated[1] the Communist revolution.”…

Ladies and gentlemen, can there be anyone here tonight who is so blind as to say that the war is not on? Can there be anyone who fails to realize that the Communist world has said, “The time is now”—that this is the time for the show-down between the democratic Christian world and the Communist atheistic world?

Unless we face this fact, we shall pay the price that must be paid by those who wait too long.

Six years ago, at the time of the first conference to map out the peace—Dumbarton Oaks—there was within the Soviet orbit 180,000,000 people. Lined up on the antitotalitarian side there were in the world at that time...
roughly 1,625,000,000 people. Today, only 6 years later, there are 800,000,000 people under the absolute domination of Soviet Russia—an increase of over 400 percent. On our side, the figure has shrunk to around 600,000,000. In other words, in less than 6 years the odds have changed from 9 to 1 in our favor to 8 to 6 against us. This indicates the swiftness of the tempo of Communist victories and American defeats in the cold war. As one of our outstanding historical figures once said, “When a great democracy is destroyed, it will not be because of enemies from without, but rather because of enemies from within.”

The truth of this statement is becoming terrifyingly clear as we see this country each day losing on every front.

At war’s end we were physically the strongest nation on earth and, at least potentially, the most powerful intellectually and morally. Ours could have been the honor of being a beacon in the desert of destruction, a shining living proof that civilization was not yet ready to destroy itself. Unfortunately, we have failed miserably and tragically to arise to the opportunity.

The reason why we find ourselves in a position of impotency is not because our only powerful potential enemy has sent men to invade our shores, but rather because of the traitorous actions of those who have been treated so well by this Nation. It has not been the less fortunate or members of minority groups who have been selling this Nation out, but rather those who have had all the benefits that the wealthiest nation on earth has had to offer—the finest homes, the finest college education, and the finest jobs in Government we can give.

This is glaringly true in the State Department. There the bright young men who are born with silver spoons in their mouths are the ones who have been worst ...

repudiated: denied the truth or validity

Excerpt from speech “Speech at Wheeling, West Virginia, Read into the Congressional Record,” by Joseph McCarthy. Delivered February 9, 1950.

119. Read this sentence from “Speech at Wheeling, West Virginia, Read into the Congressional Record.”

. . . [W]e are now engaged in a show-down fight—not the usual
war between nations for land areas or other material gains, but a war between two diametrically opposed ideologies.

Which detail mentioned in the speech best supports Joseph McCarthy’s claim in this sentence?

A. communist nations’ population advantage over antitotalitarian nations

B. the placement of Russian land and factories under government control

C. the escalation of the arms race between the United States and Soviet Russia

D. Lenin’s and Stalin’s claims about the irreconcilable nature of religion and communism
Chaser, the Border Collie

Border collies are extraordinary dogs, considered by many to be the most intelligent of the species. A quick perusal of online videos shows border collies riding a skateboard, herding sheep, getting a ball out of a pool by pawing at the water to draw the ball closer ... and then there is Chaser, the border collie who has been featured in the national press and in a television documentary. While most dogs know a handful of words like fetch or sit, Chaser knows the names of over 1,022 toys. She also knows several verbs, which means she can “nose,” “take,” or “paw” a toy. More important, it means she is learning nouns and verbs as discrete items rather than as a single phrase.

The documentary is a revelation. First of all, the host—not the trainer—selects a random sampling of objects to see if Chaser can fetch the objects he names. This poses no problem for Chaser; she performs flawlessly. We know that border collies are intelligent: they are trained for search and rescue operations, for drug detection, and as service dogs for people who are blind or autistic. But can they really learn over 1,000 words? Is Chaser an outlier—simply an extraordinary dog—or do her accomplishments have implications for teaching and learning?

Chaser’s owner, John W. Pilley (pronounced PILL-ee), is a psychologist who taught at Wofford College in Spartanburg, South Carolina, for 30 years. When he retired, he read about a border collie in Germany named Rico who could recognize 200 items. Dr. Pilley bought Chaser in 2004 and began to train her four to five hours a day to see if she could exceed that number. Border collies are motivated by having a task to perform, whether it is herding sheep, or, apparently, learning the names of toys. Dr. Pilley jokes that he had to go to bed to get away from Chaser, who he says still demands four to five hours of training a day. And because border collies want a social relationship with humans, they are highly attentive to their trainers and therefore ideal research subjects. What makes Chaser different? Is she the Einstein of dogs?

Chaser’s training consisted of what Dr. Pilley calls “brute repetition.” She
was trained for hours a day in order to learn fewer than 10 words per day. And Chaser had no context to help make learning a word easier. A child learns that a fork and spoon go together; Chaser had nothing to relate her words to. When using repetition, or operant conditioning, Dr. Pilley rewarded Chaser with his attention. Often dogs are given food treats to reinforce their behavior, but border collies are highly motivated by interacting with humans.

Unfortunately, interpreting animal learning and behavior can be challenging because of what is known as the Clever Hans effect. Clever Hans was a horse exhibited in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries that could apparently answer questions and solve arithmetic problems, including square roots. He communicated by using his hoof to tap out the answers—one tap for one or A, two taps for two or B, and so forth. A skeptical Oskar Pfungst carefully tested Hans under controlled conditions. He determined that Hans could not answer correctly if he could not see his questioner or if the questioner did not know the correct answer. Hans was clever, certainly, but in an unexpected way. The horse, on his own, had learned to read the signals his questioners unconsciously gave off, stopping when they relaxed imperceptibly as the right number of taps was reached.

For this reason, Dr. Pilley and others have had to control adequately for the possibility of a Clever Hans effect when evaluating Chaser’s abilities. This is especially important with border collies because they are experts at reading and responding to the subtle cues of their human owners. To control for this, a random sampling of toys was placed out of sight of both Chaser and the tester. She was then asked to find each toy, one at a time, by name—something that she was easily able to do. Remarkably, she was even able to retrieve a new toy that she had never seen before and which was referred to by name she had never heard before, apparently inferring (correctly) that the new name identified the new toy.

However, what may be truly extraordinary is not Chaser—or Rico—but the incredible effort their owners put into training these dogs. Could other border collies recognize over 1,000 words with a trainer who had the time and patience of Dr. Pilley? Dr. Pilley believes that they could.

What can we discover about the nature of teaching and learning from animals? Dogs may not have the intellectual abilities that primates such as chimpanzees do, but they do have social intelligence, which bonds them to humans. According to the television documentary, humans and dogs share a gene responsible for this. So do wolves, but dogs have been domesticated for thousands of years. Border collies, because of their development as sheep herding dogs, are especially adept at reading cues that help them
understand and interact with humans. A dog that was not responsive to the shepherd would not be bred.

Learning may require a genetic predisposition, or nature, but it can be enhanced by nurture. The learning exhibited by border collies is an excellent example of the result of such nurturing. Chaser is neither an outlier nor the Einstein of dogs. Instead, she is an example of the melding of nature with extraordinary nurture.

1 by name: Chaser’s owner wrote the name of each toy in indelible marker on the toys so that he would remember the names and use them consistently.

“Chaser, the Border Collie” property of the Florida Department of Education.

120. In the final paragraph of “Chaser, the Border Collie,” the author describes the roles of nature and nurture in Chaser’s extraordinary abilities. Explain what the author means by nature and nurture, and why these two concepts are important for understanding the article.

Use details from the article to support your answer.

121.

Student Directions: In “Chaser, the Border Collie,” the author asks whether Chaser is “the Einstein of dogs” or a typical border collie. Analyze how the author resolves this question over the course of the article. In your analysis, include a response about whether you find the author’s ideas, evidence, and conclusion, persuasive.

Part 1:

Begin your analysis. First, reread the passage carefully. Then identify these elements of the passage:

- the author’s conclusion about whether Chaser is an extraordinary dog, and whether other dogs can be trained to perform the tasks that Chaser can perform
• the ideas and evidence the author describes to support this conclusion
• how the author connects the evidence and develops the main idea throughout the passage

Take notes about the effectiveness of the author’s ideas, evidence, and the order in which the author presents them. Identify any parts of the passage in which a person might reasonably disagree with the author’s conclusions about Chaser, or in which the author leaves some issues unresolved. Finally, write reasons for your own conclusions about Chaser.

Part 2:

Write a two-page essay in which you analyze the author’s conclusions about Chaser and offer your own opinion. Your essay should analyze the author’s ideas, evidence, and how they are presented in the article, then give reasons supporting or critiquing the author’s conclusions.

Scoring:

Your analysis will be scored based on the following criteria:

• Use of Evidence—you have produced a complete response to the prompt supported by details and evidence from the article.
• Writing and Language—your essay states a clear central idea and supports it with evidence presented in a logical order, in precise language with few errors.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from "Decade Speech: On the Progress of Education and Industrial Avocations for Women"

Excerpt from "Decade Speech: On the Progress of Education and Industrial Avocations for Women"

by Matilda Joslyn Gage

Matilda Joslyn Gage was a dedicated abolitionist, whose home was on the Underground Railroad. She was eventually attracted to the women’s suffrage movement, becoming a speaker and writer for the cause from the mid- to late-1800s. The following excerpt is from a speech of hers called "Decade Speech: On the Progress of Education and Industrial Avocations for Women."

[I]t has fallen upon me to especially call your attention to the advanced educational facilities enjoyed by the women of 1870, compared with those enjoyed by the women of 1850 ...

The progress of education for women was for years very slow. Although the first grant of land in the United States for a public schoolhouse was made by a woman, it was not the sex to which she belonged that enjoyed its benefits. Even the common-school system of Massachusetts, which is pointed to with so much pride, was originated for boys alone. Thomas Hughes, in his Boston speech the other day, declared that England had derived her educational inspiration from the common-school system of Massachusetts. It was the admission of girls to its benefits, an admission primarily made by certain districts to secure their quota of school money. It was the admission of girls to common-school advantages, which made of that system what it now is.

Twenty years ago girls stood upon an equality with boys in common-schools, but not elsewhere had they equal educational advantages. Two colleges at that time, Oberlin and Antioch, professed to admit women upon an equality, but in 1850, no woman in them was allowed to deliver, or even read her own graduating oration. Her presence upon the platform was considered out of place, and if her thoughts were given to the world, the college demanded their utterance through a man’s mouth.
In looking over the Holliday library recently sold at auction in this city, I
found a book of political caricatures. They were English-coarse, colored
wood-prints, but very sharp and laughable. One of them represented a
noted politician with a speaking trumpet to his mouth, but he did not give
utterance to his own thoughts, for the trumpet passed through the head and
out of the mouth of another man. Just so at Oberlin, twenty years ago, were
the orations of women graduates trumpeted to the world through a man’s
mouth. But in 1853, such had already been the advance of public opinion in
regard to woman’s opportunities, that Oberlin College authorities granted its
lady graduates permission to read their orations, though under strict charge
not to lay aside the protecting paper. A brave young girl ascended the
platform with her oration in her hand, placed it behind her, and, to the
astonishment of the faculty and the delight of her hearers, delivered it
unaided by man or paper. This was a step in the education of woman whose
ultimate results have not yet been reached.

Buckle says the boasted civilizations of antiquity were [mostly] one-sided,
and that they fell because society did not advance in all its parts, but
sacrificed some of its constituents in order to secure the progress of others.

Through the past, this has been ... the case in regard to woman. Education,
except in accomplishments, has been for her ignored. She has been called
the ornament of life, and her advantages have been of an ornamental
character. She has not been treated as a component part of humanity, but
as a being having a life outside of her own interests, and not until she
herself arose and demanded the enjoyment of all opportunities, was the plan
of her education changed. The fact of such demand on the part [of] women
is in itself an evidence of advanced civilization ...

While men have failed to see woman’s needs in respect to education, she
has seen them herself, and step by step has claimed opportunities, until
today the highest universities are opening their doors for her admission.
Within the past year, Michigan University has admitted women, and at the
present time, a period of only about seven months, there are seventeen
women students in its medical department alone, besides those entered in
its literary and legal departments.

In Iowa, the admission of women to all branches of its university, is
rendered compulsory by her state constitution.

Washington University, of Missouri, has just now opened its doors to women.
Baker University, of Kansas; Howard University, of Washington; St.
Lawrence University, of New York; and, I believe, also universities in Illinois
and Indiana, admit women. So numerous are becoming the colleges and
universities which admit women to equal educational advantages with men, or which have recently been founded for women alone, that I shall not attempt to give them more than a passing glance. Most states can boast those of greater or less reputation, and each year—almost each month—adds to their number. One of the latest is the Regent’s University, of California; and at our own Cornell University, a woman recently passed a successful examination. No state university can, in common equity, refuse to admit women, as the grant of public lands for their endowment was proportionate to the representation from each state, and women are counted equally with men as the basis of representation.

A good evidence of the change of thought in regard to woman’s education is found in school advertisements. One, which recently caught my eye, was of an old school—now in its forty-third year—originally a boys’ school. The present year’s advertisement reads thus: “In accordance with the request of several families who wish their daughters to have education similar to their sons, girls will be admitted to all departments of the school.”

Besides the schools, colleges and universities opening to women, we find the change of public sentiment has spread to literary and scientific associations. Both in 1869 and 70, women were on the list of officers of the American Social Science Association … The New York State Historical Society has, within the year, admitted its first lady members … Libraries for women have been instituted … They fill, with distinguished honor, various college and university chairs, and not they alone, but their classes, give evidence of woman’s capacity both as teacher and learner.


122. What is the most likely reason Gage adds specific examples to the final paragraph of “Excerpt from Decade Speech: On the Progress of Education and Industrial Avocations for Women”?

A. to illustrate the changing status of girls’ education

B. to suggest that few parents support girls’ education
C. to propose that public opposition to girls’ education persists

D. to emphasize the necessity of expanding girls’ educational opportunities
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Completing the Transcontinental Railroad, 1869

The completion of the Transcontinental Railroad culminated with a ceremony at Promontory, Utah, with Governor Stanford of California and President of the Union Pacific Railroad, Thomas Durant, taking turns pounding a Golden Spike into the final tie that united the railroad’s east and west sections. Alexander Topence witnessed the event.

“I saw the Golden Spike driven at Promontory, Utah, on May 10, 1869. I had a beef contract to furnish meat to the construction camps of Benson and West ...

On the last day, only about 100 feet were laid, and everybody tried to have a hand in the work. I took a shovel from an Irishman, and threw a shovel full of dirt on the ties just to tell about it afterward.

A special train from the west brought Sidney Dillon, General Dodge, T. C. Durant, John R. Duff, S. A. Seymour, and a lot of newspaper men ...

Another train made up at Ogden carried the band from Fort Douglas, and the leading men of Utah Territory ...

California furnished the Golden Spike. Governor Tuttle of Nevada furnished one of silver. General Stanford ... presented one of gold, silver, and iron from Arizona. The last tie was of California laurel.

When they came to drive the last spike, Governor Stanford, president of the Central Pacific, took the sledge, and the first time he struck he missed the spike and hit the rail.

What a howl went up! ... [E]verybody yelled with delight. ‘He missed it. Yee.’ The engineers blew the whistles and rang their bells. Then Stanford tried it again and tapped the spike and the telegraph operators had fixed their instruments so that the tap was reported in all the offices east and west, and
set bells to tapping in hundreds of towns and cities ... Then Vice President T. C. Durant of the Union Pacific took up the sledge and he missed the spike the first time. Then everybody slapped everybody else again and yelled, ‘He missed it too, yow!’

It was a great occasion, everyone carried off souvenirs and there are enough splinters of the last tie in museums to make a good bonfire.

When the connection was finally made the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific engineers ran their engines up until their pilots touched. Then the engineers shook hands and had their pictures taken and each broke a bottle of champagne on the pilot of the other’s engine and had their picture taken again.

The Union Pacific engine, the ‘Jupiter,’ was driven by my good friend, George Lashus, who still lives in Ogden.

Both before and after the spike driving ceremony there were speeches, which were cheered heartily. I do not remember what any of the speakers said now ...

“The Transcontinental Railroad and the American West

On May 10, 1869, a crowd of railroad workers, politicians, and local citizens gathered at Promontory Point, Utah. They cheered as a final, gold-plated railroad spike was driven in, linking the Central Pacific Railroad and the Union Pacific Railroad. Together, the railroads helped connect the eastern United States and the western United States, forming the first transcontinental railroad. This railroad stretched for 1,907 miles, from Sacramento, California, to Council Bluffs, Iowa. At Council Bluffs, the railroad connected to other rail lines, which ran to eastern and midwestern cities.

The project was the result of a great deal of effort and expense. Research on potential routes for a transcontinental railroad had begun in 1853, as scientists and surveyors spent years gathering information on western
terrain. Their maps and data filled twelve substantial volumes. In 1862, President Abraham Lincoln signed the Pacific Railroad Bill, allocating funds and public lands to construct the railroad over the course of seven years. The total cost of construction was about $50 million. Some 20,000 workers raced to lay track advancing the Union Pacific line westward from Omaha, Nebraska, and the Central Pacific eastward from Sacramento, California. They lifted 700-pound rails in five-man teams to blast through rock and gouge tunnels out of the mountains. Workers endured the cold weather of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the searing heat of the desert, and harsh winds sweeping across the plains. Some performed this arduous labor three shifts a day, six days a week. Critics of the project complained that workers, many of them immigrants or former slaves, were not paid enough to endure the harsh conditions. Others noted that the railroad companies were more focused on finishing the work quickly than on constructing durable railroad tracks—resulting in spans of track that needed to be repaired shortly after the railroad was completed.

While the construction of the railroad led to many hardships, the completed railroad brought numerous benefits and transformed the nation. Previously, a journey from San Francisco to New York could last up to six months and could cost up to one thousand dollars. Using the transcontinental railroad, the journey took about six days for a fraction of the cost. The railroad helped farmers transport crops more cheaply and easily, meaning that perishable foods could be shipped hundreds or thousands of miles away. The development of refrigeration cars in the 1870s allowed cattle ranchers to ship and sell their meat in far-away markets. For the first time, residents of eastern cities could purchase fresh oranges from California, while residents of western towns could purchase meat from Chicago stockyards. Miners used the railroad to travel between mining sites and ship ore to distant cities. The transcontinental railroad also revolutionized American mail delivery by replacing the significantly slower Pony Express.

Perhaps most significantly, the transcontinental railroad helped Americans settle the west. The Homestead Act of 1862 offered parcels of western land to all heads of household who agreed to tend the land for five years and could pay a simple filing fee. The transcontinental railroad made the journey west much easier, allowing immigrants, poor farmers, and newly freed slaves the opportunity to develop their own farms. Thanks in part to the railroad, new cities, towns, and settlements sprang up, leading to the end of the western frontier near the end of the nineteenth century, as little uncharted land remained in the continental United States.

The completion of the transcontinental railroad led to the construction of
other railroad lines in the west. These new rail lines traversed from north to south and from east to west, shipping people and goods quickly and easily. As time passed, many sections were abandoned, but hundreds of miles of the original transcontinental railroad route are still in service. Today, the freight rail system continues to be crucial to the American economy, using about 140,000 miles of active railroad track.

TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD, 1869

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123. According to “The Transcontinental Railroad and the American West,” the completed railroad “brought numerous benefits” to the nation. Write one to two paragraphs explaining the benefits the railroad brought to working people and the poor. Use details from the passage to support your response.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Pandosto

In Robert Greene’s Pandosto, which was first published in 1588, a Sicilian prince named Dorastus takes an interest in a shepherdess named Fawnia. In the following excerpt, Dorastus has left his attendants to talk with Fawnia in private to see if she might join him in Sicily as his wife and to find out if she might enjoy the wealth and fame that comes with being royal.

Fawnia, with blushing face, made [Dorastus] this ready answer: ‘Sir, what richer state than content, or what sweeter life than quiet? We shepherds are not born to honour, nor [serve] beauty; the less care we have to fear fame or fortune. We count our attire brave enough if warm enough, and our food dainty if to suffice nature. Our greatest enemy is the wolf, our only care in safe keeping our flock. Instead of courtly ditties we spend the days with country songs. Our [daydreams] are homely thoughts, delighting as much to talk of Pan and his country pranks, as ladies to tell of Venus and her wanton toys. Our toil is in shifting the folds and looking to the lambs, easy labours—oft singing and telling tales, homely pleasures. Our greatest wealth not to covet, our honour not to climb, our quiet not to care. Envy looketh not so low as shepherds. Shepherds gaze not so high as ambition. We are rich in that we are poor with content, and proud only in this, that we have no cause to be proud.’

This witty answer of Fawnia so inflamed Dorastus’ fancy, as he commended himself for making so good a choice, thinking if her birth were answerable to her wit and beauty, that she were a fit mate for the most famous prince in the world. He, therefore, began to sift her more narrowly on this manner:

‘Fawnia, I see thou art content with country labours, because thou knowest not courtly pleasures. I commend thy wit, and pity thy want; but wilt thou leave thy father’s cottage and serve a courtly mistress?’

‘Sir,’ quoth she, ‘beggars ought not to strive against fortune, nor to gaze
after honour, lest either their fall be greater, or they become blind. I am born to toil for the court, not in the court, my nature unfit for their nurture—better live, then, in mean degree than in high disdain.’

‘Well said, Fawnia,’ quoth Dorastus. ‘I guess at thy thoughts; thou art in love with some country shepherd.’

‘No, sir,’ quoth she. ‘Shepherds cannot love that are so simple and maids may not love that are so young.’

‘Nay, therefore,’ quoth Dorastus. ‘Maids must love because they are young; for Cupid is a child, and Venus, though old, is painted with fresh colours.’

‘I grant,’ quoth she, ‘age may be painted with new shadows, and youth may have imperfect affections; but what art concealeth in one ignorance revealeth in the other.’ Dorastus, seeing Fawnia held him so hard, thought it was vain so long to beat about the bush; therefore he thought to have given her a fresh charge, but he was so prevented by certain of his men, who, missing their master, came puffing to seek him, ... yet, before they drew so nigh that they might hear their talk, he used these speeches:

‘Why, Fawnia, perhaps I love thee, and then thou must needs yield, for thou knowest I can command and constrain.’ ‘Truth, sir,’ quoth she, ‘but not to love; for constrained love is force, not love ... ‘Why then,’ quoth he, ‘thou canst not love Dorastus.’ ‘Yes,’ said Fawnia, ‘when Dorastus becomes a shepherd.’ And with that the presence of his men broke off their [speech], so that he went with them to the palace and left Fawnia sitting still on the hill side, who, seeing that the night drew on, shifted her folds, and busied herself about other work to drive away such fond fancies as began to trouble her brain.

But all this could not prevail; for the beauty of Dorastus had made such a deep impression in her heart, as it could not be worn out without cracking, so that she was forced to blame her own folly in this [way]:

‘Ah, Fawnia, why dost thou gaze against the sun, or catch at the wind? Stars are to be looked at with the eye, not reached at with the hand: thoughts are to be measured by fortunes, not by desires. Falls come not by sitting low, but by climbing too high. What then, shall all fear to fall because some [happen] to fall? No, luck cometh by lot, and fortune windeth those threads which the destinies spin. Thou art favoured, Fawnia, of a prince, and yet thou art so fond to reject desired favours: thou hast denial at thy tongue’s end, and desire at thy heart’s bottom; a woman’s fault to spurn at that with her foot, which she greedily catcheth at with her hand.’
1 shifting the folds: caring for the sheep

Pandosto, or, The Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia in the public domain.

124. After reading the excerpt from Pandosto, imagine that a number of years have passed. Write a two- or three-page narrative about a later meeting between Dorastus and Fawnia. Your narrative should:

- describe Dorastus and Fawnia in a way that is consistent with how they are described in the passage.
- detail the results of the decisions these characters have made.
- tell an entire story and include all of the elements of a strong plot (introduction, setting, conflict, resolution, and conclusion).

Your narrative will be scored based on the following criteria:

- consistent focus and logical organization.
- use of details from the passage that support your answer.
- use of language that is appropriate for your audience and purpose.
In the early 1800s, English siblings Charles and Mary Lamb set out to retell William Shakespeare’s plays as brief stories in Tales from Shakespeare. The following excerpt is from their retelling of The Winter’s Tale. In this story, Leontes and Hermione are the king and queen of Sicily. After Leontes becomes terribly jealous, he instructs Antigonus to abandon his baby daughter on a foreign shore as a way of punishing his wife.

The child was dressed in rich clothes and jewels... and Antigonus had pinned a paper to its mantle, and the name of Perdita written thereon, and words obscurely intimating its high birth and untoward fate.

This poor deserted baby was found by a shepherd. He was a humane man, and so he carried the little Perdita home to his wife, who nursed it tenderly... He brought up Perdita as his own child, and she knew not she was any other than a shepherd’s daughter.

The little Perdita grew up a lovely maiden; and though she had no better education than that of a shepherd’s daughter, yet so did the natural graces she inherited from her royal mother shine forth in her untutored mind, that no one from her behaviour would have known she had not been brought up in her father’s court.

Polixenes, the King of Bohemia, had an only son, whose name was Florizel. As this young prince was hunting near the shepherd’s dwelling, he saw the old man’s supposed daughter; and the beauty, modesty, and queen-like deportment of Perdita caused him instantly to fall in love with her. He soon, under the name of Doricles, and in the disguise of a private gentleman, became a constant visitor at the old shepherd’s house. Florizel’s frequent absences from court alarmed Polixenes; and setting people to watch his son, he discovered his love for the shepherd’s fair daughter.

Polixenes then called for Camillo... and desired that he would accompany him to the house of the shepherd, the supposed father of Perdita.
Polixenes and Camillo, both in disguise, arrived at the old shepherd’s dwelling while they were celebrating the feast of sheep-shearing; and though they were strangers, yet at the sheep-shearing every guest being made welcome, they were invited to walk in, and join in the general festivity.

Nothing but mirth and jollity was going forward. Tables were spread, and great preparations were making for the rustic feast. Some lads and lasses were dancing on the green before the house, while others of the young men were buying ribbons, gloves, and such toys, of a peddler at the door.

While this busy scene was going forward, Florizel and Perdita sat quietly in a retired corner, seemingly more pleased with the conversation of each other, than [with] the sports and silly amusements of those around them.

The king was so disguised that it was impossible his son could know him: he therefore advanced near enough to hear the conversation. The simple yet elegant manner in which Perdita conversed with his son did not a little surprise Polixenes: he said to Camillo, ‘This is the prettiest low-born lass I ever saw; nothing she does or says but looks like something greater than herself, too noble for this place.’

Camillo replied, ‘Indeed she is the very queen of curds and cream.’

‘Pray, my good friend,’ said the king to the old shepherd, ‘what fair swain is that talking with your daughter?’ ‘They call him Doricles,’ replied the shepherd. ‘He says he loves my daughter ... If young Doricles can get her, she shall bring him that he little dreams of;’ meaning the remainder of Perdita’s jewels; which, after he had bought herds of sheep with part of them, he had carefully hoarded up for her marriage portion.

Polixenes then addressed his son. ‘How now, young man!’ said he: ‘your heart seems full of something that takes off your mind from feasting. When I was young, I used to load my love with presents; but you have let the peddler go, and have bought your lass no toy.’

The young prince, who little thought he was talking to the king his father, replied, ‘Old sir, she prizes not such trifles; the gifts which Perdita expects from me are locked up in my heart.’ Then turning to Perdita, he said to her, ‘O hear me, Perdita, before this ancient gentleman, who it seems was once himself a lover; he shall hear what I profess.’ Florizel then called upon the old stranger to be a witness to a solemn promise of marriage which he made to Perdita, saying to Polixenes, ‘I pray you, mark our contract.’

The king then left them in great wrath, and ordered Camillo to follow him with Prince Florizel.
When the king had departed, Perdita, whose royal nature was roused by Polixenes' reproaches, said, 'Though we are all undone, I was not much afraid; and once or twice I was about to speak, and tell him plainly that the selfsame sun which shines upon his palace, hides not his face from our cottage, but looks on both alike.' Then sorrowfully she said, 'But now I am awakened from this dream, I will queen it no further. Leave me, sir; I will go milk my ewes\textsuperscript{2} and weep.'

\begin{itemize}
  \item \textbf{1} Perdita: name based on the Latin word meaning “lost”
  \item \textbf{2} ewes: female sheep
\end{itemize}

\textit{Tales from Shakespeare} in the public domain.

125. \textit{Tales from Shakespeare} makes several changes to the story of \textit{Pandosto}. Which describes one of these differences between the passages?

\begin{itemize}
  \item A. While both passages describe the consequences of fortune, only \textit{Pandosto} suggests that fate is inescapable.
  \item B. While both passages portray conflicts in romantic relationships, only \textit{Pandosto} ends with a definite end to the relationship.
  \item C. While both passages represent country life as simple and pleasant, only \textit{Tales from Shakespeare} describes the hardships that shepherds often face.
  \item D. While both passages detail encounters between royal characters and shepherds, only \textit{Tales from Shakespeare} suggests that a shepherdess actually has royal blood.
\end{itemize}

126. In "Excerpt from Pandosto," what does Fawnia’s change of heart reveal
about her character?

A. She discovers a hidden longing for courtly life.

B. She decides to convince Dorastus to share her country life.

C. She realizes that Dorastus’s argument has convinced her to love him.

D. She begins to see the contradiction between her actions and how she truly feels.
Carrie Chapman Catt (1859–1947), the second president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA), campaigned tirelessly on behalf of the Nineteenth Amendment, which gave American women the right to vote. The following passage is excerpted from Catt’s "Address to the Congress on Women’s Suffrage."

Woman suffrage is inevitable. Suffragists knew it before November 4, 1917; opponents afterward. Three distinct causes made it inevitable.

First, the history of our country. Ours is a nation born of revolution, of rebellion against a system of government so securely entrenched in the customs and traditions of human society that in 1776 it seemed [unassailable]. From the beginning of things, nations had been ruled by kings and for kings, while the people served and paid the cost. The American Revolutionists boldly proclaimed the heresies: “Taxation without representation is tyranny.” “Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.” The colonists won, and the nation which was established as a result of their victory has held unfailingly that these two fundamental principles of democratic government are not only the spiritual source of our national existence but have been our chief historic pride and at all times the sheet anchor of our liberties.

Eighty years after the Revolution, Abraham Lincoln welded those two maxims into a new one: “Ours is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.” Fifty years more passed, and the president of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, in a mighty crisis of the nation, proclaimed to the world: “We are fighting for the things which we have always carried nearest to our hearts: for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government” …

With such a history behind it, how can our nation escape the logic it has never failed to follow, when its last un-enfranchised class calls for the vote? Behold our Uncle Sam floating the banner with one hand, “Taxation without representation is tyranny,” and with the other seizing the billions of dollars
paid in taxes by women to whom he refuses “representation.” Behold him again, welcoming the boys of twenty-one and the newly made immigrant citizen to “a voice in their own government” while he denies that fundamental right of democracy to thousands of women public school teachers from whom many of these men [learned] all they know of citizenship and patriotism, to women college presidents, to women who ... interpret law in our courts, preside over our hospitals, write books and magazines, and serve in every uplifting moral and social enterprise. Is there a single man who can justify such inequality of treatment, such outrageous discrimination? Not one...

Second, the suffrage for women already established in the United States makes women suffrage for the nation inevitable. When Elihu Root, as president of the American Society of International Law, at the eleventh annual meeting in Washington, April 26, 1917, said, “The world cannot be half democratic and half autocratic. It must be all democratic or all Prussian.¹ There can be no compromise,” he voiced a general truth. Precisely the same intuition has already taught the blindest and most hostile foe of woman suffrage that our nation cannot long continue a condition under which government in half its territory rests upon the consent of half of the people and in the other half upon the consent of all the people, a condition which grants representation to the taxed in half of its territory and denies it in the other half, a condition which permits women in some states to share in the election of the president, senators, and representatives and denies them that privilege in others. It is too obvious to require demonstration that woman suffrage, now covering half our territory, will eventually be ordained in all the nation. No one will deny it. The only question left is when and how will it be completely established.

Third, the leadership of the United States in world democracy compels the enfranchisement of its own women. The maxims of the Declaration were once called “fundamental principles of government.” They are now called “American principles” or even “Americanisms.” They have become the slogans of every movement toward political liberty the world around, of every effort to widen the suffrage for men or women in any land. Not a people, race, or class striving for freedom is there anywhere in the world that has not made our axioms the chief weapon of the struggle. More, all men and women the world around, with farsighted vision into the [verity] of things, know that the world tragedy of our day is not now being waged over ... commercial competition, nor national ambitions, nor the freedom of the seas. It is a death grapple between the forces which deny and those which uphold the truths of the Declaration of Independence ...
There was considerable opposition to the women’s suffrage movement in the United States. The following excerpt from “The Injustice of the Federal Suffrage Amendment” contains many of the arguments used against the passage of the constitutional amendment that gave all American women the right to vote.

To many people it is not quite clear just what the Federal Suffrage Amendment is and how the suffragists aim to secure it. Such an amendment to the Constitution of the United States would make woman suffrage universal throughout the country without giving the people an opportunity to vote upon it. It is necessary for the passage of such an amendment that it should secure a two-thirds vote in the House of Representatives and in the Senate and that it should be signed by the president. It then goes before the legislatures of all the states, and if 36 of these endorse it, it becomes a law in all the states. That is, if the legislatures of 36 of the smaller and more sparsely settled states will endorse the amendment, woman suffrage can be forced upon the millions of people in [larger, more populous states] where suffrage has recently been defeated by big majorities.

In speaking of the granting of woman suffrage by federal amendment, the New York World,¹ of August 4, says:

“It is to be done by a method which gives Nevada, with a population of 81,875, the same power as New York, with a population of 9,113,279. It is a measure to enable Idaho to say who shall vote in electing a mayor of New York City and Montana to say who shall vote in electing an alderman in Buffalo.

The population of the United States by the census of 1910 was 91,972,266. More than 50,000,000 of this population is centered in the twelve states of

¹ Prussia: former kingdom of north-central Europe, which included present-day northern Germany and Poland

"An Address to the Congress of the United States” in the public domain.
New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Texas, Massachusetts, Indiana, New Jersey, Michigan, Georgia, Missouri and Wisconsin. Yet these twelve states would be powerless to prevent the adopting of such an amendment if the legislatures of the other thirty-six states ratified it. They would count no more than the states of Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Rhode Island, Delaware, Arizona, Utah, New Hampshire, Vermont, Wyoming, North Dakota and New Mexico, with a combined population of only 4,000,000.

When the Federal Constitution was framed, its makers left the question of suffrage to the several states. Except for the ... Fifteenth Amendment it has always remained with the states. The reasons are obvious. It is the state governments and the local governments which touch most closely the daily lives of the people, and the national government is merely representative of the voters of these states. Conditions varied in the different states in respect to property, to education and to industry. It was evident that there could be no universal qualifications of suffrage and that the people of each state must judge for themselves how far the franchise ought to be extended. They have so judged, and their constitutions, ratified by popular vote, have fixed the standards of suffrage.

If the states are to be stripped of all power to regulate the franchise which controls their governments, it is hardly worthwhile to maintain the states. They have been deprived of the fundamental authority over their own institutions, which gives them stability. When the day comes that the people of New York, for example, can no longer say who is to vote and who is not to vote in a local election, the state of New York might as well shut up shop and give all its domestic affairs into the hands of an omniscient and omnipotent Congress.”

Why have the suffragists resorted to this method, which so obviously controverts the will of the people? Simply because it is their last hope. They have failed utterly to convince the women of the country of the desirability of entering politics. On the only occasion on which a state referendum² of the women has been taken on woman suffrage—in Massachusetts in 1895—only 4 percent of the women voted in favor. The suffragist leaders of Massachusetts admit that this set back their cause twenty-five years! Since that time suffragists everywhere strenuously oppose allowing the women to vote on this question. Christabel Pankhurst³ frankly admitted that a referendum to the women would be a dose of cold poison to the cause.

The suffragists have also failed utterly to convince the men of the country that it is desirable to have women enter politics. Susan B. Anthony, in her address of February 1884, appealed for a federal amendment on the ground that the majority of the voters of the country were against woman suffrage
and should not be given a chance to decide the question! ...

1 *New York World*: daily newspaper published in New York City from 1860 through 1931
2 *referendum*: submission of a proposed legislative measure to the popular vote
3 *Christabel Pankhurst*: British suffragist leader

"The Massachusetts Anti-Suffrage Notes" in the public domain.

127. Which statement best describes how the authors of both passages drew on important documents to support their arguments?

A. The author of “The Injustice of the Federal Suffrage Amendment” argued that the New York State Constitution had already been ratified by popular vote, while Catt argued that the Fifteenth Amendment guaranteed suffrage to all.

B. The author of “The Injustice of the Federal Suffrage Amendment” argued that the Constitution left issues of suffrage to the states to decide, while Catt argued that the Declaration of Independence promised certain rights to all Americans.

C. The author of “The Injustice of the Federal Suffrage Amendment” argued that the Federal Suffrage Amendment would limit the rights of men, while Catt argued that the Constitution should not protect the rights of men over those of women.

D. The author of “The Injustice of the Federal Suffrage Amendment” argued that the Constitution specifically denied women the right to vote, while Catt argued that the Declaration of Independence honored the citizenship rights of women as well as men.

128. Which sentence from Roosevelt’s “State of the Union Address, 1942” best supports Roosevelt’s claim that the United States had not been
rendered powerless by the aggressive policies of Japan, Italy, and Germany?

A. “Those plans provided for ultimate domination, not of any one section of the world, but of the whole earth and all the oceans on it.”

B. “The act of Japan at Pearl Harbor was intended to stun us—to terrify us to such an extent that we would divert our industrial and military strength to the Pacific area, or even to our own continental defense.”

C. “This very reassembling of the Seventy-seventh Congress today is proof of that; for the mood of quiet, grim resolution which here prevails bodes ill for those who conspired and collaborated to murder world peace.”

D. “It was bitter for us not to be able to land a million men in a thousand ships in the Philippine Islands.”
Reading the following and answer the questions below:

**Finding the Way to the Table: The History of Eating Utensils**

Nowadays, refraining from picking one’s teeth with a knife and not eating with one’s hands are instructions so commonplace and elementary that no one has to be given this advice before sitting down to enjoy a meal at the dinner table. However, these words of wisdom have not always rung true. In fact, at one time both practices were acceptable dining practices, even at the most refined of tables.

Good table manners grew out of a desire to show honor at the privilege of eating with the host, and began as a way to distinguish social class. Today, many people believe that table etiquette is a thing of the past, pointing to such things as a slump in families sitting down together for traditional meals along with the dramatic rise of fast-food restaurants, where an entire meal can be eaten without the use of eating utensils. Ironically, the beginning of the end in American table etiquette is often blamed on Thomas Jefferson, who himself had impeccable table manners. Jefferson championed equality and disdained false civility, and often downplayed his own manners. As President, he relaxed protocols, feeling they imposed an artificial distinction among people who were created equal.

Early man had no use for table manners. The act of hunting and gathering was time-consuming and success was not guaranteed. Therefore, food was eaten in haste and solitude. However, with the advent of agriculture in the Near East around 9000 B.C., food sources became more abundant and reliable, leading to communal eating practices and rules for the preparation and consumption of food.

Although today we could not imagine sitting down for a meal without being presented with a knife, spoon, and fork, the combination of these three utensils is a rather recent development. The fork may now be the most relied upon of the three during a meal, but historically it has been the hardest sell. In fact, in its infancy, the use of a fork for eating was seen as scandalous and immoral.
Forks were in use in ancient Egypt, as well as ancient Greece and Rome; they were not used for eating, but rather for getting meat out of a cauldron or a fire. When eating, people used their hands and a knife that they brought to the table. It was not until the 7th century that specific dining forks began to appear in the royal courts of the Middle East and the Byzantine Empire and were common among wealthy families of the regions by the 10th century. Elsewhere, including Europe, only the knife and the hand were used, and the fork was absent. Still, there was a right and a wrong way to go about eating with one’s hands. The ring finger and the pinkie were left out of the equation. To use all five fingers was a sign of bad taste. The Roman “three finger rule” was described in an etiquette book from the 1530s. It advises that when eating in “good society,” one should be mindful that, “It is most refined to use only three fingers of the hand, not five. This is one of the marks of distinction between the upper and lower classes.”

For at least a hundred years since its inception, forks were an appalling novelty. Imagine the astonishment then when in 1004 Maria Argyropoulina, Greek niece of Byzantine Emperor Basil II, arrived in Venice for her marriage to Giovanni, son of Pietro Orseolo II, the Doge of Venice, with an array of forks that she promptly used during their wedding feast. The behavior did not go unnoticed. It was widely condemned by the clergy, one commenting, “God in his wisdom has provided man with natural forks—his fingers. Therefore, it is an insult to him to substitute artificial metal forks for them when eating.” When Argyropoulina died of the plague two years later, Saint Peter Damian suggested it was God’s punishment for her lavish, immoral ways.

Another royal wedding was more successful in disseminating the use of the fork. In 1533, Catherine de Medici arrived from Italy to marry the future Henry II, King of France, bringing with her several dozen silver forks. Although Henry’s attendants were laughed at because they spilled food while trying to use the newfangled utensils, their use spread to wealthy French families eager to adopt new Italian customs.

Thomas Coryate, an Englishman, traveled throughout France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany in 1608 and took detailed notes regarding the use of the never-before-seen fork. When he returned home, he continued using a fork when eating, resulting in his friends calling him Furcifer. The word fork comes from the Latin furca, and furcifer literally translates to “fork-bearer.” However, the name was also a sly pun; in the slang of the day, furcifer referred to a man doomed to hang.

Well into the 1800s, forks still caused a wealth of confusion. One diner in
Maine complained that, “Eating peas with a fork is as bad as trying to eat soup with a knitting needle.” In his 1824 memoir, wealthy English silversmith Joseph Brasbridge admitted to his host at a dinner, “I know how to sell these articles, but not how to use them.” However, by the time of the first World’s Fair in 1851, the fork was well established in the United States, where it continues to reign supreme at the dinner table.

Knives, on the other hand, have been around ever since *Homo erectus*, and because of their necessity for hunting, their legitimacy has never been in question. The knife, as a tool and a weapon, has existed for 1.5 million years. Yet the specific design of the table knife is of relatively new origin. Hosts did not provide dinner guests with a knife in the Middle Ages and, therefore, most people carried their own knives in sheaths attached to their belts. These knives were narrow and their sharp points were used to spear food to raise it to one’s mouth.

The customary rounded-tipped table knife can be credited to Duc de Richelieu, cardinal and chief minister to France’s Louis XIII. Richelieu cringed at the sight of high-ranking men using their knives to pick food out of their teeth, a practice that had been deplored by etiquette books for at least three hundred years. In the 1630s, Richelieu was so disgusted by the practice that he ordered the points to be filed down from the house knives. French hostesses, also at their wit’s end to halt the practice, began placing orders for the rounded knives.

Long after knives were adopted for table use, however, they continued to be used as weapons. Thus, the multi-purpose nature of the knife always posed the possible threat of danger at the dinner table. In 1669, King Louis XIV of France declared all pointed knives on the street and used at the table illegal. Not only were new knives to be made with blunted tips, all existing table knives were to be rounded off to reduce the potential for violence. The blunted knife rapidly spread to other European countries, including England.

The spoon, the third of the table triumvirate, has existed for 20,000 years. Like the knife, users of spoons never suffered the ridicule those using a fork endured. The origin of the word spoon comes from the Anglo-Saxon *spon*, meaning chip, and a spoon was a thin, slightly curved piece of wood, dipped into porridge or soupy foods. Spoons have been unearthed from the Paleolithic era, and spoons of wood, stone, ivory, and gold have been discovered in Egyptian tombs.

In Italy, during the 1400s, “apostle spoons” were very popular among wealthy Venetians and Tuscans. Usually made of silver, the spoons’ handles were made into a figure of an apostle. An apostle spoon was considered the
ideal baptismal gift, bearing the figure of the child’s patron saint. It is from this custom that a privileged child may be said to be “born with a silver spoon in its mouth,” implying that only a wealthy family could afford to commission an apostle’s spoon as a baptismal gift.

It has taken eons to get the fork, spoon, and knife to sit together in harmony at the dinner table. Although we take the threesome for granted, just two hundred years ago, most inns throughout Europe and America served one, sometimes two, but seldom all three utensils at the table.

1Byzantine Empire: the continuation of the Roman Empire in the East, especially after the deposition of the last emperor in Rome (476 A.D.), extinguished by the fall of its capital Constantinople in 1453

2Doge: the chief magistrate in the former republics of Venice and Genoa

3Middle Ages: the period of European history encompassing the 5th to the 15th centuries

129. Which of these claims is thoroughly supported by evidence in the passage?

A. Etiquette at the table is not as emphasized today as it has been in the past.

B. The spoon was most easily accepted as an eating utensil for the dinner table.

C. The upper class influenced many ideas about what were and were not acceptable practices at the table.

D. Early man had no developed rules of etiquette because their habits were less refined than those of humans today.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

"Robin Hood"

"Robin Hood"

"Robin Hood"

_Excerpt from Poems Published_

by John Keats (edited by M. Robertson)

John Keats was an English poet of the Romantic period. His poems are known for their vivid, sensory images and strong emotion. In 1818, his friend John Hamilton Reynolds sent him two poems about Robin Hood. In response, Keats wrote the poem "Robin Hood," in, as he put it "the spirit of outlawry." The poem was published in the collection Poems Published in 1820.

**To A Friend.**

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
(Of the leaves of many years):
Many times have winter’s shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest’s whispering fleeces,
(Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
(There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight,¹ amaz’d to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

¹
On the fairest time of June
(20)You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
(25)Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
(30)Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry [dance] din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;²
(35)Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grenê shawe;"³
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave,
(40)And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall’n beneath the dockyard strokes,
(45)Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can’t be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing,
(50)Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!
Honour to the Lincoln green!
Honour to the archer keen!
(55)Honour to tight little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honour to maid Marian,
(60)And to all the Sherwood-clan!
Though their days have hurried by
Let us two a burden try.

1 wight: living creature
2 Gamelyn: hero of The Tale of Gamelyn, a British poem from about 1350 that tells of a man who becomes an outlaw in the forest.
3 grenè shawe: green wood

“Robin Hood” in the public domain.

130. The first two stanzas of “Robin Hood” begin with the word no. What is the most likely effect of beginning the poem in this way?

A. It communicates the speaker’s sense of loss.

B. It establishes that the speaker is argumentative.

C. It demonstrates that the speaker is rarely satisfied.

D. It reflects the speaker’s difficulty in expressing his ideas.

131. How does the author develop a prominent theme in “Robin Hood”?

A. He describes the primeval forest to develop the theme of the power of nature.

B. He emphasizes the emptiness of the forest to develop the theme of loneliness.
C. He idealizes Robin Hood and his companions to develop the theme of longing for the past.

D. He explains the historical background of the Robin Hood legend to develop the theme of social progress.

132. Based on details in the poem “Robin Hood,” which description of Robin Hood is accurate?

A. He was fond of jokes and play.

B. He only enjoyed warm weather.

C. He could navigate well at night.

D. He traveled in the forest quietly.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from The Picture of Dorian Gray

Excerpt from The Picture of Dorian Gray

The Picture of Dorian Gray in the only published novel by renowned Irish writer and poet Oscar Wilde. First published in 1890, it tells the story of a man who sells his soul so that only his portrait, instead of his body, ages over time.

As he was turning the handle of the door, his eye fell upon the portrait Basil Hallward had painted of him. He started back as if in surprise ... "I am not satisfied, Dorian!" he said to himself. Then he went on into his own room, looking somewhat puzzled. After he had taken the button-hole out of his coat, he seemed to hesitate. Finally, he came back, went over to the picture, and examined it. In the dim arrested light that struggled through the cream-coloured silk blinds, the face appeared to him to be a little changed. The expression looked different. One would have said that there was a touch of cruelty in the mouth. . . .

He turned round and, walking to the window, drew up the blind. The bright dawn flooded the room and swept the fantastic shadows into dusky corners, where they lay shuddering. But the strange expression that he had noticed in the face of the portrait seemed to linger there, to be more intensified even. The quivering ardent sunlight showed him the lines of cruelty round the mouth as clearly as if he had been looking into a mirror after he had done some dreadful thing. He winced and, taking up from the table an oval glass framed in ivory Cupids, one of Lord Henry’s many presents to him, glanced hurriedly into its polished depths. No line like that warped his red lips. What did it mean?

He rubbed his eyes, and came close to the picture, and examined it again. There were no signs of any change when he looked into the actual painting, and yet there was no doubt that the whole expression had altered . . .

He threw himself into a chair and began to think. Suddenly there flashed
across his mind what he had said in Basil Hallward’s studio the day the picture had been finished. Yes, he remembered it perfectly. He had uttered a mad wish that he himself might remain young, and the portrait grow old; that his own beauty might be un tarnished, and the face on the canvas bear the burden of his passions and his sins; that the painted image might be seared with the lines of suffering and thought, and that he might keep all the delicate bloom and loveliness of his then just conscious boyhood. Surely his wish had not been fulfilled? Such things were impossible. It seemed monstrous even to think of them. And, yet, there was the picture before him, with the touch of cruelty in the mouth …

Had he been cruel? It was the girl’s fault, not his. He had dreamed of her as a great artist, had given his love to her because he had thought her great. Then she had disappointed him. She had been shallow and unworthy. And, yet, a feeling of infinite regret came over him, as he thought of her lying at his feet sobbing like a little child. He remembered with what callousness he had watched her. Why had he been made like that? Why had such a soul been given to him? But he had suffered also. During the three terrible hours that the play had lasted, he had lived centuries of pain, aeon upon aeon of torture. His life was well worth hers. She had marred him for a moment, if he had wounded her for an age. Besides, women were better suited to bear sorrow than men. They lived on their emotions. They only thought of their emotions. . . . Lord Henry had told him that, and Lord Henry knew what women were. Why should he trouble about Sibyl Vane? She was nothing to him now.

But … what was he to say of [the picture]? It held the secret of his life, and told his story. It had taught him to love his own beauty. Would it teach him to loathe his own soul? Would he ever look at it again?

No; it was merely an illusion wrought on the troubled senses. The horrible night that he had passed had left phantoms behind it. Suddenly there had fallen upon his brain that tiny scarlet speck that makes men mad. The picture had not changed. It was folly to think so.

Yet it was watching him, with its beautiful marred face and its cruel smile. Its bright hair gleamed in the early sunlight. Its blue eyes met his own. A sense of infinite pity, not for himself, but for the painted image of himself, came over him. It had altered already, and would alter more. Its gold would wither into grey. Its red and white roses would die. For every sin that he committed, a stain would fleck and wreck its fairness. But he would not sin. The picture, changed or unchanged, would be to him the visible emblem of conscience …
He got up from his chair and drew a large screen right in front of the portrait, shuddering as he glanced at it. “How horrible!” he murmured to himself, and he walked across to the window and opened it. When he stepped out on to the grass, he drew a deep breath. The fresh morning air seemed to drive away all his sombre passions ...

1 **aeon**: immeasurably long period of time

*The Picture of Dorian Gray* in the public domain.

133. Read this excerpt from the passage.

> **When he stepped out on to the grass, he drew a deep breath.**
> **The fresh morning air seemed to drive away all his sombre passions ...**

Which phrase best matches the meaning of *sombre passions* as it is used in this excerpt?

A. deep confusion

B. earnest feelings

C. sincere affection

D. worried thoughts
Read the following and answer the questions below:

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

Excerpt from 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea
by Jules Verne

The book 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea was written by French author Jules Verne and first published in 1870. It still is widely viewed as ranking among the greatest science fiction books in the history of literature. In this excerpt, Verne describes a character’s astonishment with what he encounters during his exploration of deep waters.

We had now arrived on the first platform, where other surprises awaited me. Before us lay some picturesque ruins, which betrayed the hand of man.... There were vast heaps of stone, amongst which might be traced the vague and shadowy forms of castles and temples, clothed with a world of blossoming zoophytes,¹ and over which, instead of ivy, sea-weed and fucus² threw a thick vegetable mantle. But what was this portion of the globe which had been swallowed by cataclysms? Who had placed these rocks and stones like cromlechs³ of prehistoric times? Where was I? Whither had Captain Nemo's fancy hurried me?

I would have fain have asked him; not being able to, I stopped him, -I seized his arm. But shaking his head, and pointing to the highest point of the mountain, he seemed to say:

"Come, come along; come higher!"

I followed, and in a few minutes I had climbed to the top, which for a circle of ten yards commanded the whole mass of rock. I looked down the side we had just climbed. The mountain did not rise more than seven or eight hundred feet above the level of the plain; but on the opposite it commanded from twice that height the depths of this part of the Atlantic. My eyes ranged far over a large space lit by a violent fulguration. In fact, the mountain was a volcano. At fifty feet above the peak, in the midst of a rain of stones and [slag], a large crater was vomiting forth torrents of lava which fell in a cascade of fire into the bosom of the liquid mass. Thus situated, this volcano lit the lower plain like an immense torch, even to the extreme limits of the
horizon. I said that the submarine crater threw up lava, but no flames. Flames require the oxygen of the air to feed upon, and cannot be developed under water; but streams of lava, having in themselves the principles of their incandescence, can attain a white heat, fight vigorously against the liquid element, and turn it to vapor by contact. Rapid currents bearing all these gases in diffusion, and torrents of lava, slid to the bottom of the mountain like an eruption of Vesuvius on another Terra del Greco. There, indeed under my eyes, ruined, destroyed, lay a town, -its roofs open to the sky, its temples fallen, its arches dislocated, its columns lying on the ground, from which one could still recognize the massive character of Tuscan architecture. Farther on, some remains of a gigantic aqueduct; here the high base of an Acropolis, with the floating outline of a Parthenon; there traces of a quay, as if an ancient port had formerly abutted on the borders of the ocean, and disappeared with its merchant-vessels and its war-galleys. Farther on again, long lines of sunken walls and broad deserted streets,—a perfect Pompeii escaped beneath the waters. Such was the sight that Captain Nemo brought before my eyes.

Where was I? Where was I? I must know at any cost. I tried to speak, but Captain Nemo stopped me by a gesture, and picking up a piece of chalk stone, advanced to a rock of black basalt, and traced the one word, 

ATLANTIS.

What a light shot through my mind! Atlantis, the ancient Neropis of Theopompus, the Atlantis of Plato, that continent denied by [many philosophers and scientists] who placed its disappearance amongst the legendary tales admitted by... Pliny [and other writers]. I had it there now before my eyes, bearing upon it the unexceptionable testimony of its catastrophe. The region thus engulfed was beyond Europe, Asia, and Lybia, beyond the columns of Hercules, where those powerful people, the Atlantides, lived, against whom the first wars of ancient Greece were waged.

Thus, led by the strangest destiny, I was treading under foot the mountains of this continent, touching with my hand those ruins a thousand generations old, and contemporary geological epochs. I was walking on the very spot where the contemporaries of the first man had walked.

Whilst I was trying to fix in my mind every detail of this grand landscape, Captain Nemo remained motionless, as if petrified in mute ecstasy, leaning on a mossy stone. Was he dreaming of those generations long since disappeared? Was he asking them the secret of human destiny? Was it here this strange man came to steep himself in historical recollections, and live again this ancient life,—he who wanted no modern one? What would I not
have given to know his thoughts, to share them, to understand them! We remained for an hour at this place, contemplating the vast plain under the brightness of the lava, which was sometimes wonderfully intense. Rapid tremblings ran along the mountain caused by internal bubblings, deep noises distinctly transmitted through the liquid medium were echoed with majestic grandeur. At this moment the moon appeared through the mass of waters, and threw her pale rays on the buried continent. It was but a gleam, but what an indescribable effect! The captain rose, cast one look on the immense plain, and bade me follow him.

We descended the mountain rapidly, and the mineral forest once passed, I saw the lantern of the Nautilus shining like a star. The captain walked straight to it, and we got on board as the first rays of light whitened the surface of the ocean.

1 zoophyte: plantlike animal
2 fucus: flat, brown seaweed
3 cromlechs: megalithic tombs with large flat stone laid on upright ones

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea in the public domain.

134. In the excerpt from 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, what is the narrator's attitude toward Captain Nemo after being taken to Atlantis?

A. The narrator begins to think Captain Nemo is a dangerous man.

B. The narrator realizes that Captain Nemo is responsible for the destruction of the ruined city.

C. The narrator becomes more curious about Captain Nemo and wants to know more about him.

D. The narrator thinks Captain Nemo is a man of science who has
forgotten how to live in the world above water.

135. How do the narrator’s feelings develop from the beginning to the end of the excerpt from 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea?

A. The narrator starts out feeling excited about exploring the underwater discovery, then becomes frightened by the active volcano.

B. The narrator starts out feeling curious about his surroundings, then becomes excited to discover that they had found themselves in Atlantis.

C. The narrator starts out feeling anxious about his future with Captain Nemo, then becomes angry about the way he has been treated by Captain Nemo.

D. The narrator starts out feeling angry at Captain Nemo for putting him in a dangerous situation, then becomes frightened by the volcano spewing lava.
"We would find where the sunset gates are ajar,
We would pass o'er the mystic mountains afar
To the ocean that rolls 'neath the evening star,
O kindly red brothers and true:
We obey the Great Father's\(^1\) wise command;
Can you bring us a guide who hath seen that land—
Whose tongue the far tribes may understand?"

Spake the chiefs of the pioneer crew.

"I came from that land of the setting sun,
Where his ray's into gossamer threads are spun,
And feathery rills from the mountains run.

Great captains and wise tabba-bones:\(^2\)
O, my childhood home in the mountain dell—
The beauty and grandeur no tongue can tell!
In the Shining Mountains my people dwell:"

Said the bird of the wild Shoshones.

So they breasted Missouri's turbulent tide,
Till before them the gates of the West opened wide.
And the Shining Mountains in their kingly pride,

Rose above on their great white thrones:
Then she called the dark tribes of mountain men,
Who dwelt in fair valley and secluded glen,
From tepee and cave and from secret den;—
This bird of the wild Shoshones.
And they come on fleet steeds—in amazement and fear,
When they saw her palefaced companions appear—
The wonderful words of their princess to hear,
    Just returned from the land of their foe:
And her brother—Chief Cameahwait—gave them a guide,
And furnished them surefooted horses, to ride
O'er the steep, winding trails of the Great Divide,
    To the rivers that westward flow.

O, Sacajawea, the peerless one!
She led the brave band of pioneers on,—
She unlocked the heart-trail to the great Oregon
    In that wild Indian-mountain land:
And they found the grand river of the unknown West,
And they floated away on his mighty breast,
Through a land, as an empress adorned and dressed,
    To the billowy ocean strand.

Behold now the grand growth of the century,
Since they carried the Star-spangled Flag of the free,
O'er the Shining Mountains to the far western sea,
    And the land of the Oregon won:
O, the wealth and the glory of mountain and plain,
That shall wax with the ages but never shall wane!
In these states—now a part of our broad domain—
Idaho, Oregon, Washington.

Now the red man follows the trail no more;
But within this great city on Willamette shore,
From afar and from near, by ten-thousands pour
   Our race, of the strong tabba bones:
They gather to honor that pioneer crew—
Captains Lewis and Clark, and their men brave
        and true;
But to whom is more excellent honor due,
   Than the bird of the wild Shoshones.

1 Great Father: United States President Thomas Jefferson

2 tabba-bones: Shoshone word for white men

"Sacajawea and Other Poems" in the public domain. Photo of Sacajawea statue in the public domain.

136. What is one of the central ideas of "Sacajawea," and how is it developed and shaped by key details? Write one paragraph and use details from the poem to support your explanation.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

**The Sapphires of Lily McGill**

I arrived at the railway station near dawn and found it filled with travelers. After purchasing my fare, I settled upon a bench and opened my book, a parting gift from a friend. I had not wanted to leave my home in the city and thought with trepidation of the new life awaiting me as a schoolteacher in a remote village. Within minutes, however, I was lost in the adventures of The Count of Monte Cristo. The novel by Mr. Dumas had been published a few years earlier and a more thrilling tale I had never encountered.

I had finished the first chapter when bits of a whispered conversation drifted to my ears. “Hundreds of sapphires...highest quality...I carry them upon my person.” I was astounded, and it seemed as if I had been transported from Scotland right into the romantic world of the count himself.

A man of about thirty-five, clad in a nondescript cloak, sat a few feet away with a young girl, likely his daughter, dozing against his shoulder. He spoke in low tones to another man who then shook his hand, wished him farewell and disappeared into the crowd.

My mind buzzed with curiosity and I wondered if the man were a pirate of some sort. When he wrapped his scarf gently around the sleeping child, I dismissed the notion, convinced that so tender a person could not be a criminal. Was he a lord in disguise, then, on a special mission for the crown?

The conductor sounded the boarding call, and the pair I had been observing followed close behind me. Soon we were settled in the same train compartment. The girl, awake now, introduced herself as Molly, and with that frankness I always admire in children, produced a box of dominoes and asked if I should like to play. I replied that my name was Miss Lily McGill and I would gladly accept her challenge. We commenced a series of games, and I informed her that I would soon be teaching children of about her age. We chatted amiably about my new position, as I convinced myself to forget my worries. I wondered still about her father’s sapphires but considered it impertinent to ask.

We arrived at my destination, an outpost of a few houses surrounded by
pastures. As I gathered up my belongings, the gentleman rose and thanked me for my kindness to Molly. He handed me an envelope from his pocket, explaining, “I call these sapphires. Follow the instructions and perhaps they will bring you luck in your new home.” I had no time to question him, for the train did not linger long at that remote depot.

When I peeked inside the envelope I did not know whether to be disappointed or amused at the sight of the tiny seeds. Sapphires indeed! Perhaps the gentleman was simply teasing me for sport, but I smiled in spite of myself. I tucked the “sapphires” into my bag where they were promptly forgotten amid the demands of my new position.

Though the children were pleasant enough, that winter proved the most trying of my life. I missed my friends and the entertainments—musical concerts, dances, and teas—I had enjoyed in the city. When spring finally came, I was considering a search for a position elsewhere when my eye fell upon my old friend the Count of Monte Cristo on my bookshelf. The novel reminded me of the gentleman on the train and his mysterious sapphires.

The next day I organized my pupils into a planting committee, and we embedded the seeds in the soil according to the instructions. The school year ended and I departed to pass the summer in Edinburgh, my home city. When I returned, a crowd of parents and children surrounded me when I descended from the train. The littlest ones seized my hand, shouting, “Come see the sapphires!”

Sure enough, the grasses around the schoolhouse were covered in hundreds of dazzling sapphire-colored flowers bobbing in the breeze. Those flowers must have encouraged the villagers to blossom too, as people who had hardly spoken to me now stopped to chat and invite me to dinner. Though we did not have the resources of a great city, there was nonetheless music, friendly conviviality, and much laughter. Slowly, I came to regard the village as home.

Years later, I received a package containing a beautifully illustrated volume titled Flowering Plants of the World. A note assured me that it was authored by none other than the gentleman from the train, now a distinguished botanist, with watercolors by his daughter Molly. At a place bookmarked by a slip of paper, I found a page devoted to Browallia speciosa—sapphire flowers.

Here, however, they will always be known as the Sapphires of Lily McGill.

137. How does the author structure the story in “The Sapphires of Lily
McGill”? Write one to two paragraphs in which you analyze how the author’s choices regarding text structure create such effects as suspense or mystery. Use details from the passage to support your answer.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

An Excerpt from The Count of Monte Cristo

Finding no game off the coast of Italy, Baron Franz d’Epinay is looking for new places to hunt when the boat captain tells him about The Island of Monte Cristo.

“Do you see that island?” continued the captain, pointing to a conical pile rising from the indigo sea.

“Well, what is this island?”

“The Island of Monte Cristo.”

“But I have no permission to shoot over this island.”

“Your excellency does not require a permit, for the island is uninhabited.”

“Ah, indeed!” said the young man. “A desert island in the midst of the Mediterranean must be a curiosity.”

“It is very natural; this island is a mass of rocks, and does not contain an acre of land capable of cultivation.”

“To whom does this island belong?”

“To Tuscany.”

“What game shall I find there!”

“Thousands of wild goats.”

“Who live upon the stones, I suppose,” said Franz with an incredulous smile.

“No, but by browsing the shrubs and trees that grow out of the crevices of the rocks.”

“Where can I sleep?”
“On shore in the grottos, or on board in your cloak; besides, if your excellency pleases, we can leave as soon as you like—we can sail as well by night as by day, and if the wind drops we can use our oars.”

As Franz had sufficient time, and his apartments at Rome were not yet available, he accepted the proposition. Upon his answer in the affirmative, the sailors exchanged a few words together in a low tone.

“Well,” asked he, “what now? Is there any difficulty in the way?”

“No.” replied the captain, “but we must warn your excellency that the island is an infected port.”

“What do you mean?”

“Monte Cristo although uninhabited, yet serves occasionally as a refuge for the smugglers and pirates who come from Corsica, Sardinia, and Africa, and if it becomes known that we have been there, we shall have to perform quarantine for six days on our return to Leghorn.”

“The deuce! That puts a different face on the matter. Six days! Why, that’s as long as the Almighty took to make the world! Too long a wait—too long.”

“But who will say your excellency has been to Monte Cristo?”

“Oh, I shall not,” cried Franz.

“Nor I, nor I,” chorused the sailors.

“Then steer for Monte Cristo.”

The captain gave his orders, the helm was put up, and the boat was soon sailing in the direction of the island. Franz waited until all was in order, and when the sail was filled, and the four sailors had taken their places—three forward, and one at the helm—he resumed the conversation. “Gaetano,” said he to the captain, “you tell me Monte Cristo serves as a refuge for pirates, who are, it seems to me, a very different kind of game from the goats.”

“Yes, your excellency, and it is true.”

“I knew there were smugglers, but I thought that since the capture of Algiers, and the destruction of the regency, pirates existed only in the romances of Cooper and Captain Marryat.”

“Your excellency is mistaken; there are pirates, like the bandits who were believed to have been exterminated by Pope Leo XII., and who yet, every day, rob travellers at the gates of Rome. Has not your excellency heard that the French charge d’affaires was robbed six months ago within five hundred
paces of Velletri?”

“Oh, yes, I heard that.”

“Well, then, if, like us, your excellency lived at Leghorn, you would hear, from time to time, that a little merchant vessel, or an English yacht that was expected at Bastia, at Porto-Ferrajo, or at Civita Vecchia, has not arrived; no one knows what has become of it, but, doubtless, it has struck on a rock and foundered. Now this rock it has met has been a long and narrow boat, manned by six or eight men, who have surprised and plundered it, some dark and stormy night, near some desert and gloomy island, as bandits plunder a carriage in the recesses of a forest.”

“But,” asked Franz, who lay wrapped in his cloak at the bottom of the boat, “why do not those who have been plundered complain to the French, Sardinian, or Tuscan governments?”

“Why?” said Gaetano with a smile.

“Yes, why?”

“Because, in the first place, they transfer from the vessel to their own boat whatever they think worth taking, then they bind the crew hand and foot, they attach to every one’s neck a four and twenty pound ball, a large hole is chopped in the vessel’s bottom, and then they leave her. . . . Do you understand now,” said the captain, “why no complaints are made to the government, and why the vessel never reaches port?”

It is probable that if Gaetano had related this previous to proposing the expedition, Franz would have hesitated, but now that they had started, he thought it would be cowardly to draw back. He was one of those men who do not rashly court danger, but if danger presents itself, combat it with the most unalterable coolness. Calm and resolute, he treated any peril as he would an adversary in a duel,—calculated its probable method of approach; retreated, if at all, as a point of strategy and not from cowardice; was quick to see an opening for attack, and won victory at a single thrust. “Bah!” said he, “I have travelled through Sicily and Calabria—I have sailed two months in the Archipelago, and yet I never saw even the shadow of a bandit or a pirate.”

“I did not tell your excellency this to [discourage] you,” replied Gaetano, “but you questioned me, and I have answered; that’s all.”

“Yes, and your conversation is most interesting; and as I wish to enjoy it as long as possible, steer for Monte Cristo.”

The wind blew strongly, the boat made six or seven knots an hour, and they
were rapidly reaching the end of their voyage. As they drew near the island seemed to lift from the sea, and the air was so clear that they could already distinguish the rocks heaped on one another, like cannon balls in an arsenal, with green bushes and trees growing in the crevices. As for the sailors, although they appeared perfectly tranquil yet it was evident that they were on the alert, and that they carefully watched the glassy surface over which they were sailing, and on which a few fishing-boats, with their white sails, were alone visible. They were within fifteen miles of Monte Cristo when the sun began to set behind Corsica, whose mountains appeared against the sky, showing their rugged peaks in bold relief; this mass of rock, like the giant Adamastor, rose dead ahead, a formidable barrier, and intercepting the light that gilded its massive peaks so that the voyagers were in shadow. Little by little the shadow rose higher and seemed to drive before it the last rays of the expiring day; at last the reflection rested on the summit of the mountain, where it paused an instant, like the fiery crest of a volcano, then gloom gradually covered the summit as it had covered the base, and the island now only appeared to be a gray mountain that grew continually darker; half an hour after, the night was quite dark.

\textsuperscript{1}Adamastor: mythological character that symbolizes forces of nature

Excerpt from \textit{The Count of Monte-Cristo} by Alexandre Dumas. Published by Chapman and Hall, 1846. In the public domain.

138. Both “The Sapphires of Lily McGill” and the excerpt from \textit{The Count of Monte Cristo} feature a main character who is going on a journey. Write one paragraph comparing the two characters’ journeys. How does the author of “The Sapphires of Lily McGill” develop details from Dumas’s writing in a new way? Use details from the passages to support your answer.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Robin Hood. To A Friend.

Robin Hood. To A Friend.

“ROBIN HOOD.
TO A FRIEND."

Excerpt from Keats: Poems Published in 1820
by John Keats

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amaz'd to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grenè shawe;"
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,  
Have rotted on the briny seas;  
She would weep that her wild bees  
Sang not to her—strange! that honey  
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing,  
Honour to the old bow-string!  
Honour to the bugle-horn!  
Honour to the woods unshorn!  
Honour to the Lincoln green!  
Honour to the archer keen!  
Honour to tight little John,  
And the horse he rode upon!  
Honour to bold Robin Hood,  
Sleeping in the underwood!  
Honour to maid Marian,  
And to all the Sherwood-clan!  
Though their days have hurried by  
Let us two a burden try.

"Robin Hood. To a Friend" in the public domain.

139. "Robin Hood. To a Friend" describes what Sherwood Forest is like now that Robin Hood and his men no longer live there. Use details from the poem to write an objective, one-paragraph summary of "Robin Hood. To A Friend."
During the medieval period in Europe, one popular form of entertainment was the traveling minstrel, or bard, who performed ballads describing tales of heroic characters and brave deeds. One such heroic character was a man called Robin Hood, who emerged in English literature in the 14th century as an outlaw. Early stories depicted Robin Hood as a yeoman, or hardworking landowner. Later stories describe him as a nobleman robbed of his rights and property, who railed against unjust authority. All stories called him an outlaw.

Over the centuries, the story of Robin Hood has developed themes and characters, which have come to be commonly associated with him, including his nemesis, the Sheriff of Nottingham; his true love, the Maid Marian; his faithful sidekick, Little John; and the mischievous band of rogue supporters who wear bright green, his Merry Men. Together with his band of Merry Men, Robin Hood lives in Sherwood Forest, stealing from the rich to give to the poor by day, while making music and merriment by night.

One of the most popular versions of this ancient English folktale is called "Robin Hood and His Merry Outlaws," and was written by J. Walker McSpadden in 1891.

from Chapter VI

All this while the stranger had been eyeing Robin attentively and listening to his voice as though striving to recall it.

“If I mistake not,” he said slowly at last, “you are that famous outlaw, Robin
Hood of Barnesdale."

“You say right,” replied Robin; “but my fame has been tumbling sadly about in the dust to-day.”

“Now why did I not know you at once?” continued the stranger. “This battle need not have happened, for I came abroad to find you to-day, and thought to have remembered your face and speech. Know you not me, Rob, my lad? Hast ever been to Gamewell Lodge?”

“Ha! Will Gamewell! my dear old chum, Will Gamewell!” shouted Robin, throwing his arms about the other in sheer affection. “But it has been years since we parted, and your gentle schooling has polished you off mightily.”

Will embraced his cousin no less heartily.

“We are quits on not knowing kinsmen,” he said, “for you have changed and strengthened much from the stripling with whom I used to run foot races in old Sherwood.”

“But why seek you me?” asked Robin. “You know I am an outlaw and dangerous company. And how left you mine uncle? and have you heard aught of late of—of Maid Marian?”

“Your last question first,” answered Will, laughing, “for I perceive that it lies nearest your heart. I saw Maid Marian not many weeks after the great shooting at Nottingham, when you won her the golden arrow. She prizes the bauble among her dearest possessions, though it has made her an enemy in the Sheriff’s proud daughter. Maid Marian bade me tell you, if I ever saw you, that she must return to Queen Eleanor’s court, but she could never forget the happy days in the greenwood. As for the old Squire, he is still hale and hearty, though rheumatic withal. He speaks of you as a sad young dog, but for all that is secretly proud of your skill at the bow and of the way you are pestering the Sheriff, whom he likes not. ‘Twas for my father’s sake that I am now in the open, an outlaw like yourself. He has had a steward, a surly fellow enough, who, while I was away at school, boot-licked his way to favor until he lorded it over the whole house. Then he grew right saucy and impudent, but my father minded it not, deeming the fellow indispensable in managing the estate. But when I came back it irked me sorely to see the fellow strut about as though he owned the place. He was sly enough with me at first, and would brow-beat the Squire only while I was out of earshot. It chanced one day, however, that I heard loud voices through an open window and paused to hearken. That vile servant called my father ‘a meddling old fool,’ ‘Fool and meddler art thou thyself, varlet,’ I shouted, springing through the window, ‘that for thy impudence!’ and in my heat I smote him a blow
mightier than I intended, for I have some strength in mine arm. The fellow rolled over and never breathed afterwards . . . Then I knew that the Sheriff would use this as a pretext to hound my father, if I tarried. So I bade the Squire farewell and told him I would seek you in Sherwood.”

“Now by my halidom!” said Robin Hood; “for a man escaping the law, you took it about as coolly as one could wish. To see you come tripping along decked out in all your gay plumage and trolling forth a roundelay, one would think you had not a care in all the world. Indeed I remarked to Little John here that I hoped your purse was not as light as your heart.”

“Belike you meant head,” laughed Will; “and is this Little John the Great? Shake hands with me, an you will, and promise me to cross a staff with me in friendly bout some day in the forest!”

“That will I!” quoth Little John heartily. “Here’s my hand on it. What is your last name again, say you?”

“’Tis to be changed,” interposed Robin; “then shall the men armed with warrants go hang for all of us. Let me bethink myself. Ah!—I have it! In scarlet he came to us, and that shall be his name henceforth. Welcome to the greenwood, Will Scarlet!”

“Aye, welcome, Will Scarlet!” said Little John; and they all clasped hands again and swore to be true each to the other and to Robin Hood’s men in Sherwood Forest.

"How Robin Hood Met Will Scarlet" in the public domain.

140. The theme of loyalty and commitment is seen in both “Robin Hood: To a Friend.” and “How Robin Hood Met Will Scarlet.” Write one paragraph analyzing the representation of this theme in the poem and the prose passage. Use details from both texts to support your answer.

141. In “How Robin Hood Met Will Scarlet,” Will tells Robin that Maid Marian told him “she could never forget the happy days in the greenwood.” In “Robin Hood. To a Friend.,” Keats portrays a contrast between the happy days Marian refers to with the world he knows.

Which sentence best expresses the values Keats sees in his present world versus those of Robin Hood’s forest as portrayed in the poem?
A. Peace is valued above justice.

B. Money is valued above nature.

C. Respect is valued above happiness.

D. Conformity is valued above individuality.
Long, long ago, after Uther Pendragon died, there was no King in Britain, and every Knight hoped to seize the crown for himself. The country was like to fare ill when laws were broken on every side, and the corn which was to give the poor bread was trodden underfoot, and there was none to bring the evildoer to justice. Then, when things were at their worst, came forth Merlin the magician, and fast he rode to the place where the Archbishop of Canterbury had his dwelling. And they took counsel together, and agreed that all the lords and gentlemen of Britain should ride to London and meet on Christmas Day, now at hand, in the Great Church. . . . And on Christmas morning, as they left the church, they saw in the churchyard a large stone, and on it a bar of steel, and in the steel a naked sword was held, and about it was written in letters of gold, ‘Whoso pulleth out this sword is by right of birth King of England.’ . . . Then those Knights who fain would be King could not hold themselves back, and they tugged at the sword with all their might; but it never stirred.

. . . But the lords and gentlemen-at-arms cried out that every man had a right to try to win the sword, and they decided that on New Year’s Day a tournament should be held, and any Knight who would, might enter the lists.

. . . Among them was a brave Knight called Sir Ector, who brought with him Sir Kay, his son, and Arthur, Kay’s foster-brother. Now Kay had unbuckled his sword the evening before, and in his haste to be at the tourney had forgotten to put it on again, and he begged Arthur to ride back and fetch it for him. But when Arthur reached the house the door was locked, for the women had gone out to see the tourney, and though Arthur tried his best to get in he could not. . . . ‘I will take that sword in the churchyard, and give it to him’; and he galloped fast till he reached the gate of the churchyard. Here he jumped down and tied his horse tightly to a tree, then, running up to the
stone, he seized the handle of the sword, and drew it easily out; afterwards he mounted his horse again, and delivered the sword to Sir Kay. The moment Sir Kay saw the sword he knew it was not his own, but the sword of the stone, and he sought out his father Sir Ector, and said to him, ‘Sir, this is the sword of the stone, therefore I am the rightful King.’ . . . ‘My brother Arthur gave it to me.’ . . . ‘How did you come by it?’ asked Sir Ector, turning to Arthur. ‘Sir,’ said Arthur, ‘when I rode home for my brother’s sword I found no one to deliver it to me, and as I resolved he should not be swordless I thought of the sword in this stone, and I pulled it out.’ . . . ‘Then it is you,’ said Sir Ector, ‘who are the rightful King of this land.’ . . . ‘Because,’ . . . ‘this is an enchanted sword, and no man could draw it but he who was born a King. Therefore put the sword back into the stone, and let me see you take it out.’ ‘That is soon done,’ said Arthur, replacing the sword, and Sir Ector himself tried to draw it, but he could not. ‘Now it is your turn,’ he said to Sir Kay, but Sir Kay fared no better than his father, though he tugged with all his might and main. ‘Now you, Arthur,’ and Arthur pulled it out as easily as if it had been lying in its sheath, and as he did so Sir Ector and Sir Kay sank on their knees before him. ‘Why do you, my father and brother, kneel to me?’ asked Arthur in surprise. ‘Nay, nay, my lord,’ answered Sir Ector, ‘I was never your father, though till to-day I did not know who your father really was. You are the son of Uther Pendragon, and you were brought to me when you were born by Merlin himself, who promised that when the time came I should know from whom you sprang. . . .’ But when Arthur heard that Sir Ector was not his father, he wept bitterly. ‘If I am King,’ he said at last, ‘I ask what you will, and I shall not fail you.’

. . . And on the Twelfth Day the Knights and Barons came again, but none could draw it out but Arthur. . . . So it was agreed to wait till Candlemas, when more Knights might be there, and meanwhile the same two men who had been chosen before watched the sword night and day; but at Candlemas it was the same thing, and at Easter, and when Pentecost came, the common people who were present, and saw Arthur pull out the sword, cried with one voice that he was their King, and they would kill any man who said differently. Then rich and poor fell on their knees before him, and Arthur took the sword and offered it upon the altar where the Archbishop stood, and the best man that was there made him Knight. After that the crown was put on his head, and he swore to his lords and commons that he would be a true King, and would do them justice all the days of his life.
142. Virtually every human society has stories that speak to its most closely held values and deepest fears. Which of these was likely the deepest fear of the society that produced “The Drawing of the Sword”?

A. lawlessness

B. monarchy

C. nature

D. war

143. Explain how the character of Sir Kay develops over the course of “The Drawing of the Sword.” Write one to two paragraphs, using specific details from the passage to support your answer.
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832) was a German author, poet, and politician whose interests ranged from science, to art, to law, to literature. At 37 years old, having enjoyed remarkable success as a writer and politician, he chose to leave his position and fame behind—slipping away to Italy in relative secrecy. From 1786 to 1788 he traveled throughout Italy, keeping a journal as he went and writing many letters to friends. Some of these writings were published later, in collections about his travels. The following excerpt is from the chapter “Rome” from Goethe’s Travels in Italy.

Rome, November 1, 1786.
At last I can speak out, and greet my friends with good humour. May they pardon my secrecy, and what has been, as it were, a subterranean journey hither. For scarcely to myself did I venture to say whither I was hurrying—even on the road I often had my fears, and it was only as I passed under the Porta del Popolo that I felt certain of reaching Rome.

And now let me also say that a thousand times—a ye, at all times, do I think of you, in the neighbourhood of these objects which I never believed I should visit alone. It was only when I saw every one bound body and soul to the north, and all longing for those countries utterly extinct among them; that I resolved to undertake the long solitary journey, and to seek that centre towards which I was attracted by an irresistible impulse. Indeed for the few last years it had become with me a kind of disease, which could only be cured by the sight and presence of the absent object. Now, at length I may venture to confess the truth: it reached at last such a height, that I durst not look at a Latin book, or even an engraving of Italian scenery. The craving to see this country was over ripe. Now, it is satisfied; friends and country have once more become right dear to me, and the return to them is a wished for object—nay, the more ardently desired, the more firmly I feel convinced that I bring with me too many treasures for personal enjoyment.
or private use, but such as through life may serve others, as well as myself, for edification and guidance.

Rome, November 1, 1786.
Well, at last I am arrived in this great capital of the world. If fifteen years ago I could have seen it in good company, with a well informed guide, I should have thought myself very fortunate. But as it was to be that I should thus see it alone, and with my own eyes, it is well that this joy has fallen to my lot so late in life.

Over the mountains of the Tyrol I have as good as flown. Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and Venice I have carefully looked at; hastily glanced at Ferrara, Cento, Bologna, and scarcely seen Florence at all. My anxiety to reach Rome was so great, and it so grew with me every moment, that to think of stopping anywhere was quite out of the question; even in Florence, I only stayed three hours. Now I am here at my ease, and so it would seem, shall be tranquillized for my whole life; for we may almost say that a new life begins when a man once sees with his own eyes all that before he has but partially heard or read of. All the dreams of my youth I now behold realized before me; the subjects of the first engravings I ever remember seeing (several views of Rome were hung up in an anteroom of my father’s house) stand bodily before my sight, and all that I had long been acquainted with through paintings or drawings, engravings, or wood-cuts, plaister-casts, and cork models are here collectively presented to my eye. Wherever I go I find some old acquaintance in this new world; it is all just as I had thought it, and yet all is new; and just the same might I remark of my own observations and my own ideas. I have not gained any new thoughts, but the older ones have become so defined, so vivid, and so coherent, that they may almost pass for new ones.

Excerpt from Goethe’s Travels in Italy, by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Published by George Bell and Sons, 1885.

Excerpt from The Emancipated

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Excerpt from The Emancipated

Excerpt from The Emancipated

by George Gissing
British author George Gissing (1857-1903) published his first novel in 1880. The Emancipated, one of his later novels, follows a group of British expatriates—citizens living abroad—on their travels. The following excerpt introduces one of the main characters—Cecily Doran, the niece of Mrs. Lessingham, with whom she is traveling. They have just arrived at the Italian villa of Edward and Eleanor Spence where a friend, Miriam Baske, is staying.

Volume 1

“IT is six years since I was in Italy,” [Mrs. Lessingham] said, when greetings were over, and she had seated herself. “Don’t you envy me my companion, Mrs. Spence? If anything could revive one’s first enjoyment, it would be the sight of Cecily’s.”

Cecily was sitting by Miriam, whose hand she had only just relinquished. Her anxious and affectionate inquiries moved Miriam to a smile which seemed rather of indulgence than warm kindness.

“How little we thought where our next meeting would be!” Cecily was saying, when the eyes of the others turned upon her at her aunt’s remark.

Noble beauty can scarcely be dissociated from harmony of utterance; voice and visage are the correspondent means whereby spirit addresses itself to the ear and eye. One who had heard Cecily Doran speaking where he could not see her, must have turned in that direction, have listened eagerly for the sounds to repeat themselves, and then have moved forward to discover the speaker ...

“We are going to read together Goethe’s ‘Italienische Reise,’” continued Mrs. Lessingham. “It was of quite infinite value to me when I first was here. In each town I tuned my thoughts by it, to use a phrase which sounds like affectation, but has a very real significance.”

“It was much the same with me,” observed Spence.

“Yes, but you had the inestimable advantage of knowing the classics. And Cecily, I am thankful to say, at least has something of Latin; an ode of Horace, which I look at with fretfulness, yields her its meaning. Last night, when I was tired and willing to be flattered, she tried to make me believe it was not yet too late to learn.”

“Surely not,” said Eleanor, gracefully.

“But Goethe—you remember he says that the desire to see Italy had become
an illness with him. I know so well what that means. Cecily will never know; the happiness has come before longing for it had ceased to be a pleasure.” ...

“It will be wiser, no doubt,” said Mrs. Lessingham, “to leave the rest of Italy for another visit. To see Naples first, and then go north, is very much like taking dessert before one’s substantial dinner. I’m a little sorry that Cecily begins here; but it was better to come and enjoy Naples with her friends this winter. I hope we shall spend most of our time in Italy for a year or two.”

Conversation took its natural course, and presently turned to the subject—inexhaustible at Naples—of the relative advantages of this and that situation for an abode. Mrs. Lessingham, turning to the window, expressed her admiration of the view it afforded.

“I think it is still better from Mrs. Baske’s sitting-room,” said Eleanor, who had been watching Cecily, and thought that she might be glad of an opportunity of private talk with Miriam. And Cecily at once availed herself of the suggestion.

“Would you let me see it, Miriam?” she asked. “If it is not troublesome—”

Miriam rose, and they went out together. In silence they passed along the corridor, and when they had entered her room Miriam walked at once to the window. Then she half turned, and her eyes fell before Cecily’s earnest gaze.

“I did so wish to be with you in your illness!” said the girl, with affectionate warmth. “Indeed, I would have come if I could have been of any use. After all the trouble you used to have with my wretched headaches and ailments—”

“You never have anything of the kind now,” said Miriam, with her indulgent smile.

“Never. I am in what Mr. Mallard calls aggressive health. But it shocks me to see how pale you still are Miriam. I thought the voyage and these ten days at Naples—And you have such a careworn look. Cannot you throw off your troubles under this sky?”

“You know that the sky matters very little to me, Cecily.”

“If I could give you only half my delight! I was awake before dawn this morning, and it was impossible to lie still. I dressed and stood at the open window. I couldn’t see the sun itself as it rose, but I watched the first beams strike on Capri and the sea; and I tried to make a drawing of the island as it then looked,—a poor little daub, but it will be precious in bringing back to my mind all I felt when I was busy with it. Such feeling I have never known; as if every nerve in me had received an exquisite new sense. I keep saying
to myself, ‘Is this really Naples?’ Let us go on to the balcony. Oh, you must be glad with me!” ...

Cecily seemed to have forgotten that she was ever in sympathy with the mood which imposed silence on her friend. Her eyes drank light from the landscape; her beauty was transfigured by passionate reception of all the influences this scene could exercise upon heart and mind. She leaned on the railing of the balcony, and gazed until tears of ecstasy made her sight dim.

“Let us see much of each other whilst we are here,” she said suddenly, turning to Miriam. “I could never have dreamt of our being together in Italy; it is a happy fate, and gives me all kinds of hope. We will be often alone together in glorious places. We will talk it over; that is better than writing. You shall understand me, Miriam. You shall get as well and strong as I am, and know what I mean when I speak of the joy of living. We shall be sisters again, like we used to be.”

Excerpt from The Emancipated Vol. 1, by George Gissing. Published by Richard Bentley and Son, 1890.

144. Which statement best describes how “Excerpt from The Emancipated” draws on “Excerpt from Travels in Italy”?

A. Miriam admires Goethe and holds him up as an ideal for Cecily to imitate.

B. Mrs. Lessingham feels the same longing for travel that Goethe expresses in his writing.

C. Mrs. Spence acts as a guide for her guests just as Goethe says he wished to do for his friends and neighbors.

D. Cecily represents an example of how Goethe might have experienced Italy if he had traveled there in his youth.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

A Day in Chicago

A Day in Chicago

I always thought the city was a lot like a huge, carnivorous zoo animal, exotic and beautiful, but best observed from a safe distance.

That was one of the profound thoughts I had while riding on the commuter train to Chicago one Sunday morning late last spring. It’s a 90-minute ride from our house in Oakmont, so I had plenty of time to think. I had brought a book with me, but I was too excited about the day ahead and too captivated by the scenery to concentrate on reading.

I hadn’t seen my best and oldest friend, Sydney, in months. She and her family used to live down the street from us, but her father got a new job last year and they moved to an apartment in Chicago. Today, Sydney and I were going to have a whole day together. I’d been saving my babysitting money for a more than a few weeks. I planned to snag a few souvenirs.

The magnificent skyline of Chicago came into view, but as we got closer to downtown, I remembered why I was not all that crazy about going to the city. Oakmont may not be the most exciting place in the world, but at least the people are friendly and you aren’t going to go deaf from the car horns and screeching brakes from the elevated trains.

“Melanie!” I heard someone call my name as I made my way into Union Station’s enormous waiting room. I saw Sydney waving in the distance and running toward me. Behind her was her older brother, Edward. My parents wouldn’t hear of us wandering the mean streets of Chicago on our own. Edward is nice enough, except he hasn’t figured out that Sydney and I are not little kids anymore.

“You look so awesome!” I said to Sydney, as we gave each other a big hug. “It looks like the city is not treating you too badly.”

“Oh, Chicago is great!” she said. “It’s totally different when you live here. You’ll love it. We’re going to have a fabulous time today!”

We emerged into the daylight and suddenly Edward pointed at a bus up ahead and started yelling at us to run for it! One minute we were happily
strolling through the Great Hall in Union Station, with its soaring Corinthian columns, pink marble floors, and stunning, five-story, barrel-vaulted ceiling. The next minute, we were sprinting frantically down Canal Street, bobbing and weaving our way past pedestrians, trying desperately to catch the number 151 bus before it pulled away.

We caught the bus, fed our dollar bills into the fare box, and then the three of us plopped down in seats in the back, trying to catch our breath. “The buses don’t run very often on Sundays,” Edward said, gasping for air. “If we had missed this one, we would have had a long wait for the next one.”

We got off the bus at the Drake Hotel, which is the most luxurious hotel I have ever seen in my life. We walked around the lobby for a few minutes, just to check it out. Then we started down Michigan Avenue, which is also known as the “Magnificent Mile.” It was not hard to figure out why it is called that. Between the Drake Hotel and the Chicago River, Michigan Avenue is block upon block of fancy clothing and jewelry stores, hotels, spas, and upscale restaurants.

We must have spent two hours walking down Michigan Avenue, browsing in the stores and window shopping. Sydney and I even tried on dresses at a trendy little boutique and nearly fainted when we saw the price tags.

“This is wonderful, but I’ve had enough of stores where I can’t afford to buy anything,” said Sydney. “Let’s take Melanie down to Maxwell Street. It’s nothing like Michigan Avenue, though it’s magnificent in its own way.”

She and Edward laughed as we got on a 157 bus, which took us west, back toward the train station, and then south, through marvelous old urban neighborhoods of little shops, turn-of-the-century row houses, and gothic-style churches and synagogues.

We got off the bus at the Maxwell Street Market, which I can only describe as the world’s biggest flea market. There were hundreds of outdoor stalls selling everything you can think of: tube socks, cheap jewelry, old comic books and magazines, CDs and vinyl records, fruits and vegetables, nuts, brooms, pots and pans, leather goods, car tires, ceramic figurines, and lots of just plain junk. The air was filled with music from street performers, and the aromas from dozens of different food vendors permeated the whole market. It was incredible!

We must have pawed through every stall in the market. Then we got tacos at a food truck and sat down at a table outside, in front of an open area where some dancers were performing. We took stock of our afternoon purchases. I had bought a pair of earrings, a CD of a contemporary Chicago
blues band I had never heard of, and a pair of plastic binoculars for my little brother. Sydney bought a T-shirt with a retro, psychedelic design. Edward bought a Chicago Cubs baseball cap and a set of socket wrenches.

By now we were hot and tired, and it was time for me to catch my train home to Oakmont. We left the Maxwell Street Market just in time to see our bus pull away from the curb and start up the street. We all groaned at once, as if on cue. I knew it was too far to walk to the train station, and I didn’t have time to wait for the next bus.

“No worries,” said Edward. “You never go to the city without some extra cab money.” He stepped off the curb into the street, stuck his hand in the air like he had a question for the teacher and, just like that, a yellow taxi cab pulled up smartly to the curb in front of us. We all got in and collapsed in the back seat, and five minutes later we were at the train station. Edward paid the cab driver as Sydney and I said our goodbyes, promising not to let so much time go by before our next visit.

I did not get much of my book read on the ride home. I was perfectly happy staring out the window of the train, watching the scenery as if I were watching a movie, with the rhythm of the train providing the soundtrack. I had to admit, I really enjoyed my day in Chicago. I decided that the city is not so much like a zoo animal after all. It’s more like a big, open air market—lively, diverse, colorful, and wonderfully chaotic. And it is best viewed at street level, preferably with your best friend.

"A Day in Chicago" property of the Florida Department of Education.

145. The narrator of “A Day in Chicago” is reunited with her best friend Sydney on her day trip to the city, which she feels is “best viewed at street level, preferably with your best friend.” Write one paragraph describing how the narrator’s interactions with Sydney helped her change her original view of the city.

146. In "A Day in Chicago," the narrator changes her opinion of the big city after spending a day there with friends. Write one to two paragraphs explaining the reasons the narrator changed her opinion of the city. Cite specific details from the passage to support your answer.
147. Read this excerpt from "A Day in Chicago."

I had bought a pair of earrings, a CD of a contemporary Chicago blues band I had never heard of, and a pair of plastic binoculars for my little brother. Sydney bought a T-shirt with a retro, psychedelic design.

What do the words contemporary and retro suggest about the girls' purchases?

A. They chose both modern and old-fashioned items.

B. They bought items that were experimental but festive.

C. They preferred items that were glamorous and colorful.

D. They selected items that were unique but unfamiliar to them.

148. Read the following excerpt from “A Day in Chicago.”

“No worries,” said Edward. “You never go to the city without some extra cab money.” He stepped off the curb, stuck his hand in the air like he had a question for the teacher and, just like that, a yellow taxi cab pulled up smartly to the curb in front of us.

How does this description of Edward's actions advance the plot of the story?

A. It reveals that Edward takes dangerous risks in order to impress other people.

B. It shows that Edward is self-assured in his ability to interact with others in the city.
C. It confirms that Edward is confused about what procedure to follow for getting a taxi.

D. It implies that Edward likes to brag about his knowledge of the city to his companions.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from The History of Tom Thumb

Published in 1621, The History of Tom Thumb was the first printed English fairy tale. The main character is, as his name suggests, is thumb sized.

Tom was never any bigger than his father’s thumb, which was not a large thumb neither; but as he grew older, he became very cunning . . .

Tom Thumb’s mother once took him with her when she went to milk the cow; and it being a very windy day, she tied him with a needleful of thread to a thistle, that he might not be blown away. The cow, liking his oak-leaf hat, took him and the thistle up at one mouthful. While the cow was chewing the thistle, Tom, terrified at her great teeth, which seemed ready to crush him in pieces, roared, “Mother, mother!” as loud as he could bawl.

“Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?” said his mother.

“Here, mother, here in the red cow’s mouth.”

The mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at the odd noises in her throat, opened her mouth and let him drop out. His mother clapped him into her apron, and ran home with him. Tom’s father made him a whip of a barley straw to drive the cattle with, and being one day in the field he slipped into a deep furrow. A raven flying over picked him up with a grain of corn, and flew with him to the top of a giant’s castle by the seaside, where he left him; and old Grumbo, the giant, coming soon after to walk upon his terrace, swallowed Tom like a pill, clothes and all. Tom presently made the giant very uncomfortable, and he threw him up into the sea. A great fish then swallowed him. This fish was soon after caught, and sent as a present to King Arthur. When it was cut open, everybody was delighted with little Tom Thumb. The king made him his [own]; he was the favourite of the whole court; and, by his merry pranks, often amused the queen and the knights of the Round Table. The king, when he rode on horseback, frequently took Tom in his hand; and if a shower of rain came on, he used to
creep into the king’s waistcoat-pocket, and sleep till the rain was over. The king also sometimes questioned Tom concerning his parents; and when Tom informed his majesty they were very poor people, the king led him into his treasury, and told him he should pay his friends a visit and take with him as much money as he could carry. Tom procured a little purse, and putting a threepenny piece into it, with much labor and difficulty got it upon his back; and, after traveling two days and nights, arrived at his father’s house. His mother met him at the door, almost tired to death, having in forty-eight hours travelled almost half a mile with a huge silver threepence upon his back. Both his parents were glad to see him, especially when he had brought such an amazing sum of money with him. They placed him in a walnut-shell by the fireside, and feasted him for three days upon a hazelnut, which made him sick, for a whole nut usually served him for a month.

Excerpt from “Tom Thumb,” by Dinah Maria Mulock Craik. Published by Macmillian and Co., 1868.

149. Which sentence from “from The History of Tom Thumb” supports the idea that King Arthur is highly sociable?

A. “This fish was soon after caught, and sent as a present to King Arthur.”

B. “When it was cut open, everybody was delighted with little Tom Thumb.”

C. “The king made him his [own]; he was the favourite of the whole court; and, by his merry pranks, often amused the queen and the knights of the Round Table.”

D. “The king also sometimes questioned Tom concerning his parents; and when Tom informed his majesty they were very poor people, the king led him into his treasury, and told him he should pay his
friends a visit and take with him as much money as he could carry.”

150. Which of these best describes the author’s tone in “The History of Tom Thumb”?

A. concern for Tom’s welfare

B. surprise at Tom’s life story

C. amusement at Tom’s experiences

D. disapproval of Tom’s hasty behavior
Excerpt from Sister Carrie

Excerpt from Sister Carrie

The novel *Sister Carrie*, by Theodore Dreiser, was published in 1900. Focusing on the experiences of a small-town young woman named Carrie, who seeks big-city life in Chicago and New York City, it has gained a place among the great American novels.

Mrs. Hurstwood was not aware of any of her husband’s moral defections, though she might readily have suspected his tendencies, which she well understood. She was a woman upon whose action under provocation you could never count. Hurstwood, for one, had not the slightest idea of what she would do under certain circumstances. He had never seen her thoroughly aroused. In fact, she was not a woman who would fly into a passion. She had too little faith in mankind not to know that they were erring. She was too calculating to jeopardise any advantage she might gain in the way of information by fruitless clamour. Her wrath would never wreak itself in one fell blow. She would wait and brood, studying the details and adding to them until her power might be commensurate with her desire for revenge. At the same time, she would not delay to inflict any injury, big or little, which would wound the object of her revenge and still leave him uncertain as to the source of the evil. She was a cold, self-centered woman, with many a thought of her own which never found expression, not even by so much as the glint of an eye.

Hurstwood felt some of this in her nature, though he did not actually perceive it. He dwelt with her in peace and some satisfaction. He did not fear her in the least—there was no cause for it. She still took a faint pride in him, which was augmented by her desire to have her social integrity maintained. She was secretly somewhat pleased by the fact that much of her husband’s property was in her name, a precaution which Hurstwood had taken when his home interests were somewhat more alluring than at present. His wife
had not the slightest reason to feel that anything would ever go amiss with their household, and yet the shadows which run before gave her a thought of the good of it now and then. She was in a position to become refractory with considerable advantage, and Hurstwood conducted himself circumspectly because he felt that he could not be sure of anything once she became dissatisfied.

It so happened that on the night when Hurstwood, Carrie, and Drouet were in the box at McVickar’s, George, Jr., was in the sixth row of the parquet with the daughter of H. B. Carmichael, the third partner of a wholesale drygoods house of that city. Hurstwood did not see his son, for he sat, as was his wont, as far back as possible, leaving himself just partially visible, when he bent forward, to those within the first six rows in question. It was his wont to sit this way in every theatre—to make his personality as inconspicuous as possible where it would be no advantage to him to have it otherwise.

He never moved but what, if there was any danger of his conduct being misconstrued or ill-reported, he looked carefully about him and counted the cost of every inch of conspicuity.

The next morning at breakfast his son said:

“I saw you, Governor, last night.”

“Were you at McVickar’s?” said Hurstwood, with the best grace in the world.

“Yes,” said young George.

“Who with?”

“Miss Carmichael.”

Mrs. Hurstwood directed an inquiring glance at her husband, but could not judge from his appearance whether it was any more than a casual look into the theatre which was referred to.

“How was the play?” she inquired.

“Very good,” returned Hurstwood, “only it’s the same old thing, ‘Rip Van Winkle.’”

“Whom did you go with?” queried his wife, with assumed indifference.

“Charlie Drouet and his wife. They are friends of Moy’s, visiting here.”

Owing to the peculiar nature of his position, such a disclosure as this would ordinarily create no difficulty. His wife took it for granted that his situation called for certain social movements in which she might not be included. But
of late he had pleaded office duty on several occasions when his wife asked for his company to any evening entertainment. He had done so in regard to the very evening in question only the morning before.

“I thought you were going to be busy,” she remarked, very carefully.

“So I was,” he exclaimed. “I couldn’t help the interruption, but I made up for it afterward by working until two.”

This settled the discussion for the time being, but there was a residue of opinion which was not satisfactory. There was no time at which the claims of his wife could have been more unsatisfactorily pushed. For years he had been steadily modifying his matrimonial devotion, and found her company dull. Now that a new light shone upon the horizon, this older luminary paled in the west. He was satisfied to turn his face away entirely, and any call to look back was irksome.

She, on the contrary, was not at all inclined to accept anything less than a complete fulfilment of the letter of their relationship, though the spirit might be wanting.

“We are coming down town this afternoon,” she remarked, a few days later. “I want you to come over to Kinsley’s and meet Mr. Phillips and his wife. They’re stopping at the Tremont, and we’re going to show them around a little.”

After the occurrence of Wednesday, he could not refuse, though the Phillips were about as uninteresting as vanity and ignorance could make them. He agreed, but it was with short grace. He was angry when he left the house.

“I’ll put a stop to this,” he thought. “I’m not going to be bothered fooling around with visitors when I have work to do.”

Not long after this Mrs. Hurstwood came with a similar proposition, only it was to a matinee this time.

“My dear,” he returned, “I haven’t time. I’m too busy.”

“You find time to go with other people, though,” she replied, with considerable irritation.

“Nothing of the kind,” he answered. “I can’t avoid business relations, and that’s all there is to it.”

“Well, never mind,” she exclaimed. Her lips tightened. The feeling of mutual antagonism was increased.
1 parquet: ground floor of theater or auditorium

Excerpt from novel *Sister Carrie*, by Theodore Dreiser. Published by Harper & Brothers, 1900.

151. Which statement describes the interaction between Mr. Hurstwood and his wife in “Excerpt from *Sister Carrie*”?

A. They are civil to each other, but their mutual dislike is evident.

B. Both are troubled by their mutual growing distrust of one another.

C. Both try to balance the demands of their marriage and of their individual interests.

D. They fear the loss of each other’s respect, even though they both know what is happening.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

"The Cat and the Mice"

"The Cat and the Mice"

Excerpt from Folk Tales from Tibet
collected and translated by Capt. W.F. O’Connor

This folk tale is from Tibet.

Once upon a time there was a cat who lived in a large farmhouse in which there were a great number of mice. For many years the cat found no difficulty in catching as many mice as she wanted to eat, and she lived a very peaceful and pleasant life. But as time passed on she found that she was growing old and infirm, and that it was becoming more and more difficult for her to catch the same number of mice as before; so after thinking very carefully what was the best thing to do, she one day called all the mice together, and after promising not to touch them, she addressed them as follows:

“Oh! mice,” said she, “I have called you together in order to say something to you. The fact is that I have led a very wicked life, and now, in my old age, I repent of having caused you all so much inconvenience and annoyance. So I am going for the future to turn over a new leaf. It is my intention now to give myself up entirely to religious contemplation and no longer to [bother] you, so henceforth you are at liberty to run about as freely as you will without fear of me. All I ask of you is that twice every day you should all file past me in procession and each one make an obeisance as you pass me by, as a token of your gratitude to me for my kindness.”

When the mice heard this they were greatly pleased, for they thought that now, at last, they would be free from all danger from their former enemy, the cat. So they very thankfully promised to fulfill the cat’s conditions, and agreed that they would file past her and make a salaam twice every day.

So when evening came the cat took her seat on a cushion at one end of the room, and the mice all went by in single file, each one making a profound salaam as it passed.
Now the cunning old cat had arranged this little plan very carefully with an object of her own; for, as soon as the procession had all passed by with the exception of one little mouse, she suddenly seized the last mouse in her claws without anybody else noticing what had happened, and devoured it at her leisure. And so twice every day, she seized the last mouse of the series, and for a long time lived very comfortably without any trouble at all in catching her mice, and without any of the mice realizing what was happening.

Now it happened that amongst these mice there were two friends, whose names were Rambé and Ambé, who were very much attached to one another. Now these two were much cleverer and more cunning than most of the others, and after a few days they noticed that the number of mice in the house seemed to be decreasing very much, in spite of the fact that the cat had promised not to kill any more. So they laid their heads together and arranged a little plan for future processions. They agreed that Rambé was always to walk at the very front of the procession of the mice, and the Ambé was to bring up the rear, and that all the time the procession was passing, Rambé was to call to Ambé, and Ambé to answer Rambé at frequent intervals. So next evening, when the procession started as usual, Rambé marched along in front, and Ambé took up his position last of all.

As soon as Rambé had passed the cushion where the cat was seated and had made his salaam, he called out in a shrill voice, “Where are you, Brother Ambé?”

“How I am, Brother Rambé,” squeaked the other from the rear of the procession.

And so they went on calling out and answering one another until they had all filed past the cat, who had not dared to touch Ambé as long as his brother kept calling to him.

The cat was naturally very much annoyed at having to go hungry that evening, and felt very cross all night. But she thought it was only an accident which had brought the two friends, one in front and one in rear of the procession, and she hoped to make up for her enforced abstinence by finding a particularly fat mouse at the end of the procession next morning. What, then, was her amazement and disgust when she found that on the following morning the very same arrangement had been made, and that Rambé called to Ambé, and Ambé answered Rambé until all the mice had passed her by, and so, for the second time, she was foiled of her meal. However, she disguised her feelings of anger and decided to give the mice one more trial; so in the evening she took her seat as usual on the cushion
and waited for the mice to appear.

Meanwhile, Rambé and Ambé had warned the other mice to be on the lookout, and to be ready to take flight the moment the cat showed any appearance of anger. At the appointed time the procession started as usual, and as soon as Rambé had passed the cat he squeaked out, “Where are you, Brother Ambé?”

“Here I am, Brother Rambé,” came the shrill voice from the rear.

This was more than the cat could stand. She made a fierce leap right into the middle of the mice, who, however, were thoroughly prepared for her, and in an instant they scuttled off in every direction to their holes. And before the cat had time to catch a single one, the room was empty and not a sign of a mouse was to be seen anywhere.

After this the mice were very careful not to put any further trust in the treacherous cat, who soon after died of starvation owing to her being unable to procure any of her customary food. But Rambé and Ambé lived for many years, and were held in high honor and esteem by all the other mice in the community.

"The Cat and the Mice." Excerpted from Folk Tales from Tibet, collected and translated by Capt. W.F. O’Connor. Published by Hurst and Blackett, LTD., 1906.

152. Read this sentence from “The Cat and the Mice.”

When the mice heard this they were greatly pleased, for they thought that now, at last, they would be free from all danger from their former enemy, the cat.

Based on the sentence, what can the reader infer about the mice?

A. The mice were easy for the cat to deceive.

B. The mice pretended to believe the cat’s argument.

C. The mice were influenced by the cat’s intelligence.
D. The mice had previously made a similar agreement with the cat.

153. Which effect does the repetitive action of the mice walking by the cat in a procession create in “The Cat and the Mice”?

A. mystery

B. tension

C. tragedy

D. weariness

154. Read this sentence from “The Cat and the Mice.”

She made a fierce leap right into the middle of the mice, who, however, were thoroughly prepared for her, and in an instant they scuttled off in every direction to their holes.

Which phrase best defines the word scuttled?

A. stayed safe from harm

B. moved at a quick pace

C. divided into several groups

D. disappeared without a trace
The Eridu Genesis tells many tales from Sumerian mythology. Sumer was a region in southern Mesopotamia, now modern-day Iraq. The Genesis was found on a single fragmented tablet and dated to 2150 BCE. The passage below is the flood story, one tale from the Eridu Genesis. This story describes how the gods grew frustrated with all of the noise humans were making, so they crafted a plan to quiet humanity by flooding the world.

Ziusudra, a king and priest, prayed and gave reverence to the gods every day. While praying one day, he witnessed visions of the gods in secretive conversation. He learned that the gods were angry with the humans for making such great noise. They were plotting to flood the world to rid themselves of the clamor of humanity. The gods then swore oaths of secrecy by touching their throats, which meant they would forfeit their lives if they broke their oaths.

The god Enki, however, took pity on humanity and warned Ziusudra of the coming flood. Enki told Ziusudra to craft a tremendous boat and to put on the boat a pair of every animal—one male and one female—to help ensure the persistence of life in the world.

The tremendous deluge came as expected, the flood-bearing storm lasting seven days and seven nights and sweeping over the whole of humanity. After the storm subsided, Enlil, greatest among the gods, was enraged to find survivors. However, Ziusudra explained the kindness of the god Enki and offered bountiful sacrifices to the rest of the gods. Enlil’s anger subsided, and he decided to reward Ziusudra with immortality, sending him to live east over the mountains of Dilmur.
A Retelling of The Epic of Gilgamesh

The Epic of Gilgamesh is an ancient Babylonian poem that was recorded on 12 tablets in the Mesopotamian region (modern Iraq) and dates to the eighteenth century BCE. It tells of the journey and achievements of its hero, Gilgamesh, on his epic quest for immortality. The flood story was originally composed on the eleventh tablet of The Epic of Gilgamesh. In this retold excerpt, Gilgamesh seeks the wisdom of a man named Utnapishtim, who helped preserve humanity by building a great boat to survive a flood, to learn the secret of eternal life.

Pressed by Gilgamesh, Utnapishtim told him a story that began in a city called Shuruppak, which rested along the Euphrates River. Utnapishtim said that the great gods of their people made plans to cause a great flood to rid the world of humanity. However, the god Ea took pity on humanity and warned Utnapishtim of the gods’ plans by whispering to him through the wall of a reed house. Ea told Utnapishtim to tear down his house and to build a large boat to ensure the survival of living things through the flood. The boat was to have equal dimensions throughout.

Utnapishtim submitted to Ea’s urgings and agreed to craft the boat. In order to explain himself to the city’s people and elders, Utnapishtim told them that the god Enlil had rejected him and that he must leave for lands near the temple of Ea near the city of Eridu. There, Utnapishtim said, Ea would provide him with an abundance of fish, fowl, and crops. After excusing himself from his city, Utnapishtim gathered a group of laborers to begin the planning and construction of his massive boat. The boat measured 120 by 120 cubits and housed Utnapishtim, all of his relatives, the laborers who helped make the boat, all of the beasts and animals known to him, and food and necessities to last the journey. The morning after all were sealed inside, a foreboding, black cloud brought tremendously foul weather. Utnapishtim brought everyone inside the boat and sealed them all inside just as the gods brought a terrific storm over the land that shrouded everything in darkness. The tempest was so violent that even the gods grew to fear it and retreated to hide in heaven. There, they lamented their decision to flood the world and cried out in anguish.
The flooding lasted six days and seven nights, and the raging storm turned all of the humans not secure in Utnapishtim’s boat into clay. When all felt calm, Utnapishtim opened a window and felt fresh air on his face, and soon after, his boat became lodged on Mount Nimush, which held it in place for several days. On the seventh day of being held this way, he sent out a dove, which returned to him, having found no hospitable land. He also sent out a swallow, which also returned to him. Finally, he released a raven, which found food and shelter elsewhere and did not return to the boat. With this information, he sent out all of the livestock from his boat, and humanity began anew. In recognition of his great effort to preserve the future of humanity, the gods bestowed on Utnapishtim eternal life.

155. *The Epic of Gilgamesh* makes several changes to the story of *Eridu Genesis*. Which is the most significant change to the original story?

A. The author mentions that the survivor sends birds to search for hospitable land.

B. The author does not mention why the gods decide to rid the world of humanity.

C. The author mentions the group of laborers who build a boat for the survivors.

D. The author does not mention whether the gods take an oath of secrecy.

156. In a theatrical version of “A Retelling of the *Eridu Genesis*,” how would an actor playing Ziusudra most likely speak to Enlil?

A. in a flustered, angry tone
B. in a nervous, respectful tone

C. in a mournful, afflicted tone

D. in a suspicious, agitated tone
Read the following and answer the questions below:

A Winter’s Day

Excerpt from A Winter’s Day
by Joanna Baillie

Joanna Baillie originally published "A Winter’s Day" in 1790. The poem tells the story of a family as they work their way from sun up to sun down. This excerpt reveals what happens as night falls.

The night comes on a pace—
Chill blows the blast, and drives the snow in wreaths.
Now ev’ry creature looks around for shelter,
And, whether man or beast, all move alike
Towards their several homes; and happy they
Who have a house to screen them from the cold!
Lo, o’er the frost a rev’rend form advances!
His hair white as the snow on which he treads,
His forehead mark’d with many a care-worn furrow,
Whose feeble body, bending o’er a staff,
Still shew that once it was the seat of strength,
Tho’ now it shakes like some old ruin’d tow’r,
Cloth’d indeed, but not disgrac’d with rags,
He still maintains that decent dignity
Which well becomes those who have serv’d their country.
With tott’ring steps he to the cottage moves:
The wife within, who hears his hollow cough,
And patt’ring of iris stick upon the threshold,
Sends out her little boy to see who’s there.
The child looks up to view the stranger’s face,
And seeing it enlighten’d with a smile,
Holds out his little hand to lead him in.
Rous’d from her work, the mother turns her head,
And sees them, not ill-pleas’d.—
The stranger whines not with a piteous tale,
But only asks a little, to relieve
A poor old soldier’s wants.—
The gentle matron brings the ready chair,
And bids him sit, to rest his wearied limbs,
And warm himself before her blazing fire.
The children, full of curiosity,
Flock round, and with their fingers in their mouths,
Stand staring at him; whilst the stranger, pleas’d,
Takes up the youngest boy upon his knee.
Proud of its seat, it wags its little feet,
And prates, and laughs, and plays with his white locks.
...
His toilsome daily labour at an end,
In comes the wearied master of the house,
And marks with satisfaction his old guest,
With all his children round.—
His honest heart is fill’d with manly kindness;
He bids him stay, and share their homely meal,
And take with them his quarters for the night.
The weary wanderer thankfully accepts,
And, seated with the cheerful family,
Around the plain but hospitable board,
Forgets the many hardships he has pass’d.
When all are satisfied, about the fire
They draw their seats, and form a cheerful ring.
The thrifty housewife turns her spinning wheel;
The husband, useful even in his rest,
A little basket weaves of willow twigs,
To bear her eggs to town on market days;
And work but serves t’enliven conversation.
Some idle now come straggling in,
Draw round their chairs, and widen out the circle.
Without a glass the tale and jest go round;
And every one, in his own native way,
Does what he can to cheer the merry group.
Each tells some little story of himself,
That constant subject upon which mankind,
Whether in court or country, love to dwell.
How at a fair he sav’d a simple clown
From being tricked in buying of a cow;
Or laid a bet upon his horse’s head
Against his neighbour’s, bought for twice his price,
Which fail’d not to repay his better skill:
Or on a harvest day, bound in an hour
More sheaves of corn than any of his fellows,
Tho’ ne’er so keen, could do in twice the time.
But chief the landlord, at his own fire-side,
Doth claim the right of being listen’d to;
Nor dares a little bawling tongue be heard,
Tho’ but in play, to break upon his story.
The children sit and listen with the rest;
And should the youngest raise its little voice,
The careful mother, ever on the watch,
And always pleas’d with what her husband says,
Gives it a gentle tap upon the fingers,
Or stops its ill tim’d prattle with a kiss.
...With little care they pass away the night,
Till time draws on when they should go to bed;
Then all break up, and each retires to rest
With peaceful mind, nor torn with vexing cares,
Nor dancing with the unequal beat of pleasure.

But long accustom’d to observe the weather,
The labourer cannot lay him down in peace
Till he has look’d to mark what bodes the night,
He turns the heavy door, thrusts out his head,
Sees wreathes of snow heap’d up on ev’ry side,
And black and grimily all above his head,
Save when a red gleam shoots along the waste
To make the gloomy night more terrible
Loud blows the northern blast—
He hears it hollow grumbling from afar,
Then, gath’ring strength, roll on with doubl’d might,
And break in dreadful bellowings o’er his head;
Like pithless¹ saplings bend the vexed trees,
And their wide branches crack. He shuts the door,
And, thankful for the roof that covers him,
Hies him to bed.

¹ pithless: feeble
157. Read these lines from the poem's ending.

Loud blows the northern blast——
He hears it hollow grumbling from afar,
Then, gath’ring strength, roll on with doubl’d might,
And break in dreadful bellowings o’er his head;
Like pithless saplings bend the vexed trees,
And their wide branches crack. He shuts the door,
And, thankful for the roof that covers him,
Hies him to bed.

Which word best describes the mood created by ending the poem with this description?

A. alarming
B. content
C. grieving
D. fatigued

158. Read the excerpt from the poem.

But chief the landlord, at his own fire-side,
Doth claim the right of being listen’d to;
Nor dares a little bawling tongue be heard,
Tho’ but in play, to break upon his story.

These lines reveal some of the cultural ideas about families that were held in the time and place of the poem’s setting. Which belief is demonstrated in the description of the family and neighbors telling their stories around the fire?
A. After a hard day of work, everyone in a family deserves to relax.

B. People who contribute to a community will always receive something in return.

C. The art of storytelling is complex and requires wit, imagination, and a keen appreciation of human nature.

D. A man who provides for his family is master of the house, and other family members should attend particularly to him.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

The Scholarship

“And the final two recipients of the National Ocean Exploration College Scholarship this year are Tia James and Amanda Marks. Congratulations, Tia and Amanda.”

Tia and Amanda, best friends since their first day aboard the NOE vessel as research interns, internally squealed with glee at the reading of their names. As Amanda eagerly walked toward Dr. Cole’s desk to accept her award, Tia stood rooted to the ship floor in shock, her face frozen in a smile that revealed both joy and confusion. Amanda had pulled her toward the front of the room to join the other recipients of the scholarship.

Tia simply could not believe that nine months of hard work, pages of essays about why they were the best candidates for the scholarship, and days of anxiously waiting had paid off, especially not after the mishap with her application. As she shook Dr. Cole’s hand and accepted the ornately bordered certificate stating that she, Tia James, was the recipient of a full college scholarship to study marine biology, she remembered Dr. Cole’s response when she went to hand in her application.

“I’m sorry, Tia, but you are too late. The deadline for the application was two days ago,” Dr. Cole had replied.

“I know, Dr. Cole,” Tia had sighed. “I was just nervous to apply because I was not sure if I really wanted to attend college after the internship was over. But last night I stayed up late reading about that jellyfish we found yesterday; when I woke up this morning, I knew that studying marine biology in college next year was the best option for me.”

“I see, Tia. Well, I will add your application to the pile, but many of the interns were able to turn their application in on time, so I don’t know whether we will be able to consider you.”

“Thanks anyway, Dr. Cole,” Tia had said and walked back to her room dejectedly. She understood that she might not get the scholarship, but after
helping catalog a rare species of jellyfish the previous day and staying up late into the night, cramming her brain full of every tidbit of information she could find on the creature, she knew in her heart she had to study marine biology in college.

“What did Dr. Cole say?” Amanda had demanded as Tia made her way into their tiny shared room.

“Nothing really,” Tia had replied. “He just said that I was late in turning in my application, so I probably will not be considered for the scholarship.”

“Well, that stinks; Tia, you know you are one of the best interns on this research ship. Maybe I should say something to Dr. Cole—you know, one more person to plead your case.”

“Thanks, Amanda, that is really nice of you,” Tia had replied as she flopped, face down, onto her bed. “But I do not think anything will help me now; I will just have to figure out something else for college.” Amanda, ever the optimist, had persisted. “Are you sure? Tomorrow is my rotation in Dr. Cole’s lab; I could easily ask him to reconsider. You know you deserve this scholarship, Tia. I’m sure if I explain to him how much it means to you, he will surely review your application.”

“No, it’s OK; I will just do my best for the rest of the trip and hope that even though the application was late, my work speaks for itself.”

With that, the girls had dropped the subject. They spent the rest of their trip as busy worker bees, doing whatever was asked of them: running lab reports, passing data from one researcher to the next, cleaning out test tubes, and learning whatever they could about the marine life that was being collected for the study. And, of course, anxiously waiting to hear the results of the scholarship application, which were not due until their last full day at sea.

On their second to last day aboard the research vessel, Dr. Cole had posted a notice that all applicants for the NOE scholarship were to meet in his lab at 10 a.m. the next day. Tia was so nervous that she had even asked Amanda whether it would be worth her time to attend. Amanda would not dream of letting her miss the meeting and had insisted that Tia was a worthy candidate and had just as much of a shot as anyone.

“Congratulations, ladies.” Dr. Cole’s voice snapped Tia back to reality.

“Thank you so much, Dr. Cole,” she gushed. “I am so honored; I really did not think that you would be able to consider me.”

“Well, Tia,” Dr. Cole said, smiling. “You have a great friend standing right
next to you.” Tia gave Amanda a sideways glance as Dr. Cole continued. “The day after you turned in your application, she asked me to consider what a great job you have done on this internship, even though your application was a little late. And she explained how much you have come to love marine biology, even though you did not quite realize it at first. When we considered your passion for your work and how well you have done for us, well, it outweighed a missed deadline by a long shot.”

Amanda’s face turned bright red as she looked at Tia. “I’m sorry; I know you did not want me to say anything. But I could not stand the thought of your not receiving this scholarship just because of a deadline.”

Tia thought for a moment. She considered Amanda’s actions and how she had asked Amanda not to say anything to Dr. Cole. She knew she should be mad at her friend for going behind her back, but in the moment all she could say was “Thank you, Amanda!”

159. Which sentence best describes how the structure of “The Scholarship” creates surprise?

A. The repeated references to the scholarship deadline create a feeling of tension.

B. The final revelation from Dr. Cole allows Tia’s award to be viewed in a new way.

C. The initial announcement of the scholarship results builds suspense through the flashback.

D. The description of Dr. Cole’s initial reluctance makes his ultimate decision more meaningful.

160. In “The Scholarship,” what does Dr. Cole’s change of heart reveal about his character?
A. He feels a special responsibility for Tia and Amanda.

B. He recognizes the importance of hard work and passion.

C. He values the close friendship between Tia and Amanda.

D. He feels that rules are meant to be broken in this situation.

161. Identify the theme of “The Scholarship.” Write one to two paragraphs using details from the passage to explain and analyze how this theme is developed.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Twelfth Night (Act II, Scene I)
by William Shakespeare

In this excerpt from William Shakespeare’s Twelfth Night, Antonio has nursed Sebastian back to health after discovering him near death following a shipwreck. During the course of Sebastian’s recovery, the two have become like brothers. Fully recovered, Sebastian wants to leave Antonio’s care and does not want Antonio to come with him. In this scene, he explains why.

SCENE I
The Sea-Coast
(Enter Antonio and Sebastian.)
ANTONIO:
Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?
SEBASTIAN:
By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy\(^4\) of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense\(^2\) for your love, to lay any of them on you.
ANTONIO:
Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.
SEBASTIAN:
No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort\(^3\) from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges
me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

ANTONIO:
Alas the day!

SEBASTIAN:
A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO:
Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEBASTIAN:
O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

ANTONIO:
... let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN:
If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. ... I am bound to the Count Orsino’s court: farewell.

(Sebastian exits.)

ANTONIO:
The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino’s court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.

. . .

That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

(Antonio exits.)

1 **malignancy**: evil influence

2 **recompense**: reward given for effort made

3 **extort**: obtain something by threat or force


162. Discuss how the theme of sacrifice is depicted in the excerpt from “Twelfth Night” and “The Scholarship.” Write one or two paragraphs and use details from both texts to support your answer.

163. What does the ending of the excerpt from *Tales of Shakespeare* reveal about Perdita’s conflicting feelings or motivations?

   A. Though she is first angry with Polixenes, Perdita then pities him for his ignorance.

   B. Though she is modest and polite, Perdita recognizes the injustice of Polixenes’s behavior.

   C. Though she has been raised in humble circumstances, Perdita is becoming aware of her true royal nature.

   D. Though she dreams of entering royal life with Florizel, Perdita becomes convinced that she will always be a shepherdess.
For eleven years, I had not seen Joe nor Biddy with my bodily Eyes,—though they had both been often before my fancy in the East¹,—when, upon an evening in December, an hour or two after dark, I laid my hand softly on the latch of the old kitchen door. I touched it so softly that I was not heard, and looked in unseen. There, smoking his pipe in the old place by the kitchen firelight, as hale and as strong as ever, though a little gray, sat Joe; and there, fenced into the corner with Joe’s leg, and sitting on my own little stool looking at the fire, was—I again!

“We giv’ him the name of Pip for your sake, dear old chap,” said Joe, delighted, when I took another stool by the child’s side (but I did not rumple his hair), “and we hoped he might grow a little bit like you, and we think he do.” . . .

“Biddy,” said I, when I talked with her after dinner, as her little girl lay sleeping in her lap, “you must give Pip to me one of these days; or lend him, at all events.”

“No, no,” said Biddy, gently. “You must marry.”

“So Herbert and Clara say, but I don’t think I shall, Biddy. I have so settled down in their home, that it’s not at all likely. I am already quite an old
bachelor.”

Biddy looked down at her child, and put its little hand to her lips, and then put the good matronly hand with which she had touched it into mine. There was something in the action, and in the light pressure of Biddy’s wedding-ring, that had a very pretty eloquence in it.

“Dear Pip,” said Biddy, “you are sure you don’t fret for her?”

“O no,—I think not, Biddy.”

“Tell me as an old, old friend. Have you quite forgotten her?”

“My dear Biddy, I have forgotten nothing in my life that ever had a foremost place there, and little that ever had any place there. But that poor dream, as I once used to call it, has all gone by, Biddy,— all gone by!”

Nevertheless, I knew, while I said those words, that I secretly intended to revisit the site of the old house that evening, alone, for her sake. Yes, even so. For Estella’s sake.

The early dinner hour at Joe’s, left me abundance of time, without hurrying my talk with Biddy, to walk over to the old spot before dark. But, what with loitering on the way to look at old objects and to think of old times, the day had quite declined when I came to the place.

There was no house now, . . . no building whatever left, but the wall of the old garden. The cleared space had been enclosed with a rough fence, and looking over it, I saw that some of the old ivy had struck root anew, and was growing green on low quiet mounds of ruin. A gate in the fence standing ajar, I pushed it open, and went in.

A cold silvery mist had veiled the afternoon, and the moon was not yet up to scatter it. But, the stars were shining beyond the mist, and the moon was coming, and the evening was not dark. I could trace out where every part of the old house had been. . . . I had done so, and was looking along the desolate garden walk, when I beheld a solitary figure in it.

The figure showed itself aware of me, as I advanced. It had been moving towards me, but it stood still. As I drew nearer, I saw it to be the figure of a woman. As I drew nearer yet, it was about to turn away, when it stopped, and let me come up with it. Then, it faltered, as if much surprised, and uttered my name, and I cried out,—

“Estella!”

“I am greatly changed. I wonder you know me.”
The freshness of her beauty was indeed gone, but its indescribable majesty and its indescribable charm remained. Those attractions in it, I had seen before; what I had never seen before, was the saddened, softened light of the once proud eyes; what I had never felt before was the friendly touch of the once insensible hand.

We sat down on a bench that was near, and I said, “After so many years, it is strange that we should thus meet again, Estella, here where our first meeting was! Do you often come back?”

“I have never been here since.”

“Nor I.” . . .

Estella was the next to break the silence that ensued between us.

“I have very often hoped and intended to come back, but have been prevented by many circumstances. Poor, poor old place!”

The silvery mist was touched with the first rays of the moonlight, and the same rays touched the tears that dropped from her eyes. Not knowing that I saw them, and setting herself to get the better of them, she said quietly,—

“Were you wondering, as you walked along, how it came to be left in this condition?”

“Yes, Estella.”

“The ground belongs to me. It is the only possession I have not relinquished. Everything else has gone from me, little by little, but I have kept this. It was the subject of the only determined resistance I made in all the wretched years.”

“Is it to be built on?”

“At last, it is. I came here to take leave of it before its change. And you,” she said, in a voice of touching interest to a wanderer,— “you live abroad still?”

“Still.”

“And do well, I am sure?”

“I work pretty hard for a sufficient living, and therefore—yes, I do well.”

“I have often thought of you,” said Estella.

“Have you?”

“Of late, very often. There was a long hard time when I kept far from me the
remembrance of what I had thrown away when I was quite ignorant of its worth. But since my duty has not been incompatible with the admission of that remembrance, I have given it a place in my heart.”

“You have always held your place in my heart,” I answered.

1. **East**: referring to India

2. **ensued**: followed

3. **incompatible**: unable to exist peacefully

Excerpt from Great Expectations by Charles Dickens. Published by Riverside Press, 1868. In the public domain.

164. Dickens describes Estella as “the figure,” even referring to the figure as “it” instead of “she” before revealing who she is. What effect does this choice create for readers?

A. It creates a sense of danger.

B. It creates a sense of mystery.

C. It creates a sense of formality.

D. It creates a sense of helplessness.
In “The Open Boat,” published in 1897, Stephen Crane writes about a sea voyage and a shipwreck. The story was based on a personal experience Crane had in the same year.

None of them knew the color of the sky. Their eyes glanced level, and were fastened upon the waves that swept toward them. These waves were of the hue of slate, save for the tops, which were of foaming white, and all of the men knew the colors of the sea. The horizon narrowed and widened, and dipped and rose, and at all times its edge was jagged with waves that seemed thrust up in points like rocks.

Many a man ought to have a bath-tub larger than the boat which here rode upon the sea. These waves were most wrongfully and barbarously abrupt and tall, and each froth-top was a problem in small boat navigation.

The cook squatted in the bottom and looked with both eyes at the six inches of gunwale which separated him from the ocean. His sleeves were rolled over his fat forearms, and the two flaps of his unbuttoned vest dangled as he bent to bail out the boat. Often he said: “Gawd! That was a narrow clip.” As he remarked it he invariably gazed eastward over the broken sea.

The oiler, steering with one of the two oars in the boat, sometimes raised himself suddenly to keep clear of water that swirled in over the stern. It was a thin little oar and it seemed often ready to snap.

The correspondent, pulling at the other oar, watched the waves and wondered why he was there.

The injured captain, lying in the bow, was at this time buried in that profound dejection and indifference which comes, temporarily at least, to even the bravest and most enduring when, willy nilly, the firm fails, the
army loses, the ship goes down. The mind of the master of a vessel is rooted deep in the timbers of her, though he command for a day or a decade, and this captain had on him the stern impression of a scene in the grays of dawn of seven turned faces, and later a stump of a top-mast with a white ball on it that slashed to and fro at the waves, went low and lower, and down. Thereafter there was something strange in his voice. Although steady, it was deep with mourning, and of a quality beyond oration or tears.

Excerpt from “The Open Boat” from The Open Boat and Other Stories by Stephen Crane. Published by William Heinemann, 1898. In the public domain.

165. Read this excerpt from “The Open Boat.”

The mind of the master of a vessel is rooted deep in the timbers of her...

What insight does the narrator provide by making this observation?

A. He is explaining why the shipwreck caused the captain such distress.

B. He is describing how the captain lost his belongings when the ship sank.

C. He is revealing the captain’s deep concentration on the task of steering the ship.

D. He is referring to the captain’s image of the ship slipping beneath the waves.
A Fabulous Job

I buzzed Ms. O’Keefe’s doorbell promptly at 3:30 Wednesday afternoon. Ear-splitting barking came from inside the house. The door opened, and an enormous ball of black fur hurtled toward me. I stifled a shriek and almost bolted back down the stairs.

“Joey! Sit!” Ms. O’Keefe commanded. The dog sank down, his sides heaving, his huge tongue lolling out of his mouth. His tail thumped the floor, steady as a drummer in a marching band.

Ms. O’Keefe, whose head barely reached my shoulder, sported a lime green tracksuit. She looked as if she could win a triathlon.

“Do you really think you can handle this, Kellie?” She looked up at me skeptically.

I flashed her my most confident smile. “Joey and I will get along fine.”

Yesterday, I had been wondering how I could earn money for the sophomore class trip when I noticed a flier taped to a lamppost: Dog Walker Wanted. $6/hour. Mature. Responsible. Reliable.

“Mature, responsible, and reliable are my middle names,” I thought. I grabbed my phone to respond. Ms. O’Keefe surprised me by inquiring, “Do you have a dog yourself?”

I hesitated, wondering how to convince her that I was qualified. “No,” I admitted, “but I’ve read many books about dogs.”

“In that case, why don't you come over tomorrow for a tryout?”

Actually, the only book I remembering reading about dogs was Sparky's Adventure. That first grade story wasn’t exactly a dog owner’s guide. As soon as I got home, I booted up my laptop. I was reading about how an owner's behavior impacted a dog's behavior, and how dogs needed exercise when my phone rang. It was Tara, my best friend, who had an uncanny ability to sense when I was busy and call to distract me.
“I’m preparing for my new job,” I told her, omitting the fact that I still had to prove myself in order to keep the job.

“What kind of work is it, web design?”

When I acknowledged that the job was simply dog walking, she was incredulous.

“Dog walking isn’t rocket science. You’ll be fabulous!” Tara exuded confidence. As the class treasurer and soccer team captain, she juggled responsibilities effortlessly. She was like a circus performer tossing flaming torches. Tara was also relentlessly social.

“Have you talked to the kid who moved here from Michigan yet?” she asked. “After school, he disappears so fast I can’t say hi.”

Luis sat next to me in biology class. Although I always returned his shy smile, we hadn’t really talked. “Tara, you’re sure to figure out a way to catch his ear before anyone else does,” I teased.

By the time I had finished my homework, eaten dinner, and played some video games, my enthusiasm for studying dog behavior was gone. Sleepily, I promised myself I’d be fabulous, just as Tara predicted.

“Keep him on his leash.” Ms. O’Keefe secured one end of a leash to Joey’s collar. Quickly, she demonstrated how it extended and retracted automatically. “Joey’s still a puppy. He’s a bit rambunctious and liable to run off.”

I eyed Joey dubiously. “If he’s this big now, he’ll be the size of a buffalo when he grows up.”

“Are you sure you know about dogs?” Ms. O’Keefe questioned again.

I thought of Tara and quipped, “Do the Yankees know about baseball?”

“I’m a Red Sox fan myself,” Ms. O’Keefe said soberly. Then she handed me the leash.

On the sidewalk, Joey strained at the leash. I felt as if a steamroller were pulling me. After we’d gone a block, I pressed the button to let the leash out a few inches. He shot ahead like a missile. The leash unspooled, stretching so taut my arm nearly popped out of its socket. As I fumbled with the retract button, my phone vibrated. I freed one hand for the phone. It was a text from Tara.

“Can’t you control that animal?” I looked up to find a man dusting off his business suit as he rose from the sidewalk.
“Sorry. He’s a bit rambunctious,” I said coolly, thinking how people should be more cautious. Couldn’t he guess that I might be a novice?

By the time I had reached the end of the block, Joey had trampled a flower bed and knocked over a trash bin. Even so, I gave myself a high rating as a dog walker.

As we turned the corner, a boy wearing a striped shirt and cap with a Rick’s Restaurant logo was riding toward me on a bicycle. A stack of pizza boxes was strapped to the back rack. It was Luis! Now, I understood why he disappeared after school every day. Finally, I had news for Tara.

I flipped out my phone, loosening my grip on the leash. Joey smelled freedom and galloped away. He streaked toward Central Road, where high-speed traffic rushed along. I sped after him, but I tripped on a crack in the pavement. My cell phone went skittering toward a gutter. I landed all fours and closed my eyes, dreading the sound of screeching brakes and yelps of pain.

Instead, I felt a big, wet nose nuzzling my ear. “Joey!” I threw my arms around him, almost crying with relief.

“I think this is yours,” Luis held my phone out. I swallowed and nodded, still too frightened to speak.

“Are you all right?” He offered his hand to help me up.

“I think so,” I rose unsteadily, but I gripped the leash handle like a vise. I made a silent vow to never again let anything distract me from this responsibility.

Luis took a dog biscuit from his pocket and fed it to Joey. “I meet a lot of dogs on my delivery route,” he said, stroking Joey’s head affectionately. “If you keep a few treats with you, he might be easier to control.”

“I don’t know if I’ll get another chance,” I sighed. Luis listened as I told him how I’d taken the job without any experience.

“I just wanted to earn money for the class trip,” I said.

Luis remounted his bike and paused.

“You know, that’s my goal too, but I also like figuring out the routes and meeting people. I’m lucky my uncle owns a pizzeria and can hire me part time even though I’m only fifteen. I’d better hurry. Uncle Rick gives his customers a guarantee, so I need to deliver these pizzas before they get cold.”
His gaze moved from me to Joey. The dog was beginning to strain at the leash again.

“Will you get home OK?” he asked with his shy smile.

Truthfully, I no longer felt that I was a fabulous dog walker, but I reassured him anyway. “Sure. Thanks for stopping to help, Luis.”

“What happened?” Joey and I had returned to Ms. O’Keefe’s house. She stared at my bloodstained knees. One glance at her grim face and I knew there was no point in fabricating a story.

“Ms. O’Keefe, I don’t know one fundamental fact about how dogs behave,” I blurted out.

She listened, with her arms folded across her chest as I stumbled through my entire confession. Talking to this diminutive woman, I was the one who felt small. I tried to control a quiver in my voice. As if he understood my distress, Joey licked my hand.

Then Ms. O’Keefe’s expression softened. “Kellie, you weren’t honest with me, but I wasn’t completely forthcoming with you either. Joey is a challenge. Maybe I didn’t prepare you as extensively as I should have. Actually, I wear a tracksuit because keeping up with him can be an Olympic event.”

Her words clicked something open in my mind. If Joey was a struggle for both of us, maybe I could help. From briefly searching online, I remembered that the owner’s behavior affects the dog’s behavior. Now I was eager to learn the tricks of this trade.

“Do you really want this responsibility? As you’ve no doubt learned, it’s not kindergarten play,” Ms. O’Keefe asked.

I considered. Being fabulous required more than just confidence. Now, I knew what this dog walking job was all about.

“Yes, I do,” I replied firmly.

“Then why don’t we talk some more?”

I smiled gratefully down at Ms. O’Keefe. Joey leaped around us both.

“A Fabulous Job” property of the Florida Department of Education.

166. Imagine that the story “A Fabulous Job” is being made into a movie. What types of music would best go with the scene where Kellie and Luis
meet on the street? Write one to two paragraphs to describe two types of music and tell why you chose each. Use details from the passage to support your answer.
Ann Radcliffe’s The Mysteries of Udolpho is a classic gothic romance novel. It features dark scenes in castles with hidden passageways, mysterious occurrences, and a brooding, evil villain. The story takes place in Europe in the late 1500s. Emily is forced to live in the old castle of Udolpho with her cruel guardian Montoni, who is the widower of her deceased aunt. Emily’s aunt left her all of her estates, and now Montoni is threatening Emily to sign them over to him.

Montoni was alone. “I sent for you,” said he, “to give you another opportunity of retracting your late mistaken assertions concerning the Languedoc estates. I will condescend¹ to advise, where I may command.—If you are really [misled] by an opinion, that you have any right to these estates, at least, do not persist in the error—an error, which you may perceive, too late, has been fatal to you. Dare my resentment no further, but sign the papers.”

“If I have no right in these estates, sir,” said Emily, “of what service can it be to you, that I should sign any papers, concerning them? If the lands are yours by law, you certainly may possess them, without my interference, or my consent.”

“I will have no more argument,” said Montoni, with a look that made her tremble. “What had I but trouble to expect, when I condescended to reason with a baby! But I will be trifled with no longer ... Sign the papers.” ...

“Never, sir,” replied Emily; “that request would have proved to me the injustice of your claim, had I even been ignorant of my right.”

Montoni turned pale with anger, while his quivering lip and lurking eye made
her almost repent the boldness of her speech.

“Then all my vengeance falls upon you,” he exclaimed, with an horrible oath. “And think not it shall be delayed. Neither the estates in Languedoc, or Gascony, shall be yours; you have dared to question my right,—now dare to question my power. I have a punishment which you think not of; it is terrible! This night—this very night”—

“This night!” repeated another voice.

Montoni paused, and turned half round, but, seeming to recollect himself, he proceeded in a lower tone.

“You have lately seen one terrible example of obstinacy and folly; yet this, it appears, has not been sufficient to [discourage] you.—I could tell you of others—I could make you tremble at the bare recital.”

He was interrupted by a groan, which seemed to rise from underneath the chamber they were in; and, as he threw a glance round it, impatience and rage flashed from his eyes, yet something like a shade of fear passed over his countenance. Emily sat down in a chair, near the door, for the various emotions she had suffered, now almost overcame her; but Montoni paused scarcely an instant, and, commanding his features, resumed his [speech] in a lower, yet sterner voice.

“I say, I could give you other instances of my power and of my character, which it seems you do not understand, or you would not defy me.—I could tell you, that, when once my resolution is taken—but I am talking to a baby. Let me, however, repeat, that terrible as are the examples I could recite, the recital could not now benefit you; for, though your repentance would put an immediate end to opposition, it would not now appease my indignation.—I will have vengeance as well as justice.”

Another groan filled the pause which Montoni made.

“Leave the room instantly!” said he, seeming not to notice this strange occurrence. Without power to implore his pity, she rose to go, but found that she could not support herself; awe and terror overcame her, and she sunk again into the chair.

“Quit my presence!” cried Montoni. “This affectation² of fear ill becomes the heroine who has just dared to brave my indignation.”

“Did you hear nothing, Signor?” said Emily, trembling, and still unable to leave the room.

“I heard my own voice,” rejoined Montoni, sternly.
“And nothing else?” said Emily, speaking with difficulty.—“There again! Do you hear nothing now?”

“Obey my order,” repeated Montoni. “And for these fool’s tricks—I will soon discover by whom they are practised.”

Emily again rose, and exerted herself to the utmost to leave the room, while Montoni followed her ...

1 *condescend*: come down to a less dignified level

2 *affectation*: fake or artificial display

_The Mysteries of Udolpho_ in the public domain.

167. Based on “Excerpt from _The Mysteries of Udolpho_,” which statement is most likely true of Europe in the late 1500s?

A. Women were forbidden to own land estates.

B. Land was an important source of wealth and power.

C. People were unable to transfer property simply by signing documents.

D. Land was considered the only valuable commodity or source of wealth.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Gulliver’s Travels

Excerpt from Gulliver’s Travels

Gulliver’s Travels is British author Jonathan Swift’s most well-known work. It is part political satire and part social commentary, although the story is entertaining in its own right. The first part, from which this excerpt is drawn, is titled “A Voyage to Lilliput.” In it, Lemuel Gulliver is shipwrecked on the island of Lilliput, which is populated by a tiny race of people called Lilliputians.

Although I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet, in the mean time, I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and half, more or less: their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards till you come to the smallest, which to my sight, were almost invisible; but nature has adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to show the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high: I mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader’s imagination ...

And here it may, perhaps, divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months, and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and
table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat: but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them), they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a color.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table: a hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of [various beverages] slung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their [drink] a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bites of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually ate at a mouthful, and I confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

1 sempstresses: seamstresses

Excerpt from *Gulliver’s Travels*, by Jonathan Swift. Published by Rand, McNally & Company, 1912.
168. How does the description of the Lilliputians’ services to Gulliver help develop a theme in “Excerpt from Gulliver’s Travels”? 

A. by showing Gulliver’s amusement at the behavior of the Lilliputians

B. by demonstrating the concern that Gulliver has about the Lilliputians

C. by revealing the power struggle between Gulliver and the Lilliputians

D. by emphasizing the differences between Gulliver and the Lilliputians
Casey’s Revenge

by Grantland Rice

There were saddened hearts in Mudville for a week or even more;
There were muttered oaths and curses—every fan in town was sore.
“Just think,” said one, “how soft it looked with Casey at the bat,
And then to think he’d go and spring a bush league trick like that!”

All his past fame was forgotten—he was now a hopeless “shine.”
They called him “Strike-Out Casey,” from the mayor down the line;
And as he came to bat each day his bosom heaved a sigh,
While a look of hopeless fury shone in mighty Casey’s eye.

He pondered in the days gone by that he had been their king,
That when he strolled up to the plate they made the welkin ring;
But now his nerve had vanished, for when he heard them hoot
He “fanned” or “popped out” daily, like some minor league recruit.

He soon began to sulk and loaf, his batting eye went lame;
No home runs on the score card now were chalked against his name;
The fans without exception gave the manager no peace,
For one and all kept clamoring for Casey’s quick release.

The Mudville squad began to slump, the team was in the air;
Their playing went from bad to worse—nobody seemed to care.
“Back to the woods with Casey!” was the cry from Rooters’ Row.
“Get some one who can hit the ball, and let that big dub go!”

The lane is long, some one has said, that never turns again,
And Fate, though fickle, often gives another chance to men;
And Casey smiled; his rugged face no longer wore a frown—
The pitcher who had started all the trouble came to town.

All Mudville had assembled—ten thousand fans had come
To see the twirler who had put big Casey on the bum;
And when he stepped into the box, the multitude went wild;
He doffed his cap in proud disdain, but Casey only smiled.

“Play ball!” the umpire’s voice rang out, and then the game began.
But in that throng of thousands there was not a single fan
Who thought that Mudville had a chance, and with the setting sun
Their hopes sank low—the rival team was leading “four to one.”

The last half of the ninth came round, with no change in the score;
But when the first man up hit safe, the crowd began to roar;
The din increased, the echo of ten thousand shouts was heard
When the pitcher hit the second and gave “four balls” to the third.

Three men on base—nobody out—three runs to tie the game!
A triple meant the highest niche in Mudville’s hall of fame;
But here the rally ended and the gloom was deep as night,
When the fourth one “fouled to catcher” and the fifth “flew out to right.”

A dismal groan in chorus came; a scowl was on each face
When Casey walked up, bat in hand, and slowly took his place;
His bloodshot eyes in fury gleamed, his teeth were clenched in hate;
He gave his cap a vicious hook and pounded on the plate.

But fame is fleeting as the wind and glory fades away;
There were no wild and woolly cheers, no glad acclaim this day;
They hissed and groaned and hooted as they clamored: “Strike him out!”
But Casey gave no outward sign that he had heard this shout.

The pitcher smiled and cut one loose—across the plate it sped;
Another hiss, another groan. “Strike one!” the umpire said.
“Strike two!” the umpire roared aloud; but Casey made no plea.

No roasting for the umpire now—his was an easy lot;
But here the pitcher whirled again—was that a rifle shot?
A whack, a crack, and out through the space the leather pellet flew,
A blot against the distant sky, a speck against the blue.

Above the fence in center field in rapid whirling flight
The sphere sailed on—the blot grew dim and then was lost to sight.
Ten thousand hats were thrown in air, ten thousand threw a fit,
But no one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit.

O, somewhere in this favored land dark clouds may hide the sun,
And somewhere bands no longer play and children have no fun!
And somewhere over blighted lives there hangs a heavy pall,
But Mudville hearts are happy now, for Casey hit the ball.
Poem titled “Casey’s Revenge” by Grantland Rice. Published in The Nashville Tennessean. September 6, 1907. In the public domain.

169. Read these lines from “Casey’s Revenge.”

And somewhere over blighted lives there hangs a heavy pall,  
But Mudville hearts are happy now, for Casey hit the ball.

Which statement describes the effect of using the words *blighted* and *pall*?

A. These words create a romantic, poetic tone, which demonstrates the beauty of the game.

B. These words create a formal, resigned tone, which reveals the deep importance of the game.

C. These words create a serious, tragic tone, which contrasts with the simple, happy tone of the next line.

D. These words create an old-fashioned, formal tone, which indicates that the events took place many years ago.
"The Stonecutter" is a Japanese folk tale.

Once upon a time there lived a stonecutter, who went every day to a great rock in the side of a big mountain and cut out slabs for gravestones or for houses. He understood very well the kinds of stones wanted for the different purposes, and as he was a careful workman he had plenty of customers. For a long time he was quite happy and contented and asked for nothing better than what he had.

Now in the mountain dwelt a spirit which now and then appeared to men and helped them in many ways to become rich and prosperous. The stonecutter, however, had never seen this spirit and only shook his head with an unbelieving air, when anyone spoke of it. But a time was coming when he learned to change his opinion.

One day the stonecutter carried a gravestone to the house of a rich man and saw there all sorts of beautiful things, of which he had never even dreamed. Suddenly his daily work seemed to grow harder and heavier, and he said to himself, "Oh, if only I were a rich man and could sleep in a bed with silken curtains and golden tassels, how happy I should be!"

And a voice answered him, "Your wish is heard; a rich man you shall be!"

At the sound of the voice the stonecutter looked around but could see nobody. He thought it was all his fancy and picked up his tools and went home, for he did not feel inclined to do any more work that day. But when he reached the little house where he lived, he stood still with amazement, for instead of his wooden hut was a stately palace filled with splendid furniture, and most splendid of all was the bed, in every respect like the one he had envied. He was nearly beside himself with joy, and in his new life the
old one was soon forgotten.

It was now the beginning of summer, and each day the sun blazed more fiercely. One morning the heat was so great that the stonecutter could scarcely breathe, and he determined he would stop at home till the evening. He was rather dull, for he had never learned how to amuse himself and was peeping through the closed blinds to see what was going on in the street, when a little carriage passed by, drawn by servants dressed in blue and silver. In the carriage sat a prince, and over his head a golden umbrella was held to protect him from the sun’s rays.

“Oh, if only I were a prince!” said the stonecutter to himself, as the carriage vanished around the corner. “Oh, if I were only a prince and could go in such a carriage and have a golden umbrella held over me, how happy I should be!”

And a prince he was. Before his carriage rode one company of men and another behind it; servants dressed in scarlet and gold bore him along; and the coveted umbrella was held over his head. Everything his heart could desire was his. But yet it was not enough. He looked around still for something to wish for, and when he saw that in spite of the water he poured on the grass, the rays of the sun scorched it, and that in spite of the umbrella held over his head each day, his face grew browner and browner, he cried in his anger, “The sun is mightier than I; oh, if only I were the sun!”

And the mountain spirit answered, “Your wish is heard; the sun you shall be.”

And the sun he was and felt himself proud in his power. He shot his beams above and below, on earth and in heaven; he burnt up the grass in the fields and scorched the faces of princes as well as of poorer folk. But in a short time he began to grow tired of his might, for there seemed nothing left for him to do. Discontent once more filled his soul, and when a cloud covered his face and hid the earth from him, he cried in his anger, “Does the cloud hold captive my rays, and is it mightier than I? Oh, that I were a cloud and mightier than any!”

And the mountain spirit answered, “Your wish is heard; a cloud you shall be!”

And a cloud he was and lay between the sun and the earth. He caught the sun’s beams and held them, and to his joy the earth grew green again, and flowers blossomed. But that was not enough for him, and for days and week he poured forth rain till the rivers overflowed their banks, and the crops of
rice stood in water. Towns and villages were destroyed by the power of the rain; only the great rock on the mountainside remained unmoved. The cloud was amazed at the sight and cried in wonder, “Is the rock, then, mightier than I? Oh, if only I were the rock!”

And the mountain spirit answered, “Your wish is heard; the rock you shall be!”

And the rock he was and gloried in his power. Proudly he stood, and neither the heat of the sun nor the force of the rain could move him. “This is better than all!” he said to himself. But one day he heard a strange noise at his feet, and when he looked down to see what it could be, he saw a stonecutter driving tools into his surface. Even while he looked, a trembling feeling ran all through him, and a great block broke off and fell upon the ground. Then he cried in his wrath, “Is a mere child of earth mightier than a rock? Oh, if only I were a man!”

And the mountain spirit answered, “Your wish is heard. A man once more you shall be!”

And a man he was, and in the sweat of his brow he toiled again at his trade of stone cutting. His bed was hard and his food scant, but he had learned to be satisfied with it and did not long to be something or somebody else. And as he never asked for things he did not have or desired to be greater and mightier than other people, he was happy at last and never again heard the voice of the mountain spirit.


170. Many different cultures have their own folk tales. What can readers infer about Japanese culture based on “The Stonecutter,” a Japanese folk tale? Write one paragraph that explains aspects of Japanese culture as it relates to the tale, using details from the tale to support your answer.

171. Which is the most likely effect of the author’s use of repetition in “The Stonecutter“?
A. It builds suspense.

B. It establishes a cycle.

C. It slows the pace of the passage.

D. It helps develop the main character.

172. Which detail from “The Stonecutter” best develops the idea that unlimited power is dangerous?

A. As a cloud, the stonecutter overflows rivers with rain.

B. As a rock, the stonecutter feels strong and unbreakable.

C. The stonecutter’s anger against the sun makes him wish to be the sun.

D. The stonecutter is upset when he sees the prince’s carriage in the street.
The Violin

After Rachel finished playing the passage from Bach’s Violin Concerto in A Minor, Igor Petrov looked at her and said, “Where did you go wrong?” His accent made it easy to believe that he had graduated from a famous Russian conservatory.

“On my first trill? I feel like I started it on the lower note, instead of the upper.”

“Precisely, but you recovered nicely, and you didn’t stop or slow down for your mistake. This is good? Now, where will improvement come?”

“I was thinking my phrasing could be more dynamic – do you have any ideas?” Rachel knew full well that Petrov would be brimming with ideas, but it usually turned out better for her if she asked for his help.

“You must allow the longer notes between the trills to, eh, decay a bit. This makes each trill sound bigger, without weighing down the melody. Do you understand?”

Rachel thought she did, but she shook her head anyway because she loved to hear Petrov play. Heaven on Earth, she called it.

“Like this—listen.” Rachel could scarcely believe the same notes issued from his bow as from hers, but she understood, that much Petrov clearly observed in her face.

“That’s enough for today. You’ll be perfect by this fall’s concert. Bach, my dear Rachel, no one in the history of this auditorium has ever played Bach. You will be the first, and the youngest soloist.” Petrov smiled wryly and shook his head.

“Bach at fifteen – dare to dream, Rachel. Dare to dream.” The knock at the door disturbed Petrov’s reverie.

“Now go along and help Marta while I mold my next victim,” Mr. Petrov said, chuckling.

Rachel wouldn’t dream of calling Mrs. Petrov “Marta,” even after getting to
know her so well after having helped her for years with the domestic chores. Her skill with the violin had come with a price, but the pleasure she got from playing made it all worthwhile.

The first time Rachel heard the violin, she knew that she had to play the instrument; that fall, interested students in her third grade class could start orchestra with Mr. Petrov. The school provided the instruments without charge, and she took hers home proudly and began to practice. At first, the sounds she produced seemed more like the complaints of a rusty gate hinge than like music, but she kept working, and by the start of fourth grade, she was playing with the fifth and sixth graders. The summer after that school year, Mr. Petrov had talked to her parents and said that his wife needed help around the house, help for which he would gladly give Rachel private lessons in return.

By all accounts, including Mr. Petrov's, those lessons had paid dividends. Two days prior Mr. Petrov had said: "Rachel, you're good enough to play in the community orchestra, which will help you get into college; however, you need a better instrument. The one you play is fine for practice, but not for perfection. Bach deserves the best, don’t you agree?" His knowing wink meant that she should take his words very seriously, but convincing her father that an expensive violin was a good investment? That might take a miracle.

Her father worked as the manager of Carlson’s Fine Clothing Emporium. Ever since she had started elementary school, her father had cut expenses and saved money in college funds, and when her younger brother, Matt, started school, her father set up a second account and doubled the amount he saved. She could not remember the last time the family had bought anything new. Her dad purchased almost all of their clothes at cost from Mr. Carlson, who said it was good for the bottom line if his employees’ family members were walking advertisements, and he fixed anything that broke. Dad could fix just about anything, but he loved to work on that old, beat-up pickup most of all. If she were to have any hope of convincing her father to buy the violin, she would need to discuss it while he was under the truck.

Rachel found Dad out by the garage, preparing for his, almost spiritual, journey. With Matt gone to camp, Rachel thought she could lend a hand to the old man.

“Let me remind you of some things,” he said, elated at his daughter’s interest.

Pointing at the orderly piles on the ground, he continued, “Ball peen
hammer, combination wrenches, socket drive, torque wrench, and sockets. Check the size marked on the wrenches and sockets; make sure you give me the size I ask for. This box has the U joints. Got it?”

“Yes.”

Rachel watched as her father crawled under the truck. He grabbed a long, round piece of steel and twisted it sharply with his hands. Rachel noticed a barely audible clunk.

“Rachel, give me the nine-sixteenths combination wrench and the ball peen hammer.”

She slid her arm under the truck and transferred the tools. A moment later, she heard the click of small pieces of metal hitting the ground. Then there were some hammer blows and the distinctive ring of the drive shaft on the concrete.

“Rachel, hand me the U joints, please. Take them out of the box.”

She pulled the parts out, handed them to him, and then listened as her father worked.

After what seemed like an eternity, he said, “Rachel, hand me the socket drive, the nine-sixteenths socket, and the torque wrench.” Some minutes later, he said, “We’re done.”

Rachel saw her father’s legs appear, then his torso, arms, and head as if emerging from a cocoon.

“Dad, when did you know that you liked working on cars?”

“I don’t, really, but it lets me pay for both Matt’s trip to camp and his college fund, and I do like that.”

“Dad, when did you know that you wanted to work in Mr. Carlson’s store?”

“I didn’t. At least, I never planned to. In high school, I worked on cars all the time, but not because I loved fixing up beat-up cars, but because I wanted to understand how they worked. I dreamed that I’d be the first person in my family to go to college, where I’d study engineering and design the next great car. But I never talked to my dad about it, and he hadn’t planned for that. He started a fund, and I worked a few odd jobs until Mr. Carlson hired me. By the time I could think about college, you were here and Matt was on the way. . . .”

Rachel timidly broke the silence. “Dad?”
The word hung in the air as both escaped their own thoughts.

“Mr. Petrov says I could play in the community orchestra. He says it would help me get into a better college. It would be great but . . . I’d need a better violin.”

“I’ll have to talk to your mother. I hadn’t planned on something like that.”

He started putting the tools away.

It was the answer she had expected to hear. Rachel left for her room, closed the door, and started to practice. She put the music on her stand and worked on the passage in the Bach concerto. In her mind, she could hear Mr. Petrov saying, “Remember, the amateur practices until she gets it right; the professional until it is impossible for her to get it wrong.” After ten straight repetitions of the passage, with the trills starting on the upper notes and the new phrasing, she stopped. What next? She flipped through her music, and saw the Elgar piece, the one she had played to win her first state medal four years ago. As she finished playing, there was a light rapping on the door.

“Come in.”

Her dad was standing there with a dreamy look upon his face. “Rachel, what was that piece? It’s lovely. I remember hearing it, but you haven’t played it in a long time.”

“It’s Elgar’s ‘Salut d’amour,’ ‘Love’s Greeting.’ I won that medal with it in sixth grade.”

Her father nodded. “Rachel, I need to know if you really, truly want to study violin in college. Your science and math grades are excellent. You could study anything you wanted . . .”

“Dad, it’s my dream.”

“Your mom said that would be your answer. We’ll all talk about the violin tomorrow morning before we go to pick up Matt. Somehow we’ll make it work.”

173. Why does the author of “The Violin” include the description of Rachel’s first encounter with the instrument toward the middle of the passage rather than at the beginning? Write one paragraph in which you analyze how this structural decision affects the passage. Use details from the passage to support your response.
Edgar Allan Poe, 1809–1849

*Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1809. Although now acclaimed as a poet and short-story writer, Poe lived in relative obscurity, making his living as a journalist and literary critic. Poe is often credited with inventing the genre of detective fiction, and his stories and poems are found in many literary anthologies.*

Agitation of spirit kept me awake for many long hours; but at length I again slumbered. Upon arousing, I found by my side, as before, a loaf and a pitcher of water. A burning thirst consumed me, and I emptied the vessel at a draught. It must have been drugged; for scarcely had I drunk, before I became irresistibly drowsy. A deep sleep fell upon me—a sleep like that of
death. How long it lasted of course, I know not; but when, once again, I unlosed my eyes, the objects around me were visible. By a wild sulphurous lustre, the origin of which I could not at first determine, I was enabled to see the extent and aspect of the prison.

In its size I had been greatly mistaken. The whole circuit of its walls did not exceed twenty-five yards. For some minutes this fact occasioned me a world of vain trouble; vain indeed! for what could be of less importance, under the terrible circumstances which environed me, than the mere dimensions of my dungeon? But my soul took a wild interest in trifles, and I busied myself in endeavors to account for the error I had committed in my measurement. The truth at length flashed upon me. In my first attempt at exploration I had counted fifty-two paces, up to the period when I fell; I must then have been within a pace or two of the fragment of serge; in fact, I had nearly performed the circuit of the vault. I then slept, and upon awaking, I must have returned upon my steps—thus supposing the circuit nearly double what it actually was. My confusion of mind prevented me from observing that I began my tour with the wall to the left, and ended it with the wall to the right.

I had been deceived, too, in respect to the shape of the enclosure. In feeling my way I had found many angles, and thus deduced an idea of great irregularity; so potent is the effect of total darkness upon one arousing from lethargy or sleep! The angles were simply those of a few slight depressions, or niches, at odd intervals. The general shape of the prison was square. What I had taken for masonry seemed now to be iron, or some other metal, in huge plates, whose sutures or joints occasioned the depression. The entire surface of this metallic enclosure was rudely daubed in all the hideous and repulsive devices to which the charnel superstition of the monks has given rise. The figures of fiends in aspects of menace, with skeleton forms, and other more really fearful images, overspread and disfigured the walls. I observed that the outlines of these monstrosities were sufficiently distinct, but that the colors seemed faded and blurred, as if from the effects of a damp atmosphere. I now noticed the floor, too, which was of stone. In the centre yawned the circular pit from whose jaws I had escaped; but it was the only one in the dungeon.

All this I saw indistinctly and by much effort: for my personal condition had been greatly changed during slumber. I now lay upon my back, and at full length, on a species of low framework of wood. To this I was securely bound by a long strap resembling a surcingle. It passed in many convolutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent that I could, by dint of much exertion, supply myself with food from
an earthen dish which lay by my side on the floor. I saw, to my horror, that the pitcher had been removed. I say to my horror; for I was consumed with intolerable thirst.

This thirst it appeared to be the design of my persecutors to stimulate: for the food in the dish was meat pungently seasoned.

Looking upward, I surveyed the ceiling of my prison. It was some thirty or forty feet overhead, and constructed much as the side walls. In one of its panels a very singular figure riveted my whole attention. It was the painted figure of Time as he is commonly represented, save that, in lieu of a scythe, he held what, at a casual glance, I supposed to be the pictured image of a huge pendulum such as we see on antique clocks. There was something, however, in the appearance of this machine which caused me to regard it more attentively. While I gazed directly upward at it (for its position was immediately over my own) I fancied that I saw it in motion. In an instant afterward the fancy was confirmed. Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it for some minutes, somewhat in fear, but more in wonder. Wearied at length with observing its dull movement, I turned my eyes upon the other objects in the cell.

A slight noise attracted my notice, and, looking to the floor, I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from the well, which lay just within view to my right. Even then, while I gazed, they came up in troops, hurriedly, with ravenous eyes, allured by the scent of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away.

It might have been half an hour, perhaps even an hour, (for I could take but imperfect note of time) before I again cast my eyes upward. What I then saw confounded and amazed me. The sweep of the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence, its velocity was also much greater. But what mainly disturbed me was the idea that it had perceptibly descended. I now observed—with what horror it is needless to say—that its nether extremity was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn; the horns upward, and the under edge evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also, it seemed massy and heavy, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structure above. It was appended to a weighty rod of brass, and the whole hissed as it swung through the air.

I could no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture. My cognizance of the pit had become known to the inquisitorial agents—the pit whose horrors had been destined for so bold a recusant as myself—the pit, typical of hell, and regarded by rumor as the Ultima Thule of
all their punishments. The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of
accidents, I knew that surprise, or entrapment into torment, formed an
important portion of all the grotesquerie of these dungeon deaths. Having
failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss; and
thus (there being no alternative) a different and a milder destruction awaited
me. Milder! I half smiled in my agony as I thought of such application of
such a term.

174. At what point does the narrator in the "Excerpt from The Pit and the
Pendulum" clearly understand the situation?

A. When feeling consumed with thirst

B. When awakening from being drugged

C. When viewing the descended pendulum

D. When noticing the pit in the middle of the floor

175. Which sentence from “The Pit and the Pendulum” best supports the
inference that the narrator seeks a distraction from his frightening
situation?

A. “By a wild sulphurous lustre, the origin of which I could not at first
determine, I was enabled to see the extent and aspect of the
prison.”

B. “But my soul took a wild interest in trifles, and I busied myself in
endeavors to account for the error I had committed in my
measurement.”
C. “It passed in many convolutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent that I could, by dint of much exertion, supply myself with food from an earthen dish which lay by my side on the floor.”

D. “It might have been half an hour, perhaps even an hour, (for I could take but imperfect note of time) before I again cast my eyes upward.”
Anna took a deep breath and cautiously cracked open the heavy door to the family restaurant. The familiar aromas of fresh basil and oregano normally soothed her weary nerves. Today, however, they only stimulated her dread of the inevitable confrontation that would erupt when her father learned of her recent decision. She clutched a crisp manila envelope tightly to her chest, hoping its reassuring presence would calm her nerves, and she stepped tentatively into her second home, the family restaurant, Bel Cibo.

The restaurant represented more to Anna’s father than a business. Bel Cibo was the embodiment of a passion, the passion of one determined man who had sacrificed to achieve his ambitions. Anna knew that her father hoped that she and her brother Dominique would share his passion and that one day he could pass the restaurant on to them, and maybe even further down, he could watch his grandchildren proudly operate the restaurant he had worked so hard to create.

“Papa,” Anna called out as she tentatively set foot in the restaurant.

“Anna!” her father shouted to her from inside the kitchen. “Come see the new cabinets! Have you ever seen such exquisite craftsmanship?” he asked.

As she opened the door to the kitchen, her father laughed boisterously and, like a child overwhelmed by the sight of a live elephant in a zoo, pointed at the ornate cabinets installed just the day before.

“Oh, Papa,” Anna said softly, wearing a half smile, “they’re lovely.”

Sadly, Anna possessed little of her father’s passion for the Bel Cibo. After school, she would wait on tables alongside Dominique. She remembered how, during a break one day months earlier, she had watched her brother enthusiastically greet a soccer teammate—a soccer teammate she knew Dominique detested. It was the young man who had beaten out Dominique for the starting position right before the team played in the championship match.

If Dominique had passed the boy on a sidewalk, her normally defiant brother
would have ignored him and sauntered away; but because the boy was now a customer, Dominique spontaneously invented a countenance that was completely devoid of any reference to the pair’s history. It was exactly then when she realized that she needed a career outside of the restaurant. Watching her brother’s easy smile, seeing the twinkle in his eye as he served his customer, she knew that she would never feel the same passion toward Bel Cibo. In that moment, she decided to apply to the University in Bologna.

“Anna?” her father questioned, pulling her back to the present from her memories.

Anna hesitated. She knew the moment had come, if only she could find the courage. “Truly wonderful, but Papa, I did not come to the restaurant today to discuss your new cabinets.”

“Oh,” her father responded, a dark cloud of worry passing over his face.

“No, Papa. I am going to college in the fall,” she said as she pulled the university’s acceptance letter from the envelope and handed it to him. She watched as her father read that first word: Congratulazioni.

Anna’s father examined the letter and handed it back to her. “You don’t need university, Anna. You already have a career, a worthwhile career with endless opportunity. Surely you do not want to abandon your family and our restaurant?”

“Oh, Papa, this restaurant has been like a second home to me ever since you opened it, but I cannot fathom a life waiting tables and baking bread. That is your passion, not mine, and I know that if I attend the university, I will be able to find what it is that I truly love to do. I can find my own Bel Cibo, just not in a restaurant.”

Anna’s father shook his head slowly before saying, “You disappoint me, Anna, and it saddens me to watch you abandon the family and a position in life that most would envy—just to chase some silly little dream.”

“Oh, Papa.” Anna smiled a sad smile. “I will never abandon the family. Don’t you remember another family member who chased some silly little dream with magnificent consequences?”

Anna’s father’s eyes opened wide with the realization that his daughter had a dream, albeit different from his own. A soft smile came to his lips as he observed the hope on her face. “Maybe,” he thought. “Maybe.”

176. How does the author’s use of flashback in “Anna’s Choice” represent a
turning point in the story?

A. It reveals Anna’s opinions about playing on competitive sports teams.

B. It shows Anna’s desire to become more involved in her brother’s life.

C. It exposes Anna’s worries about her relationship with her father.

D. It confirms Anna’s decision about her future in the restaurant.

177. Which sentence from “Anna’s Choice” best supports the inference that Anna and her father have similar personalities?

A. “Anna took a deep breath and cautiously cracked open the heavy door to the family restaurant.”

B. “The restaurant represented more to Anna’s father than a business.”

C. “‘Surely you do not want to abandon your family and our restaurant?’”

D. “‘Don’t you remember another family member who chased some silly little dream with magnificent consequences?’”

178. Read this sentence from “Anna’s Choice.”

Bel Cibo was the embodiment of a passion, the passion of one determined man who had sacrificed to achieve his ambitions.
What does *embodiment* mean in the sentence above?

A. basis

B. development

C. representation

D. structure
Tarzan was anxious to return to the cabin and continue his investigations of its wondrous contents.

So, early one morning, he set forth alone upon his quest.

In another moment he was at the cabin, and after a short time had again thrown the latch and entered.

He commenced a systematic search of the cabin; but his attention was soon riveted by the books which seemed to exert a strange and powerful influence over him, so that he could scarce attend to aught else for the lure of the wondrous puzzle which their purpose presented to him.

Among the other books were a primer, some child's readers, numerous picture books, and a great dictionary. All of these he examined, but the pictures caught his fancy most, though the strange little bugs which covered the pages where there were no pictures excited his wonder and deepest thought.

His little face was tense in study, for he had partially grasped, in a hazy, nebulous way, the rudiments of a thought which was destined to prove the key and the solution to the puzzling problem of the strange little bugs.

In his hands was a primer opened at a picture of a little ape similar to himself, but covered, except for hands and face, with strange, colored fur, for such he thought the jacket and trousers to be. Beneath the picture were three little bugs—
BOY.

Slowly he turned the pages, scanning the pictures and the text for a repetition of the combination B-O-Y. Presently he found it beneath a picture of another little ape and a strange animal which went upon four legs like the jackal and resembled him not a little. Beneath this picture the bugs appeared as:

A BOY AND A DOG

And so he progressed very, very slowly, for it was a hard and laborious task which he had set himself without knowing it—a task which might seem to you or me impossible—learning to read without having the slightest knowledge of letters or written language, or the faintest idea that such things existed.

He did not accomplish it in a day, or in a week, or in a month, or in a year; but slowly, very slowly, he learned after he had grasped the possibilities which lay in those little bugs, so that by the time he was fifteen he knew the various combinations of letters which stood for every pictured figure in the little primer and in one or two of the picture books.

By the time he was seventeen he had learned to read the simple, child's primer and had fully realized the true and wonderful purpose of the little bugs.

No longer did he feel shame for his hairless body or his human features, for now his reason told him that he was of a different race from his wild and hairy companions. He was a M-A-N, they were A-P-E-S, and the little apes which scurried through the forest top were M-O-N-K-E-Y-S. He knew, too, that old Sabor was a L-I-O-N-E-S-S, and Histah a S-N-A-K-E, and Tantor an E-L-E-P-H-A-N-T. And so he learned to read. From then on his progress was rapid. With the help of the great dictionary and the active intelligence of a healthy mind endowed by inheritance with more than ordinary reasoning powers he shrewdly guessed at much which he could not really understand, and more often than not his guesses were close to the mark of truth.

"Tarzan of the Apes" in the public domain

179. What does Tarzan’s description of letters as “strange little bugs which covered the pages where there were no pictures” reveal about him?
A. that he has seen some oddly shaped insects in the jungle where he lives

B. that he has never before seen writing or inscriptions of any kind

C. that he has difficulty seeing small objects

D. that he has a very limited imagination

180. What inference about the author’s beliefs on reading can be drawn from “An Excerpt from Tarzan of the Apes?”

A. The author believes that reading is a sign of curiosity and intelligence, and consequently, places a very high value on the ability to read.

B. The author believes that reading is a difficult and time-consuming task, and therefore, is not really worth the effort.

C. The author believes that reading is important for most people but that it is not a useful skill for someone like Tarzan.

D. The author believes that reading is simple enough that it can be taught to apes.

181. “Excerpt from Tarzan of the Apes” describes how Tarzan learns to read without previous knowledge of letters or written language. How does learning to read help him realize that he is a human and not an ape? Use details from the passage to support your response.
182. What is the theme of this passage from *Tarzan of the Apes* and how does the author develop this theme throughout the passage? Write one to two paragraphs. Use details from the passage to support your response.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

**Looking Backward from 2000 to 1887**

*Excerpt from Looking Backward from 2000 to 1887*

by Edward Bellamy

*Edward Bellamy’s novel, written in 1887, tells the story of a young man who falls asleep for 113 years and awakes to find the world radically changed from the one he left behind.*

“He is going to open his eyes. He had better see but one of us at first.”

“Promise me, then, that you will not tell him.”

The first voice was a man’s, the second a woman’s, and both spoke in whispers.

“I will see how he seems,” replied the man.

“No, no, promise me,” persisted the other.

“Let her have her way,” whispered a third voice, also a woman.

“Well, well, I promise, then,” answered the man. “Quick, go! He is coming out of it.”

There was a rustle of garments and I opened my eyes. A fine looking man of perhaps sixty was bending over me, an expression of much benevolence mingled with great curiosity upon his features. He was an utter stranger. I raised myself on an elbow and looked around. The room was empty. I certainly had never been in it before, or one furnished like it. I looked back at my companion. He smiled.

“How do you feel?” he inquired.

“Where am I?” I demanded.

“You are in my house,” was the reply.

“How came I here?”

“We will talk about that when you are stronger. Meanwhile, I beg you will feel no anxiety. You are among friends and in good hands. How do you
“A bit odd,” I replied, “but I am well, I suppose. Will you tell me how I came to be indebted to your hospitality? What has happened to me? How came I here? It was in my own house that I went to sleep.”

“There will be time enough for explanations later,” my unknown host replied, with a reassuring smile. “It will be better to avoid agitating talk until you are a little more yourself. Will you oblige me by taking a couple of swallows of this mixture? It will do you good. I am a physician.”

I repelled the glass with my hand and sat up on the couch, although with an effort, for my head was strangely light.

“I insist upon knowing at once where I am and what you have been doing with me,” I said.

“My dear sir,” responded my companion, “let me beg that you will not agitate yourself. I would rather you did not insist upon explanations so soon, but if you do, I will try to satisfy you, provided you will first take this draught, which will strengthen you somewhat.”

I thereupon drank what he offered me. Then he said, “It is not so simple a matter as you evidently suppose to tell you how you came here. You can tell me quite as much on that point as I can tell you. You have just been roused from a deep sleep, or, more properly, trance. So much I can tell you. You say you were in your own house when you fell into that sleep. May I ask you when that was?”

“Why, last night, of course; I said so, didn’t I? That is, unless I have overslept an entire day. Great heavens! That cannot be possible; and yet I have an odd sensation of having slept a long time. It was Decoration Day that I went to sleep.”

“Decoration Day?”

“Yes, Monday, the 30th.”

“Pardon me, the 30th of what?”

“Why, of this month, of course, unless I have slept into June, but that can’t be.”

“This month is September.”

“September! You don’t mean that I’ve slept since May! God in heaven! Why, it is incredible.”

“We shall see,” replied my companion; “you say that it was May 30th when
“Did you go to sleep?”

“Yes.”

“May I ask of what year?”

I stared blankly at him, incapable of speech, for some moments.

“Of what year?” I feebly echoed at last.

“Yes, of what year, if you please? After you have told me that I shall be able to tell you how long you have slept.”

“It was the year 1887,” I said.

My companion insisted that I should take another draught from the glass, and felt my pulse.

“My dear sir,” he said, “your appearance is that of a young man of barely thirty, and your bodily condition seems not greatly different from that of one just roused from a somewhat too long and profound sleep, and yet this is the tenth day of September in the year 2000, and you have slept exactly one hundred and thirteen years, three months, and eleven days.”

Feeling partially dazed, I drank a cup of some sort of broth at my companion’s suggestion, and, immediately afterward becoming very drowsy, went off into a deep sleep.

When my eyes next rested on my companion, he was looking at me.

“You have had a fine nap of twelve hours,” he said briskly, “and I can see that it has done you good. You look much better. Your color is good and your eyes are bright. How do you feel?”

“I never felt better,” I said, sitting up.

“You remember your first waking, no doubt,” he pursued, “and your surprise when I told you how long you had been asleep?”

“You said, I believe, that I had slept one hundred and thirteen years.”

“Exactly.”

“You will admit,” I said, with an ironical smile, “that the story was rather an improbable one.”

“Extraordinary, I admit,” he responded, “but given the proper conditions, not improbable nor inconsistent with what we know of the trance state. When complete, as in your case, the vital functions are absolutely suspended, and there is no waste of the tissues. No limit can be set to the possible duration
of a trance when the external conditions protect the body from physical injury. This trance of yours is indeed the longest of which there is any positive record.”

The smile with which I had regarded him as he advanced his trance hypothesis did not appear to confuse him in the slightest degree.

“Sir,” I replied, turning to him, “what your motive can be in reciting to me with a serious face this remarkable farrago, I am utterly unable to guess.”

“You do not, then, believe that this is the year 2000?”

“Do you really think it necessary to ask me that?” I returned.

“Very well,” replied my extraordinary host. “Since I cannot convince you, you shall convince yourself. Are you strong enough to follow me upstairs?”

“I am as strong as I ever was,” I replied angrily, “as I may have to prove if this jest is carried much farther.”

“I beg, sir,” was my companion’s response, “that you will not allow yourself to be too fully persuaded that you are the victim of a trick, lest the reaction, when you are convinced of the truth of my statements, should be too great.”

The tone of concern, mingled with commiseration, with which he said this, and the entire absence of any sign of resentment at my hot words, strangely daunted me, and I followed him from the room with an extraordinary mixture of emotions. He led the way up two flights of stairs and then up a shorter one, which landed us upon a belvedere on the house-top. “Be pleased to look around you,” he said, as we reached the platform, “and tell me if this is the Boston of the nineteenth century.”

At my feet lay a great city. Miles of broad streets, shaded by trees and lined with fine buildings, for the most part not in continuous blocks but set in larger or smaller enclosures, stretched in every direction. Every quarter contained large open squares filled with trees, among which statues glistened and fountains flashed in the late afternoon sun. Public buildings of a colossal size and an architectural grandeur unparalleled in my day raised their stately piles on every side. Surely I had never seen this city nor one comparable to it before. Raising my eyes at last towards the horizon, I looked westward. That blue ribbon winding away to the sunset, was it not the sinuous Charles? I looked east; Boston harbor stretched before me within its headlands, not one of its green islets missing.

I knew then that I had been told the truth concerning the prodigious thing which had befallen me.
"Looking Backward from 2000 to 1887" in the public domain.

183. Which of the narrator's statements in “Excerpt from Looking Backward from 2000 to 1887” reveal that he does not believe his companions?

A. “Great heavens! That cannot be possible; and yet I have an odd sensation of having slept a long time. It was Decoration Day that I went to sleep.”

B. “September! You don’t mean that I’ve slept since May! God in heaven! Why, it is incredible.”

C. “‘Sir,’ I replied, turning to him, ‘what your motive can be in reciting to me with a serious face this remarkable farrago, I am utterly unable to guess.’”

D. Surely I had never seen this city nor one comparable to it before. Raising my eyes at last towards the horizon, I looked westward.
The Exposed Nest

by Robert Frost

You were forever finding some new play.
So when I saw you down on hands and knees
In the meadow, busy with the new-cut hay,
Trying, I thought, to set it up on end,

5 I went to show you how to make it stay,
If that was your idea, against the breeze,
And, if you asked me, even help pretend
To make it root again and grow afresh.

But 'twas no make-believe with you to-day,

10 Nor was the grass itself your real concern,
Though I found your hand full of wilted fern,
Steel-bright June-grass, and blackening heads of clover.

'Twas a nest full of young birds on the ground
The cutter-bar had just gone champing over

15 (Miraculously without tasting flesh)
And left defenseless to the heat and light.
You wanted to restore them to their right
Of something interposed between their sight

And too much world at once—could means be found.

20 The way the nest-full every time we stirred
Stood up to us as to a mother-bird
Whose coming home has been too long deferred,
Made me ask would the mother-bird return
And care for them in such a change of scene

25 And might our meddling make her more afraid.
That was a thing we could not wait to learn.
We saw the risk we took in doing good,
But dared not spare to do the best we could
Though harm should come of it; so built the screen
30 You had begun, and gave them back their shade.
   All this to prove we cared. Why is there then
   No more to tell? We turned to other things.
   I haven’t any memory—have you?—
   Of ever coming to the place again
35 To see if the birds lived the first night through,
   And so at last to learn to use their wings.

184. In “The Exposed Nest,” the speaker is addressing another person. Consider the way the speaker and the other person react to the situation depicted in the poem. Then write one to two paragraphs explaining the nature of their relationship. Use details from the poem to support your response.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

"If"
"If"

Excerpt from *Rewards and Fairies*
by Rudyard Kipling

British poet Rudyard Kipling wrote the famous poem “If” in 1910. It quickly became very popular in Great Britain for its depiction of personal poise, determination, and character. Today the poem is enjoyed worldwide.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;

(5) If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don’t deal in lies,
Or being hated, don’t give way to hating,
And yet don’t look too good, nor talk too wise:
If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;

(10) If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you’ve spoken
Twisted by knaves¹ to make a trap for fools,

(15) Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build ’em up with worn-out tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,²
And lose, and start again at your beginnings

(20) And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: “Hold on!”

(25) If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute

(30) With sixty seconds’ worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that’s in it,
And—which is more—you’ll be a Man, my son!
185. Which statement best summarizes the central theme of "If"?

A. Happiness requires a variety of virtues.

B. Manhood is difficult to define and attain.

C. Being true to oneself is the mark of adulthood.

D. Triumph over adversity is the surest road to success.

186. Based on the poem “If,” which sentence about British culture in Kipling’s time is likely true?

A. Humility was a more important virtue than it is today.

B. Physical ability was more highly valued than it is today.

C. Gender roles were more rigidly defined than they are today.

D. Children were more familiar with games of chance than they are today.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from O Pioneers!

Excerpt from O Pioneers!

Excerpt from O Pioneers!

by Willa Cather

Chapter IV

For the first three years after John Bergson’s death, the affairs of his family prospered. Then came the hard times that brought every one on the Divide to the brink of despair; three years of drought and failure, the last struggle of a wild soil against the encroaching plowshare. The first of these fruitless summers the Bergson boys bore courageously. The failure of the corn crop made labor cheap. Lou and Oscar hired two men and put in bigger crops than ever before. They lost everything they spent. The whole country was discouraged. Farmers who were already in debt had to give up their land. A few foreclosures demoralized the county. The settlers sat about on the wooden sidewalks in the little town and told each other that the country was never meant for men to live in; the thing to do was to get back to Iowa, to Illinois, to any place that had been proved habitable. The Bergson boys, certainly, would have been happier with their uncle Otto, in the bakery shop in Chicago. Like most of their neighbors, they were meant to follow in paths already marked out for them, not to break trails in a new country. A steady job, a few holidays, nothing to think about, and they would have been very happy. It was no fault of theirs that they had been dragged into the wilderness when they were little boys. A pioneer should have imagination, should be able to enjoy the idea of things more than the things themselves.

The second of these barren summers was passing. One September afternoon Alexandra had gone over to the garden across the draw to dig sweet potatoes—they had been thriving upon the weather that was fatal to everything else. But when Carl Linstrum came up the garden rows to find her, she was not working. She was standing lost in thought, leaning upon her pitchfork, her sunbonnet lying beside her on the ground. The dry garden patch smelled of drying vines and was strewn with yellow seed-cucumbers and pumpkins and citrons. At one end, next the rhubarb, grew feathery asparagus, with red berries. Down the middle of the garden was a row of gooseberry and currant bushes. A few tough zinnias and marigolds and a row of scarlet sage bore witness to the buckets of water that Mrs. Bergson
had carried there after sundown, against the prohibition of her sons. Carl came quietly and slowly up the garden path, looking intently at Alexandra. She did not hear him. She was standing perfectly still, with that serious ease so characteristic of her. Her thick, reddish braids, twisted about her head, fairly burned in the sunlight. The air was cool enough to make the warm sun pleasant on one’s back and shoulders, and so clear that the eye could follow a hawk up and up, into the blazing blue depths of the sky. Even Carl, never a very cheerful boy, and considerably darkened by these last two bitter years, loved the country on days like this, felt something strong and young and wild come out of it, that laughed at care.

“Alexandra,” he said as he approached her, “I want to talk to you. Let’s sit down by the gooseberry bushes.” He picked up her sack of potatoes and they crossed the garden. “Boys gone to town?” he asked as he sank down on the warm, sun-baked earth. “Well, we have made up our minds at last, Alexandra. We are really going away.”

She looked at him as if she were a little frightened. “Really, Carl? Is it settled?”

“Yes, father has heard from St. Louis, and they will give him back his old job in the cigar factory. He must be there by the first of November. They are taking on new men then. We will sell the place for whatever we can get, and auction the stock. We haven’t enough to ship. I am going to learn engraving with a German engraver there, and then try to get work in Chicago.”

Alexandra’s hands dropped in her lap. Her eyes became dreamy and filled with tears.

Carl’s sensitive lower lip trembled. He scratched in the soft earth beside him with a stick. “That’s all I hate about it, Alexandra,” he said slowly. “You’ve stood by us through so much and helped father out so many times, and now it seems as if we were running off and leaving you to face the worst of it. But it isn’t as if we could really ever be of any help to you. We are only one more drag, one more thing you look out for and feel responsible for. Father was never meant for a farmer, you know that. And I hate it. We’d only get in deeper and deeper.”

“Yes, yes, Carl, I know. You are wasting your life here. You are able to do much better things. You are nearly nineteen now, and I wouldn’t have you stay. I’ve always hoped you would get away. But I can’t help feeling scared when I think how I will miss you—more than you will ever know.” She brushed the tears from her cheeks, not trying to hide them.

“But, Alexandra,” he said sadly and wistfully, “I’ve never been any real help to you, beyond sometimes trying to keep the boys in a good humor.”
Alexandra smiled and shook her head. “Oh, it’s not that. Nothing like that. It’s by understanding me, and the boys, and mother, that you’ve helped me. I expect that is the only way one person ever really can help another. I think you are about the only one that ever helped me. Somehow it will take more courage to bear your going than everything that has happened before.”

Excerpt from novel, O Pioneers!, by Willa Sibert Cather. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, 1913.

187. Read these sentences from “Excerpt from O Pioneers!”

“That’s all I hate about it, Alexandra,” he said slowly. “You’ve stood by us through so much and helped father out so many times, and now it seems as if we were running off and leaving you to face the worst of it.”

Using details from the passage, write one paragraph that explains what Carl likely means by “the worst of it.”
Beatrice Harraden’s short story “The Bird on Its Journey” begins when a little girl arrives at a hotel in Switzerland and plays a few notes on the hotel’s piano. Hearing that it is out of tune, she proceeds to tune the piano, to the astonishment of those nearby. At dinner, a conversation about Miss Thyra Flowerdew, a rising star in the world of concert pianists, becomes uncomfortable when the little girl responds to the major’s comment that he’d heard Miss Flowerdew play in Chicago by saying, “I don’t think Miss Flowerdew has ever been to Chicago.” The other guests believe she must be the piano tuner for the famous pianist. The next morning, the little girl spends time catching butterflies and picking flowers, accompanied by Oswald Everard, another guest at the hotel.

“What on earth made you contradict the major at dinner last night?” [Everard] asked. “I was not at the table, but some one told me of the incident; and I felt very sorry about it. What could you know of Miss Thyra Flowerdew?”

“Well, considering that she is in my profession, of course I know something about her,” said the little girl.

“Confound it all!” he said, rather rudely. “Surely there is some difference between the bellows-blower and the organist.”

“Absolutely none,” she answered; “merely a variation of the original theme!”

When she had faithfully done her work she played a few simple melodies, such as she knew the old woman would love and understand; and she
turned away when she saw that the listener’s eyes were moist.

“Play once again,” the old woman whispered. “I am dreaming of beautiful things.”

So the little tuner touched the keys again with all the tenderness of an angel.

“Tell your daughters,” she said, as she rose to say good-bye, “that the piano is now in good tune. Then they will play to you the next time they come.”

“I shall always remember you, mademoiselle,” the old woman said; and, almost unconsciously, she took the childish face and kissed it.

Oswald Everard was waiting in the hay-field for his companion; and when she apologised to him for this little professional intermezzo,1 as she called it, he recovered from his sulkiness and readjusted his nerves, which the noise of the tuning had somewhat disturbed.

“It was very good of you to tune the old dame’s piano,” he said, looking at her with renewed interest.

“Some one had to do it, of course,” she answered, brightly, “and I am glad the chance fell to me. What a comfort it is to think that the next time those daughters come to see her they will play to her and make her very happy! Poor old dear!”

“You puzzle me greatly,” he said. “I cannot for the life of me think what made you choose your calling. You must have many gifts; any one who talks with you must see that at once. And you play quite nicely, too.”

“I am sorry that my profession sticks in your throat,” she answered. “Do be thankful that I am nothing worse than a tuner. For I might be something worse—a snob, for instance.”

And, so speaking, she dashed after a butterfly, and left him to recover from her words. He was conscious of having deserved a reproof; and when at last he overtook her he said as much, and asked for her kind indulgence.

“I forgive you,” she said, laughing. “You and I are not looking at things from the same point of view; but we have had a splendid morning together, and I have enjoyed every minute of it. And to-morrow I go on my way.”

“And to-morrow you go,” he repeated. “Can it not be the day after to-morrow?”

“I am a bird of passage,” she said, shaking her head. “You must not seek to detain me. I have taken my rest, and off I go to other climes.”
They had arrived at the hotel, and Oswald Everard saw no more of his companion until the evening, when she came down rather late for table d’hote. She hurried over her dinner and went into the salon. She closed the door, and sat down to the piano, and lingered there without touching the keys; once or twice she raised her hands, and then she let them rest on the notes, and, half unconsciously, they began to move and make sweet music; and then they drifted into Schumann’s “Abendlied,” and then the little girl played some of his “Kinderscenen,” and some of his “Fantasie Stucke,” and some of his songs.

The little girl did not look up; she was in a Schumann mood that evening, and only the players of Schumann know what enthralling possession he takes of their very spirit. All the passion and pathos and wildness and longing had found an inspired interpreter; and those who listened to her were held by the magic which was her own secret, and which had won for her such honour as comes only to the few. She understood Schumann’s music, and was at her best with him.

Had she, perhaps, chosen to play his music this evening because she wished to be at her best? Or was she merely being impelled by an overwhelming force within her? Perhaps it was something of both.

Was she wishing to humiliate these people who had received her so coldly? This little girl was only human; perhaps there was something of that feeling too. Who can tell? But she played as she had never played in London, or Paris, or Berlin, or New York, or Philadelphia.

“And now my favourite piece of all,” she said; and she at once began the “Second Novelette,” the finest of the eight, but seldom played in public.

What can one say of those vague aspirations and finest thoughts which possess the very dullest among us when such music as that which the little girl had chosen catches us and keeps us, if only for a passing moment, but that moment of the rarest worth and loveliness in our unlovely lives?

What can one say of the highest music except that, like death, it is the great leveller: it gathers us all to its tender keeping—and we rest.

The little girl ceased playing. There was not a sound to be heard; the magic was still holding her listeners. When at last they had freed themselves with a sigh, they pressed forward to greet her.

“There is only one person who can play like that,” cried the major, with sudden inspiration—“she is Miss Thyra Flowerdew.”

The little girl smiled.
"That is my name," she said, simply; and she slipped out of the room.
The next morning, at an early hour, the bird of passage took her flight onward, but she was not destined to go off unobserved. Oswald Everard saw the little figure swinging along the road, and he overtook her.

"You little wild bird!" he said. "And so this was your great idea—to have your fun out of us all, and then play to us and make us feel I don't know how, and then to go."

"You said the company wanted stirring up," she answered, "and I rather fancy I have stirred them up."

"And what do you suppose you have done for me?" he asked.

"I hope I have proved to you that the bellows-blower and the organist are sometimes identical," she answered.

1 intermezzo: a short movement in a long piece of music

2 table d'hote: "the host's table;" a table at dinner where guests sit with their host


188. The little girl in “The Bird on Its Journey” interacts with other characters in a deliberate and consistent way. Write one to two sentences that describe her interactions and explain how her interactions advance the plot of the story.

189. After Will Gamewell finds Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest, Robin decides to change Will's name to Will Scarlet. In one to two paragraphs, explain why Robin changes Will's name and why he decided on “Will Scarlet” for the new name. Use details from “How Robin Hood Met Will Scarlet” to support your response.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Dido, Queen of Carthage

Dido, Queen of Carthage is based on the tale of Dido and Aeneas, as it appears in Virgil’s Aeneid. In this excerpt from the play, Dido is meeting Aeneas for the first time.

Characters

DIDO, queen of Carthage

AENEAS, hero in search of a home and blown by a storm to the city of Carthage

ILIONEUS, companion of Aeneas

ASCANIUS, son of Aeneas

DIDO: What stranger art thou that dost eye me thus?

AENEAS: Sometime I was a Trojan, mighty queen, But Troy is not. What shall I say I am?

ILIONEUS: Renowned Dido, ‘tis our general, Warlike Aeneas.

DIDO: Warlike Aeneas, and in these base robes! Go fetch the garment which Sichaeus ware. (Exit an Attendant.) Brave prince, welcome to Carthage and to me, Both happy that Aeneas is our guest. Sit in this chair and banquet with a queen. Aeneas is Aeneas, were he clad In weeds as bad as ever Irus ware.
AENEAS: This is no seat for one that’s comfortless. May it please your grace to let Aeneas wait, For though my birth be great, my fortune’s mean,7 Too mean to be companion to a queen.

DIDO: Thy fortune may be greater than thy birth.

Sit down, Aeneas, sit in Dido’s place, And if this be thy son, as I suppose, Here let him sit. Be merry, lovely child.

AENEAS: This place beseems8 me not. O, pardon me.

DIDO: I’ll have it so. Aeneas, be content.

ASCANIUS: Madam, you shall be my mother.

DIDO: And so I will, sweet child. Be merry man! Here’s to thy better fortune and good stars.

AENEAS: In all humility, I thank your grace.

DIDO: Remember who thou art. Speak like thyself. Humility belongs to common grooms.

AENEAS: And who so miserable as Aeneas is?

DIDO: Lies it in Dido’s hands to make thee blest, Then be assured thou art not miserable.

AENEAS: O Priamus! O Troy! Oh Hecuba!

DIDO: May I entreat9 thee to discourse10 at large, And truly too, how Troy was overcome, For many tales go of that city’s fall, And scarcely do agree upon one point. Some say Antenor did betray the town; Others report ’twas Sinon’s perjury;11 But all in this, that Troy is overcome And Priam dead. Yet how, we hear no news.

AENEAS: A woeful tale bids Dido to unfold, Whose memory, like pale Death’s stony mace,12 Beats forth my senses from this troubled soul And makes Aeneas sink at Dido’s feet.

DIDO: What, faints Aeneas to remember Troy, In whose defence he fought so valiantly?
Look up and speak.

AENEAS: Then speak, Aeneas, with Achilles’ tongue,
And Dido and you Carthaginian peers
Hear me, but yet with Myrmidons’ harsh ears,
Daily inured\textsuperscript{13} to broils and massacres,
Lest you be moved too much with my sad tale.
The Grecian soldiers, tired with ten years’ war,
Began to cry, “Let us unto our ships,
Troy is invincible. Why stay we here?”
With whose outcries Atrides being appalled,
Summoned the captains to his princely tent,
Who, looking on the scars we Trojans gave,
Seeing the number of their men decreased
And the remainder weak and out of heart,
Gave up their voices to dislodge the camp.
And so in troops all marched to Tenedos,
Where when they came, Ulysses on the sand
Assayed\textsuperscript{14} with honey words to turn them back.
And as he spoke to further his intent,
The winds did drive huge billows to the shore,
And heaven was darkened with tempestuous clouds.
Then he alleged the gods would have them stay,
And prophesied Troy should be overcome;
And therewithal he called false Sinon forth,
A man compact of craft and perjury,
Whose ticing\textsuperscript{15} tongue was made of Hermes’ pipe,
To force an hundred watchful eyes to sleep.
And him, Epeus having made the horse,
With sacrificing wreaths upon his head,
Ulysses sent to our unhappy town,
Who, grovelling in the mire of Xanthus’ banks,
His hands bound at his back, and both his eyes
Turned up to heaven, as one resolved to die,
Our Phrygian shepherds haled\textsuperscript{16} within the gates
And brought unto the court of Priamus,
To whom he used action so pitiful,
Looks so remorseful, vows so forcible,
As therewithal the old man, overcome,
Kissed him, embraced him, and unloosed his bands.
And then—O, Dido, pardon me!

\textsuperscript{1} Sometime: formerly
Which excerpt from “Dido, Queen of Carthage” best supports the inference that Dido wishes to marry Aeneas and have him join her kingdom?

A. “Aeneas is Aeneas, were he clad
   In weeds as bad as ever Irus ware.”

B. “Lies it in Dido’s hands to make thee blest,
   Then be assured thou art not miserable.”

C. “May I entreat thee to discourse at large,
   And truly too, how Troy was overcome,”
D. “What, faints Aeneas to remember Troy,
   In whose defence he fought so valiantly?”

191. What is Aeneas most likely feeling at the end of “Excerpt from Dido, Queen of Carthage”?

   A. concern for his son
   B. loyalty for Queen Dido
   C. despair for the city of Troy
   D. pride for his service in battle
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Life on the Mississippi

Excerpt from Life on the Mississippi

by Mark Twain

The boat backed out from New Orleans at four in the afternoon, and it was 'our watch' until eight. Mr. Bixby, my chief, 'straightened her up,' plowed her along past the sterns of the other boats that lay at the Levee, and then said, 'Here, take her; shave those steamships as close as you'd peel an apple.' I took the wheel, and my heart-beat fluttered up into the hundreds; for it seemed to me that we were about to scrape the side off every ship in the line, we were so close. I held my breath and began to claw the boat away from the danger; and I had my own opinion of the pilot who had known no better than to get us into such peril, but I was too wise to express it. In half a minute I had a wide margin of safety intervening between the 'Paul Jones' and the ships; and within ten seconds more I was set aside in disgrace, and Mr. Bixby was going into danger again and flaying me alive with abuse of my cowardice. I was stung, but I was obliged to admire the easy confidence with which my chief loafed from side to side of his wheel, and trimmed the ships so closely that disaster seemed ceaselessly imminent. When he had cooled a little he told me that the easy water was close ashore and the current outside, and therefore we must hug the bank, up-stream, to get the benefit of the former, and stay well out, down-stream, to take advantage of the latter. In my own mind I resolved to be a down-stream pilot and leave the up-streaming to people dead to prudence.

Now and then Mr. Bixby called my attention to certain things. Said he, 'This is Six-Mile Point.' I assented. It was pleasant enough information, but I could not see the bearing of it. I was not conscious that it was a matter of any interest to me. Another time he said, 'This is Nine-Mile Point.' Later he said, 'This is Twelve-Mile Point.' They were all about level with the water's edge; they all looked about alike to me; they were monotonously unpicturesque. I hoped Mr. Bixby would change the subject. But no; he would crowd up around a point, hugging the shore with affection, and then say: 'The slack water ends here, abreast this bunch of China-trees; now we
cross over.’ So he crossed over. He gave me the wheel once or twice, but I had no luck. I either came near chipping off the edge of a sugar plantation, or I yawed too far from shore, and so dropped back into disgrace again and got abused.

The watch was ended at last, and we took supper and went to bed. At midnight the glare of a lantern shone in my eyes, and the night watchman said—

‘Come! turn out!’

And then he left. I could not understand this extraordinary procedure; so I presently gave up trying to, and dozed off to sleep. Pretty soon the watchman was back again, and this time he was gruff. I was annoyed. I said:—

‘What do you want to come bothering around here in the middle of the night for. Now as like as not I’ll not get to sleep again to-night.’

The watchman said—

‘Well, if this an’t good, I’m blest.’

The ‘off-watch’ was just turning in, and I heard some brutal laughter from them, and such remarks as ‘Hello, watchman! an’t the new cub turned out yet? He’s delicate, likely. Give him some sugar in a rag and send for the chambermaid to sing rock-a-by-baby to him.’

About this time Mr. Bixby appeared on the scene. Something like a minute later I was climbing the pilot-house steps with some of my clothes on and the rest in my arms. Mr. Bixby was close behind, commenting. Here was something fresh—this thing of getting up in the middle of the night to go to work. It was a detail in piloting that had never occurred to me at all. I knew that boats ran all night, but somehow I had never happened to reflect that somebody had to get up out of a warm bed to run them. I began to fear that piloting was not quite so romantic as I had imagined it was; there was something very real and work-like about this new phase of it.

*Life on the Mississippi* in the public domain.

192. In the passage from *Life on the Mississippi*, how does Mark Twain develop the idea that a job can lead to self-knowledge? Write one
paragraph using details from the passage to support your answer.
Excerpt from Ethan Frome

In Edith Wharton’s Ethan Frome, the narrator of the story spends time in the New England town of Starkfield, and is intrigued by Ethan Frome, a local character with a mysterious past. When the narrator is unexpectedly stranded at Frome’s home during a snowstorm, the man’s story is revealed—a story that involves Frome’s infatuation with his wife Zeena’s cousin Mattie. In this excerpt from the novel, it is the day after Frome and Mattie have had a rather awkward dinner together—at which Zeena’s pickle dish was broken—while Frome’s wife was out of town. Frome needs to buy glue to put the dish back together.

As soon as dinner was over he set out again for the wood-lot, not daring to linger till Jotham Powell left. The hired man was still drying his wet feet at the stove, and Ethan could only give Mattie a quick look as he said beneath his breath: “I’ll be back early.”

He fancied that she nodded her comprehension; and with that scant solace he had to trudge off through the rain.

He had driven his load half-way to the village when Jotham Powell overtook him, urging the reluctant sorrel toward the Flats. “I’ll have to hurry up to do it,” Ethan mused, as the sleigh dropped down ahead of him over the dip of the school-house hill. He worked like ten at the unloading, and when it was over hastened on to Michael Eady’s for the glue. Eady and his assistant were both “down street,” and young Denis, who seldom [volunteered] to take their place, was lounging by the stove with a knot of the golden youth of Starkfield. They hailed Ethan with ironic compliment and offers of [friendliness]; but no one knew where to find the glue. Ethan, consumed with the longing for a last moment alone with Mattie, hung about impatiently while Denis made an ineffectual search in the obscurer corners of the store.

“Looks as if we were all sold out. But if you’ll wait around till the old man
comes along maybe he can put his hand on it.”

“I’m obliged to you, but I’ll try if I can get it down at Mrs. Homan’s,” Ethan answered, burning to be gone.

Denis’s commercial instinct compelled him to aver on oath that what Eady’s store could not produce would never be found at the widow Homan’s; but Ethan, heedless of this boast, had already climbed to the sledge and was driving on to the rival establishment. Here, after considerable search, and sympathetic questions as to what he wanted it for, and whether ordinary flour paste wouldn’t do as well if she couldn’t find it, the widow Homan finally hunted down her solitary bottle of glue to its hiding-place in a medley of cough-lozenges and corset-laces.

“I hope Zeena ain’t broken anything she sets store by,” she called after him as he turned the greys toward home.

The fitful bursts of sleet had changed into a steady rain and the horses had heavy work even without a load behind them. Once or twice, hearing sleigh-bells, Ethan turned his head, fancying that Zeena and Jotham might overtake him; but the old sorrel was not in sight, and he set his face against the rain and urged on his ponderous pair.

The barn was empty when the horses turned into it and, after giving them the most perfunctory ministrations\(^2\) they had ever received from him, he strode up to the house and pushed open the kitchen door.

Mattie was there alone, as he had pictured her. She was bending over a pan on the stove; but at the sound of his step she turned with a start and sprang to him.

“See, here, Matt, I’ve got some stuff to mend the dish with! Let me get at it quick,” he cried, waving the bottle in one hand while he put her lightly aside; but she did not seem to hear him.

“Oh, Ethan, Zeena’s come,” she said in a whisper, clutching his sleeve.

They stood and stared at each other, pale as culprits.

“But the sorrel’s not in the barn!” Ethan stammered.

“Jotham Powell brought some goods over from the Flats for his wife, and he drove right on home with them,” she explained.

He gazed blankly about the kitchen, which looked cold and squalid in the rainy winter twilight.

“How is she?” he asked, dropping his voice to Mattie’s whisper.
She looked away from him uncertainly. “I don’t know. She went right up to her room.”

“She didn’t say anything?”

“No.”

Ethan let out his doubts in a low whistle and thrust the bottle back into his pocket. “Don’t fret; I’ll come down and mend it in the night,” he said. He pulled on his wet coat again and went back to the barn to feed the greys.

While he was there Jotham Powell drove up with the sleigh, and when the horses had been attended to Ethan said to him: “You might as well come back up for a bite.” He was not sorry to assure himself of Jotham’s neutralising presence at the supper table, for Zeena was always “nervous” after a journey. But the hired man, though seldom loth to accept a meal not included in his wages, opened his stiff jaws to answer slowly: “I’m obliged to you, but I guess I’ll go along back.”

Ethan looked at him in surprise. “Better come up and dry off. Looks as if there’d be something hot for supper.”

Jotham’s facial muscles were unmoved by this appeal and, his vocabulary being limited, he merely repeated: “I guess I’ll go along back.”

To Ethan there was something vaguely ominous in this stolid rejection of free food and warmth, and he wondered what had happened on the drive to nerve Jotham to such stoicism. Perhaps Zeena had failed to see the new doctor or had not liked his counsels: Ethan knew that in such cases the first person she met was likely to be held responsible for her grievance.

When he re-entered the kitchen the lamp lit up the same scene of shining comfort as on the previous evening. The table had been as carefully laid, a clear fire glowed in the stove, the cat dozed in its warmth, and Mattie came forward carrying a plate of doughnuts.

She and Ethan looked at each other in silence; then she said, as she had said the night before: “I guess it’s about time for supper.”

1 *sorrel*: a horse (with a reddish-brown coat)

2 *ministrations*: actions done to help a person or animal

Excerpt from *Ethan Frome*, by Edith Wharton. Published by Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1914.
193. In “Excerpt from Ethan Frome,” the narrator describes the setting in detail. How do these descriptions help to reveal Ethan’s emotions? Write a one-paragraph response, using details from the passage to support your answer.

194. Which sentence from “Excerpt from Ethan Frome” best supports the inference that Mattie has strong feelings of affection for Ethan?

A. “She was bending over a pan on the stove; but at the sound of his step she turned with a start and sprang to him.”

B. “Oh, Ethan, Zeena’s come,’ she said in a whisper, clutching his sleeve.”

C. “She looked away from him uncertainly. ‘I don’t know. She went right up to her room.’”

D. “She and Ethan looked at each other in silence; then she said, as she had said the night before: ‘I guess it’s about time for supper.’”
In William Shakespeare’s The Tempest, Prospero and his daughter, Miranda, live on a deserted island, where he has developed magical powers. Prospero used to be the duke of Milan before he was forced to flee the city by his brother and the king of Naples, Alonso. In this excerpt, Alonso’s boat has sunk near Prospero’s island, and all of the men on board, including Alonso’s son, Ferdinand, have washed up on different parts of the shore. Prospero plans to use his magical powers and his spirit helper, Ariel, to have his daughter, Miranda, and the king’s son, Ferdinand, fall in love. In this particular scene, Ariel is invisible and playing a song to lead Ferdinand to Prospero and Miranda.

Characters
ARIEL, a spirit, who is in the service of Prospero and hoping to win his freedom by helping Prospero realize his plan
FERDINAND, the son of the king of Naples, who has recently washed up on the shore of Prospero and Miranda’s island after a shipwreck and believes that his father has drowned
PROSPERO, the former duke of Milan, who was forced to flee to a deserted island
MIRANDA, Prospero’s daughter, who has lived almost her whole life on a deserted island and who has never met any men besides her father and one of his servants

(Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing [with a group of spirits]; FERDINAND following.)

ARIEL’S SONG: Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Curtsied when you have and kiss’d,
The wild waves whist,¹
Foot it featly² here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!

[(The spirits bark.)]
The watch dogs bark.
[(The spirits crow.)]
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer³
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND: Where should this music be? I’ th’ air or th’ earth?
It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon
Some god o’ th’ island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my father’s wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air; thence I have follow’d it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But ’tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL’S SONG: Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:⁴

[(The spirits ring a bell.)]
Hark! now I hear them-Ding-dong bell.

FERDINAND: The ditty does remember my drown’d father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

[(PROSPERO speaks to MIRANDA as they watch FERDINAND from afar.)]
PROSPERO: The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.

MIRANDA: What is’t? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But ’tis a spirit.

PROSPERO: No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and but he’s something stain’d
With grief, that’s beauty’s canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find ’em.

MIRANDA: I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO: (aside) It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

FERDINAND: Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my pray’r
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here. My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA: No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND: My language? Heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where ’tis spoken.
PROSPERO: How? the best?  
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND: A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;  
And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,  
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld  
The King my father wreck’d.

MIRANDA: Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND: Yes, faith, and all his lords...

PROSPERO: (aside)...At the first sight  
They have chang’d eyes. Delicate Ariel,  
I’ll set thee free for this. (to FERDINAND) A word, good sir;  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong; a word.

MIRANDA: Why speaks my father so ungently? This  
Is the third man that e’er I saw; the first  
That e’er I sigh’d for. Pity move my father  
To be inclin’d my way!

FERDINAND: O, if [pure],  
And your affection not gone forth, I’ll make you  
The Queen of Naples.

1whist: grow quiet  
2featly: nimbly  
3chanticleer: rooster  
4knell: sound of a bell  
5gallant: young, fashionable man  
6canker: ruin  
7Vouchsafe: Grant
195. You will perform a close reading of a second excerpt from *The Tempest*. You will read the passage and write a summary to check your comprehension. You will also prepare and give a three-minute presentation on *The Tempest*, outlining major themes and discussing the characters.

**Part 1:**
Select another significant excerpt from *The Tempest*. Ask your teacher to recommend a selection that contains significant themes and action. The passage should contain dialogue (rather than a long soliloquy) and should be important to the plot. The passage should be at least 80 lines long. Using reputable sources, conduct background research on the play. Familiarize yourself with the characters, history, and basic plot. Be prepared to summarize the plot effectively.

**Part 2:**
Carefully read your selected passage. It may help you to “translate” the Shakespearean English into contemporary English. Keep a dictionary at hand to look up any words you are unsure of. Outline the main ideas of the passage, and be able to describe how the passage reflects the overall conflicts in the work.

**Part 3:**
Prepare and deliver a three-minute presentation for the rest of your class. You must be able to concisely summarize the plot of *The Tempest* based on your readings of the excerpts as well as outside research. You must fill all three minutes, but you may not go over, and you should not sound rushed. Practice your presentation in pairs until you are able to present in a calm, concise fashion.

**Scoring:**
- understanding of texts
- background research
- ability to concisely and clearly describe the events in the text
- ability to deliver presentation in time allotted with appropriate
196. According to the introduction to “from The Tempest,” Prospero wishes to have Miranda and Ferdinand fall in love with one another. Write one paragraph in which you explain how he accomplishes this. Use details from the passage to support your answer.

197. What is the effect of Prospero’s asides in “from The Tempest”?

A. They serve as foreshadowing.

B. They release dramatic tension.

C. They reveal information about the setting.

D. They offer information about the characters.

198. Which statement best explains what Ferdinand means in “from The Tempest” when he says “Myself am Naples”?

A. He is the king of Naples.

B. He is travelling to Naples.

C. He is homesick for Naples.
D. He is originally from Naples.

199. How does the character of Ferdinand develop over the course of the text in “from The Tempest”?

A. He begins the scene boldly and ends meekly.

B. He begins the scene grieving and ends in love.

C. He begins the scene in fear and ends in triumph.

D. He begins the scene in love and ends heartbroken.

200. In “from The Tempest” why does Miranda most likely think that Ferdinand is “a thing divine”?

A. because of the way her father describes him

B. because of the magical powers her father has

C. because she is used to spending her time with spirits

D. because he is the first attractive young man she has seen
An Excerpt from **Hard Times**

by Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens first published Hard Times in 1854. It tells the story of the “eminently practical” Mr. Gradgrind and his children, whom he is raising to be as practical as he is.

Mr. Gradgrind walked homeward from the school, in a state of considerable satisfaction. It was his school, and he intended it to be a model. He intended every child in it to be a model—just as the young Gradgrinds were all models.

There were five young Gradgrinds, and they were models every one. They had been lectured at, from their tenderest years; coursed, like little hares. Almost as soon as they could run alone, they had been made to run to the lecture-room. The first object with which they had an association, or of which they had a remembrance, was a large black board with a dry Ogre chalking ghastly white figures on it.

Not that they knew, by name or nature, anything about an Ogre. Fact forbid! I only use the word to express a monster in a lecturing castle, with Heaven knows how many heads manipulated into one, taking childhood captive, and dragging it into gloomy statistical dens by the hair.

No little Gradgrind had ever seen a face in the moon; it was up in the moon before it could speak distinctly. No little Gradgrind had ever learnt the silly jingle, Twinkle, twinkle, little star; how I wonder what you are! .... No little Gradgrind had ever associated a cow in a field with that famous cow with the crumpled horn who tossed the dog who worried the cat who killed the rat who ate the malt, or with that yet more famous cow who swallowed Tom Thumb: it had never heard of those celebrities, and had only been introduced to a cow as a graminivorous ruminating quadruped with several stomachs....

Their father walked on in a hopeful and satisfied frame of mind. He was an affectionate father, after his manner; but he would probably have described himself (if he had been put, like Sissy Jupe, upon a definition) as ‘an
eminently practical’ father. He had a particular pride in the phrase eminently practical, which was considered to have a special application to him....

He had reached the neutral ground upon the outskirts of the town, which was neither town nor country, and yet was either spoiled, when his ears were invaded by the sound of music. The clashing and banging band attached to the horse-riding establishment, which had there set up its rest in a wooden pavilion, was in full bray.

Thomas Gradgrind took no heed of these trivialities of course, but passed on as a practical man ought to pass on....

But, the turning of the road took him by the back of the booth, and at the back of the booth a number of children were congregated in a number of stealthy attitudes, striving to peep in at the hidden glories of the place.

This brought him to a stop. ‘Now, to think of these vagabonds,’ said he, ‘attracting the young rabble from a model school.’

A space of stunted grass and dry rubbish being between him and the young rabble, he took his eyeglass out of his waistcoat to look for any child he knew by name, and might order off. Phenomenon almost incredible though distinctly seen, what did he then behold but his own metallurgical Louisa, peeping with all her might through a hole in a deal board, and his own mathematical Thomas abasing himself on the ground to catch but a hoof of the graceful equestrian Tyrolean flower-act!

Dumb with amazement, Mr. Gradgrind crossed to the spot where his family was thus disgraced, laid his hand upon each erring child, and said:

‘Louisa!! Thomas!!’

Both rose, red and disconcerted. But, Louisa looked at her father with more boldness than Thomas did. Indeed, Thomas did not look at him, but gave himself up to be taken home like a machine.

‘In the name of wonder, idleness, and folly!’ said Mr. Gradgrind, leading each away by a hand; ‘what do you do here?’

‘Wanted to see what it was like,’ returned Louisa, shortly.

‘What it was like?’

‘Yes, father.’

...

‘Say not another word,’ returned Mr. Gradgrind. ...
"Hard Times" in the public domain.

201. Read this excerpt from “An Excerpt from Hard Times.”

They had been lectured at, from their tenderest years; coursed, like little hares. Almost as soon as they could run alone, they had been made to run to the lecture-room.

What does the phrase *coursed, like little hares* suggest about Mr. Gradgrind’s treatment of his children?

A. Mr. Gradgrind constantly pursues the children and herds them into the classroom for lessons.

B. Mr. Gradgrind instructs the children so forcefully that they run from him and hide to avoid the lessons.

C. Mr. Gradgrind prefers to repeatedly teach the children the same lessons so that they will remember them.

D. Mr. Gradgrind encourages his children to physically exercise as well as constantly practice their lessons.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Robert Louis Stevenson’s book, The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, was published in 1886. The story revolves around Dr. Henry Jekyll, who formulates a potion that creates a separate, evil identity that shares his body. The following excerpt is from the beginning of the book’s final chapter, “Henry Jekyll’s Full Statement of the Case.”

With every day, and from both sides of my intelligence, the moral and the intellectual, I thus drew steadily nearer to that truth, by whose partial discovery I have been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that man is not truly one, but truly two ... It was on the moral side, and in my own person, that I learned to recognise the thorough and primitive duality of man; I saw that, of the two natures that contended in the field of my consciousness, even if I could rightly be said to be either, it was only because I was radically both; and from an early date, even before the course of my scientific discoveries had begun to suggest the most naked possibility of such a miracle, I had learned to dwell with pleasure, as a beloved day-dream, on the thought of the separation of these elements. If each, I told myself, could but be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the unjust delivered from the aspirations might go his way, and remorse of his more upright twin; and the just could walk steadfastly and securely on his upward path, doing the good things in which he found his pleasure, and no longer exposed to disgrace and penitence by the hands of this extraneous evil ...

I hesitated long before I put this theory to the test of practice. I knew well that I risked death ... But the temptation of a discovery so singular and profound, at last overcame the suggestions of alarm ... late one accursed
night, I ... drank off the potion.

The most racking pangs succeeded: a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea, and a horror of the spirit that cannot be exceeded at the hour of birth or death. Then these agonies began swiftly to subside, and I came to myself as if out of a great sickness. There was something strange in my sensations, something indescribably new and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body; within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a current of disordered sensual images running like a mill-race in my fancy, a solution of the bonds of obligation, an unknown but not an innocent freedom of the soul. I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, sold a slave to my original evil; and the thought, in that moment, braced and delighted me like wine. I stretched out my hands, exulting in the freshness of these sensations; and in the act, I was suddenly aware that I had lost in stature....

I stole through the corridors, a stranger in my own house; and coming to my room, I saw for the first time the appearance of Edward Hyde.

I must here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know, but that which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my nature, to which I had now transferred the stamping efficacy, was less robust and less developed than the good which I had just deposed. Again, in the course of my life, which had been, after all, nine-tenths a life of effort, virtue, and control, it had been much less exercised and much less exhausted. And hence, as I think, it came about that Edward Hyde was so much smaller, slighter, and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the countenance of the one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the other. Evil besides (which I must still believe to be the lethal side of man) had left on that body an imprint of deformity and decay. And yet when I looked upon that ugly idol in the glass, I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome. This, too, was myself. It seemed natural and human. In my eyes it bore a livelier image of the spirit, it seemed more express and single, than the imperfect and divided countenance I had been hitherto accustomed to call mine. And in so far I was doubtless right. I have observed that when I wore the semblance of Edward Hyde, none could come near to me at first without a visible misgiving of the flesh. This, as I take it, was because all human beings, as we meet them, are commingled out of good and evil: and Edward Hyde, alone in the ranks of mankind, was pure evil ...

The pleasures which I made haste to seek in my disguise were, as I have said, undignified; I would scarce use a harder term. But in the hands of Edward Hyde, they soon began to turn toward the monstrous. When I would
come back from these excursions, I was often plunged into a kind of wonder at my vicarious depravity. This familiar that I called out of my own soul, and sent forth alone to do his good pleasure, was a being inherently malign and villainous; his every act and thought centred on self ... Henry Jekyll stood at times aghast before the acts of Edward Hyde; but the situation was apart from ordinary laws, and insidiously relaxed the grasp of conscience. It was Hyde, after all, and Hyde alone, that was guilty. Jekyll was no worse; he woke again to his good qualities seemingly unimpaired; he would even make haste, where it was possible, to undo the evil done by Hyde. And thus his conscience slumbered.

*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in the public domain.

202. Read this sentence from the passage.

*I have observed that when I wore the semblance of Edward Hyde, none could come near to me at first without a visible misgiving of the flesh.*

How does the description of Mr. Hyde advance an important theme of the passage?

A. It critiques a tendency to judge others by their looks.

B. It demonstrates the effects of a wicked and corrupt life.

C. It highlights a universal conflict between good and evil.

D. It shows that the perception of beauty is often subjective.

203. Read this excerpt from *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

*This familiar that I called out of my own soul, and sent forth alone to do his good pleasure, was a being inherently malign and villainous; his every act and thought centred on self ...*
What does the phrase *inherently malign* convey about Mr. Hyde?

A. His evil ways have only brought harm to himself.

B. His evil nature is an essential part of his character.

C. His evil actions are a superficial part of his personality.

D. His evil characteristics were inherited from his ancestors.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

from Henry IV, Part 2

An Excerpt from Henry IV, Part 2
by William Shakespeare

King Henry IV of England reigned from 1399 to 1413, after seizing the British throne from King Richard II. The following scene is taken from Shakespeare’s Henry IV, Part 2, in which the dying King Henry IV must turn his crown over to his son.

Characters

PRINCE, Hal, the Prince of Wales, a son of King Henry IV, and the first in line to the throne of England

CLARENCE, a son of King Henry IV

PRINCE HUMPHREY, a son of King Henry IV

WARWICK, nobleman and ally of the king

KING, Henry IV, the ruling king of England, whose health is declining

PRINCE: Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

CLARENCE: I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

PRINCE: How now! Rain within doors, and none abroad! How doth the King?

PRINCE HUMPHREY: Exceeding ill.

PRINCE: Heard he the good news yet? Tell it him.
PRINCE HUMPHREY: He alt’red much upon the hearing it.

PRINCE: If he be sick with joy, he’ll recover without physic.¹

WARWICK: Not so much noise, my lords. Sweet Prince, speak low; The King your father is dispos’d to sleep.

CLARENCE: Let us withdraw into the other room.

WARWICK: Will’t please your Grace to go along with us?

PRINCE: No; I will sit and watch here by the King.

(Exeunt² all but the PRINCE)

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow, Being so troublesome a bedfellow? O polish’d perturbation! golden care! That keep’st the ports of slumber open wide To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now! Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet As he whose brow with homely biggin³ bound Snores out the watch of night. O majesty! When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit Like a rich armour worn in heat of day That scald’st with safety. By his gates of breath There lies a downy feather which stirs not. Did he suspire,⁴ that light and weightless down Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father! This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep That from this golden rigol⁵ hath divorc’d So many English kings. Thy due from me Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood Which nature, love, and filial⁶ tenderness, Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously. My due from thee is this imperial crown, Which, as immediate from thy place and blood, Derives itself to me. Lo here it sits—[Putting it on his head.] Which heaven shall guard: And put the world’s whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal’ honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave as ‘tis left to me.

(Exit)

KING: Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

(Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE)

CLARENCE: Doth the King call?

WARWICK: What would your Majesty? How fares your Grace?

KING: Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

CLARENCE: We left the Prince my brother here, my liege-
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

KING: The Prince of Wales? Where is he? Let me see him.
He is not here.

WARWICK: This door is open; he is gone this way.

PRINCE HUMPHREY: He came not through the chamber where we stay’d.

KING: Where is the crown? Who took it from my pillow?

WARWICK: When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

KING: The Prince hath ta’en it hence. Go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
(Exit WARWICK)

This part of his conjoins with my disease
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts,
Their brains with care, their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed⁸ and pil’d up
The cank’red⁹ heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial¹⁰ exercises:
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower,
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack’d,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murd’red for our pains. This bitter taste
Yields his engrossments¹¹ to the ending father.

¹ physic: medicine
² Exeunt: exit
³ biggin: cap or nightcap
⁴ suspire: breathe
⁵ rigol: circle
⁶ filial: befitting a son or daughter
⁷ lineal: hereditary
⁸ engrossed: collected
⁹ cank’red: corrupted
¹⁰ martial: military
¹¹ engrossments: cares

Excerpt from Henry IV, Part 2 by William Shakespeare, from First Folio. 1623. In the public domain.

204. How does Shakespeare develop a universal theme through the progression of events in Henry IV, Part 2?
A. The impending death of a father is the backdrop for the exploration of family love and loyalty.

B. The realistic events surrounding a father's death allow for the exploration of the effects of power and greed on a family.

C. The depiction of the everyday life of a royal family develops the theme of vanity causing the downfall of flawed individuals.

D. The behavior of two sons with their ailing father supports the theme of optimism as a source of power.

205. Baron Franz d’Epinay, the main character in the excerpt from “The Count of Monte Cristo,” is a member of the nobility. The nobility was considered the highest social class in Europe during the time in which Dumas’s novel was set. Write one to two paragraphs in which you analyze what Dumas’s depiction of Franz might indicate about the European nobility during this time period. Consider Franz’s actions, his attitude, his speaking style, and his interactions with other characters. Use details from the passage to support your answer.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Emma

Excerpt from Emma

Excerpt from Emma

by Jane Austen

Jane Austen (1775–1817) is still remembered for her novels satirizing the courtship customs of the British gentry. The following excerpt is from Emma, the last of Austen’s books published during her lifetime, and takes place in the large village of Highbury, the location of Hartfield estate.

In this state of ... hopes, ... June opened upon Hartfield. To Highbury in general it brought no material change. The Eltons were still talking of a visit from the Sucklings and of the use to be made of their barouche-landau,¹ and Jane Fairfax was still at her grandmother’s, and as the return of the Campbells from Ireland was again delayed and August, instead of Midsummer, fixed for it, she was likely to remain there full two months longer, provided at least she were able to defeat Mrs. Elton’s activity in her service and save herself from being hurried into a delightful situation against her will.

Mr. Knightley, who, for some reason best known to himself, had certainly taken an early dislike to Frank Churchill, was only growing to dislike him more. ... That Emma was [Frank Churchill’s] object appeared indisputable. Every thing declared it: his own attentions, his father’s hints, his mother-in-law’s² guarded silence; it was all in unison: words, conduct, discretion, and indiscretion told the same story. But while so many were devoting him to Emma, and Emma herself making him over to Harriet, Mr. Knightley began to suspect him of some inclination to trifle with Jane Fairfax. He could not understand it, but there were symptoms of intelligence between them—he thought so at least—symptoms of admiration on his side, which, having once observed, he could not persuade himself to think entirely void of meaning, however he might wish to escape any of Emma’s errors of imagination. She was not present when the suspicion first arose. He was dining with the...
Randalls family and Jane at the Eltons’, and he had seen a look, more than a single look, at Miss Fairfax, which, from the admirer of Miss Woodhouse, seemed somewhat out of place. When he was again in their company, he could not help remembering what he had seen, nor could he avoid observations which, unless it were like Cowper and his fire at twilight, “Myself creating what I saw,” brought him yet stronger suspicion of there being a something of private liking, of private understanding even, between Frank Churchill and Jane.

1 barouche-landau: crane-neck carriage with two-way folding top
2 mother-in-law’s: stepmother’s
3 Miss Woodhouse: Emma

Excerpt from Emma by Jane Austen. Published by Roberts Brothers, 1892.

206. Read this excerpt from Emma.

That Emma was [Frank Churchill’s] object appeared indisputable. Every thing declared it: his own attentions, his father’s hints, his mother-in-law’s guarded silence; it was all in unison: words, conduct, discretion, and indiscretion told the same story.

What do these lines suggest about Frank?

A. Frank’s behavior, while innocent and friendly, suggests that he is unsure about courting Emma.

B. Frank’s intent is to deceive others about his feelings for Emma, while he secretly loves Jane.

C. Frank is careless and unaware that his actions are conveying ideas...
about his feelings toward Emma.

D. Frank seems to be a devoted suitor for Emma and commits all of his words and actions to impressing her.

207. Read this sentence from *Emma*.

> But while so many were devoting him to Emma, and Emma herself making him over to Harriet, Mr. Knightley began to suspect him of some inclination to trifle with Jane Fairfax.

Which statement best describes the effect of the phrase *inclination to trifle* on the meaning of the passage?

A. It shows that Mr. Knightley has observed only slight evidence of Frank’s interest in Jane.

B. It shows that Mr. Knightley is making a serious accusation of wrongdoing against Frank.

C. It shows that Mr. Knightley is mistaken about what he observed in Frank’s actions.

D. It shows that Mr. Knightley is unconcerned about how Frank behaves.
A Small Thing

“Why can’t she stay in Tom’s room? Why do I have to move?”

Clarissa was indignant, incensed. A young woman of fifteen, she had a famously fiery temper; her cheeks and forehead would flush red when she was upset, and at the moment, she was certainly that. Her eyes narrowed and the corners of her mouth tightened as she glared at her mother.

“Because the skylight in Tom’s room has just started to leak. There’s no time to get it fixed before Grandma gets here, and the dripping will keep her awake. Tom says he doesn’t mind, as long as there’s a pan to catch the water for now. He’s a sound sleeper anyway,” Clarissa’s mother, Leanna, gently explained, though impatience with her daughter’s stubbornness creased her brow and threatened to compromise the usual calm with which she preferred to speak to her children.

“So? Grandma won’t even notice,” Clarissa insisted, thrusting her arms across her chest, folding one over the other and pinning her elbows to her sides.

Clarissa’s mother imperiously lifted her chin, and she looked at Clarissa down her nose. “This is not a discussion. I’m sorry you’re not happy, but you’re sleeping on the pullout couch downstairs. They’re on their way from the airport now. Get whatever you need from your room before Grandma gets here.”

“Tom and Clarissa are so excited to see you, Mom.” Clarissa’s father, David, fiddled with the tuner on the radio as he and his mother—Clarissa and Tom’s grandmother—got situated in his car in the airport parking lot. “Clarissa’s been talking about it all week.”

In truth, Clarissa had been talking about it all week, but whining would have been a more accurate description. She had been anything but excited or gracious. Faced with temporary eviction from her room—her space—Clarissa had grown obstinate in the last few days, disagreeable over the most trivial events and combative purely for the sake of being combative.
“Yes,” Margaret, Clarissa’s grandmother, mused, “it’s been . . . oh . . . six months since my last visit.” The corners of her mouth lifted into a wide grin as she thought of her grandchildren with their refreshing exuberance and spritely enthusiasm whenever they greeted her.

“We’ve got it all worked out so you can sleep in Clarissa’s room this time,” David continued. “We think you’ll be more comfortable there. We’re having a little problem with the skylight in Tom’s room.”

“And Clarissa doesn’t mind?” Margaret turned a critical eye toward David, mild skepticism evident in her gaze.

“Oh, no. She’s just thrilled that you’re coming. She wasn’t bothered at all,” David said mildly as he twisted to look over his shoulder, peering out the rear window as he crept out of the parking space.

“That selfless girl. At her age, I would have given my parents a terrible time if they had tried to chase me out of my room.” Margaret’s skepticism melted away and was replaced with a wave of admiration for her empathetic granddaughter.

“Selfless girl, that’s her,” David agreed in halfhearted distraction, his head craning this way and that as he wove his way out of the lot.

A pillow soared through the air, arcing down a flight of stairs and landing flatly on the floor with a soft thud. Clarissa stood at the top of the stairs, a few blankets tucked under her left arm.

“Could you move downstairs without turning it into a spectacle, please?” Leanna said flatly, peering up at her daughter from the base of the stairs. She had just unfolded the bed from the pullout couch, and she cocked her head quizzically as she regarded her daughter above her.

Clarissa rolled her eyes and tossed the blankets down to her mother, who caught them in her arms, though some draped over her head momentarily. “Why can’t Grandma sleep down here?”

“That’s ridiculous.”

“Why?”

“Because she’s our guest,” Leanna replied, her emphasis on the last word suggesting that the implications of such a word should be obvious. “Really, this is the absolute least you can do for her.”

“Whatever.” Clarissa disappeared from the top of the stairs and returned to her room, gathering the few odds and ends she would need for the next few days. She quick-stepped down the stairs with her things, arriving just as her
mother finished making the bed.

“It’s just one week,” Leanna said reassuringly. “It won’t be that bad.”

“You and Dad aren’t giving up your room.”

“No, we’re not. You’re giving up yours, and Grandma will be so grateful that you’re doing that for her.”

Clarissa plopped down onto the stiff mattress; the thin, metal frame beneath it squealed its brief protest at the sudden burden just as the front door upstairs swung open.

“We’re home!” David announced. He had the strap of a fabric bag draped over one shoulder and held a suitcase in the opposite hand. He crossed the threshold into the house with Margaret a few of steps behind. She entered with a bright smile.

“Great!” Leanna cried from downstairs. She gave Clarissa a meaningful look and pointed her chin almost imperceptibly toward the stairs. Clarissa limply rolled off of the bed, straightened, and bounded up the stairs.

“Grandma!” Clarissa exclaimed as she crested the stairs, and she hopped over to the woman, enveloping her in a genuinely warm, firm hug.

“Oh, Clarissa!” Margaret laughed, as she hugged her granddaughter tightly. “Thank you so much for letting me use your room this week. It means so much to have a nice bed and some privacy. David told me how you didn’t even fuss; I’m just so impressed with you!”

Clarissa, her chin resting on her grandmother’s shoulder, regarded her father, who stood a few paces away. Her features were screwed up in puzzlement, but her father’s raised brow and widened eyes encouraged her to play along with his harmless fiction.

“Oh, it’s no problem at all,” Clarissa replied after a pause. “I’m just so happy you’re here!”

Margaret went to bed early that night, not long after dinner, and Leanna went downstairs to sit with her daughter for a moment.

“Did you see how happy it made Grandma when she found out that you were letting her use your room?”

“Yeah,” Clarissa quietly replied, and she looked up at her mother. “I guess I didn’t think about what would make me comfortable if I were visiting someone.”
“It’s a small thing,” Leanna agreed, “but it can make a big difference.”

“A Small Thing” property of the Florida Department of Education.

208. Why does David agree with Margaret that Clarissa is a “selfless girl”?

A. He does not want Margaret to know how upset Clarissa was about giving up her room.

B. He is not listening carefully to Margaret because he is concentrating on his driving.

C. He is using sarcasm to show that Clarissa is not capable of being selfless.

D. He is unaware of Clarissa’s stubborn refusal to give up her room.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

from Lancelot, or The Knight of the Cart

Excerpt from Lancelot, or The Knight of the Cart
by Chrétien de Troyes

Chrétien de Troyes, a twelfth-century French poet, wrote several romances that take place during the reign of King Arthur, a legendary British ruler. The following passage is excerpted from Chrétien’s romance Lancelot, or The Knight of the Cart.

When Lancelot entered the tournament, he was as good as twenty of the best, and he began so doughtily¹ that no one could take his eyes from him, wherever he was. On the Pomelegloi side there was a brave and valorous knight, and his horse was spirited and swifter than a wild stag. He was the son of the Irish king and fought well and handsomely. But the unknown knight pleased them all more a hundred times. In wonder they all [made] haste to ask, “Who is this knight who fights so well?”

And the Queen privily called a clever and wise damsel² to her and said, “Damsel, you must carry a message and do it quickly and with few words. Go down from the stand and approach yonder knight with the vermilion³ shield and tell him privately that I bid him do his ‘worst.’”

She [went] quickly and with intelligence execute[d] the Queen’s command. She sought the knight until she came up close to him; then she said to him prudently and in a voice so low that no one standing by might hear, “Sire, my lady the Queen sends you word by me that you shall do your ‘worst.’”

When he heard this, he replied, “Very willingly.” Then he [rode] at another knight as hard as his horse [could] carry him and misse[d] his thrust. From that time till evening fell he continued to do as badly as possible in accordance with the Queen’s desire. Thereupon he took to flight, and after that he never turned his horse’s head toward any knight; he even pretend[ed] to be afraid of all the knights who pass[ed] to and fro.

And the very knights who formerly esteemed him now hurled jests and jibes at him. And the herald who had been saying, “He will beat them all in turn!” [was] greatly dejected and discomfited when he hear[d] the scornful jokes
of those who shout[ed], “Friend, say no more! This fellow will not take anyone’s measure again. He has measured so much that his yardstick is broken, of which thou hast boasted to us so much.”

Many [said], “What is he going to do? He was so brave just now, but now he is so cowardly that there is not a knight whom he dares to face. The cause of his first success must have been that he never engaged before, and he was so brave. But now he has learned so much of tournaments that he will never wish to join one his whole life long. His heart cannot longer endure the thought, for there is nothing more cowardly than his heart.”

And the Queen, as she watche[d] him, [was] happy and well-pleased, for she [knew] full well, though she [did] not say it, that this [was] surely Lancelot.

Thus all day long till evening he played his coward’s part, and late in the afternoon they separated. At parting there was a great discussion as to who had done the best. The son of the Irish king [thought] that without doubt or contradiction he ha[d] all the glory and renown. But he [was] grievously mistaken, for there were plenty of others as good as he. Even the vermilion knight so pleased the ladies and damsels that they had gazed at him more than at any other knight, for they had remarked how well he fought at first and how excellent and brave he was; then he had become so cowardly that he dared not face a single knight, and even the worst of them could defeat and capture him at will. But knights and ladies all agreed that on the morrow they should return to the list. Then they turn[ed] toward their lodgings, and when they had returned, here and there men began to say, “What has become of the worst, the most craven4 and despised of knights? Whither did he go? Where is he concealed? Where is he to be found? Where shall we search for him? We shall probably never see him again. For he has been driven off by cowardice, with which he is so filled that there is no greater craven in the world than he. And he is not wrong, for a coward is a hundred times more at ease than a valorous man. Cowardice is easy of entreaty,5 and that is the reason he has given her the kiss of peace and has taken from her all she has to give.” Thus they wrangle[d] all night, vying with each other in slander. But often one man maligns[d] another and yet is much worse himself than the object of his blame and scorn. Thus, everyone said what he pleased about him ...

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1 doughtily: valiantly
2 damsel: young lady
3 vermilion: bright reddish-orange
4 craven: cowardly
Which sentence from *Lancelot, or the Knight of the Cart* best supports the conclusion that Lancelot and the Queen have met before?

A. “In wonder they all [made] haste to ask, ‘Who is this knight who fights so well?’”

B. “And the Queen privily called a clever and wise damsel to her and said, ‘Damsel, you must carry a message and do it quickly and with few words.’”

C. “From that time till evening fell he continued to do as badly as possible in accordance with the Queen’s desire.”

D. “And the Queen, as she watche[d] him, was happy and well-pleased, for she [knew] full well, though she [did] not say it, that this [was] surely Lancelot.”
The Madness of Sir Launcelot

This tale of Launcelot was written in the early twentieth century—much later than most Arthurian tales. In the following excerpt, Launcelot is in a temporary coma after being beaten and left for dead at the gates of the palace. The palace guards recognized who he was and quickly brought him inside.

So immediately King Pelles bade those who were in attendance to lift Sir Launcelot up and to bear him very tenderly away from that place and to bring him to a fair large room. So they did as King Pelles commanded and they laid Sir Launcelot upon a couch of down spread with a coverlet of wadded satin. And King Pelles sent for a skilful leech to come and to search Sir Launcelot’s hurts and he bade the physician for to take all heed to save his life. And all that while Sir Launcelot lay in that deep swoon like to death and awoke not.

And Sir Launcelot slept in that wise for three full days and when he awoke the Lady Elaine and her father and Dame Brysen and the leech alone were present. And lo! when Sir Launcelot awoke his brain was clear of madness and he was himself again, though weak, like to a little child who hath been ill abed.

That time the Lady Elaine was kneeling beside Sir Launcelot’s couch and hers was the face he first beheld. Then Sir Launcelot said, speaking very faint and weak, “Where am I?” and the Lady Elaine wept and said, “Lord, you are safe with those who hold you very dear.” Sir Launcelot said, “What has befallen me?” She said: “Lord, thou hast been bedazed in thy mind and hast been sorely hurt with grievous wounds, wherefore thou hast been upon the very edge of death. But now thou art safe with those who love thee.”

He said, “Have I then been mad?” And to that they who were there said naught. Then Sir Launcelot said again, “Have I been mad?” and thereupon
King Pelles said, “Yea, Messire.”

Then Sir Launcelot groaned as from his soul, and he covered his face with one hand (for the Lady Elaine held the other hand in hers) and he said, “What shame! What shame!” And therewith he groaned again.

Then, ever weeping, the Lady Elaine said, “No shame, Lord, but only very great pity!” and she kissed his hand and washed it with her tears. And Sir Launcelot wept also because of his great weakness, and by and by he said, “Elaine, meseems I have no hope or honor save in thee,” and she said, “Take peace, Sir, for in my heart there is indeed both honor for you and hope for your great happiness.” And so Sir Launcelot did take peace.

Then after a while Sir Launcelot said, “Who here knoweth of my madness?” and King Pelles said, “Only a very few in this castle, Messire.”

Then Sir Launcelot said: “I pray you that this be all as secret as possible, and that no word concerning me goes beyond these walls.” And King Pelles said, “It shall be as you would have it, Messire.”

So it was that the news of Sir Launcelot’s madness and of his recovery was not carried beyond those walls.

“The Madness of Sir Launcelot” in the public domain.

210. Which statement best describes Lancelot in both Lancelot, or The Knight of the Cart and “The Madness of Sir Launcelot”?

A. Lancelot strives for great achievements but must try harder to win approval.

B. Lancelot attempts to remain independent but must rely on help from others.

C. Lancelot values his dignity as a knight but finds himself in a shameful situation.

D. Lancelot wishes to appear brave but faces difficult challenges that hamper his confidence.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Our Home in the Giant Tree

"Our Home in the Giant Tree"

Excerpt from The Swiss Family Robinson

by Johann David Wyss

Johann David Wyss’s The Swiss Family Robinson begins with the Zermatt family shipwrecked on a tropical island. In this excerpt, they discuss the merits of creating a permanent shelter for themselves in a tree.

Chapter III

OUR HOME IN THE GIANT TREE

“I gave Jack some twine, and scrambling up one of the curious open-air roots, he succeeded in measuring round the trunk itself, and made it out to be about eighteen yards. I saw no sort of fruit, but the foliage is thick and abundant, throwing delicious shade on the ground beneath, which is carpeted with soft green herbage, and entirely free from thorns, briars, or bushes of any kind. It is the most charming resting place that ever was seen, and I and the boys enjoyed our mid-day meal immensely in this glorious palace of the woods, so grateful to our senses after the glare and heat of our journey thither. The dogs joined us after a while. They had lingered behind on the seashore, and I was surprised to see them lie down and go comfortably to sleep without begging for food, as they do usually when we eat.

“The longer we remained in this enchanting place, the more did it charm my fancy; and if we could but manage to live in some sort of dwelling up among the branches of those grand, noble trees, I should feel perfectly safe and happy. It seemed to me absurd to suppose we should ever find another
place half so lovely, so I determined to search no further, but return to the
beach and see if anything from the wreck had been cast up by the waves,
which we could carry away with us. . .

“Now I hope you approve of the proceedings of your exploring party, and
that to-morrow you will do me the favor of packing everything up, and
taking us away to live among my splendid trees.”

“Aye, little wife,” said I; “so that is your idea of comfort and security, is it! A
tree, I do not know how many feet high, on which we are to perch and roost
like the birds? If we had but wings or a balloon, it would, I own, be a capital
plan.”

“Laugh as much as you like,” returned my wife, “my idea is not so absurd as
you make it out. We should be safe up there from jackals’ visits during the
night. And I know I have seen at home, in Switzerland, quite a pretty arbor,
with a strong floor, up among the branches of a lime tree, and we went up a
staircase to reach it. Why could not we contrive a place like that, where we
could sleep safely at night?”

“I will consider the idea seriously, my wife,” said I; “perhaps something may
come of it, after all! Meantime, as we have finished our supper, and night is
coming on, let us commend ourselves to Almighty protection and retire to
rest.”

Beneath the shelter of our tent, we all slept soundly, like marmots, until
break of day; when, my wife and I awaking, took counsel together as to
future proceedings.

Referring to the task she had the previous evening proposed for me, I
remarked that to undertake it would involve so many difficulties that it was
highly necessary to look closely into the subject.

“In the first place,” said I, “I am unwilling hastily to quit a spot to which I
am convinced we were providentially led as a landing place. See how secure
it is; guarded on all sides by these high cliffs, and accessible only by the
narrow passage to the ford, while from this point it is so easy to reach the
ship that the whole of its valuable cargo is at our disposal. Suppose we
decide to stay patiently here for the present—until, at least, we have
brought on shore everything we possibly can?”

“I agree with you to a certain extent, dear husband,” replied she; “but you
do not know how dreadfully the heat among the rocks tries me. It is almost
intolerable to us who remain here all day, while you and Fritz are away out
at sea or wandering among the shady woods, where cool fruits refresh, and
fair scenes delight you. As to the contents of the ship, an immense deal has
been cast ashore, and I would much rather give up all the remainder, and be spared the painful anxiety it gives me when you even talk of venturing again on the faithless deep.”

“Well, I must admit that there is much right on your side,” I continued; “suppose we were to remove to your chosen abode, and make this rocky fastness our magazine and place of retreat in case of danger. I could easily render it still more secure, by blasting portions of the rock with gunpowder. But a bridge must be constructed in the first place, to enable us to cross bag and baggage.”

“Oh, I shall be parched to death before we can leave this place if a bridge has to be made,” cried my wife impatiently. “Why not just take our things on our backs and wade across, as we have done already? The cow and the donkey could carry a great deal.”

“That they will have to do, in whatever fashion we make the move,” said I; “but bags and baskets we must have, to put things in, and if you will turn your attention to providing those, I will set about the bridge at once. . .

When the children heard of the proposed move their joy was boundless; they began at once to talk of it as our “journey to the Promised Land,” and only regretted that time must be “wasted,” as they said, in bridge-building before it could be undertaken.


211. Consider the words Mr. and Mrs. Robinson use when they speak to each other. What do their discussions reveal about their relationship? Write a one-paragraph response, using details from the passage to support your answer.
Jane Austen’s novel Sense and Sensibility satirizes the behavior of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English gentry. In the following excerpt from the book, John Dashwood’s father has just died, and John has inherited Norland, an estate where his stepmother and three half sisters still reside.

Mrs. John Dashwood now installed herself mistress of Norland; and her mother and sisters-in-law were degraded to the condition of visitors. As such, however, they were treated by her with quiet civility; and by her husband with as much kindness as he could feel towards anybody beyond himself, his wife, and their child...

Mrs. John Dashwood did not at all approve of what her husband intended to do for his sisters. To take three thousand pounds from the fortune of their dear little boy would be impoverishing him to the most dreadful degree. She begged him to think again on the subject. How could he answer it to himself to rob his child, and his only child too, of so large a sum? And what possible claim could the Miss Dashwoods, who were related to him only by half blood, which she considered as no relationship at all, have on his generosity to so large an amount. It was very well known that no affection was ever supposed to exist between the children of any man by different marriages; and why was he to ruin himself, and their poor little Harry, by giving away all his money to his half sisters?

“It was my father’s last request to me,” replied her husband, “that I should assist his widow and daughters.”

“He did not know what he was talking of, I dare say; ten to one but he was light-headed at the time. Had he been in his right senses, he could not have thought of such a thing as begging you to give away half your fortune from your own child.”
“He did not stipulate for any particular sum, my dear Fanny; he only requested me, in general terms, to assist them, and make their situation more comfortable than it was in his power to do. Perhaps it would have been as well if he had left it wholly to myself. He could hardly suppose I should neglect them. But as he required the promise, I could not do less than give it; at least I thought so at the time. The promise, therefore, was given, and must be performed. Something must be done for them whenever they leave Norland and settle in a new home.”

“Well, then, LET something be done for them; but THAT something need not be three thousand pounds. Consider,” she added, “that when the money is once parted with, it never can return. Your sisters will marry, and it will be gone for ever. If, indeed, it could be restored to our poor little boy—”

“Why, to be sure,” said her husband, very gravely, “that would make great difference. The time may come when Harry will regret that so large a sum was parted with. If he should have a numerous family, for instance, it would be a very convenient addition.”

“To be sure it would.”

“Perhaps, then, it would be better for all parties, if the sum were diminished one half.—Five hundred pounds would be a prodigious increase to their fortunes!”

“Oh! beyond anything great! What brother on earth would do half so much for his sisters, even if REALLY his sisters! And as it is—only half blood!—But you have such a generous spirit!”

“I would not wish to do any thing mean,” he replied. “One had rather, on such occasions, do too much than too little. No one, at least, can think I have not done enough for them: even themselves, they can hardly expect more.”

“There is no knowing what THEY may expect,” said the lady, “but we are not to think of their expectations: the question is, what you can afford to do.”

“Certainly—and I think I may afford to give them five hundred pounds a-piece. As it is, without any addition of mine, they will each have about three thousand pounds on their mother’s death—a very comfortable fortune for any young woman.”

“To be sure it is; and, indeed, it strikes me that they can want no addition at all. They will have ten thousand pounds divided amongst them. If they marry, they will be sure of doing well, and if they do not, they may all live very comfortably together on the interest of ten thousand pounds.”
“That is very true, and, therefore, I do not know whether, upon the whole, it
would not be more advisable to do something for their mother while she
lives, rather than for them—something of the annuity kind I mean.—My
sisters would feel the good effects of it as well as herself. A hundred a year
would make them all perfectly comfortable.”

His wife hesitated a little, however, in giving her consent to this plan.

“To be sure,” said she, “it is better than parting with fifteen hundred pounds
at once. But, then, if Mrs. Dashwood should live fifteen years we shall be
completely taken in.”

“Fifteen years! my dear Fanny; her life cannot be worth half that purchase.”

“Certainly not; but if you observe, people always live for ever when there is
an annuity to be paid them; and she is very stout and healthy, and hardly
forty. An annuity is a very serious business; it comes over and over every
year, and there is no getting rid of it. You are not aware of what you are
doing... If I were you, whatever I did should be done at my own discretion
entirely. I would not bind myself to allow them any thing yearly. It may be
very inconvenient some years to spare a hundred, or even fifty pounds from
our own expenses.”

“I believe you are right, my love; it will be better that there should be no
annuity in the case; whatever I may give them occasionally will be of far
greater assistance than a yearly allowance, because they would only enlarge
their style of living if they felt sure of a larger income, and would not be
sixpence the richer for it at the end of the year. It will certainly be much the
best way. A present of fifty pounds, now and then, will prevent their ever
being distressed for money, and will, I think, be amply discharging my
promise to my father.”

“To be sure it will. Indeed, to say the truth, I am convinced within myself
that your father had no idea of your giving them any money at all. The
assistance he thought of, I dare say, was only such as might be reasonably
expected of you; for instance, such as looking out for comfortable small
house for them, helping them to move their things, and sending them
presents of fish and game, and so forth, whenever they are in season. I'll lay
my life that he meant nothing farther; indeed, it would be very strange and
unreasonable if he did. Do but consider, my dear Mr. Dashwood, how
excessively comfortable your mother-in-law and her daughters may live on
the interest of seven thousand pounds, besides the thousand pounds
belonging to each of the girls, which brings them in fifty pounds a year a-
piece, and, of course, they will pay their mother for their board out of it.
Altogether, they will have five hundred a-year amongst them, and what on
earth can four women want for more than that?—They will live so cheap! Their housekeeping will be nothing at all. They will have no carriage, no horses, and hardly any servants; they will keep no company, and can have no expenses of any kind! Only conceive how comfortable they will be! Five hundred a year! I am sure I cannot imagine how they will spend half of it; and as to your giving them more, it is quite absurd to think of it. They will be much more able to give YOU something.”

“Upon my word,” said Mr. Dashwood, “I believe you are perfectly right. My father certainly could mean nothing more by his request to me than what you say. I clearly understand it now, and I will strictly fulfil my engagement by such acts of assistance and kindness to them as you have described.”

1 **pounds:** basic monetary unit of England
2 **prodigious:** enormous
3 **mean:** stingy
4 **want:** need
5 **annuity:** amount of money paid yearly
6 **sixpence:** six pennies
7 **mother-in-law:** stepmother

_Sense and Sensibility_ in the public domain.

**212.** Based on “Excerpt from _Sense and Sensibility,_” which statement is most likely true about cultural expectations during the time this story took place?

A. A father’s last request was not taken very seriously.

B. Inheritance laws generally favored sons over daughters.

C. Presents of fish and game in season were greatly valued.

D. Being generous with money was not considered a respected trait.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

from The Task

from The Task

from The Task

by William Cowper

The British poet William Cowper (1731–1800) described peaceful scenes from simple, rural life. The following lines are excerpted from Cowper’s “The Winter Evening,” which is Book IV of his long poem The Task.

Just when our drawing rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,⁴
Goliath,⁵ might have seen his giant bulk

(5) Whole without stooping, towering crest and all,
My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps
The glowing hearth may satisfy a while
With faint illumination that uplifts
The shadow to the ceiling, there by fits

(10) Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.
Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight; such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme

(15) [Occupied], or indisposed alike to all.
Laugh ye who boast your more mercurial powers,
That never feel a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one; I am conscious, and confess. Fearless, a soul that does not always think.

(20) Me oft has fancy ludicrous and wild
Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers, 
Trees, ... and strange visages expressed 
In the red cinders, while with poring eye 
I gazed, myself creating what I saw.

(25) Nor less amused have I quiescent7 watched 
The sooty films that play upon the bars 
Pendulous, and foreboding, ...

Prophesying still, 
Though still deceived, some stranger’s near approach.

(30) ‘Tis thus the understanding takes repose 
In indolent8 vacuity of thought 
And sleeps and is refreshed. Meanwhile the face 
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask 
Of deep deliberation, as the man

(35) Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed and lost. 
Thus oft reclined at ease, I lose an hour 
At evening, till at length the freezing blast 
That sweeps the bolted shutter summons home 
The recollected powers and, snapping short

(40) The glassy threads with which the fancy weaves 
Her brittle toys, restores me to myself. 
How calm is my recess! and how the frost 
Raging abroad and the rough wind endear 
The silence and the warmth enjoyed within!

4 Gath: ancient city in Palestine
5 Goliath: huge Philistine soldier killed by David in the Bible
6 visages: faces
7 quiescent: calmly at rest
8 indolent: slow to develop

Excerpt from poem “The Task” from The Task and Other Poems by William Cowper. 
Published by Cassell & Company, Ltd, 1891.

213. Cowper does not describe the weather outside the home until the very end of this section of “The Task.” Why might Cowper have chosen to structure the poem in this way? What is the effect of this choice? Write
one paragraph to explain your answer. Use details from the poem to support your answer.

214. According to the excerpt from “The Task,” which statement is most likely true about the rural English culture in which the poem was written?

A. Spending many idle hours at home was considered an unwise use of time.

B. In the evening, the hearth provided a source of comfort and quiet entertainment.

C. Only serious thought was valued, and there was no place for fantasy or imagination.

D. The hearth was important mostly for practical purposes such as cooking and providing heat.

215. Which sentence best explains how Cowper draws on another literary source in “The Task”?

A. The reference to Goliath from the Bible helps illustrate the size of the mirrors in the speaker’s drawing room.

B. The speaker imagines himself appearing as Goliath from the Bible when looking into the mirrors of his drawing room.

C. The speaker refers to the figure of Goliath from the Bible to express
the fear he feels while spending a night alone in his house.

D. The description of Goliath from the Bible provides an example of the broad scope of the speaker’s imagination while he watches his fire.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

Excerpt from Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

Excerpt from Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

Excerpt from Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

Excerpt from Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

Excerpt from Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

Excerpt from Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

Chapter IX

In this excerpt from Mark Twain’s Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, Huckleberry and Jim have run away and have found a hiding place on a small island.

In this excerpt from Mark Twain’s Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, Huckleberry and Jim have run away and have found a hiding place on a small island.

I wanted to go and look at a place right about the middle of the island that I’d found when I was exploring; so we started and soon got to it, because the island was only three miles long and a quarter of a mile wide.

This place was a tolerable long, steep hill or ridge about forty foot high. We had a rough time getting to the top, the sides was so steep and the bushes so thick. We tramped and clumb around all over it, and by and by found a good big cavern in the rock, most up to the top on the side towards Illinois. The cavern was as big as two or three rooms bunched together, and Jim could stand up straight in it. It was cool in there. Jim was for putting our traps in there right away, but I said we didn’t want to be climbing up and down there all the time.

Jim said if we had the canoe hid in a good place, and had all the traps in the cavern, we could rush there if anybody was to come to the island, and they would never find us without dogs. And, besides, he said them little birds had said it was going to rain, and did I want the things to get wet?

So we went back and got the canoe, and paddled up abreast the cavern, and lugged all the traps up there. Then we hunted up a place close by to hide the canoe in, amongst the thick willows. We took some fish off of the lines and set them again, and begun to get ready for dinner.

The door of the cavern was big enough to roll a hogshead in, and on one side of the door the floor stuck out a little bit, and was flat and a good place to build a fire on. So we built it there and cooked dinner.
We spread the blankets inside for a carpet, and eat our dinner in there. We put all the other things handy at the back of the cavern. Pretty soon it darkened up, and begun to thunder and lighten; so the birds was right about it. Directly it begun to rain, and it rained like all fury, too, and I never see the wind blow so. It was one of these regular summer storms. It would get so dark that it looked all blue-black outside, and lovely; and the rain would thrash along by so thick that the trees off a little ways looked dim and spider-webby; and here would come a blast of wind that would bend the trees down and turn up the pale underside of the leaves; and then a perfect ripper of a gust would follow along and set the branches to tossing their arms as if they was just wild; and next, when it was just about the bluest and blackest—FST! it was as bright as glory, and you’d have a little glimpse of tree-tops a-plunging about away off yonder in the storm, hundreds of yards further than you could see before; dark as sin again in a second, and now you’d hear the thunder let go with an awful crash, and then go rumbling, grumbling, tumbling, down the sky towards the under side of the world, like rolling empty barrels down stairs—where it’s long stairs and they bounce a good deal, you know.

“Jim, this is nice,” I says. “I wouldn’t want to be nowhere else but here. Pass me along another hunk of fish and some hot corn-bread.”

“Well, you wouldn’t a ben here ‘f it hadn’t a ben for Jim. You’d a ben down dah in de woods widout any dinner, en gittn’ mos’ drownded, too; dat you would, honey. Chickens knows when it’s gwyne to rain, en so do de birds, chile.”

The river went on raising and raising for ten or twelve days, till at last it was over the banks. The water was three or four foot deep on the island in the low places and on the Illinois bottom. On that side it was a good many miles wide, but on the Missouri side it was the same old distance across—a half a mile—because the Missouri shore was just a wall of high bluffs.

Daytimes we paddled all over the island in the canoe, it was mighty cool and shady in the deep woods, even if the sun was blazing outside. We went winding in and out amongst the trees, and sometimes the vines hung so thick we had to back away and go some other way. Well, on every old broken-down tree you could see rabbits and snakes and such things; and when the island had been overflowed a day or two they got so tame, on account of being hungry, that you could paddle right up and put your hand on them if you wanted to; but not the snakes and turtles—they would slide off in the water. The ridge our cavern was in was full of them. We could a had pets enough if we’d wanted them.

One night we catched a little section of a lumber raft—nice pine planks. It
was twelve foot wide and about fifteen or sixteen foot long, and the top stood above water six or seven inches—a solid, level floor. We could see saw-logs go by in the daylight sometimes, but we let them go; we didn’t show ourselves in daylight.

1 **hogshead**: large barrel

Excerpt from novel, *Huckleberry Finn*, by Mark Twain. Published by Charles L. Webster and Company, 1885.

216. In the middle of “Excerpt from Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,” a thunderstorm arises. What is one theme that emerges from Huckleberry’s description of the storm and his reaction to it? Write one to two paragraphs that explain a theme. Use details from the passage to support your response.
I went to turn the grass; once after one
Who mowed it in the dew before the sun.
The dew was gone that made his blade so keen
Before I came to view the leveled scene.
I looked for him behind an isle of trees;
I listened for his whetstone on the breeze.
But he had gone his way, the grass all mown,
And I must be, as he had been,—alone,
"As all must be," I said within my heart,
"Whether they work together or apart."
But as I said it, swift there passed me by
On noiseless wing a 'wilder'd butterfly,
Seeking with memories grown dim o'er night
Some resting flower of yesterday's delight.
And once I marked his flight go round and round,
As where some flower lay withering on the ground.
And then he flew as far as eye could see,
And then on tremulous wing came back to me.
I thought of questions that have no reply,
And would have turned to toss the grass to dry;
But he turned first, and led my eye to look
At a tall tuft of flowers beside a brook,
A leaping tongue of bloom the scythe had spared
Beside a reedy brook the scythe had bared.
I left my place to know them by their name,
Finding them butterfly weed\(^3\) when I came.
The mower in the dew had loved them thus,
By leaving them to flourish, not for us,
Nor yet to draw one thought of ours to him.
But from sheer morning gladness at the brim.
The butterfly and I had lit upon,
Nevertheless, a message from the dawn,
That made me hear the wakening birds around,
And hear his long scythe whispering to the ground,
And feel a spirit kindred to my own;
So that henceforth I worked no more alone;
But glad with him, I worked as with his aid,
And weary, sought at noon with him the shade;
And dreaming, as it were, held brotherly speech
With one whose thought I had not hoped to reach.
"Men work together," I told him from the heart,
"Whether they work together or apart."

\(^1\) **turn the grass:** to scatter grass for drying after it has been cut by a scythe

\(^2\) **whetstone:** a flat stone for sharpening edged tools

\(^3\) **butterfly weed:** a North American milkweed with bright orange flowers

"The Tuft of Flowers" in the public domain.

**217.** How do the speaker’s feelings about the mower change throughout “The
Tuft of Flowers”? Write your answer in one paragraph, and use details from the poem to support your answer.

218. Which phrase best describes the speaker’s change of attitude from the beginning of “The Tuft of Flowers” to the end?

A. from frustration to joy

B. from pessimism to optimism

C. from confusion to awareness

D. from perplexity to understanding

219. What does Sebastian and Antonio’s friendship in “Twelfth Night” reveal about the culture in the early 17th century? Write a paragraph, using details from the play, to support your answer.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Black Beauty

The novel Black Beauty was published in 1877 by British author Anna Sewell (1820-1878). The novel is written in the style of a memoir, from the perspective of Black Beauty, a horse. The story covers his beginnings as a colt on the farm, his early experiences, and the struggles and joys of his life. The following excerpt is chapter 3 of the novel, “My Breaking In.”

Chapter 3

I was now beginning to grow handsome; my coat had grown fine and soft, and was bright black. I had one white foot and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome; my master would not sell me till I was four years old; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses till they were quite grown up.

When I was four years old Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs; he felt them all down; and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him. He seemed to like me, and said, “When he has been well broken in he will do very well.” My master said he would break me in himself, as he should not like me to be frightened or hurt, and he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Every one may not know what breaking in is, therefore I will describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle, and to carry on his back a man, woman or child; to go just the way they wish, and to go quietly. Besides this he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still while they are put on; then to have a cart or a chaise fixed behind, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him; and he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own; but always do his master’s will, even though he may be very tired or hungry; but the worst of all is, when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in
is a great thing.

I had of course long been used to a halter and a headstall, and to be led about in the fields and lanes quietly, but now I was to have a bit and bridle; my master gave me some oats as usual, and after a good deal of coaxing he got the bit into my mouth, and the bridle fixed, but it was a nasty thing! Those who have never had a bit in their mouths cannot think how bad it feels; a great piece of cold hard steel as thick as a man’s finger to be pushed into one’s mouth, between one’s teeth, and over one’s tongue, with the ends coming out at the corner of your mouth, and held fast there by straps over your head, under your throat, round your nose, and under your chin; so that no way in the world can you get rid of the nasty hard thing; it is very bad! yes, very bad! at least I thought so; but I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up; and so, what with the nice oats, and what with my master’s pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle, but that was not half so bad; my master put it on my back very gently, while old Daniel held my head; he then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time; then I had a few oats, then a little leading about; and this he did every day till I began to look for the oats and the saddle. At length, one morning, my master got on my back and rode me round the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer; but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and as he continued to ride me a little every day I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes; that too was very hard at first. My master went with me to the smith’s forge, to see that I was not hurt or got any fright. The blacksmith took my feet in his hand, one after the other, and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, so I stood still on three legs till he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot, and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the shoe quite into my hoof, so that the shoe was firmly on. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I got used to it.

And now having got so far, my master went on to break me to harness; there were more new things to wear. First, a stiff heavy collar just on my neck, and a bridle with great side-pieces against my eyes called blinkers, and blinkers indeed they were, for I could not see on either side, but only straight in front of me; next, there was a small saddle with a nasty stiff strap that went right under my tail; that was the crupper. I hated the crupper; to have my long tail doubled up and poked through that strap was almost as bad as the bit. I never felt more like kicking, but of course I could not kick such a good master, and so in time I got used to everything, and
could do my work as well as my mother.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered a very great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer’s, who had a meadow which was skirted on one side by the railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in among them.

I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly near the pales which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a distance, and before I knew whence it came— with a rush and a clatter, and a puffing out of smoke—a long black train of something flew by, and was gone almost before I could draw my breath. I turned and galloped to the further side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear. In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly; these drew up at the station close by, and sometimes made an awful shriek and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful, but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly raised their heads as the black frightful thing came puffing and grinding past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace; but as I found that this terrible creature never came into the field, or did me any harm, I began to disregard it, and very soon I cared as little about the passing of a train as the cows and sheep did.

Since then I have seen many horses much alarmed and restive at the sight or sound of a steam engine; but thanks to my good master’s care, I am as fearless at railway stations as in my own stable.

Now if any one wants to break in a young horse well, that is the way.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me the better I behaved the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master; “but,” said she, “there are a great many kinds of men; there are good thoughtful men like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve; and there are bad, cruel men, who never ought to have a horse or dog to call their own. Besides, there are a great many foolish men, vain, ignorant, and careless, who never trouble themselves to think; these spoil more horses than all, just for want of sense; they don’t mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall into good hands; but a horse never knows who may buy him, or who may drive him; it is all a chance for us; but still I say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up
your good name.”

Excerpt from *Black Beauty*, by Anna Sewell. Published by Daily Sketch Publications, 1915.

**220.** In “Excerpt from Black Beauty,” the process of breaking in a horse is described by the horse itself. What does this tell us about the author's point of view about the treatment of horses?

A. The author wishes to generate sympathy and understanding for horses.

B. The author wishes to illustrate the best technique for breaking in horses.

C. The author wishes to protest the subjugation of horses to the use of humans.

D. The author wishes to describe how horses were treated in the nineteenth century.

**221.** Black Beauty's words in “Excerpt from Black Beauty” convey a definite impression of his master. What kind of master does he portray, and how do Black Beauty's thoughts about his master advance the plot in the passage? Write a one to two paragraph response, using details and evidence from the passage to support your answer.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

**Autumn Cove**

A mirror’s glass framed ’round with gilt
of golden reeds and autumn leaves
reflects a cloudless azure sky.
I glimpse a flash—bright creature strange—
in water cool beneath false glass;
for glass it is in looks alone
this window glowing in slanting sun.
Beyond it lies a different world,
a world as strange as ours is plain
but full of life, quite unrestrained.
Old turtle snaps at passers-by;
an eagle swoops to snatch, then fly.
A slip of silver, glint of scales
reveals a hint of life below
as if to call us down to view
this magic world of fish and snail.
Who fathoms how they live below
without the air and light we need?
The icy water chills them not.
They seem to see through muddy murk
to slip and splash about their work.
But I above just stand and watch
white swans who sail the glassy surface
o’er rainbow trout and striped bass.
Black cormorants see me and they glare
to say I have no rights down there.
I accept chastisement. True,
my place is trees and sky and air,
but still I’ll visit now and then
(30) at morning’s rise on waters ’til
I see the mirror lying still.
Each day I turn to home and hearth
and leave behind fantastic worlds
that lie below that autumn glass.
(35) I may not see the worlds within,
but I’ll be back to gaze again.

222. In the poem “Autumn Cove,” the speaker describes an autumn forest. How does the speaker use of figurative and connotative language help to develop the setting? Write one to two paragraphs to explain your answer. Use details from the poem for support.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Helpful Hints for Having Fun

Emma leaned her elbows on the windowsill and looked mournfully out over the backyard next door where her neighbors Alice and Jamal were engaged in a boisterous game of one-on-one soccer. Alice took possession of the ball while Jamal guarded a goal indicated by a few sticks in the ground. Emma shifted her gaze to the open notebook resting in front of her. Across the top of a glaring blank page she had written, “Helpful Hints for Having Fun.” She could hear her friends laughing as the ball caromed back and forth between them.

Alice and Jamal were always organizing neighborhood events, such as local soccer tournaments and community talent shows. Emma pitched in by rounding up chairs for the audience, making sure that the referee had a whistle, and keeping the refreshment table stocked during intermission. She didn’t mind taking responsibility for these routine tasks. On the contrary, she was happy to be steady, reliable, helpful, practical Emma.

“Emma is eminently practical,” her father would always say in his gentle, half-joking manner. Her mother loved to tell the story of how Emma would examine the price of each item when she was just a toddler sitting in the grocery cart. As she grew older she learned basic first aid, compost gardening, and elementary home repair. Now, at fifteen, she was the one her friends consulted for advice on everything from baking scrumptious brownies to techniques for repainting an old wooden dresser to make it appear brand-new.

None of that, however, could solve her problem with her current project. Emma had decided to write a book, Helpful Hints for Practically Everything, to share with her friends and family. Emma envisioned a sensible, sturdy book with her name on the cover, of a convenient size and shape to tote anywhere.

In keeping with her usual methodical approach, she had consulted her English teacher, Ms. Maldonado, who had helped her break her work down
into manageable units. Together they reviewed Emma’s outline for chapters on fitness, nutrition, and finance. “What about recreation?” Ms. Maldonado asked. “People need suggestions for simple, inexpensive ways to have fun.”

That’s where she was stuck, like the zipper on her jacket had been stuck yesterday—except, of course, she had fixed the zipper by rubbing a bit of soap over the metal teeth. “I wish I could unstick my brain as easily,” Emma groaned.

Suddenly Jamal called up to her, “Emma, Peter has come over to play on Alice’s side and we need someone to team up with me!”

Reluctantly, Emma closed her notebook. She didn’t like to be interrupted when working, but she couldn’t let a friend down. She carried her notebook outside with her and set it by the side of the makeshift soccer field.

For an hour, the four of them galloped from one end of the yard to the other, scuffling over the ball, breathless from exertion. Emma was so lost in thought, she forgot to keep score.

“How is your book?” Alice asked as the friends relaxed after the game, talking and joking over snacks and lemonade. “I think it’s cool that you’ve taken on such an amazing project.” Jamal and Peter nodded vigorously in agreement.

“Maybe it’s not so great,” Emma muttered with a grimace. “I can’t think of good hints for having fun.”

“I think that’s what we were all just doing,” Jamal pointed out, his voice tinged with amusement. “Maybe we should help you with your book.”

Emma felt her face brighten, and she laughed as she realized she had barely thought about her book for the past hour. She fetched her notebook and scrawled in the margin, Sometimes it’s necessary to forget practical pursuits for a while. Play an impromptu soccer game with friends, or lose yourself in a movie or book. Then Emma adopted her most thoughtful tone as she asked her friends for more ideas, her pencil poised.

223. In “Helpful Hints for Having Fun,” Emma is described as very serious and responsible. What qualities do her friends display? In one paragraph, explain how Emma’s friends and their ideas influence Emma’s perspective about life. Use details from the passage to support your answer.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Antigone

Excerpt from Antigone

Excerpt from Antigone

Oedipus, the king of Thebes, had two sons, Polynices and Eteocles. After Oedipus died, the two agreed to take turns as ruler, alternating each year. Eteocles refused to give up the throne, breaking the agreement. In response Polynices brought the Argive army against Thebes. The army was defeated, and the two brothers slew each other in single combat.

Creon, the brother-in-law of Oedipus, took power. He decreed that Polynices, having been bold enough to attack his own city, should not be buried. Instead, his body should be left for the scavengers. Scholars have pointed out that Creon violated Greek custom by not permitting the family of Polynices to bury the body at all. Although traitors were not permitted to be buried within the cities they betrayed, no such restriction existed outside the city boundaries. Antigone, sister of Polynices, was offended by Creon's orders.

Characters

ANTIGONE, daughter of Oedipus and sister of Polynices, Eteocles, and Ismene

ISMENE, daughter of Oedipus and sister of Polynices, Eteocles, and Antigone

(1)ANTIGONE: Own sister of my blood, one life with me,
Ismene, have the tidings caught thine ear?
Say, hath not Heaven decreed to execute
On thee and me, while yet we are alive,
All the evil Oedipus bequeathed?
All horror, All pain, all outrage, falls on us! And now
The General’s proclamation of to-day—
Hast thou not heard?—Art thou so slow to hear
When foes are threatening harm to those we love?
(2)ISMENE: No word of those we love, Antigone,
Painful or glad, hath reached me, since we two
Were utterly deprived of our two brothers,
Cut off with mutual stroke, both in one day.
And since the Argive host this now-past night
Is gone, I know nought else to make me feel
Nearer to happiness or more in woe.
(3)ANTIGONE: I knew it well, and therefore led thee forth
The palace gate, that none beside might hear.
(4)ISMENE: Speak on! Thy troubled look bodes some dark news.
(5)ANTIGONE: Why, hath not Creon, duly honouring one
Of our two brethren in the burial-rite,
To the other done foul wrong? Eteocles
With lawful dedication he lays out,
And after covers him in earth, adorned
With amplest honours in the world below.
But Polynices, miserably slain,
They say ’tis publicly proclaimed that none
Must cover in a grave, nor mourn for him;
But leave him tombless and unwept, a store
Of sweet provision for the carrion fowl
That eye him greedily. Such righteous law
Good Creon hath pronounced for thy behoof—
Ay, and for mine! I am not left out!—And now
He moves this way to promulgate his will
To such as have not heard, nor holds he light
The thing he bids, but, whoso disobeys,
The citizens shall stone him to the death.
This is the matter, and thou wilt quickly show
If thou art noble, or fallen below thy birth.

(6)ISMENE: Unhappy one! But what can I herein
Avail to do or undo?

(7)ANTIGONE: Wilt thou share
The danger and the labour? Make thy choice.

(8)ISMENE: Of what wild enterprise? What canst thou mean?
(9)ANTIGONE: Wilt thou join hand with mine to lift the dead?
(10)ISMENE: To bury him, when all have been forbidden?
Is that thy thought?
(11)ANTIGONE: To bury my own brother
And thine, even though thou wilt not do thy part.
I will not be a traitress to my kin.

(12)ISMENE: Fool-hardy girl! against the word of Creon?
(13)ANTIGONE: He hath no right to bar me from mine own.
(14)ISMENE: Ah, sister, think but how our father fell,
Hated of all and lost to fair renown,
Through self-detected crimes—with his own hand,
Self-wreaking, how he ruined both his eyes.
Then how the mother-wife, sad two-fold name!
With twisted halter bruised her life away,
Last, how in one dire moment our two brothers
With [destructive] conflict at a blow
Wrought out by fratricide their mutual doom.
Now, left alone, O think how beyond all
Most piteously we two shall be destroyed,
If in defiance of authority
We traverse the commandment of the King!
We needs must bear in mind we are but women,
Never created to contend with men;
Nay more, made victims of resistless power,
To obey behests more harsh than this to-day.
I, then, imploring those beneath to grant
Indulgence, seeing I am enforced in this,
Will yield submission to the powers that rule,
Small wisdom were it to overpass the bound.
(15)ANTIGONE: I will not urge you! no! nor if now you list
To help me, will your help afford me joy.
Be what you choose to be! This single hand
Shall bury our lost brother. Glorious
For me to take this labour and to die!
Dear to him will my soul be as we rest
In death, when I have dared this holy crime.
My time for pleasing men will soon be over;
Not so my duty toward the Dead! My home
Yonder will have no end. You, if you will,
May pour contempt on laws revered on High.
(16)ISMENE: Not from irreverence. But I have no strength
To strive against the citizens’ resolve.
(17)ANTIGONE: Thou, make excuses! I will go my way
To raise a burial-mound to my dear brother.
(18)ISMENE: Oh, hapless maiden, how I fear for thee!
(19)ANTIGONE: Waste not your fears on me! Guide your own fortune.
ISMENE: Ah! yet divulge thine enterprise to none,
But keep the secret close, and so will I.

ANTIGONE: O Heavens! Nay, tell! I hate your silence worse;
I had rather you proclaimed it to the world.

ISMENE: Your heart is hot on a cold enterprise.

ANTIGONE: I know that I please those whom I would please.

ISMENE: One should not start upon a hopeless quest.

ANTIGONE: Speak in that vein if you would earn my hate
And aye be hated of our lost one. Peace!
Leave my unwisdom to endure this peril;
Fate cannot rob me of a noble death.

ISMENE: Go, if you must—Not to be checked in folly,
But sure unparalleled in faithful love!

(Exeunt.)

Excerpt from play, Antigone, by Sophocles, translated by Lewis Campbell. Published by John Murry, 1896.

224. Based on the details in “Excerpt from Antigone,” which sentence best characterizes the attitudes of ancient Greek society toward funeral rites?

A. Appropriate burial was important, but risking punishment to ensure a respectful ceremony was foolish.

B. Burial rituals were an important part of military tradition but were less significant among civilian society.

C. Denial of a proper burial was considered a disgrace, regardless of
the background of the deceased.

D. Burial ceremonies were a sacred privilege reserved only for those who showed their loyalty to the state.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Northanger Abbey

No one who had ever seen Catherine Morland in her infancy would have supposed her born to be an heroine. Her situation in life, the character of her father and mother, her own person and disposition, were all equally against her. Her father was a clergyman, without being neglected, or poor, and a very respectable man, though his name was Richard—and he had never been handsome. He had a considerable independence besides two good livings—and he was not in the least addicted to locking up his daughters. Her mother was a woman of useful plain sense, with a good temper, and, what is more remarkable, with a good constitution. She had three sons before Catherine was born; and instead of dying in bringing the latter into the world, as anybody might expect, she still lived on—lived to have six children more—to see them growing up around her, and to enjoy excellent health herself. A family of ten children will be always called a fine family, where there are heads and arms and legs enough for the number; but the Morlands had little other right to the word, for they were in general very plain, and Catherine, for many years of her life, as plain as any. She had a thin awkward figure, a sallow skin without colour, dark lank hair, and strong features—so much for her person; and not less unpropitious for heroism seemed her mind. She was fond of all boy’s plays, and greatly preferred cricket not merely to dolls, but to the more heroic enjoyments of infancy, nursing a dormouse, feeding a canary-bird, or watering a rose-bush. Indeed she had no taste for a garden; and if she gathered flowers at all, it
was chiefly for the pleasure of mischief—at least so it was conjectured from her always preferring those which she was forbidden to take. Such were her propensities—her abilities were quite as extraordinary. She never could learn or understand anything before she was taught; and sometimes not even then, for she was often inattentive, and occasionally stupid. Her mother was three months in teaching her only to repeat the “Beggar’s Petition”; and after all, her next sister, Sally, could say it better than she did. Not that Catherine was always stupid—by no means; she learnt the fable of “The Hare and Many Friends” as quickly as any girl in England. Her mother wished her to learn music; and Catherine was sure she should like it, for she was very fond of tinkling the keys of the old forlorn spinnet; so, at eight years old she began. She learnt a year, and could not bear it; and Mrs. Morland, who did not insist on her daughters being accomplished in spite of incapacity or distaste, allowed her to leave off. The day which dismissed the music-master was one of the happiest of Catherine’s life. Her taste for drawing was not superior; though whenever she could obtain the outside of a letter from her mother or seize upon any other odd piece of paper, she did what she could in that way, by drawing houses and trees, hens and chickens, all very much like one another. Writing and accounts she was taught by her father; French by her mother: her proficiency in either was not remarkable, and she shirked her lessons in both whenever she could. What a strange, unaccountable character!—for with all these symptoms of profligacy at ten years old, she had neither a bad heart nor a bad temper, was seldom stubborn, scarcely ever quarrelsome, and very kind to the little ones, with few interruptions of tyranny; she was moreover noisy and wild, hated confinement and cleanliness, and loved nothing so well in the world as rolling down the green slope at the back of the house.

Such was Catherine Morland at ten. At fifteen, appearances were mending; she began to curl her hair and long for balls; her complexion improved, her features were softened by plumpness and colour, her eyes gained more animation, and her figure more consequence. Her love of dirt gave way to an inclination for finery, and she grew clean as she grew smart; she had now the pleasure of sometimes hearing her father and mother remark on her personal improvement. “Catherine grows quite a good-looking girl—she is almost pretty today,” were words which caught her ears now and then; and how welcome were the sounds! To look almost pretty is an acquisition of higher delight to a girl who has been looking plain the first fifteen years of her life than a beauty from her cradle can ever receive.

Mrs. Morland was a very good woman, and wished to see her children everything they ought to be; but her time was so much occupied in lying-in and teaching the little ones, that her elder daughters were inevitably left to
shift for themselves; and it was not very wonderful that Catherine, who had by nature nothing heroic about her, should prefer cricket, baseball, riding on horseback, and running about the country at the age of fourteen, to books—or at least books of information—for, provided nothing like useful knowledge could be gained from them, provided they were all story and no reflection, she had never any objection to books at all. But from fifteen to seventeen she was in training for a heroine; she read all such works as heroines must read to supply their memories with those quotations which are so serviceable and so soothing in the vicissitudes of their eventful lives.

From Pope, she learnt to censure those who
“bear about the mockery of woe.”
From Gray, that
“Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
“And waste its fragrance on the desert air.”
From Thompson, that—
“It is a delightful task
“To teach the young idea how to shoot.”
And from Shakespeare she gained a great store of information—amongst the rest, that—
“Trifles light as air,
“Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong,
“As proofs of Holy Writ.”
That
“The poor beetle, which we tread upon,
“In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
“As when a giant dies.”
And that a young woman in love always looks—
“like Patience on a monument
“Smiling at Grief.”
So far her improvement was sufficient—and in many other points she came on exceedingly well; for though she could not write sonnets, she brought herself to read them; and though there seemed no chance of her throwing a
whole party into raptures by a prelude on the pianoforte, of her own composition, she could listen to other people’s performance with very little fatigue. Her greatest deficiency was in the pencil—she had no notion of drawing—not enough even to attempt a sketch of her lover’s profile, that she might be detected in the design. There she fell miserably short of the true heroic height. At present she did not know her own poverty, for she had no lover to portray. She had reached the age of seventeen, without having seen one amiable youth who could call forth her sensibility, without having inspired one real passion, and without having excited even any admiration but what was very moderate and very transient. This was strange indeed! But strange things may be generally accounted for if their cause be fairly searched out. There was not one lord in the neighbourhood; no—not even a baronet. There was not one family among their acquaintance who had reared and supported a boy accidentally found at their door—not one young man whose origin was unknown. Her father had no ward, and the squire of the parish no children.

But when a young lady is to be a heroine, the perverseness of forty surrounding families cannot prevent her. Something must and will happen to throw a hero in her way.

Mr. Allen, who owned the chief of the property about Fullerton, the village in Wiltshire where the Morlands lived, was ordered to Bath for the benefit of a gouty constitution—and his lady, a good-humoured woman, fond of Miss Morland, and probably aware that if adventures will not befall a young lady in her own village, she must seek them abroad, invited her to go with them. Mr. and Mrs. Morland were all compliance, and Catherine all happiness.

1 unpropitious: unfavorable for
2 "Beggar’s Petition": a poem written by Rev. Thomas Moss and published in 1769
3 profligacy: state of being extravagant and wild
4 vicissitudes: changes and fluctuations in condition or situation

Northanger Abbey in the public domain.

225. Based on the information in “Excerpt from Northanger Abbey,” what was the attitude of people in the nineteenth century about educating young girls?
A. Girls should be educated at home by their parents and tutors.

B. Girls should be taught only the skills needed to manage the home.

C. Girls and boys should be taught together by tutors who came into their homes.

D. Girls should be sent away to schools to be educated by professional teachers.

226. Which sentence from *Northanger Abbey* best describes how Catherine changes over time?

A. “She never could learn or understand anything before she was taught; and sometimes not even then, for she was often inattentive, and occasionally stupid.”

B. “Not that Catherine was always stupid—by no means; she learnt the fable of ‘The Hare and Many Friends’ as quickly as any girl in England.”

C. “Her love of dirt gave way to an inclination for finery, and she grew clean as she grew smart; she had now the pleasure of sometimes hearing her father and mother remark on her personal improvement.”

D. “She had reached the age of seventeen, without having seen one amiable youth who could call forth her sensibility, without having inspired one real passion, and without having excited even any admiration but what was very moderate and very transient.”
Excerpt from The Lost World

In Arthur Conan Doyle’s novel The Lost World, journalist Edward Malone travels with Professor George Challenger to South America to prove the existence of creatures Challenger claims are dinosaurs. In this excerpt from the novel, Malone gets his first glimpse of the creature in a remote part of the Amazon.

It was a fearsome walk, and one which will be with me so long as memory holds. In the great moonlight clearings I slunk along among the shadows on the margin. In the jungle I crept forward, stopping with a beating heart whenever I heard, as I often did, the crash of breaking branches as some wild beast went past. Now and then great shadows loomed up for an instant and were gone—great, silent shadows which seemed to prowl upon padded feet. How often I stopped with the intention of returning, and yet every time my pride conquered my fear, and sent me on again until my object should be attained.

At last (my watch showed that it was one in the morning) I saw the gleam of water amid the openings of the jungle, and ten minutes later I was among the reeds upon the borders of the central lake … Close to the water’s edge there was a huge isolated block of lava. Up this I climbed, and, lying on the top, I had an excellent view in every direction.

The first thing which I saw filled me with amazement … I saw discs of light in every direction, ruddy, clearly-defined patches, like the port-holes of a liner in the darkness. For a moment I thought it was the lava-glow from some volcanic action; but this could not be so. Any volcanic action would surely be down in the hollow and not high among the rocks. What, then, was the alternative? It was wonderful, and yet it must surely be. These ruddy spots must be the reflection of fires within the caves … There were human beings, then, upon the plateau. How gloriously my expedition was justified! Here
was news indeed for us to bear back with us to London! ...

Lake Gladys ... lay like a sheet of quicksilver\(^1\) before me, with a reflected moon shining brightly in the center of it. It was shallow, for in many places I saw low sandbanks protruding above the water. Everywhere upon the still surface I could see signs of life, sometimes mere rings and ripples in the water, sometimes the gleam of a great silver-sided fish in the air, sometimes the arched, slate-colored back of some passing monster ...

My attention was soon drawn away from these distant sights and brought back to what was going on at my very feet. Two creatures like large armadillos had come down to the drinking-place, and were squatting at the edge of the water, their long, flexible tongues like red ribbons shooting in and out as they lapped. A huge deer, with branching horns, a magnificent creature which carried itself like a king, came down with its doe and two fawns and drank beside the armadillos. No such deer exist anywhere else upon earth, for the moose or elks which I have seen would hardly have reached its shoulders. Presently it gave a warning snort, and was off with its family among the reeds, while the armadillos also scuttled for shelter. A new-comer, a most monstrous animal, was coming down the path.

For a moment I wondered where I could have seen that ungainly shape, that arched back with triangular fringes along it, that strange bird-like head held close to the ground. Then it came back, to me. It was the stegosaurus—the very creature which Maple White had preserved in his sketch-book ... The ground shook beneath his tremendous weight, and his gulpings of water resounded through the still night ...

Looking at my watch, I saw that it was half-past two o’clock, and high time, therefore, that I started upon my homeward journey ... I reflected as I walked that few men in the world could have spent a stranger night or added more to human knowledge in the course of it.

I was plodding up the slope, turning these thoughts over in my mind, and had reached a point which may have been half-way to home, when my mind was brought back to my own position by a strange noise behind me. It was something between a snore and a growl, low, deep, and exceedingly menacing. Some strange creature was evidently near me, but nothing could be seen, so I hastened more rapidly upon my way. I had traversed half a mile or so when suddenly the sound was repeated, still behind me, but louder and more menacing than before.

\(^1\) quicksilver: mercury
Excerpt from novel *The Lost World*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Published by Hodder & Stoughton, 1912.

Excerpt from *The Land That Time Forgot*

*Excerpt from The Land That Time Forgot*  
by Edgar Rice Burroughs

*Edgar Rice Burroughs (1875–1950) is best known as the creator of the Tarzan series, but he wrote many other works of fiction. The following passage is excerpted from Burroughs’s science fiction novel *The Land That Time Forgot.*

In another fifty yards there was a second turn, this time toward the left! but it was more of a gentle curve, and we took it without trouble. After that it was plain sailing, though as far as I could know, there might be most anything ahead of us, and my nerves strained to the [snapping point] every instant. After the second turn the channel ran comparatively straight for between one hundred and fifty and two hundred yards. The waters grew suddenly lighter, and my spirits rose accordingly. I shouted down to those below that I saw daylight ahead, and a great shout of thanksgiving reverberated through the ship. A moment later we emerged into sunlit water, and immediately I raised the periscope and looked about me upon the strangest landscape I had ever seen.

We were in the middle of a broad and now sluggish river, the banks of which were lined by giant, arboraceous ferns, raising their mighty fronds fifty, one hundred, two hundred feet into the quiet air. Close by us something rose to the surface of the river and dashed at the periscope. I had a vision of wide, distended jaws, and then all was blotted out. A shiver ran down into the tower as the thing closed upon the periscope. A moment later it was gone, and I could see again. Above the trees there soared into my vision a huge
thing on batlike wings—a creature large as a large whale but fashioned more after the order of a lizard. Then again something charged the periscope and blotted out the mirror. I will confess that I was almost gasping for breath as I gave the commands to emerge. Into what sort of strange land had fate guided us?

The instant the deck was awash, I opened the conning-tower hatch and stepped out. In another minute the deck-hatch lifted, and those who were not on duty below streamed up the ladder, Olson bringing Nobs under one arm. For several minutes no one spoke; I think they must each have been as overcome by awe as was I. All about us was a flora and fauna as strange and wonderful to us as might have been those upon a distant planet had we suddenly been miraculously transported through ether\(^1\) to an unknown world. Even the grass upon the nearer bank was unearthly—lush and high it grew, and each blade bore upon its tip a brilliant flower—violet or yellow or carmine or blue—making as gorgeous a sward as human imagination might conceive. But the life! It teemed. The tall, fernlike trees were alive with monkeys, snakes, and lizards. Huge insects hummed and buzzed hither and thither. Mighty forms could be seen moving upon the ground in the thick forest, while the [heart] of the river wriggled with living things, and above flapped the wings of gigantic creatures such as we are taught have been extinct throughout countless ages.

“Look!” cried Olson. “Would you look at the giraffe comin’ up out o’ the bottom of the say?” We looked in the direction he pointed and saw a long, glossy neck surmounted by a small head rising above the surface of the river. Presently the back of the creature was exposed, brown and glossy, as the water dripped from it. It turned its eyes upon us, opened its lizard-like mouth, emitted a shrill hiss, and came for us. The thing must have been sixteen or eighteen feet in length and closely resembled pictures I had seen of restored plesiosaurs of the lower Jurassic. It charged us as savagely as a mad bull, and one would have thought it intended to destroy and devour the mighty U-boat, as I verily believe it did intend.

We were moving slowly up the river as the creature bore down upon us with distended jaws. The long neck was far outstretched, and the four flippers with which it swam were working with powerful strokes, carrying it forward at a rapid pace. When it reached the craft’s side, the jaws closed upon one of the stanchions of the deck rail and tore it from its socket as though it had been a toothpick stuck in putty …

\(^1\) *ether*: a liquid formerly used to put a patient to sleep before an operation

227. Both “Excerpt from The Lost World” and “Excerpt from The Land That Time Forgot” describe the discovery and exploration of a prehistoric world. How does Doyle creates a microcosm, or miniature example, of natural change over time in “Excerpt from The Lost World”? How does Burroughs build upon and transform Doyle’s ideas in “Excerpt from The Land That Time Forgot”? Write one to two paragraphs to explain, using details from both passages to support your answer.

228. Which excerpt from “Excerpt from The Lost World” best supports the inference that Malone highly values his work as a journalist?

A. “How often I stopped with the intention of returning, and yet every time my pride conquered my fear, and sent me on again until my object should be attained.”

B. “The first thing which I saw filled me with amazement ... I saw discs of light in every direction, ruddy, clearly-defined patches, like the port-holes of a liner in the darkness.”

C. “My attention was soon drawn away from these distant sights and brought back to what was going on at my very feet.”

D. “I reflected as I walked that few men in the world could have spent a stranger night or added more to human knowledge in the course of it.”
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from A Room with a View

Excerpt from A Room with a View
Excerpt from A Room with a View

by E. M. Forster

English author E. M. Forster’s novel A Room With A View was published in 1908 and focuses on a young woman, Lucy Honeychurch, who finds romance while traveling through Italy. The following excerpt is from the beginning of chapter 1, “The Bertolini.” The novel opens with a conversation between Lucy and her cousin Charlotte Bartlett, who were promised hotel rooms at the Bertolini Hotel with a view of the Arno River.

Chapter 1, “The Bertolini”

“The Signora had no business to do it,” said Miss Bartlett, “no business at all. She promised us south rooms with a view close together, instead of which here are north rooms, looking into a courtyard, and a long way apart. Oh, Lucy!”

“And a Cockney, besides!” said Lucy, who had been further saddened by the Signora’s unexpected accent. “It might be London.” She looked at the two rows of English people who were sitting at the table; ... at the portraits of the late Queen and the late Poet Laureate that hung behind the English people, heavily framed; at the notice of the English church (Rev. Cuthbert Eager, M. A. Oxon.), that was the only other decoration of the wall. “Charlotte, don’t you feel, too, that we might be in London? I can hardly believe that all kinds of other things are just outside. I suppose it is one’s being so tired.”

“This meat has surely been used for soup,” said Miss Bartlett, laying down her fork.

“I want so to see the Arno. The rooms the Signora promised us in her letter would have looked over the Arno. The Signora had no business to do it at all. Oh, it is a shame!”

“Any nook does for me,” Miss Bartlett continued; “but it does seem hard that
you shouldn’t have a view.”

Lucy felt that she had been selfish. “Charlotte, you mustn’t spoil me: of course, you must look over the Arno, too. I meant that. The first vacant room in the front—”

“You must have it,” said Miss Bartlett, part of whose travelling expenses were paid by Lucy’s mother—a piece of generosity to which she made many a tactful allusion.

“No, no. You must have it.”

“I insist on it. Your mother would never forgive me, Lucy.”

“She would never forgive me.”

The ladies’ voices grew animated, and—if the sad truth be owned—a little peevish. They were tired, and under the guise of unselfishness they wrangled. Some of their neighbors interchanged glances, and one of them—one of the ill-bred people whom one does meet abroad—leant forward over the table and actually intruded into their argument. He said:

“I have a view, I have a view.”

Miss Bartlett was startled. Generally at a pension¹ people looked them over for a day or two before speaking, and often did not find out that they would “do” till they had gone. She knew that the intruder was ill-bred, even before she glanced at him. He was an old man, of heavy build, with a fair, shaven face and large eyes. There was something childish in those eyes, though it was not the childishness of senility. What exactly it was Miss Bartlett did not stop to consider, for her glance passed on to his clothes. These did not attract her. He was probably trying to become acquainted with them before they got into the swim. So she assumed a dazed expression when he spoke to her, and then said: “A view? Oh, a view! How delightful a view is!”

“This is my son,” said the old man; “his name’s George. He has a view too.”

“Ah,” said Miss Bartlett, repressing Lucy, who was about to speak.

“What I mean,” he continued, “is that you can have our rooms, and we’ll have yours. We’ll change.”

The better class of tourist was shocked at this, and sympathized with the new-comers. Miss Bartlett, in reply, opened her mouth as little as possible, and said “Thank you very much indeed; that is out of the question.”

“Why?” said the old man, with both fists on the table.
“Because it is quite out of the question, thank you.”

“You see, we don’t like to take—” began Lucy. Her cousin again repressed her.

“But why?” he persisted. “Women like looking at a view; men don’t.” And he thumped with his fists like a naughty child, and turned to his son, saying, “George, persuade them!”

“It’s so obvious they should have the rooms,” said the son. “There’s nothing else to say.”

He did not look at the ladies as he spoke, but his voice was perplexed and sorrowful. Lucy, too, was perplexed; but she saw that they were in for what is known as “quite a scene,” and she had an odd feeling that whenever these ill-bred tourists spoke the contest widened and deepened till it dealt, not with rooms and views, but with—well, with something quite different, whose existence she had not realized before. Now the old man attacked Miss Bartlett almost violently: Why should she not change? What possible objection had she? They would clear out in half an hour.

Miss Bartlett, though skilled in the delicacies of conversation, was powerless in the presence of brutality. It was impossible to snub any one so gross. Her face reddened with displeasure. She looked around as much as to say, “Are you all like this?” And two little old ladies, who were sitting further up the table, with shawls hanging over the backs of the chairs, looked back, clearly indicating “We are not; we are genteel.”

“Eat your dinner, dear,” she said to Lucy, and began to toy again with the meat that she had once censured.

Lucy mumbled that those seemed very odd people opposite.

“Eat your dinner, dear. This pension is a failure. To-morrow we will make a change.”

1 pension: small hotel or inn

Excerpt from A Room With a View, by E. M. Forester. Published by Alfred P. Knopf, Inc., 1922.

229. Which statement best describes how Miss Bartlett’s feelings about the old man affect the plot of “Excerpt from A Room with a View”?
A. She quietly pities the lonely old man, which leads her to consider accepting his offer.

B. She secretly respects the old man, which makes her uncertain about whether to accept his offer.

C. She is uncomfortable about the old man’s intrusive behavior, which leaves her rethinking her choice in accommodations.

D. She is baffled by the old man’s eccentric behavior, which leads her to request assistance from the other ladies dining nearby.
The morning starts with light and noise, devices beckon like sirens, deep blue and flashing reds. I’m not ready. So I ignite the fire and wait for one sound, the tea kettle whistle.

Then the world goes quiet, compressing, pouring itself into one steaming cup of tea.
The first noise to disappear is the traffic, the shuffle, honk, and footsteps dancing two stories below. Time enough before their concerns become mine.

A splash, as the water passes in and out of fibers, dragging flavor with it, until the bag and the water balance. The air seems to thicken, pillowing me inside the room, until I am insulated with my thoughts.

Tea, like the day, requires patience. It takes time for the flavors of morning to move into the waters of afternoon. The chrysanthemum steeps slowly into the hot kettle water, long dead leaves of a long dead flower finding a new way to bloom.

Even in that warm space, concerns begin to scamper, root for access like squirrels searching for a winter cache. These concerns are deeper than whom is owed what or what is owed attention, the details of that day’s responsibility. These concerns are like old friends making infrequent visits but no less important for their absence.

I take my first sip of tea and the moment slows, my thoughts . . . slow, enunciating themselves.
I let feeling turn into thinking, then back into feeling again.

This is what I'll carry with me into the day.
It is early morning and I have not spoken with anyone yet.
When I do, my thoughts will be fully steeped,
my words, fully formed,
each sip of each new moment, flavored with the last.

"Steeped in Another Day" property of the Florida Department of Education.

230. The author of "Steeped in Another Day" creates a tone of contentment by repeating what specific word?

A. dancing  

B. morning  

C. space  

D. water  

231. In “Steeped in Another Day,” a cup of tea serves as an extended metaphor for the speaker’s day. In a paragraph, explain how the poet compares the tea and the day. Be sure to cite specific phrases from the poem in your explanation.
To Mrs. SAVILLE, England.

St. Petersburgh russia, Dec. 11th, 17—.

You will rejoice to hear that no disaster has accompanied the commencement of an enterprise which you have regarded with such evil forebodings. I arrived here yesterday; and my first task is to assure my dear sister of my welfare, and increasing confidence in the success of my undertaking.

I am already far north of London; and as I walk in the streets of Petersburgh, I feel a cold northern breeze play upon my cheeks, which braces my nerves, and fills me with delight. Do you understand this feeling? This breeze, which has travelled from the regions towards which I am advancing, gives me a foretaste of those icy climes. Inspirited by this wind of promise, my day dreams become more fervent and vivid. I try in vain to be persuaded that the pole is the seat of frost and desolation; it ever presents itself to my imagination as the region of beauty and delight. There, Margaret, the sun is for ever visible; its broad disk just skirting the horizon, and diffusing a perpetual splendour. There—for with your leave, my sister, I will put some trust in preceding navigators—there snow and frost are banished; and, sailing over a calm sea, we may be wafted to a land
surpassing in wonders and in beauty every region hitherto discovered on the
habitable globe. Its productions and features may be without example, as
the phænomena of the heavenly bodies undoubtedly are in those
undiscovered solitudes. What may not be expected in a country of eternal
light? I may there discover the wondrous power which attracts the needle;
and may regulate a thousand celestial observations, that require only this
voyage to render their seeming eccentricities consistent for ever. I shall
satiate¹ my ardent curiosity with the sight of a part of the world never before
visited, and may tread a land never before imprinted by the foot of man.
These are my enticements, and they are sufficient to conquer all fear of
danger or death, and to induce me to commence this laborious voyage with
the joy a child feels when he embarks in a little boat, with his holiday mates,
on an expedition of discovery up his native river. But, supposing all these
conjectures² to be false, you cannot contest the inestimable benefit which I
shall confer on all mankind to the last generation, by discovering a passage
near the pole to those countries, to reach which at present so many months
are requisite;³ or by ascertaining the secret of the magnet, which, if at all
possible, can only be effected by an undertaking such as mine.

These reflections have dispelled the agitation with which I began my letter,
and I feel my heart glow with an enthusiasm which elevates me to heaven;
for nothing contributes so much to tranquillize the mind as a steady
purpose,—a point on which the soul may fix its intellectual eye. This
expedition has been the favourite dream of my early years. I have read with
ardour the accounts of the various voyages which have been made in the
prospect of arriving at the North Pacific Ocean through the seas which
surround the pole. You may remember that a history of all the voyages
made for purposes of discovery composed the whole of our good uncle
Thomas’s library. My education was neglected, yet I was passionately fond
of reading. These volumes were my study day and night, and my familiarity
with them increased that regret which I had felt, as a child, on learning that
my father’s dying injunction had forbidden my uncle to allow me to embark
in a sea-faring life.

These visions faded when I perused, for the first time, those poets whose
effusions⁴ entranced my soul, and lifted it to heaven. I also became a poet,
and for one year lived in a Paradise of my own creation; I imagined that I
also might obtain a niche in the temple where the names of Homer and
Shakespeare are consecrated. You are well acquainted with my failure, and
how heavily I bore the disappointment. But just at that time I inherited the
fortune of my cousin, and my thoughts were turned into the channel of their
earlier bent.
Six years have passed since I resolved on my present undertaking. I can, even now, remember the hour from which I dedicated myself to this great enterprise. I commenced by inuring my body to hardship. I accompanied the whale-fishers on several expeditions to the North Sea; I voluntarily endured cold, famine, thirst, and want of sleep; I often worked harder than the common sailors during the day, and devoted my nights to the study of mathematics, the theory of medicine, and those branches of physical science from which a naval adventurer might derive the greatest practical advantage. Twice I actually hired myself as an under-mate in a Greenland whaler, and acquitted myself to admiration. I must own I felt a little proud, when my captain offered me the second dignity in the vessel, and entreated me to remain with the greatest earnestness; so valuable did he consider my services.

And now, dear Margaret, do I not deserve to accomplish some great purpose? My life might have been passed in ease and luxury; but I preferred glory to every enticement that wealth placed in my path. Oh, that some encouraging voice would answer in the affirmative! My courage and my resolution is firm; but my hopes fluctuate, and my spirits are often depressed. I am about to proceed on a long and difficult voyage, the emergencies of which will demand all my fortitude: I am required not only to raise the spirits of others, but sometimes to sustain my own, when their’s are failing.

This is the most favourable period for travelling in Russia. They fly quickly over the snow in their sledges; the motion is pleasant, and, in my opinion, far more agreeable than that of an English stage-coach. The cold is not excessive, if you are wrapped in furs, a dress which I have already adopted; for there is a great difference between walking the deck and remaining seated motionless for hours, when no exercise prevents the blood from actually freezing in your veins. I have no ambition to lose my life on the post-road between St. Petersburgh and Archangel.

I shall depart for the latter town in a fortnight or three weeks; and my intention is to hire a ship there, which can easily be done by paying the insurance for the owner, and to engage as many sailors as I think necessary among those who are accustomed to the whale-fishing. I do not intend to sail until the month of June: and when shall I return? Ah, dear sister, how can I answer this question? If I succeed, many, many months, perhaps years, will pass before you and I may meet. If I fail, you will see me again soon, or never.

Farewell, my dear, excellent Margaret. Heaven shower down blessings on you, and save me, that I may again and again testify my gratitude for all
your love and kindness.

Your affectionate brother,

R. WALTON.

1 **satiate**: satisfy completely
2 **conjectures**: judgments based on incomplete information
3 **requisite**: required
4 **effusions**: outpourings
5 **inuring**: becoming accustomed to something unpleasant
6 **entreated**: asked for in earnest; begged

Excerpt from *Frankenstein* by Mary W. Shelley. Published by Colburn and Bentley, 1831. In the public domain.

232. In a film version of *Frankenstein*, which event described in the excerpt would most likely be shown in a flashback sequence?

A. the narrator preparing to sail to the North Pole

B. the narrator writing a letter to his sister Catherine

C. the narrator serving on a Greenland whaling ship

D. the narrator walking through the Petersburgh streets
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Around the World in Eighty Days

Excerpt from Around the World in Eighty Days

by Jules Verne

Jules Verne was a 19th-century French author with a fantastic imagination, and is often considered the father of science fiction. His novels envisioned such future marvels as space travel and deep-sea exploration. But this book, published in 1873, was inspired by advances in rail and sea travel that were being achieved right in front of Verne’s eyes.

Chapter III

Phileas Fogg left home at half-past eleven, and having placed his right foot before his left exactly five hundred and seventy-five times, and his left foot before his right five hundred and seventy-six times, he arrived at the Reform Club in Pall Mall, and immediately went up to the dining-room and took his place at his usual table, where his breakfast awaited him. The meal was composed of one “side-dish,” a delicious little bit of boiled fish, a slice of underdone roast beef with mushrooms, a rhubarb and gooseberry tart, and some Cheshire cheese; the whole washed down with several cups of excellent tea, for which the Reform Club is celebrated.

At forty-seven minutes after twelve he rose from table and went into the drawing-room; there the servant handed him an uncut copy of The Times, which Phileas Fogg folded and cut with a dexterity which denoted a practised hand. The perusal of this journal occupied him till a quarter to four, and then The Standard sufficed till dinner-time. This repast was eaten under the same conditions as his breakfast, and at twenty minutes to six he returned to the saloon and read The Morning Chronicle.

About half an hour later, several of Mr. Fogg’s friends entered the room and collected round the fireplace. These gentlemen were his usual partners at
whist, and, like him, were all inveterate players.

They comprised Andrew Stuart, an engineer; the bankers, John Sullivan and Samuel Fallentin; Thomas Flanagan, the brewer; and Gauthier Ralph, one of the directors of the Bank of England;—all rich, and men of consequence, even in that club which comprised so many men of mark.

“Well, Ralph,” asked Thomas Flanagan, “what about this robbery?”

“The bank must lose the money,” replied Stuart.

“On the contrary,” replied Ralph, “I am in hopes that we shall be able to put our hand upon the thief. We have detectives in America and Europe, at all the principal ports, and it will be no easy matter for him to escape the clutches of the law. . . .”

The subject of conversation was a robbery, which was in everyone’s mouth, and had been committed three days previously—viz. on the 29th of September. A pile of bank-notes, amounting to the enormous sum of fifty-five thousand pounds, had been stolen from the counter at the Bank of England. . . .

When it was certain that a robbery had been committed, the most skilful detectives were sent down to Liverpool and Glasgow and other principal ports, also to Suez, Brindisi, New York, &c., with promises of a reward of two thousand pounds, and five per cent on the amount recovered. In the meantime, inspectors were appointed to observe scrupulously all travellers arriving at and departing from the several seaports.

Now there was some reason to suppose, as The Morning Chronicle put it, that the thief did not belong to a gang, for during the 29th of September a well-dressed gentlemanly man had been observed in the bank, near where the robbery had been perpetrated. An exact description of this person was fortunately obtained, and supplied to all the detectives; and so some sanguine persons, of whom Ralph was one, believed the thief could not escape.

As may be imagined, nothing else was talked about just then. The probabilities of success and failure were warmly discussed in the newspapers, so it was not surprising that the members of the Reform Club should talk about it, particularly as one of the deputy-governors of the bank was present.
Ralph did not doubt that the search would be successful because of the amount of the reward, which would probably stimulate the zeal of the detectives. But Andrew Stuart was of a different opinion, and the discussion was continued between these gentlemen during their game of whist. Stuart was Flanagan’s partner, and Fallentin was Fogg’s. While they played they did not talk; but between the rubbers the subject cropped up again.

“Well,” said Stuart, “I maintain that the chances are in favour of the thief, who must be a sharp one.”

“But,” replied Ralph, “there is no place a fellow can go to.”

“Oh, come!”

“Well, where can he go to?”

“I can’t tell,” replied Stuart; “but the world is big enough, at any rate.”

“It used to be,” said Phileas Fogg, in an undertone. “Cut, if you please,” he added, handing the cards to Flanagan.

Conversation was then suspended, but after the rubber Stuart took it up again, saying:

“What do you mean by ‘used to be?’ Has the world grown smaller, then?”

“Of course it has,” replied Ralph. “I am of Mr. Fogg’s opinion; the world has grown smaller, inasmuch as one can go round it ten times quicker than you could a hundred years ago. That is the reason why, in the present case, search will be more rapid, and render the escape of the thief easier.”

“Your lead, Mr. Stuart,” said Fogg.

But the incredulous Stuart was not convinced, and he again returned to the subject.

“I must say, Mr. Ralph,” he continued, “that you have found an easy way that the world has grown smaller, because one may now go round it in three months.”

“In eighty days only,” said Phileas Fogg. . . .
Stuart, who was “pony,” collected the cards, and said: “No doubt you are right in theory, Mr. Fogg, but in practice—”

“In practice too, Mr. Stuart.”

“I should like to see you do it.”

“It only rests with you. Let us go together.”

“Heaven forbid,” cried Stuart; “but I will bet you a cool four thousand that such a journey, under such conditions, is impossible.”

“On the contrary, it is quite possible,” replied Mr. Fogg.

“Well, then, why don't you do it?”

“Go round the world in eighty days, do you mean?”

“Yes.”

“I will.”

“When?”

“At once; only I give you warning I shall do it at your expense.”

“Oh, this is all nonsense,” replied Stuart, who began to feel a little vexed at Fogg’s persistence; “let us continue the game.”

“You had better deal, then; that was a mis-deal.”

Andrew Stuart took up the cards, and suddenly put them down again.

“Look here, Mr. Fogg,” he said; “if you like, I will bet you four thousand.”

“My dear Stuart,” said Fallentin, “don’t be ridiculous; it is only a joke.”

“When I say I will bet,” said Stuart, “I mean it.”

“All right,” said Mr. Fogg; then, turning towards the others, he said: “I have twenty thousand pounds deposited at Baring’s. I will willingly risk that sum.”
“Twenty thousand pounds!” exclaimed Sullivan; “why, the slightest accident might cause you to lose the whole of it. Anything unforeseen—”

“The unforeseen does not exist,” replied Fogg simply.

“But, Mr. Fogg, this estimate of eighty days is the very least time in which the journey can be accomplished.”

“A minimum well employed is quite sufficient.”

“But to succeed you must pass from railways to steamers, from steamers to railways, with mathematical accuracy.”

“I will be mathematically accurate.”

“Oh, this is a joke!”

“A true Englishman never jokes when he has a stake depending on the matter. I bet twenty thousand against any of you that I will make the tour of the world in eighty days or less; that is to say, in nineteen hundred and twenty hours, or a hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred minutes. Will you take me?”

“We do,” replied the others, after consultation together.

“Very well, then,” said Fogg, “the Dover mail starts at 8.45; I will go by it.”

“This evening?” said Stuart.

“Yes, this evening,” replied Fogg. Then, referring to a pocket almanack, he added: “This is Wednesday, the 2nd of October; I shall be due in London, in this room, on Saturday, the 21st of December, at a quarter to nine in the evening, or, in default, the twenty thousand at Baring’s, to my credit, will be yours, gentlemen. Here is my cheque for that sum.”

Around the World in Eighty Days in the public domain.

233. How does the author introduce the central idea of the "Excerpt from Around the World in 80 Days?"
A. A discussion among friends about a bank robbery leads to a bet worth twenty thousand pounds.

B. A description of the daily routine of Phileas Fogg brings forth the idea that honesty is invaluable to friends.

C. A description of a card game introduces a friendly bet about whether or not bank robbers will be caught.

D. A discussion about the hunt for bank robbers presents the theory that detectives were involved in the robbery.
In Chapter VII readers are introduced to Sleeper’s Bay, off the coast of Africa, in which floats a striking sailing vessel. The chapter begins with a description of the bay and the ship floating in it. The description then moves from outside the ship to its interior.

We must now go on board, and our first cause of surprise will be the deception relative to the tonnage of the schooner, when viewed from a distance. Instead of a small vessel of about ninety tons, we discover that she is upwards of two hundred; that her breadth of beam is enormous; and that those spars, which appeared so light and elegant, are of unexpected dimensions. Her decks are of narrow fir planks, without the least spring or rise; her ropes are of Manilla hemp, neatly secured to copper belaying-pins, and coiled down on the deck, whose whiteness is well contrasted with the bright green paint of her bulwarks: her capstern¹ and binnacles² are cased in fluted mahogany, and ornamented with brass; metal stanchions protect the skylights, and the bright muskets are arranged in front of the mainmast, while the boarding-pikes are lashed round the mainboom.

In the centre of the vessel, between the fore and main masts, there is a long brass 32-pounder fixed upon a carriage revolving in a circle, and so arranged that in bad weather it can be lowered down and housed; while on each side of her decks are mounted eight brass guns of smaller calibre and of exquisite workmanship. Her build proves the skill of the architect; her fitting-out, a judgment in which nought has been sacrificed to, although everything has been directed by, taste; and her neatness and arrangement, that, in the person of her commander, to the strictest discipline there is united the
practical knowledge of a thorough seaman. How, indeed, otherwise could she have so long continued her lawless yet successful career? How could it have been possible to unite a crew of miscreants ...? It was because he who commanded the vessel was so superior as to find in her no rivalry. Superior in talent, in knowledge of his profession, in courage, and, moreover, in physical strength—which in him was almost herculean—unfortunately he was also superior to all in villainy, in cruelty, and contempt of all injunctions, moral and Divine.

What had been the early life of this person was but imperfectly known. It was undoubted that he had received an excellent education... by what chances he had become a pirate—by what errors he had fallen from his station in society, until he became an outcast, had never been revealed ... The name by which he was known to the crew of the pirate vessel was ‘Cain,’ and well had he chosen this appellation; for, had not his hand for more than three years been against every man’s, and every man’s hand against his? In person he was about six feet high, with a breadth of shoulders and of chest denoting the utmost of physical force which, perhaps, has ever been allotted to man. His features would have been handsome had they not been scarred with wounds; and, strange to say, his eye was mild and of a soft blue. His mouth was well formed, and his teeth of a pearly white; the hair of his head was crisp and wavy, and his beard, which he wore, as did every person composing the crew of the pirate, covered the lower part of his face in strong, waving, and continued curls. The proportions of his body were perfect; but from their vastness they became almost terrific. His costume was elegant, and well adapted to his form; linen trousers, and untanned yellow leather boots ...; a broad-striped cotton shirt; a red Cashmere shawl round his waist as a sash; a vest embroidered in gold tissue, with a jacket of dark velvet, and pendent gold buttons, hanging over his left shoulder, after the fashion of the Mediterranean seamen; a round Turkish skull-cap, handsomely embroidered, a pair of pistols, and a long knife in his sash, completed his attire.

The crew consisted in all of 165 men, of almost every nation ... It is not to be supposed that these men had voluntarily come on board of the pirate; they had been employed in some British vessels trading on the coast, and had been taken out of them when the vessels were burnt, and [many members] of the crews murdered. They had received a promise of reward, if they did their duty; but, not expecting it, they waited for the earliest opportunity to make their escape.

The captain of the schooner is abaft with his glass in his hand, occasionally sweeping the offing in the expectation of a vessel heaving in sight; the
officers and crew are lying down, or lounging listlessly about the decks, panting with the extreme heat, and impatiently waiting for the sea-breeze to fan their parched foreheads. With their rough beards and exposed chests, and their weather-beaten fierce countenances, they form a group which is terrible even in repose.

1 capstern: rotation machine used to apply force to ropes and cables of a ship
2 binnacles: enclosures for a ship’s compasses

"The Pirate and the Three Cutters" in the public domain.

234. Which statement best describes the narrator’s impression of the ship’s design in the passage from “The Pirate and the Three Cutters”?

A. It is beautiful but impractical.
B. It is both tasteful and functional.
C. It is both strange and improbable.
D. It is powerful but hard to maneuver.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

The Bicycle

I stood in the center of our garage, its door raised and open. The late-morning sun cast its luminescence over the cement-and-wood room, the articles toward the front of the garage lit up with warm, yellow light, while things toward the back stayed muted in reflected brightness and shadow.

My dad walked up next to me and dropped a hand on my shoulder. “Anything of yours that you don’t use anymore, Kyle, drag it outside. We’ll see about taking it somewhere so that maybe someone else can get some use out of it.”

I wasn’t exactly thrilled at the prospect of spending the day uncluttering the garage, but I stepped forward from beneath his hand and replied, “Yeah, I’ve got it.”

“Great,” he answered as he turned to head back into the house. “I’ll be out back in a few minutes mowing the lawn, so if you’re not sure about something, it can wait until after that.”

As he walked away, I started sifting through a cardboard box stuffed with old baseball gloves, balls, and the like. We never used these anymore, so I hefted it and carried it out onto our sunbaked driveway. I squinted to save my eyes from the brightness of the white concrete, and I’d already begun perspiring in the few moments I’d spent directly in the sunlight. I walked back into the garage, and once I reached the shade of its confines, I stood and waited for the green dots clouding my vision to subside. When the murkiness cleared, I found my eyes resting on an old bicycle—my old bicycle.

The metal of its handlebars was dulled with time and use, the once brilliant sheen replaced with a filmy residue that was slightly sticky to the touch. The rubber of the tires was cracked and weathered, with thin lines crisscrossing the worn treads. The seat was hard and uneven, inhospitable to anyone, I decided, as I swung one leg over the bike and straddled it, gingerly settling myself into the seat as I grasped the worn handgrips. This bike was shiny and clean once, a bike any child would have been proud to own. I thought
back to the first time I’d sat on this seat and felt these handlebars in my grasp.

“The brake on the right is the rear brake; you always hit that one first,” my dad told me as I sat atop my first “grown-up” bike. “The left is the front brake; if you hit that one first, you’ll flip over the handlebars.”

I grinned up at him, but the seriousness in his eyes stole my mirth, and I suddenly had no desire to send myself careening over the top of my bicycle. I nodded soberly and squeezed the right brake in my hand to show him that I understood.

“This lever here changes the gear you’re in. A bigger number is a higher gear; it’ll make it harder to pedal, but you’ll go farther with each stroke. If you’re on a flat road, you’ll want a higher gear. If you’re going up a hill, you’ll want a lower gear.”

“Okay,” I said, and I started idly sliding the shifter back and forth.

“Don’t do that,” he warned. “It’s bad for your bike to shift while you’re sitting still.”

I looked at him dumbly, my youthful eyes wide and vacant as he began to explain the ins and outs of a manual transmission. After a few moments of this empty stare, he cut himself off.

“Just . . . don’t shift unless you’re moving.”

I nodded.

I think that my dad telling me the ins and outs of riding my bike was the first time I remember listening to him and not thinking I could tell or show him differently. He was putting so much trust in me to be responsible with this bicycle that I was as honored as a child could be, and anything he said in that moment counted as Truth given orally.

I didn’t care much about this bike when I first walked into the garage, but now I could not begin to fathom parting with it. It was old, dingy, and too small for my use, but seeing it and sitting astride it again kindled fond memories and stirred pride and adoration for my father. I’m not sure how long I just sat there on that old bike, but at some point my dad returned from mowing the lawn, minced blades of grass crisscrossing the legs of his jeans. I was staring at the back wall, seated on the bike, otherwise silent and still.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

I started and turned over my shoulder; I could make out his silhouette,
framed as he was by the sunlight pouring in through the mouth of the garage.

My attention in hand, he pointed at the solitary box sitting in the driveway. “One box?”

I smiled sheepishly. “Sorry. I just got to thinking about this old bike.”

“What about it? It’s old, you can’t ride it; it might as well be out by that box, along with half of the stuff in here.”

“Yeah,” I slowly agreed, “I was thinking I might fix it up and put a shine on it before we put it out—maybe find someone who can use it, or we could donate it to charity.”

He considered me for a few breaths before he finally nodded his consent. “Yeah. That’ll be good.” He was quiet for a few more breaths before he added, “But, you know, clean up the garage.”

I chuckled as I stood up from the bike and finally got to sorting through a second box.

“The Bicycle” property of the Florida Department of Education.

235. Which sentence from “The Bicycle” best illustrates Kyle’s feelings about the bicycle he finds in the garage?

A. “The metal of its handlebars was dulled with time and use, the once brilliant sheen replaced with a filmy residue that was slightly sticky to the touch.”

B. “The rubber of the tires was cracked and weathered, with thin lines crisscrossing the worn treads.”

C. “It was old, dingy, and too small for my use, but seeing it and sitting astride it again kindled fond memories and stirred pride and adoration for my father.”
D. “I was thinking I might fix it up and put a shine on it before we put it out—maybe find someone who can use it, or we could donate it to charity.”
I now began to consider seriously my condition, and the circumstances I was reduced to; and I drew up the state of my affairs in writing, not so much to leave them to any that were to come after me—for I was likely to have but few heirs—as to deliver my thoughts from daily poring over them, and afflicting my mind; and as my reason began now to master my despondency, I began to comfort myself as well as I could, and to set the good against the evil, that I might have something to distinguish my case from worse; and I stated very impartially, like debtor and creditor, the comforts I enjoyed against the miseries I suffered, thus:—
Upon the whole, here was an undoubted testimony that there was scarce any condition in the world so miserable but there was something negative or something positive to be thankful for in it; and let this stand as a direction from the experience of the most miserable of all conditions in this world: that we may always find in it something to comfort ourselves from, and to set, in the description of good and evil, on the credit side of the account.

Having now brought my mind a little to relish my condition, and given over looking out to sea, to see if I could spy a ship—I say, giving over these things, I began to apply myself to arrange my way of living, and to make things as easy to me as I could.

I have already described my habitation, which was a tent under the side of a rock, surrounded with a strong pale of posts and cables: but I might now rather call it a wall, for I raised a kind of wall up against it of turfs, about two feet thick on the outside; and after some time (I think it was a year and a half) I raised rafters from it, leaning to the rock, and thatched or covered it with boughs of trees, and such things as I could get, to keep out the rain; which I found at some times of the year very violent.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Evil.</th>
<th>Good.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I am cast upon a horrible, desolate island, void of all hope of recovery.</td>
<td>But I am alive; and not drowned, as all my ship’s company were.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am singled out and separated, as it were, from all the world, to be miserable.</td>
<td>But I am singled out, too, from all the ship’s crew, to be spared from death; and He that miraculously saved me from death can deliver me from this situation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am divided from mankind—a solitary; one banished from human society.</td>
<td>But I am not starved, and perishing on a barren place, affording no sustenance.¹</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have no clothes to cover me.</td>
<td>But I am in a hot climate, where, if I had clothes, I could hardly wear them.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am without any defence, or means to resist any violence of man or beast.</td>
<td>But I am cast on an island where I see no wild beasts to hurt me, as I saw on the coast of Africa; and what if I had been shipwrecked there?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have no soul to speak to or relieve me.</td>
<td>But God wonderfully sent the ship in near enough to shore, that I have got out as many necessary things as will either supply my wants or enable me to supply myself, even as long as I live.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
I have already observed how I brought all my goods into this pale, and into the cave which I had made behind me. But I must observe, too, that at first this was a confused heap of goods, which, as they lay in no order, so they took up all my place; I had no room to turn myself: so I set myself to enlarge my cave, and work farther into the earth; for it was a loose sandy rock, which yielded easily to the labour I bestowed on it: and so when I found I was pretty safe as to beasts of prey, I worked sideways, to the right hand, into the rock; and then, turning to the right again, worked quite out, and made me a door to come out on the outside of my pale or fortification. This gave me not only egress and regress, as it was a back way to my tent and to my storehouse, but gave me room to store my goods.

And now I began to apply myself to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, particularly a chair and a table; for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world; I could not write or eat, or do several things, with so much pleasure without a table: so I went to work. And here I must needs observe, that as reason is the substance and origin of the mathematics, so by stating and squaring everything by reason, and by making the most rational judgment of things, every man may be, in time, master of every mechanic art. I had never handled a tool in my life; and yet, in time, by labour, application, and contrivance, I found at last that I wanted nothing but I could have made it, especially if I had had tools. However, I made abundance of things, even without tools; and some with no more tools than an adze and a hatchet, which perhaps were never made that way before, and that with infinite labour. For example, if I wanted a board, I had no other way but to cut down a tree, set it on an edge before me, and hew it flat on either side with my axe, till I brought it to be thin as a plank, and then dub it smooth with my adze. It is true, by this method I could make but one board out of a whole tree; but this I had no remedy for but patience, any more than I had for the prodigious deal of time and labour which it took me up to make a plank or board: but my time or labour was little worth, and so it was as well employed one way as another.

1 **sustenance**: food and water

2 **egress**: a way to exit

3 **contrivance**: accomplishment

4 **prodigious**: extraordinary amount

Excerpt from *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* by Daniel Defoe. Published by The
236. Which statement supports the conclusion that Crusoe believes he will never leave the island?

A. “... I drew up the state of my affairs in writing, not so much to leave them to any that were to come after me—for I was likely to have but few heirs....”

B. “... for I raised a kind of wall up against it of turfs, about two feet thick on the outside; and after some time (I think it was a year and a half) I raised rafters from it....”

C. “... now I began to apply myself to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, particularly a chair and a table; for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world....”

D. “...my time or labour was little worth, and so it was as well employed one way as another.”
He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—every thing was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolation overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "the Union Hotel, by Jonathan
Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, General Washington.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the
self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a
tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he
came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured
him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his
neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Rip Van Winkle" in the public domain

237. How does the author create a sense of mystery about the amount of
time that has passed since Rip Van Winkle has been home?

A. by revealing how Rip reappears in the village on the day of an
election that is unfamiliar to him

B. by describing how Rip discovers an argumentative crowd of people
assembled in the village tavern

C. by describing how upon entering the village, Rip was followed by a
troop of strange children who shouted and pointed at him

D. by revealing that upon arriving at home, Rip expected to hear his
wife but instead found his home in a state of decay
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from "Wilhelm Tell"

Excerpt from "Wilhelm Tell"  

German writer Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller wrote "Wilhelm Tell" in 1804. It tells the story of a 14th-century Swiss archery marksman and his role in the Swiss battle for independence. In this excerpt, Governor Gessler forces Tell to prove his archery skills. Gessler has Tell’s son, Walter, placed underneath a lime tree with an apple on his head. Tell must shoot the apple without harming his son.

MELCHTHAL (to the country people): What! Is this outrage to be perpetrated Before our very eyes? Where is our oath?

STAUFFACHER: Resist we cannot! Weapons we have none. And see the wood of lances round us! See!

MELCHTHAL: Oh! would to heaven that we had struck at once! God pardon those who counsell’d the delay!

GESSLER (to Tell): Now to your task! Men bear not arms for naught. To carry deadly tools is dangerous, And on the archer oft his shaft recoils. This right, these haughty peasant churls assume, Trenches upon their master’s privileges: None should be armed, but those who bear command. It pleases you to carry bow and bolt— Well—be it so. I will prescribe the mark.

TELL (bends the bow, and fixes the arrow): A lane there! Room!


TELL (letting the bow sink down): There's something swims before mine
eyes!

WOMEN: Great Heaven!

TELL: Release me from this shot! Here is my heart!

(Tears open his [shirt].)

Summon your troopers—let them strike me down!

GESSLER: 'Tis not thy life I want—I want the shot, Thy talent’s universal! Nothing daunts thee! The rudder thou canst handle like the bow! No storms affright thee, when a life’s at stake. Now, saviour, help thyself—thou savest all!

(Tell stands fearfully agitated by contending emotions, his hands moving convulsively, and his eyes turning alternately to the Governor and Heaven. Suddenly he takes a second arrow from his quiver, and sticks it in his belt. The Governor notes all he does.)

WALTER (beneath the lime tree): Shoot, Father, shoot! fear not!

TELL: It must be!

(Collectors himself and levels the bow.)

RUDENZ (who all the while has been standing in a state of violent excitement, and has with difficulty restrained himself, advances): My lord, you will not urge this matter further; You will not. It was surely but a test. You've gained your object. Rigour push’d too far Is sure to miss its aim, however good, As snaps the bow that’s all too straitly bent.

GESSLER: Peace, till your counsel’s ask’d for!

RUDENZ: I will speak! Ay, and I dare! I reverence my king; But acts like these must make his name abhorr’d. He sanctions not this cruelty. I dare Avouch⁴ the fact. And you outstep your powers In handling thus my harmless countrymen.

GESSLER: Ha! thou grow’st bold, methinks!

RUDENZ: I have been dumb To all the oppressions I was doomed to see. I’ve closed mine eyes to shut them from my view,
Bade my rebellious, swelling heart be still,
And pent its struggles down within my breast.
But to be silent longer, were to be
A traitor to my king and country both.

BERTHA (casting herself between him and the Governor): Oh, Heavens! you but exasperate his rage!

RUDENZ: My people I forsook—renounced my kindred—
Broke all the ties of nature, that I might
Attach myself to you. I madly thought
That I should best advance the general weal²

By adding sinews to the Emperor’s power.
The scales have fallen from mine eyes—I see
The fearful precipice on which I stand.
You've led my youthful judgment far astray—
Deceived my honest heart. With best intent,
I had well-nigh achiev’d my country’s ruin.

GESSLER: Audacious boy, this language to thy lord?

RUDENZ: The Emperor is my lord, not you! I’m free.
As you by birth, and I can cope with you
In every virtue that beseems a knight.
And if you stood not here in that king’s name,
Which I respect e’en where ’tis most abused,
I’d throw my gauntlet³ down, and you should give
An answer to my gage⁴ in knightly sort.
Ay, beckon to your troopers! Here I stand;
But not like these

(Pointing to the people,)
—unarmed. I have a sword, And he that stirs one step—

STAUFFACHER (exclams): The apple's down!

(While the attention of the crowd has been directed to the spot where Bertha had cast herself between Rudenz and Gessler, Tell has shot.)

ROSSELmann: The boy's alive!

MANY VOICES: The apple has been struck!

(Walter Furst staggers and is about to fall. Bertha supports him.)

GESSLER (astonished): How? Has he shot? The madman!
BERTHA: Worthy Father!
Pray you, compose yourself. The boy’s alive.

WALTER (runs in with the apple): Here is the apple, Father! Well I knew You would not harm your boy.

1 Avouch: confirm, declare as a fact
2 weal: well-being
3 gauntlet: protective glove, worn as part of medieval armor
4 gage: something that is thrown down as a challenge to fight; in this case, the gauntlet

Excerpt from play “Wilhelm Tell,” by Friedrich Schiller. Found in Dramatic Works of Friedrich Schiller, translated by Coleridge, Churchill, and Martin. Published by George Bell and Sons, 1908.

238. What can readers infer about the political structure of Switzerland at the time “Wilhelm Tell” takes place?

A. Governors had power but ultimately answered to the emperor.

B. The tyranny of governors was a widespread national problem.

C. Competing bands of citizens fought among each other for power.

D. There was some tolerance among political leaders for democracy.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

**Portrait of a Lady**

*Excerpt from The Portrait of a Lady*
  by Henry James

*Henry James (1843–1916) was an American novelist of the 19th and early 20th century.*

**Chapter I**

Under certain circumstances there are few hours in life more agreeable than the hour dedicated to the ceremony known as afternoon tea. There are circumstances in which, whether you partake of the tea or not—some people of course never do,—the situation is in itself delightful. Those that I have in mind in beginning to unfold this simple history offered an admirable setting to an innocent pastime. The implements of the little feast had been disposed upon the lawn of an old English country-house, in what I should call the perfect middle of a splendid summer afternoon. Part of the afternoon had waned, but much of it was left, and what was left was of the finest and rarest quality. Real dusk would not arrive for many hours; but the flood of summer light had begun to ebb, the air had grown mellow, the shadows were long upon the smooth, dense turf. They lengthened slowly, however, and the scene expressed that sense of leisure still to come which is perhaps the chief source of one's enjoyment of such a scene at such an hour. From five o'clock to eight is on certain occasions a little eternity; but on such an occasion as this the interval could be only an eternity of pleasure. The persons concerned in it were taking their pleasure quietly. . . . The shadows on the perfect lawn were straight and angular; they were the shadows of an old man sitting in a deep wicker-chair near the low table on which the tea had been served, and of two younger men strolling to and fro, in desultory talk, in front of him. The old man had his cup in his hand; it was an unusually large cup, of a different pattern from the rest of the set and painted in brilliant colours. He disposed of its contents with much circumspection, holding it for a long time close to his chin, with his face turned to the house. His companions had either finished their tea or were
indifferent to their privilege . . . as they continued to stroll. One of them, from time to time, as he passed, looked with a certain attention at the elder man, who, unconscious of observation, rested his eyes upon the rich red front of his dwelling. . . .

It stood upon a low hill, above the river—the river being the Thames at some forty miles from London. A long gabled front of red brick, with the complexion of which time and the weather had played all sorts of pictorial tricks, only, however, to improve and refine it, presented to the lawn its patches of ivy, its clustered chimneys, its windows smothered in creepers. . . .

The old gentleman at the tea-table, who had come from America thirty years before, had brought with him, at the top of his baggage, his American physiognomy; and he had not only brought it with him, but he had kept it in the best order, so that, if necessary, he might have taken it back to his own country with perfect confidence. At present, obviously, nevertheless, he was not likely to displace himself; his journeys were over and he was taking the rest that precedes the great rest. He had a narrow, clean-shaven face, with features evenly distributed and an expression of placid acuteness. . . . A beautiful collie dog lay upon the grass near his chair, watching the master's face almost as tenderly as the master took in the still more magisterial physiognomy of the house; and a little bristling, bustling terrier bestowed a desultory attendance upon the other gentlemen.

One of these was a remarkably well-made man of five-and-thirty. . . . This person had a certain fortunate, brilliant exceptional look—the air of a happy temperament fertilised by a high civilisation—which would have made almost any observer envy him at a venture. He was booted and spurred, as if he had dismounted from a long ride.

His companion, measuring the length of the lawn beside him, was a person of quite a different pattern. . . . He carried his hands in his pockets, and there was something in the way he did it that showed the habit was inveterate. His gait had a shambling, wandering quality; he was not very firm on his legs. As I have said, whenever he passed the old man in the chair he rested his eyes upon him; and at this moment, with their faces brought into relation, you would easily have seen they were father and son. The father caught his son's eye at last and gave him a mild, responsive smile.

"I'm getting on very well," he said.

"Have you drunk your tea?" asked the son.
"Yes, and enjoyed it."

"Shall I give you some more?"

The old man considered, placidly. "Well, I guess I'll wait and see." He had, in speaking, the American tone.

"Are you cold?" the son enquired.

The father slowly rubbed his legs. "Well, I don't know. I can't tell till I feel."

"Perhaps some one might feel for you," said the younger man, laughing.

"Oh, I hope some one will always feel for me! Don't you feel for me, Lord Warburton?"

"Oh yes, immensely," said the gentleman addressed as Lord Warburton, promptly. "I'm bound to say you look wonderfully comfortable."

"Well, I suppose I am, in most respects." And the old man looked down at his green shawl and smoothed it over his knees. "The fact is I've been comfortable so many years that I suppose I've got so used to it I don't know it."

"Yes, that's the bore of comfort," said Lord Warburton. "We only know when we're uncomfortable."

"It strikes me we're rather particular," his companion remarked. . . .

"I'm never bored when I come here," said Lord Warburton. "One gets such uncommonly good talk."

"Is that another sort of joke?" asked the old man. "You've no excuse for being bored anywhere. When I was your age I had never heard of such a thing."

"You must have developed very late."

"No, I developed very quick; that was just the reason. When I was twenty years old I was very highly developed indeed. I was working tooth and nail. You wouldn't be bored if you had something to do; but all you young men are too idle. You think too much of your pleasure. You're too fastidious, and too indolent, and too rich."

"Oh, I say," cried Lord Warburton, "you're hardly the person to accuse a fellow-creature of being too rich!"

"Do you mean because I'm a banker?" asked the old man.

"Because of that, if you like; and because you have—haven't you?—such
unlimited means."

"He isn't very rich," the other young man mercifully pleaded. "He has given away an immense deal of money."

"Well, I suppose it was his own," said Lord Warburton; "and in that case could there be a better proof of wealth? Let not a public benefactor talk of one's being too fond of pleasure."

"Daddy's very fond of pleasure—of other people's."

The old man shook his head. "I don't pretend to have contributed anything to the amusement of my contemporaries."

"My dear father, you're too modest!"

"That's a kind of joke, sir," said Lord Warburton.

"You young men have too many jokes. When there are no jokes you've nothing left."

"Fortunately there are always more jokes," the young man remarked.

"I don't believe it—I believe things are getting more serious. You young men will find that out."

"The increasing seriousness of things, then that's the great opportunity of jokes."

"They'll have to be grim jokes," said the old man. "I'm convinced there will be great changes, and not all for the better."

¹ *physiognomy*: character that can be determined by physical features

*Portrait of a Lady* in the public domain.

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239. Read the sentence from "Excerpt from The Portrait of a Lady."

> One of them, from time to time, as he passed, looked with a certain attention at the elder man, who, unconscious of observation, rested his eyes upon the rich red front of his dwelling....

What can be inferred from this sentence?

A.
B. that the elder man is avoiding the young man

C. that the young man is worried about the elder man

D. that the young man is growing impatient with the elder man

E. that the young man is trying to find a way to warn the elder man
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Ulysses

Ulysses

_Ulysses_
by Alfred Tennyson

Alfred Tennyson was a Victorian-era British poet. In “Ulysses” he writes from the perspective of the Greek hero Ulysses after he has returned home to Ithaca. Ulysses had spent decades of adventure away from home, fighting in the Trojan War and on his journey back to his family.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match’d with an aged wife, I mete and dole¹
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
(5)That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees:² all times I have enjoy’d
Greatly, have suffer’d greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
(10)Thro’ scudding drifts the rainy Hyades³
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
(15)Myself not least, but honour’d of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro’
(20)Gleams that untravell’d world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish’d,⁴ not to shine in use!
As tho’ to breathe were life. Life piled on life
(25)Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
(30)And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
(35)Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro’ soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
(40)Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
(45)There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil’d and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
(50)Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
(55)The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
’Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
(60)To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
(65)Tho’ much is taken, much abides; and tho’
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
(70)To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

1 **mete and dole:** measure out
2 **lees:** dregs at the bottom of a drink
3 **Hyades:** group of stars associated with stormy weather
4 **unburnish’d:** unused and not shiny
5 **discerning:** showing understanding
6 **wrought:** worked
7 **furrows:** waves
8 **Happy Isles:** paradise for heroes

Poem titled “Ulysses” from *Poems of Alfred Tennyson* by Alfred Tennyson, edited by Frederick Henry Sykes. Published by W.J. Gage and Company, 1906. In the public domain.

240. In Tennyson’s “Ulysses,” how does Ulysses’s disinterest in governing his own kingdom reveal the theme?

A. It shows that Ulysses desires to be elsewhere, revealing the theme of longing for a different life.

B. It shows that Ulysses feels that no one knows him, revealing the theme of isolation and loneliness.

C. It shows that Ulysses is disgusted by the behavior of the people he must rule, revealing the theme of a chaotic society.

D. It shows that Ulysses has little involvement with people outside his circle of friends, revealing the theme of social injustice.
“You’re wasting your time, Sis,” Elissa’s father chided her. Elissa, fifteen years old and full of hope and energy, was already one foot out the door, her backpack slung over her shoulder.

“You never know, Dad,” she replied, tossing her head slightly. “She can learn it.”

“She’s from a different generation, honey,” Elissa’s mother chimed in. “She didn’t grow up with computers; it’s all completely foreign to her. She doesn’t have a cell. She doesn’t even have an answering machine, let alone voice mail. Her TV still has rabbit ears.”

“Huh? Rabbit ears?”

“Antennas,” her mother explained. “How can I put this nicely? She’s technologically, um, challenged.”

“I know it has been slow going, but, I really think she can do it, and we’re going to keep trying,” Elissa replied, and she skipped on out the door, down to the sidewalk, and down the few blocks to her great-grandmother’s house, where her technologically challenged “Nana” awaited the day’s lesson.

Elissa’s great-grandmother had sighed one day not that long ago, sadly relating her frustration at not being able to keep in contact with her family, especially the great-grandchildren. Everyone had been moving forward into the world of e-mail and social media, and her world—a world of handwritten letters, personal phone calls, and personal visits to people’s homes—was fading away. She saw less and less of her family these days, and it bothered her.

“I feel like I’m being left behind as the rest of world moves further and further away,” she confided to Elissa sadly one day, “and I don’t want to be.”

“I can help, Nana,” Elissa replied.

Elissa had taken it upon herself to solve this problem: she decided she would
spend more time with her great-grandmother, and she would teach her to use the Internet.

“Here’s the plan,” she said. “First, we get you a computer. I can get it up and running for you. Then every Thursday evening, I’ll stop by after dinner and give you a lesson.” Elissa bounded into her great-grandmother’s house without so much as a knock. She threw her backpack onto the couch in the living room and sat right down in a chair next to her pupil, who was waiting expectantly at her new computer.

“Nana! You’ve already got the web browser open!”

Her great-grandmother smiled. “First try . . . now what, Ms. Prometheus?”

“Now,” Elissa said, beaming—but a little puzzled at the name, “we’re going to get you on Freshface. It’s a social networking site. Type in Freshface.com.”

The older woman did, and Elissa helped her set up her account. Soon, “Nana” was looking at her very own, very blank Freshface page; she looked mutely at Elissa, her mouth hanging open a bit as her great-granddaughter grinned widely.

“See that white bar up there? Type ‘Jon Rife’ into it.” The great-grandmother did, and a list of Jon Rifes streamed down the page, the first of which she recognized as her great-grandson. “Oh! There’s Jonny!”

“Yeah,” Elissa giggled, “so click on him.”

A quick click on Jonny’s picture, and the screen changed to show his main picture: Jonny, clothed from head to foot in his school colors, screaming at a football game.

“Do you see that button that says ‘Send Message’?” Elissa asked as she pointed to a button on the screen. “Click that. You’ll get a new box. Tell Jonny ‘Hi.’”

The great-grandmother did so. She wrote, “Hi, Jonny. It’s Nana.” She stared at the message as it sat there, and then she looked aside at Elissa. “Did he get it?”

Elissa nodded at the screen. Suddenly, a new line of text popped up below Great-Grandma’s. “Hey, Nana! You’re on Freshface! How are you?”

She smiled at the screen and paused, but Elissa quickly gave her new directions.

“All right, now go back to that box and put in Dad’s name.” The great-
grandmother did. “Now click the message button . . . good. Now, type in, ‘Guess who?’”

241. Which statement best explains Elissa’s great-grandmother’s attitude toward social media and computers?

A. She is hesitant to use them, but her love for her family motivates her to learn more about them.

B. She is nervous about using them, because she wishes people still wrote letters to communicate.

C. She is eager to learn more about them, because they will help her understand her great-grandchildren.

D. She is intrigued by them, but her inexperience with new technologies means she will require lessons.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Excerpt from Antony and Cleopatra

Excerpt from Antony and Cleopatra

Excerpt from Antony and Cleopatra

*Excerpt from* Antony and Cleopatra

by William Shakespeare

The following scene is from Antony and Cleopatra by William Shakespeare (1564–1616). Shakespeare’s main source for this play was The Lives of Noble Grecians and Romans by the Greek biographer Plutarch (ca. CE 45–120). This scene is between Domitius Enobarbus, Antony’s most loyal supporter; and Mecaenas and Agrippa, supporters of the antagonist, Octavius Cesar.

MECAENAS: She’s a most triumphant lady if report be square to her.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS: When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

AGRIPPA: There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

(5)  DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS: I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish’d throne,

Burn’d on the water: the poop¹ was beaten gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that

The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were silver,

(10) Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made

The water which they beat to follow faster,

As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,

It beggar’d all description: she did lie

In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—

(15) O’er-picturing that Venus where we see

The fancy outwork nature: on each side her

Stood ... boys ...

With divers-colour’d fans whose wind did seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,

(20) And what they undid did.
AGRIPPA: O, rare for Antony!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS: Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,²

So many mermaids, tended her i’ the eyes
And made their bends³ adornings; at the helm

(25) A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands
That yarely frame⁴ the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast

(30) Her people out upon her, and Antony,
Enthroned i’ the marketplace, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.

(35) AGRIPPA: Rare Egyptian!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS: Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper; she replied,
it should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated; our courteous Antony,

(40) Whom ne’er the word of “No” woman heard speak,
Being barber’d ten times o’er, goes to the feast
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only …

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS: I saw her once

(45) Hop forty paces through the public street,
And, having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

MECAENAS: Now Antony must leave her utterly.

(50) DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS: Never; he will not.
Age cannot wither her nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies, for vilest things

(55) Become themselves in her ...

¹ poop: a smaller deck above a ship’s main afterdeck
The Egyptian queen Cleopatra (70/69 BCE–30 BCE) was the last pharaoh of ancient Egypt. She was also the wife of Marc Antony, controller of Rome’s eastern lands. The following excerpt from "Antony," in Plutarch’s The Lives of Noble Grecians and Romans, describes the first time Cleopatra showed herself to her future husband.

She received several letters, both from Antony and from his friends, to summon her. But she took no account of these orders. And at last, as if in mockery of them, she came sailing up the river Cydnus in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps. She herself lay all along under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture, and . . . young boys . . . stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like Sea Nymphs and Graces, some steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes. The perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore, which was covered with multitudes, part following the galley up the river on either bank, part running out of the city to see the sight. The marketplace was quite emptied. And Antony at last was left alone sitting upon the tribunal,
while the word went through all the multitude that Venus was come to feast . . . for the common good of Asia. On her arrival, Antony sent to invite her to supper. She thought it fitter he should come to her. So, willing to show his good humor and courtesy, he complied and went. He found the preparations to receive him magnificent beyond expression, but nothing so admirable as the great number of lights. For on a sudden there was let down altogether so great a number of branches with lights in them so ingeniously disposed, some in squares and some in circles, that the whole thing was a spectacle that has seldom been equaled for beauty.

The next day, Antony invited her to supper and was very desirous to outdo her as well in magnificence as contrivance. But he found he was altogether beaten in both. And was so well convinced of it that he was himself the first to jest and mock at his poverty of wit and his rustic awkwardness.

1 Graces: Greek goddesses who gave charm and beauty


242. Read these lines from “Excerpt from Antony’ in The Lives of Noble Grecians and Romans.”

On her arrival, Antony sent to invite her to supper. She thought it fitter he should come to her. So, willing to show his good humor and courtesy, he complied and went.

How does Shakespeare’s description of Cleopatra’s instructions to Antony in “Excerpt from Antony and Cleopatra” compare with Plutarch’s account of this event?

A. In Plutarch’s account, Antony eagerly agrees, whereas in Shakespeare’s description, Antony complies grudgingly with Cleopatra’s invitation.

B. In Plutarch’s account, Antony happily accepts, whereas in
Shakespeare’s description, Antony flatly refuses Cleopatra’s affront to his authority.

C. In Plutarch’s account, Antony seems to be at liberty to accept or refuse, whereas in Shakespeare’s description, Antony is unable to resist Cleopatra’s demand.

D. In Plutarch’s account, Antony complies out of courtesy, whereas in Shakespeare’s description, Antony only accepts Cleopatra’s invitation with considerable rudeness.
The novel *Sense and Sensibility* takes place in England between 1792 and 1797. During this time period, English society expected certain roles of its men and women. Instead of holding jobs, women were expected to marry as soon as possible and to be good wives; men were allowed more time and personal choice in their search for a wife and they often sought wives whose families had a lot of money.

Chapter 1

The family of Dashwood had long been settled in Sussex. Their estate was large, and their residence was at Norland Park, in the centre of their property, where, for many generations, they had lived in so respectable a manner as to engage the general good opinion of their surrounding acquaintance. The late owner of this estate was a single man, who lived to a very advanced age, and who for many years of his life, had a constant
companion and housekeeper in his sister. But her death, which happened ten years before his own, produced a great alteration in his home; for to supply her loss, he invited and received into his house the family of his nephew Mr. Henry Dashwood, the legal inheritor of the Norland estate, and the person to whom he intended to bequeath it. In the society of his nephew and niece, and their children, the old Gentleman's days were comfortably spent. His attachment to them all increased. The constant attention of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dashwood to his wishes, which proceeded not merely from interest, but from goodness of heart, gave him every degree of solid comfort which his age could receive; and the cheerfulness of the children added a relish to his existence.

By a former marriage, Mr. Henry Dashwood had one son: by his present lady, three daughters. The son, a steady respectable young man, was amply provided for by the fortune of his mother, which had been large, and half of which devolved on him on his coming of age. By his own marriage, likewise, which happened soon afterwards, he added to his wealth. To him therefore the succession to the Norland estate was not so really important as to his sisters; for their fortune, independent of what might arise to them from their father's inheriting that property, could be but small. Their mother had nothing, and their father only seven thousand pounds¹ in his own disposal; for the remaining moiety of his first wife's fortune was also secured to her child, and he had only a life-interest in it.

The old gentleman died: his will was read, and like almost every other will, gave as much disappointment as pleasure. He was neither so unjust, nor so ungrateful, as to leave his estate from his nephew;—but he left it to him on such terms as destroyed half the value of the bequest. Mr. Dashwood had wished for it more for the sake of his wife and daughters than for himself or his son;—but to his son, and his son's son, a child of four years old, it was secured, in such a way, as to leave to himself no power of providing for those who were most dear to him, and who most needed a provision by any charge on the estate, or by any sale of its valuable woods. The whole was tied up for the benefit of this child, who, in occasional visits with his father and mother at Norland, had so far gained on the affections of his uncle, by such attractions as are by no means unusual in children of two or three years old; an imperfect articulation, an earnest desire of having his own way, many cunning tricks, and a great deal of noise, as to outweigh all the value of all the attention which, for years, he had received from his niece and her daughters. He meant not to be unkind, however, and, as a mark of his affection for the three girls, he left them a thousand pounds a-piece.

Mr. Dashwood's disappointment was, at first, severe; but his temper was
cheerful and sanguine; and he might reasonably hope to live many years, and by living economically, lay by a considerable sum from the produce of an estate already large, and capable of almost immediate improvement. But the fortune, which had been so tardy in coming, was his only one twelvemonth. He survived his uncle no longer; and ten thousand pounds, including the late legacies, was all that remained for his widow and daughters.

His son was sent for as soon as his danger was known, and to him Mr. Dashwood recommended, with all the strength and urgency which illness could command, the interest of his mother-in-law and sisters.

Mr. John Dashwood had not the strong feelings of the rest of the family; but he was affected by a recommendation of such a nature at such a time, and he promised to do everything in his power to make them comfortable. His father was rendered easy by such an assurance, and Mr. John Dashwood had then leisure to consider how much there might prudently be in his power to do for them.

He was not an ill-disposed young man, unless to be rather cold hearted and rather selfish is to be ill-disposed: but he was, in general, well respected; for he conducted himself with propriety in the discharge of his ordinary duties. Had he married a more amiable woman, he might have been made still more respectable than he was:—he might even have been made amiable himself; for he was very young when he married, and very fond of his wife. But Mrs. John Dashwood was a strong caricature of himself;—more narrow-minded and selfish.

1 seven thousand pounds: In today's dollars, 7,000 pounds of Britain's currency is the equivalent to approximately $267,238.00.

Sense and Sensibility in the public domain.

243. The theme of “excerpt from Sense and Sensibility” is noblesse oblige, a French term meaning “nobility obliges.” Write an essay explaining this theme and analyze its development throughout the text, using evidence from the passage and from online sources to support your response.

Your essay will be scored using the following criteria:
• Consistent focus and logical organization
• Details from the passage and evidence from online sources that support your answer
• Language that is appropriate for your audience and purpose
Read the following and answer the questions below:

Timaeus

Excerpt from Timaeus
by Plato

Timaeus is one of the dialogues written by the ancient Greek philosopher Plato. It was written around the year 360 BCE. In this excerpt, Plato provides the first mention of the underwater city of Atlantis and describes it in a mix of history and folk myth as a kind of past paradise that has captivated the interest of people ever since.

Many great and wonderful deeds are recorded of your state in our histories. But one of them exceeds all the rest in greatness and valour. For these histories tell of a mighty power which unprovoked made an expedition against the whole of Europe and Asia, and to which your city put an end. This power came forth out of the Atlantic Ocean, for in those days the Atlantic was navigable; and there was an island situated in front of the straits which are by you called the Pillars of Heracles; the island was larger than Libya and Asia put together, and was the way to other islands, and from these you might pass to the whole of the opposite continent which surrounded the true ocean; for this sea which is within the Straits of Heracles is only a harbour, having a narrow entrance, but that other is a real sea, and the surrounding land may be most truly called a boundless continent. Now in this island of Atlantis there was a great and wonderful empire which had rule over the whole island and several others, and over parts of the continent, and, furthermore, the men of Atlantis had subjected the parts of Libya within the columns of Heracles as far as Egypt, and of Europe as far as Tyrrhenia. This vast power, gathered into one, endeavoured to subdue at a blow our country and yours and the whole of the region within the straits; and then, Solon, your country shone forth, in the excellence of her virtue and strength, among all mankind. She was preeminent in courage and military skill, and was the leader of the Hellenes. And when the rest fell off from her, being compelled to stand alone, after having undergone the very extremity of danger, she defeated and triumphed over the invaders, and preserved from slavery those who were not yet subjugated, and generously liberated all the rest of us who dwell within the
pillars. But afterwards there occurred violent earthquakes and floods; and in a single day and night of misfortune all your warlike men in a body sank into the earth, and the island of Atlantis in like manner disappeared in the depths of the sea. For which reason the sea in those parts is impassable and impenetrable, because there is a shoal of mud in the way; and this was caused by the subsidence of the island.

1 subsidence: sinking or settling to lower level

"Timaeus" in the public domain.

244. How did Plato develop his theme in this excerpt from Timaeus? Write one paragraph that describes the theme and its development. Use details from the passage to support your answer.
Guy de Maupassant (1850–1893) was a French writer best known for his short stories. “Lieutenant Laré’s Marriage” takes place during the Franco-Prussian War, which lasted from 1870 to 1871 in eastern France.

Since the beginning of the campaign Lieutenant Laré had taken two cannon from the Prussians. His general had said: “Thank you, lieutenant,” and had given him the cross of honor.

As he was as cautious as he was brave, wary, inventive, wily and resourceful, he was entrusted with a hundred soldiers and he organized a company of scouts who saved the army on several occasions during a retreat.

But the invading army entered by every frontier like a surging sea. Great waves of men arrived one after the other, scattering all around them a scum of freebooters. General Carrel’s brigade, separated from its division, retreated continually, fighting each day, but remaining almost intact, thanks to the vigilance and agility of Lieutenant Laré, who seemed to be everywhere at the same moment, baffling all the enemy’s cunning, frustrating their plans...

One morning the general sent for him.

“Lieutenant,” said he, “here is a dispatch from General de Lacère, who will be destroyed if we do not go to his aid by sunrise to-morrow. He is at Blainville, eight leagues from here. You will start at nightfall with three hundred men, whom you will echelon along the road. I will follow you two hours later. Study the road carefully; I fear we may meet a division of the enemy.”
It had been freezing hard for a week. At two o’clock it began to snow, and by night the ground was covered and heavy white swirls concealed objects hard by.

At six o’clock the detachment set out.

Two men walked alone as scouts about three yards ahead. Then came a platoon of ten men commanded by the lieutenant himself. The rest followed them in two long columns. To the right and left of the little band, at a distance of about three hundred feet on either side, some soldiers marched in pairs.

The snow, which was still falling, covered them with a white powder in the darkness, and as it did not melt on their uniforms, they were hardly distinguishable in the night amid the dead whiteness of the landscape.

From time to time they halted. One heard nothing but that indescribable, nameless flutter of falling snow—a sensation rather than a sound, a vague, ominous murmur. A command was given in a low tone and when the troop resumed its march it left in its wake a sort of white phantom standing in the snow. It gradually grew fainter and finally disappeared. It was the echelons who were to lead the army.

The scouts slackened their pace. Something was ahead of them.

“Turn to the right,” said the lieutenant; “it is the Ronfi wood; the chateau is more to the left.”

Presently the command “Halt” was passed along. The detachment stopped and waited for the lieutenant, who, accompanied by only ten men, had undertaken a reconnoitering expedition to the chateau.

They advanced, creeping under the trees. Suddenly they all remained motionless. Around them was a dead silence. Then, quite near them, a little clear, musical young voice was heard amid the stillness of the wood.

“Father, we shall get lost in the snow. We shall never reach Blainville.”

A deeper voice replied:

“Never fear, little daughter; I know the country as well as I know my pocket.”

The lieutenant said a few words and four men moved away silently, like shadows.

All at once a woman’s shrill cry was heard through the darkness. Two prisoners were brought back, an old man and a young girl. The lieutenant
questioned them, still in a low tone:

“Your name?”

“Pierre Bernard.”

“Your profession?”

“Butler to Comte de Ronfi.”

“Is this your daughter?”

“Yes!”

“What does she do?”

“She is laundress at the chateau.”

“Where are you going?”

“We are making our escape”...

“Whither are you bound?”

“To Blainville.”

“Why?”

“Because there is a French army there.”

“Do you know the way?”

“Perfectly.”

“Well then, follow us.”

They rejoined the column and resumed their march across country. The old man walked in silence beside the lieutenant, his daughter walking at his side. All at once she stopped.

“Father,” she said, “I am so tired I cannot go any farther.”

And she sat down. She was shaking with cold and seemed about to lose consciousness. Her father wanted to carry her, but he was too old and too weak.

“Lieutenant,” said he, sobbing, “we shall only impede your march. France before all. Leave us here.”

The officer had given a command. Some men had started off. They came back with branches they had cut, and in a minute a litter was ready. The whole detachment had joined them by this time.
“Here is a woman dying of cold,” said the lieutenant. “Who will give his cape to cover her?”

Two hundred capes were taken off. The young girl was wrapped up in these warm soldiers’ capes, gently laid in the litter, and then four hardy shoulders lifted her up, and ... she was placed in the center of the detachment of soldiers, who resumed their march with more energy, more courage, more cheerfulness, animated by the presence of a woman, that sovereign inspiration that has stirred the old French blood to so many deeds of valor.

At the end of an hour they halted again and every one lay down in the snow ...

After a long rest the march was resumed. The old man whom they had captured acted as guide.

Presently a voice far off in the distance cried out: “Who goes there?”

Another voice nearer by gave the countersign.

They made another halt; some conferences took place. It had stopped snowing. A cold wind was driving the clouds, and innumerable stars were sparkling in the sky behind them, gradually paling in the rosy light of dawn.

A staff officer came forward to receive the detachment. But when he asked who was being carried in the litter, the form stirred; two little hands moved aside the big blue army capes and, rosy as the dawn, with two eyes that were brighter than the stars that had just faded from sight, and a smile as radiant as the morn, a dainty face appeared.

“It is I, monsieur.”

The soldiers, wild with delight, clapped their hands and bore the young girl in triumph into the midst of the camp, that was just getting to arms. Presently General Carrel arrived on the scene. At nine o’clock the Prussians made an attack. They beat a retreat at noon.

That evening, as Lieutenant Laré, overcome by fatigue, was sleeping on a bundle of straw, he was sent for by the general. He found the commanding officer in his tent, chatting with the old man whom they had come across during the night. As soon as he entered the tent the general took his hand, and addressing the stranger, said:

“My dear comte, this is the young man of whom you were telling me just now; he is one of my best officers.”

He smiled, lowered his tone, and added:
“The best.”

Then, turning to the astonished lieutenant, he presented “Comte de Ronfi-Quédissac.”

The old man took both his hands, saying:

“My dear lieutenant, you have saved my daughter’s life ... ”

One year later, on the very same day, Captain Laré and Miss Louise-Hortense-Geneviève de Ronfi-Quédissac were married in the church of St. Thomas Aquinas.

She brought a dowry of six thousand francs, and was said to be the prettiest bride that had been seen that year.

1 *Comte de Ronfi*: the nobleman who owns the castle as well as the land on which the soldiers are traveling

2 *francs*: former currency of France

“Lieutenant Laré’s Marriage” in the public domain.

245. Read this excerpt from the beginning of “Lieutenant Laré’s Marriage.”

Since the beginning of the campaign Lieutenant Laré had taken two cannon from the Prussians. His general had said: “Thank you, lieutenant,” and had given him the cross of honor.

What plot details do these descriptions of Lieutenant Laré at the beginning of the passage provide?

A. They minimize the importance of Lieutenant Laré’s service in battle.

B. They portray the general as impersonal and distant from his subordinates.

C. They give the impression that the war has been mostly slow and uninteresting.
D. They suggest that Lieutenant Laré’s motivation is duty rather than a desire for glory.
Excerpt from Tales of a Traveller

Washington Irving published his collection of stories and essays known as Tales of a Traveller under the pseudonym Geoffrey Crayon in 1824.

Many years since, a long time before the French revolution, my uncle had passed several months at Paris. The English and French were on better terms, in those days, than at present, and mingled cordially together in society. The English went abroad to spend money then, and the French were always ready to help them: they go abroad to save money at present, and that they can do without French assistance. Perhaps the travelling English were fewer and choicer then, than at present, when the whole nation has broke loose, and inundated the continent. At any rate, they circulated more readily and currently in foreign society, and my uncle, during his residence in Paris, made many very intimate acquaintances among the French noblesse.

Some time afterwards, he was making a journey in the winter-time, in that part of Normandy called the Pays de Caux, when, as evening was closing in, he perceived the turrets of an ancient chateau rising out of the trees of its walled park, each turret with its high conical roof of gray slate, like a candle with an extinguisher on it.

“To whom does that chateau belong, friend?” cried my uncle to a meager, but fiery postillion, who, with tremendous jack boots and cocked hat, was floundering on before him.

“To Monseigneur the Marquis de—,” said the postillion, touching his hat, partly out of respect to my uncle, and partly out of reverence to the noble name pronounced. My uncle recollected the Marquis for a particular friend in Paris, who had often expressed a wish to see him at his paternal chateau.
My uncle was an old traveller, one that knew how to turn things to account. He revolved for a few moments in his mind how agreeable it would be to his friend the Marquis to be surprised in this sociable way by a pop visit; and how much more agreeable to himself to get into snug quarters in a chateau, and have a relish of the Marquis’s well-known kitchen, and a smack of his superior champagne and burgundy; rather than take up with the miserable lodging, and miserable fare of a country inn. In a few minutes, therefore, the meager postillion was cracking his whip like a very devil, or like a true Frenchman, up the long straight avenue that led to the chateau.

You have no doubt all seen French chateaus, as every body travels in France nowadays. This was one of the oldest; standing naked and alone, in the midst of a desert of gravel walks and cold stone terraces; with a cold-looking formal garden, cut into angles and rhomboids; and a cold leafless park, divided geometrically by straight alleys; and two or three noseless, cold-looking statues without any clothing; and fountains spouting cold water enough to make one’s teeth chatter. At least, such was the feeling they imparted on the wintry day of my uncle’s visit; though, in hot summer weather, I’ll warrant there was glare enough to scorch one’s eyes out.

The smacking of the postillion’s whip, which grew more and more intense the nearer they approached, frightened a flight of pigeons out of the dovecote, and rooks out of the roofs; and finally a crew of servants out of the chateau, with the Marquis at their head. He was enchanted to see my uncle; for his chateau, like the house of our worthy host, had not many more guests at the time than it could accommodate. So he kissed my uncle on each cheek, after the French fashion, and ushered him into the castle.

The Marquis did the honors of his house with the urbanity of his country. In fact, he was proud of his old family chateau; for part of it was extremely old. There was a tower and chapel that had been built almost before the memory of man; but the rest was more modern; the castle having been nearly demolished during the wars of the League. The Marquis dwelt upon this event with great satisfaction, and seemed really to entertain a grateful feeling towards Henry IV, for having thought his paternal mansion worth battering down. He had many stories to tell of the prowess of his ancestors, and several skull-caps, helmets, and cross-bows to show; and divers huge boots and buff jerkins, that had been worn by the Leaguers. Above all, there was a two-handled sword, which he could hardly wield; but which he displayed as a proof that there had been giants in his family.

In truth, he was but a small descendant from such great warriors. When you looked at their bluff visages and brawny limbs, as depicted in their portraits, and then at the little Marquis, with his spindle shanks; his sallow lantern
visage, flanked with a pair of powdered ear-locks,\(^5\) or ailes de pigeon, that seemed ready to fly away with it; you would hardly believe him to be of the same race. But when you looked at the eyes that sparkled out like a beetle’s from each side of his hooked nose, you saw at once that he inherited all the fiery spirit of his forefathers. In fact, a Frenchman’s spirit never exhales, however his body may dwindle. It rather rarefies, and grows more inflammable, as the earthly particles diminish; and I have seen valor enough in a little fiery-hearted French dwarf, to have furnished out a tolerable giant.

\(^1\) noblesse: aristocrats; persons of noble rank
\(^2\) postilion: driver of a horse-drawn carriage
\(^3\) divers: various; several
\(^4\) jerkins: jackets
\(^5\) ear-locks: sections of hair worn in front of or near the ears

Excerpt from novel *Tales of a Traveller*, by Geoffrey Crayon (Washington Irving). Published by L. Baudry, 1824.

246. In "Tales of a Traveller," various parts of the uncle’s life are followed; but then the focus shifts to the life of the marquis. How does the author use these characters to develop the story?

Write an essay in which you analyze the character of either the uncle or marquis. In your response, discuss how this character is presented, how he interacts with others, and how the character helps to advance the plot or develop the theme. Use details from the passage to support your analysis.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

William Wordsworth, a well-known English Romantic poet, wrote during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. He is most famous for publishing Lyrical Ballads with another Romantic poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. One of his poems from that collection, Lines Written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, describes Wordsworth’s reflections upon revisiting Tintern Abbey, a place that holds many dear childhood memories. In this excerpt, he considers how he has changed since his last visit and the affect the abbey still has on him.

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a sweet inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
Which on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts, . . .

Though absent long,
These forms of beauty have not been to me,
As is a landscape to a blind man’s eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man’s life;
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. . . .

How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the wood
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguish’d thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was, when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe\footnote{1}
I bounded o’er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led; more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. . . .
—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompence.² For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,³
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half-create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor, perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; ’tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e’er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee: and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies . . .

1 **roe**: deer
2 **recompence**: payment for loss or damage
3 **interfused**: mixed together

Poem titled “Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey” by William Wordsworth, from *Lyrical Ballads, with Pastoral and Other Poems*. Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, 1805. In the public domain.

**247.** What theme is best expressed in this poem?

A. Childhood is a time of despair.

B. Natural beauty can have power over people.

C. Memories are best repressed to eliminate suffering.
D. Urban dwellers have a purity of mind and body not found in others.
In those old, old times, there lived two brothers who were not like other men, nor yet like those Mighty Ones who lived upon the mountain top. They were the sons of one of those Titans who had fought against Jupiter and been sent in chains to the strong prison-house of the Lower World.

The name of the elder of these brothers was Prometheus, or Forethought; for he was always thinking of the future and making things ready for what might happen to-morrow, or next week, or next year, or it may be in a hundred years to come. The younger was called Epimetheus, or Afterthought; for he was always so busy thinking of yesterday, or last year, or a hundred years ago, that he had no care at all for what might come to pass after a while.

For some cause Jupiter had not sent these brothers to prison with the rest of the Titans.

Prometheus did not care to live amid the clouds on the mountain top. He was too busy for that. While the Mighty Folk were spending their time in idleness, drinking nectar and eating ambrosia, he was intent upon plans for making the world wiser and better than it had ever been before.

He went out amongst men to live with them and help them; for his heart was filled with sadness when he found that they were no longer happy as they had been during the golden days when Saturn was king. Ah, how very poor and wretched they were! He found them living in caves and in holes of the earth, shivering with the cold because there was no fire, dying of starvation, hunted by wild beasts and by one another—the most miserable of all living creatures.

“If they only had fire,” said Prometheus to himself, “they could at least warm themselves and cook their food; and after a while they could learn to make
tools and build themselves houses. Without fire, they are worse off than the beasts.”

Then he went boldly to Jupiter and begged him to give fire to men, that so they might have a little comfort through the long, dreary months of winter.

“Not a spark will I give,” said Jupiter. “No, indeed! Why, if men had fire they might become strong and wise like ourselves, and after a while they would drive us out of our kingdom. Let them shiver with cold, and let them live like the beasts. It is best for them to be poor and ignorant, that so we Mighty Ones may thrive and be happy.”

Prometheus made no answer; but he had set his heart on helping mankind, and he did not give up. He turned away, and left Jupiter and his mighty company forever.

As he was walking by the shore of the sea he found a reed, or, as some say, a tall stalk of fennel, growing; and when he had broken it off he saw that its hollow center was filled with a dry, soft pith which would burn slowly and keep on fire a long time. He took the long stalk in his hands, and started with it towards the dwelling of the sun in the far east.

“Mankind shall have fire in spite of the tyrant who sits on the mountain top,” he said.

He reached the place of the sun in the early morning just as the glowing, golden orb was rising from the earth and beginning his daily journey through the sky. He touched the end of the long reed to the flames, and the dry pith caught on fire and burned slowly. Then he turned and hastened back to his own land, carrying with him the precious spark hidden in the hollow center of the plant.

He called some of the shivering men from their caves and built a fire for them, and showed them how to warm themselves by it and how to build other fires from the coals. Soon there was a cheerful blaze in every rude home in the land, and men and women gathered round it and were warm and happy, and thankful to Prometheus for the wonderful gift which he had brought to them from the sun.

It was not long until they learned to cook their food and so to eat like men instead of like beasts. They began at once to leave off their wild and savage habits; and instead of lurking in the dark places of the world, they came out into the open air and the bright sunlight, and were glad because life had been given to them.

After that, Prometheus taught them, little by little, a thousand things. He
showed them how to build houses of wood and stone, and how to tame sheep and cattle and make them useful, and how to plow and sow and reap, and how to protect themselves from the storms of winter and the beasts of the woods. Then he showed them how to dig in the earth for copper and iron, and how to melt the ore, and how to hammer it into shape and fashion from it the tools and weapons which they needed in peace and war; and when he saw how happy the world was becoming he cried out:

“A new Golden Age shall come, brighter and better by far than the old!”

Excerpt from “The Story of Prometheus” from Old Greek Stories by James Baldwin. In the public domain.

248. Prometheus is well-known in Greek mythology. Write a two-paragraph response analyzing the character of Prometheus, based on specific evidence in “The Story of Prometheus.” Your response should answer these questions:

• What is the significance of Prometheus’s name?
• How does the description of Prometheus’s brother help reveal Prometheus’s character?
• How do Prometheus’s actions show that he is neither like other humans nor one of the “Mighty Ones”?

Use details from the passage to support your answer.
Read the following and answer the questions below:

**Excerpt from The Five Orange Pips**

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859–1930) is best remembered for his stories and novels about the detective Sherlock Holmes. The following passage is excerpted from Doyle’s Sherlock Holmes story “The Five Orange Pips.” The story is narrated by Holmes’s friend, Dr. Watson.

Sherlock Holmes sat moodily at one side of the fireplace, cross-indexing his records ... while I at the other was deep in one of Clark Russell’s fine sea stories until the howl of the gale from without seemed to blend with the text and the splash of the rain to lengthen out into the long swash of the sea waves. My wife was on a visit to her mother’s, and for a few days I was a dweller once more in my old quarters at Baker Street.

“Why,” said I, glancing up at my companion, “that was surely the bell. Who could come tonight? Some friend of yours, perhaps?”

“Except yourself I have none,” he answered. “I do not encourage visitors.”

“A client, then?”

“If so, it is a serious case. Nothing less would bring a man out on such a day and at such an hour. But I take it that it is more likely to be some crony of the landlady’s.”

Sherlock Holmes was wrong in his conjecture, however, for there came a step in the passage and a tapping at the door. He stretched out his long arm to turn the lamp away from himself and towards the vacant chair upon which a newcomer must sit.

“Come in!” said he.
The man who entered was young, some two-and-twenty at the outside, well groomed and trimly clad, with something of refinement and delicacy in his bearing. The streaming umbrella which he held in his hand and his long, shining waterproof told of the fierce weather through which he had come. He looked about him anxiously in the glare of the lamp, and I could see that his face was pale and his eyes heavy, like those of a man who is weighed down with some great anxiety.

“I owe you an apology,” he said, raising his golden pince-nez to his eyes. “I trust that I am not intruding. I fear that I have brought some traces of the storm and rain into your snug chamber.”

“Give me your coat and umbrella,” said Holmes. “They may rest here on the hook and will be dry presently. You have come up from the southwest, I see.”

“Yes, from Horsham.”

“That clay and chalk mixture which I see upon your toe caps is quite distinctive.”

“I have come for advice.”

“That is easily got.”

“And help.”

“That is not always so easy.”

“I have heard of you, Mr. Holmes. I heard from Major Prendergast how you saved him ...”

“Ah, of course ...”

“He said that you could solve anything.”

“He said too much.”

“That you are never beaten.”

“I have been beaten four times—three times by men and once by a woman.”

“But what is that compared with the number of your successes?”

“It is true that I have been generally successful.”

“Then you may be so with me.”

“I beg that you will draw your chair up to the fire and favour me with some details as to your case.”
“It is no ordinary one.”

“None of those which come to me are. I am the last court of appeal.”

“And yet I question, sir, whether, in all your experience, you have ever listened to a more mysterious and inexplicable chain of events than those which have happened in my own family.”

“You fill me with interest,” said Holmes. “… Give us the essential facts from the commencement, and I can afterwards question you as to those details which seem to me to be most important.”

The young man pulled his chair up and pushed his wet feet out towards the blaze.

“My name,” said he, “is John Openshaw, but my own affairs have, as far as I can understand, little to do with this awful business. It is a hereditary matter, so in order to give you an idea of the facts, I must go back to the commencement of the affair.”

¹ pince-nez: eyeglasses held in place by a spring gripping the nose


249. Which excerpt from “The Five Orange Pips” best supports the idea that Sherlock Holmes enjoys solitude?

A. “Sherlock Holmes sat moodily at one side of the fireplace, cross-indexing his records.”

B. “Except yourself I have none,’ he answered. ‘I do not encourage visitors.’”

C. “He stretched out his long arm to turn the lamp away from himself and towards the vacant chair upon which a newcomer must sit.”
D. “‘None of those which come to me are. I am the last court of appeal.’”
Leo Tolstoy ranks among the greatest Russian authors of all time. His novel, Anna Karenin, was published in installments in a magazine from 1873–1877.

The husband of Princess Betsy, a good-natured fat man, an ardent collector of engravings, hearing that his wife had visitors, came into the drawing-room before going to his club. Stepping noiselessly over the thick rugs, he went up to Princess Myaky.

“How did you like Nilsson?” he asked.

“Oh, how can you steal upon any one like that! How you startled me!” she responded. “Please don’t talk to me about the opera; you know nothing about music. I’d better meet you on your own ground, and talk about your majolica¹ and engravings. Come now, what treasure have you been buying lately at the old curiosity shops?”

“Would you like me to show you? But you don’t understand such things.”

“Oh, do show me! I’ve been learning about them at those—what’s their names? … the bankers … they’ve some splendid engravings. They showed them to us.”

“Why, have you been at the Schützburgs?” asked the hostess from the samovar.

“Yes, ma chère.² They asked my husband and me to dinner, and told us the sauce at that dinner cost a hundred pounds,” Princess Myaky said, speaking loudly, and conscious every one was listening; “and very nasty sauce it was, some green mess. We had to ask them, and I made them sauce for eighteen pence, and everybody was very much pleased with it. I can’t run to hundred-pound sauces.”
“She’s unique!” said the lady of the house.

The sensation produced by Princess Myaky’s speeches was always unique, and the secret of the sensation she produced lay in the fact that though she spoke not always appropriately, as now, she said simple things with some sense in them. In the society in which she lived such plain statements produced the effect of the wittiest epigram. Princess Myaky could never see why it had that effect, but she knew it had, and took advantage of it.

As every one had been listening while Princess Myaky spoke, and so the conversation around the ambassador’s wife had dropped, Princess Betsy tried to bring the whole party together, and she turned to the ambassador’s wife.

“Will you really not have tea? You should come over here by us.”

“No, we’re very happy here,” the ambassador’s wife responded with a smile, and she went on with the conversation that had been begun.

It was a very agreeable conversation. They were criticising the Karenins, husband and wife.

“Anna is quite changed since her stay in Moscow. There’s something strange about her,” said her friend.

“The great change is that she brought back with her the shadow of Alexey Vronsky,” said the ambassador’s wife.

“Well, what of it? There’s a fable of Grimm’s about a man without a shadow, a man who’s lost his shadow. And that’s his punishment for something. I never could understand how it was a punishment. But a woman must dislike being without a shadow.”

“Yes, but women with a shadow usually come to a bad end,” said Anna’s friend.

“Bad luck to your tongue!” said Princess Myaky suddenly. “Madame Karenin’s a splendid woman. I don’t like her husband, but I like her very much.”

“Why don’t you like her husband? He’s such a remarkable man,” said the ambassador’s wife. “My husband says there are few statesmen like him in Europe.”

“And my husband tells me just the same, but I don’t believe it,” said Princess Myaky. “If our husbands didn’t talk to us, we should see the facts as they are. Alexey Alexandrovitch, to my thinking, is simply a fool. I say it in a whisper … but doesn’t it really make everything clear? Before, when I
was told to consider him clever, I kept looking for his ability, and thought myself a fool for not seeing it; but directly I said, he’s a fool, though only in a whisper, everything’s explained, isn’t it?”

“How spiteful you are to-day!”

“Not a bit. I’d no other way out of it. One of the two had to be a fool. And, well, you know one can’t say that of oneself.”

“No one is satisfied with his fortune, and every one is satisfied with his wit.” The attaché repeated the French saying.

“That’s just it, just it,” Princess Myaky turned to him. “But the point is that I won’t abandon Anna to your mercies. She’s so nice, so charming. How can she help it if they’re all in love with her, and follow her about like shadows?”

“Oh, I had no idea of blaming her for it,” Anna’s friend said in self-defence.

“If no one follows us about like a shadow, that’s no proof that we’ve any right to blame her.”

And having duly disposed of Anna’s friend, the princess Myaky got up, and together with the ambassador’s wife, joined the group at the table, where the conversation was dealing with the king of Prussia.

1 majolica: style of pottery covered with opaque glaze
2 ma chère: French term of affection meaning “my dear”
3 epigram: clever or amusing remark that expresses an idea
4 attaché: a diplomatic official or military officer assigned to an embassy in a foreign country

Anna Karenin in the public domain.

250. Based on the passage, which sentence about the culture represented in the excerpt from Anna Karenin is most likely true?

A. People placed a high value on personal privacy.
B. People generally enjoyed hearing about scandals.

C. Politics was considered a highly important pursuit.

D. Social interaction was based on intellectual conversation.