

A collection of decorative icons in circular frames: a blue circle with a white bird/plane icon, a grey circle with a white graduation cap icon, a green circle with a white location pin icon, a large orange circle with a white laptop icon, and a purple circle with a white line graph icon.

11th–12th Grade Worksheet Bundle:

Printable worksheets that include multiple subjects from a variety of our online solutions, including Study Island and Courseware.





Analyzing Frederick Douglass's Memoir

This activity will help you meet these educational goals:

You will cite textual evidence that strongly supports an analysis of what the text says; analyze the development of a central idea of a text over the course of the text; provide an objective summary of the text; and determine an author's point of view or purpose in a text.

Activity

In this activity, you'll analyze the different characteristics of a memoir using examples from [chapter 2 of Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave](#).

Part A

Complete the table with appropriate examples from Douglass's memoir.

Point of View (POV)	
Event	
Why the Event is Important	
Feelings or Emotions Expressed in the Memoir	
At least two examples of active voice	
At Least two examples of passive voice	
At least two examples of verb moods	

Part B

In your opinion, what can readers learn from reading Douglass's memoir? Why is it important to learn about these events from Douglass's point of view? Use details from the excerpt to support your answer.

Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave

by Frederick Douglass

Chapter 2

My master's family consisted of two sons, Andrew and Richard; one daughter, Lucretia, and her husband, Captain Thomas Auld. They lived in one house, upon the home plantation of Colonel Edward Lloyd. My master was Colonel Lloyd's clerk and superintendent. He was what might be called the overseer of the overseers. I spent two years of childhood on this plantation in my old master's family. It was here that I witnessed the bloody transaction recorded in the first chapter; and as I received my first impressions of slavery on this plantation, I will give some description of it, and of slavery as it there existed. The plantation is about twelve miles north of Easton, in Talbot county, and is situated on the border of Miles River. The principal products raised upon it were tobacco, corn, and wheat. These were raised in great abundance; so that, with the products of this and the other farms belonging to him, he was able to keep in almost constant employment a large sloop, in carrying them to market at Baltimore. This sloop was named Sally Lloyd, in honor of one of the colonel's daughters. My master's son-in-law, Captain Auld, was master of the vessel; she was otherwise manned by the colonel's own slaves. Their names were Peter, Isaac, Rich, and Jake. These were esteemed very highly by the other slaves, and looked upon as the privileged ones of the plantation; for it was no small affair, in the eyes of the slaves, to be allowed to see Baltimore.

Colonel Lloyd kept from three to four hundred slaves on his home plantation, and owned a large number more on the neighboring farms belonging to him. The names of the farms nearest to the home plantation were Wye Town and New Design. "Wye Town" was under the overseership of a man named Noah Willis. New Design was under the overseership of a Mr. Townsend. The overseers of these, and all the rest of the farms, numbering over twenty, received advice and direction from the managers of the home plantation. This was the great business place. It was the seat of government for the whole twenty farms. All disputes among the overseers were settled here. If a slave was convicted of any high misdemeanor, became unmanageable, or evinced a determination to run away, he was brought immediately here, severely whipped, put on board the sloop, carried to Baltimore, and sold to Austin Woolfolk, or some other slave-trader, as a warning to the slaves remaining.

Here, too, the slaves of all the other farms received their monthly allowance of food, and their yearly clothing. The men and women slaves received, as their monthly allowance of food, eight pounds of pork, or its equivalent in fish, and one bushel of corn meal. Their yearly clothing consisted of two coarse linen shirts, one pair of linen trousers, like the shirts, one jacket, one pair of trousers for winter, made of coarse negro cloth, one pair of stockings, and one pair of shoes; the whole of which could not have cost more than seven dollars. The allowance of the slave children was given to their mothers, or the old women having the care of them. The children unable to work in the field had neither shoes, stockings, jackets, nor trousers, given to them; their clothing consisted of two coarse linen shirts per year. When these failed them, they went naked until the next allowance-day. Children from seven to ten years old, of both sexes, almost naked, might be seen at all seasons of the year.

There were no beds given the slaves, unless one coarse blanket be considered such, and none but the men and women had these. This, however, is not considered a very great privation. They find less difficulty from the want of beds, than from the want of time to sleep; for when their day's work in the field is done, the most of them having their washing, mending, and cooking to do, and having few or none of the ordinary facilities for doing either of these, very many of their sleeping hours are consumed in preparing for the field the coming day; and when this is done, old and young, male and female, married and single, drop down side by side, on one common bed,—the cold, damp floor,—each covering himself or herself with their miserable blankets; and here they sleep till they are summoned to the field by the driver's horn. At the sound of this, all must rise, and be off

to the field. There must be no halting; every one must be at his or her post; and woe betides them who hear not this morning summons to the field; for if they are not awakened by the sense of hearing, they are by the sense of feeling: no age nor sex finds any favor. Mr. Severe, the overseer, used to stand by the door of the quarter, armed with a large hickory stick and heavy cowskin, ready to whip any one who was so unfortunate as not to hear, or, from any other cause, was prevented from being ready to start for the field at the sound of the horn.

Mr. Severe was rightly named: he was a cruel man. I have seen him whip a woman, causing the blood to run half an hour at the time; and this, too, in the midst of her crying children, pleading for their mother's release. He seemed to take pleasure in manifesting his fiendish barbarity. Added to his cruelty, he was a profane swearer. It was enough to chill the blood and stiffen the hair of an ordinary man to hear him talk. Scarce a sentence escaped him but that was commenced or concluded by some horrid oath. The field was the place to witness his cruelty and profanity. His presence made it both the field of blood and of blasphemy. From the rising till the going down of the sun, he was cursing, raving, cutting, and slashing among the slaves of the field, in the most frightful manner. His career was short. He died very soon after I went to Colonel Lloyd's; and he died as he lived, uttering, with his dying groans, bitter curses and horrid oaths. His death was regarded by the slaves as the result of a merciful providence.

Mr. Severe's place was filled by a Mr. Hopkins. He was a very different man. He was less cruel, less profane, and made less noise, than Mr. Severe. His course was characterized by no extraordinary demonstrations of cruelty. He whipped, but seemed to take no pleasure in it. He was called by the slaves a good overseer.

The home plantation of Colonel Lloyd wore the appearance of a country village. All the mechanical operations for all the farms were performed here. The shoemaking and mending, the blacksmithing, cartwrighting, coopering, weaving, and grain-grinding, were all performed by the slaves on the home plantation. The whole place wore a business-like aspect very unlike the neighboring farms. The number of houses, too, conspired to give it advantage over the neighboring farms. It was called by the slaves the Great House Farm. Few privileges were esteemed higher, by the slaves of the out-farms, than that of being selected to do errands at the Great House Farm. It was associated in their minds with greatness. A representative could not be prouder of his election to a seat in the American Congress, than a slave on one of the out-farms would be of his election to do errands at the Great House Farm. They regarded it as evidence of great confidence reposed in them by their overseers; and it was on this account, as well as a constant desire to be out of the field from under the driver's lash, that they esteemed it a high privilege, one worth careful living for. He was called the smartest and most trusty fellow, who had this honor conferred upon him the most frequently. The competitors for this office sought as diligently to please their overseers, as the office-seekers in the political parties seek to please and deceive the people. The same traits of character might be seen in Colonel Lloyd's slaves, as are seen in the slaves of the political parties.

The slaves selected to go to the Great House Farm, for the monthly allowance for themselves and their fellow-slaves, were peculiarly enthusiastic. While on their way, they would make the dense old woods, for miles around, reverberate with their wild songs, revealing at once the highest joy and the deepest sadness. They would compose and sing as they went along, consulting neither time nor tune. The thought that came up, came out—if not in the word, in the sound;—and as frequently in the one as in the other. They would sometimes sing the most pathetic sentiment in the most rapturous tone, and the most rapturous sentiment in the most pathetic tone. Into all of their songs they would manage to weave something of the Great House Farm. Especially would they do this, when leaving home. They would then sing most exultingly the following words:—

"I am going away to the Great House Farm!

O, yea! O, yea! O!"

This they would sing, as a chorus, to words which to many would seem unmeaning jargon, but which, nevertheless, were full of meaning to themselves. I have sometimes thought that the mere hearing of those

songs would do more to impress some minds with the horrible character of slavery, than the reading of whole volumes of philosophy on the subject could do.

I did not, when a slave, understand the deep meaning of those rude and apparently incoherent songs. I was myself within the circle; so that I neither saw nor heard as those without might see and hear. They told a tale of woe which was then altogether beyond my feeble comprehension; they were tones loud, long, and deep; they breathed the prayer and complaint of souls boiling over with the bitterest anguish. Every tone was a testimony against slavery, and a prayer to God for deliverance from chains. The hearing of those wild notes always depressed my spirit, and filled me with ineffable sadness. I have frequently found myself in tears while hearing them. The mere recurrence to those songs, even now, afflicts me; and while I am writing these lines, an expression of feeling has already found its way down my cheek. To those songs I trace my first glimmering conception of the dehumanizing character of slavery. I can never get rid of that conception. Those songs still follow me, to deepen my hatred of slavery, and quicken my sympathies for my brethren in bonds. If any one wishes to be impressed with the soul-killing effects of slavery, let him go to Colonel Lloyd's plantation, and, on allowance-day, place himself in the deep pine woods, and there let him, in silence, analyze the sounds that shall pass through the chambers of his soul,—and if he is not thus impressed, it will only be because "there is no flesh in his obdurate heart."

I have often been utterly astonished, since I came to the north, to find persons who could speak of the singing, among slaves, as evidence of their contentment and happiness. It is impossible to conceive of a greater mistake. Slaves sing most when they are most unhappy. The songs of the slave represent the sorrows of his heart; and he is relieved by them, only as an aching heart is relieved by its tears. At least, such is my experience. I have often sung to drown my sorrow, but seldom to express my happiness. Crying for joy, and singing for joy, were alike uncommon to me while in the jaws of slavery. The singing of a man cast away upon a desolate island might be as appropriately considered as evidence of contentment and happiness, as the singing of a slave; the songs of the one and of the other are prompted by the same emotion.



Subject and Theme in “The Exercise”

This activity will help you meet these educational goals:

You will identify and evaluate the subject and themes, analyze character development, and evaluate the culture revealed in the “The Exercise.”

Activity

You also learned the ways in which subjects and themes differ and the techniques that authors use to express theme. In the next task, you will use what you know about the ways in which subjects and themes differ and the techniques authors use to express theme to evaluate [“The Exercise.”](#)

Part A

Consider what you know about subject and theme in literature. What is the subject, and what is one central theme in this story? How does the author introduce and develop this theme throughout the text?

Part B

How do Kevin's interactions with his father and his teacher, Waldo, help develop the theme within the story? Provide evidence from the reading to support your response.

Part C

Why do you think the beginning and end of the story describe Kevin putting his hand in his father's coat pocket? How does this motif connect to and develop the theme and mood within the story?

Part D

What might it mean that Kevin feels caught between two different “fathers”—at home with his family and at school with his teacher, who is a priest? Why might the author give this word multiple meanings? Your answer should be between one and three paragraphs in length.

Part E

What circumstances does Kevin experience that show he is probably not growing up in the contemporary United States?

The Exercise

by Bernard MacLaverty

Chapter 2

"We never got the chance," his mother would say to him. "It wouldn't have done me much good but your father could have bettered himself. He'd be teaching or something now instead of serving behind a bar. He could stand up with the best of them."

Now that he had started grammar school Kevin's father joined him in his work, helping him when he had the time, sometimes doing the exercises out of the text books on his own before he went to bed. He worked mainly from examples in the Maths and Language books or from previously corrected work of Kevin's. Often his wife took a hand out of him saying, "Do you think you'll pass your Christmas Tests?"

When he concentrated he sat hunched at the kitchen table, his non-writing hand shoved down the back of his trousers and his tongue stuck out.

"Put that thing back in your mouth," Kevin's mother would say, laughing. "You've a tongue on you like a cow."

His father smelt strongly of tobacco for he smoked both a pipe and cigarettes. When he gave Kevin money for sweets he'd say, "You'll get sixpence in my coat pocket on the banisters."

Kevin would dig into the pocket deep down almost to his elbow and pull out a handful of coins speckled with bits of yellow and black tobacco. His father also smelt of porter, not his breath, for he never drank but from his clothes and Kevin thought it mixed nicely with his grown up smell. He loved to smell his pyjama jacket and the shirts he left off for washing.

Once in a while Kevin's father would come in at six o'clock, sit in his armchair and say, "Slippers."

"You're not staying in, are you?" The three boys shouted and danced around, the youngest pulling off his big boots, falling back on the floor as they came away from his feet, Kevin, the eldest, standing on the arm of the chair to get the slippers down from the cupboard.

"Some one of you get a good shovel of coal for that fire," and they sat in the warm kitchen doing their homework, their father reading the paper or moving about doing some job their mother had been at him to do for months. Before their bedtime he would read the younger ones a story or if there were no books in the house at the time he would choose a piece from the paper. Kevin listened with the others although he pretended to be doing something else.

But it was not one of those nights. His father stood shaving with his overcoat on, a very heavy navy overcoat, in a great hurry, his face creamed thick with white lather. Kevin knelt on the cold lino of the bathroom floor, one elbow leaning on the padded seat of the green wicker chair trying to get help with his Latin. It was one of those exercises which asked for the nominative and genitive of: an evil deed, a wise father and so on.

"What's the Latin for 'evil'?"

His father towered above him trying to get at the mirror, pointing his chin upwards scraping underneath.

"Look it up at the back."

Kevin sucked the end of his pencil and fumbled through the vocabularies. His father finished shaving, humped his back and spluttered in the basin. Kevin heard him pull the plug and the final gasp as the water escaped. He groped for the towel then genuflected beside him drying his face.

“Where is it?” He looked down still drying slower and slower, meditatively until he stopped.

“I’ll tell you just this once because I’m in a hurry.”

Kevin stopped sucking the pencil and held it poised, ready and wrote the answers with great speed into his jotter as his father called them out.

“Is that them all?” his father asked, draping the towel over the side of the bath. He leaned forward to kiss Kevin but the boy lowered his head to look at something in the book. As his father rushed down the stairs he shouted back over his shoulder.

“Don’t ever ask me to do that again. You’ll have to work them out for yourself.”

He was away leaving Kevin sitting at the chair. The towel edged its way slowly down the side of the bath and fell on the floor. He got up and looked in the wash-hand basin.

The bottom was covered in short black hairs, shavings. He drew a white path through them with his finger. Then he turned and went down the stairs to copy the answers in ink.

Of all the teachers in the school Waldo was the one who commanded the most respect. In his presence nobody talked, with the result that he walked the corridors in a moat of silence. Boys seeing him approach would drop their voices to a whisper and only when he was out of earshot would they speak normally again. Between classes there was always five minutes uproar. The boys wrestled over desks, shouted, whistled, flung books while some tried to learn their nouns, eyes closed, feet tapping to the rhythm of declensions. Others put frantic finishing touches to last night’s exercise. Some minutes before Waldo’s punctual arrival, the class quietened. Three rows of boys, all by now strumming nouns, sat hunched and waiting.

Waldo’s entrance was theatrical. He strode in with strides as long as his soutane would permit, his books clenched in his left hand and pressed tightly against his chest. With his right hand he swung the door behind him, closing it with a crash. His eyes raked the class. If, as occasionally happened, it did not close properly he did not turn from the class but backed slowly against the door snapping it shut with his behind. Two strides brought him to the rostrum. He cracked his books down with an explosion and made a swift palm upward gesture.

Waldo was very tall, his height being emphasised by the soutane, narrow and tight-fitting at the shoulders, sweeping down like a bell to the floor. A row of black gleaming buttons bisected him from floor to throat. When he talked his Adam’s apple hit against the hard, white Roman collar and created in Kevin the same sensation as a fingernail scraping down the blackboard. His face was sallow and immobile. (There was a rumour that he had a glass eye but no-one knew which. Nobody could look at him long enough because to meet his stare was to invite a question.) He abhorred slovenliness. Once when presented with an untidy exercise book, dog-eared with a tea ring on the cover, he picked it up, the corner of one leaf between his finger and thumb, the pages splaying out like a fan, opened the window and dropped it three floors to the ground. His own neatness became exaggerated when he was at the board, writing in copperplate script just large enough for the boy in the back row to read – geometrical columns of declined nouns defined by exact, invisible margins. When he had finished he would set the chalk down and rub the used finger and thumb together with the same action he used after handling the host over the paten.

The palm upward gesture brought the class to its feet and they said the Hail Mary in Latin. While it was being said all eyes looked down because they knew if they looked up Waldo was bound to be staring at them.

“Exercises.”

When Waldo was in a hurry he corrected the exercises verbally, asking one boy for the answers and then asking all those who got it right to put up their hands. It was four for anyone who lied about his answer and now and then he would take spot checks to find out the liars.

“Hold it, hold it there,” he would say and leap from the rostrum, moving through the forest of hands and look at each boy’s book, tracing out the answer with the tip of his cane. Before the end of the round and while his attention was on one book a few hands would be lowered quietly. Today he was in a hurry. The atmosphere was tense as he looked from one boy to another, deciding who would start.

“Sweeny, we’ll begin with you.” Kevin rose to his feet, his finger trembling under the place in the book. He read the first answer and looked up. Waldo remained impassive. He would let someone while translating unseens ramble on and on with great imagination until he faltered, stopped and admitted that he didn’t know. Then and only then would he be slapped.

“Two, nominative. Sapienter Pater.” Kevin went on haltingly through the whole ten and stopped, waiting for a comment from Waldo. It was a long time before he spoke. When he did it was with bored annoyance.

“Every last one of them is wrong.”

“But sir, Father, they couldn’t be wr . . .” Kevin said it with such conviction, blurted it out so quickly that Waldo looked at him in surprise.

“Why not?”

“Because my . . .” Kevin stopped.

“Well?” Waldo’s stone face resting on his knuckles. “Because my what?”

It was too late to turn back now.

“Because my father said so,” he mumbled very low, chin on chest.

“Speak up, let us all hear you.” Some of the boys had heard and he thought they sniggered.

“Because my father said so.” This time the commotion in the class was obvious.

“And where does your father teach Latin?” There was no escape. Waldo had him. He knew now there would be an exhibition for the class. Kevin placed his weight on his arm and felt his tremble communicated to the desk.

“He doesn’t, Father.”

“And what does he do?”

Kevin hesitated, stammering,

“He’s a barman.”

“A barman!” Waldo mimicked and the class roared loudly.

“Quiet.” He wheeled on them. “You, Sweeny. Come out here.” He reached inside the breast of his soutane and with a flourish produced a thin yellow cane, whipping it back and forth, testing it.

Kevin walked out to the front of the class, his face fiery red, the blood throbbing in his ears. He held out his hand. Waldo raised it higher, more to his liking, with the tip of the cane touching the underside of the upturned palm. He held it there for some time.

“If your brilliant father continues to do your homework for you, Sweeny, you’ll end up a barman yourself.” Then he whipped the cane down expertly across the tips of his fingers and again just as the blood began to surge back into them. Each time the cane in its follow-through cracked loudly against the skirts of his soutane.

“You could have made a better job of it yourself. Other hand.” The same ritual of raising and lowering the left hand with the tip of the cane to the desired height. “After all, I have taught you some Latin.” Crack. “It would be hard to do any worse.”

Kevin went back to his place resisting a desire to hug his hands under his armpits and stumbled on a schoolbag jutting into the aisle as he pushed into his desk. Again Waldo looked round the class and said, "Now we'll have it right from someone."

The class continued and Kevin nursed his fingers, out of the fray.

As the bell rang Waldo gathered up his books and said, "Sweeny, I want a word with you outside. Ave Maria, gratia plena . . ." It was not until the end of the corridor that Waldo turned to face him. He looked at Kevin and maintained his silence for a moment.

"Sweeny, I must apologise to you." Kevin bowed his head. "I meant your father no harm—he's probably a good man, a very good man."

"Yes, sir," said Kevin. The pain in his fingers had gone.

"Look at me when I'm talking, please." Kevin looked at his collar, his Adam's apple, then his face. It relaxed for a fraction and Kevin thought he was almost going to smile, but he became efficient, abrupt again.

"All right, very good, you may go back to your class."

"Yes Father," Kevin nodded and moved back along the empty corridor.

Some nights when he had finished his homework early he would go down to meet his father coming home from work. It was dark, October, and he stood close against the high wall at the bus-stop trying to shelter from the cutting wind. His thin black blazer with the school emblem on the breast pocket and his short grey trousers, both new for starting grammar school, did little to keep him warm. He stood shivering, his hands in his trouser pockets and looked down at his knees which were blue and marbled, quivering uncontrollably. It was six o'clock when he left the house and he had been standing for fifteen minutes. Traffic began to thin out and the buses became less regular, carrying fewer and fewer passengers. There was a moment of silence when there was no traffic and he heard a piece of paper scraping along on pointed edges. He kicked it as it passed him. He thought of what had happened, of Waldo and his father. On the first day in class Waldo had picked out many boys by their names.

"Yes, I know your father well," or "I taught your elder brother. A fine priest he's made. Next."

"Sweeny, Father."

"Sweeny? Sweeny? – You're not Dr John's son, are you?"

"No Father."

"Or anything to do with the milk people?"

"No Father."

"Next." He passed on without further comment.

Twenty-five past six. Another bus turned the corner and Kevin saw his father standing on the platform. He moved forward to the stop as the bus slowed down. His father jumped lightly off and saw Kevin waiting for him. He clipped him over the head with the tightly rolled newspaper he was carrying.

"How are you big lad?"

"All right," said Kevin shivering. He humped his shoulders and set off beside his father, bumping into him uncertainly as he walked.

"How did it go today?" his father asked.

"All right." They kept silent until they reached the corner of their own street.

“What about the Latin?”

Kevin faltered, feeling a babyish desire to cry.

“How was it?”

“OK. Fine.”

“Good. I was a bit worried about it. It was done in a bit of a rush. Son, your Da’s a genius.” He smacked him with the paper again. Kevin laughed and slipped his hand into the warmth of his father’s overcoat pocket, deep to the elbow.

Study Island Reading - Impact and Tone

Question 1 .

Before the Journey

I am standing on the rooftop
Where I can see the city
The roads are like spaghetti straps
And cars are dots rolling by
The sky is so big and people are tiny
There is a lone star in the sky
Shining during the day
Hours ahead of the moon
The star and I face the world
It will always be in that spot
And where I will be tomorrow
I know not
I can see the ocean
On the other side
Its blue Jell-O waves saying goodbye
Today, the universe has expanded
All around me
Breathing in my city air
Before the farewell
My yellow bus is a reality
I climb down and leave

What is the impact of the phrase "spaghetti straps" and "Jell-O waves" in the poem?

- A. It emphasizes that the lone star is a shooting star.
- B. It reflects the imagination of the speaker.
- C. It reiterates the oddness of being on a rooftop.
- D. It symbolizes the speaker's powerful hunger.

Question 2 .

Shield

by A. Gautam

Radha and Chinua sat facing each other in the bright-lit café. They had come here to say important things to each other, but neither of them could find the right word to begin. Radha hugged the warm coffee mug with her fingers clasped around it. She looked into Chinua's eyes for a clue. They revealed nothing. Everyone else in the cafe seemed to be bursting with life.

The waitress had come and gone a few times. She had sensed a thick and foggy layer of silence between the couple and did not want to break through the fog.

Chinua had rolled up the menu in his hands and he, too, was reading Radha. *When did it become difficult for us to even say a word?* he wondered. Chinua felt like he was trying to fight a dream and wake up into reality. But, he could not.

"So, this is the last time we will see each other in this life," Radha began with words like steel—words that cut through Chinua's heart. She had decided to join the Peace Corps and leave for a country torn by war.

Chinua wanted no part in the life Radha had chosen. He had seen and suffered too much to choose chaos voluntarily. Besides, he was on a Fulbright scholarship; he could not leave now.

"I wish you all the luck in this galaxy," Chinua managed to say. His utterance hung like a prayer between him and Radha. At once, they both closed their eyes and wished for the words to shield Radha from all the dangers in the world.

What does the author mean by "a thick and foggy layer of silence"?

- A. The friendship of Radha and Chinua is strong yet complex.
- B. The tension between Radha and Chinua is apparent.
- C. The bright-lit cafe has a misty atmosphere that night.
- D. The waitress has weak eyesight and feels foggy at night.

Question 3 .

These gray walls are sterilized. Neither plants nor real flowers can live here for much longer. Sunlight does not enter through the door. The window only faces a jungle of concrete. People wearing masks and green scrubs come and go. Sometimes, they remember to smile. I can hear wheels rolling on the smooth floors in the hallway. Once in a while, someone wails in sorrow. Mostly, everything is as quiet as a drying lake. I have only been here for a few days, but seconds feel like decades. They do not know how painful it is for me to just lay here. Although my leg feels heavier than a teenager's heart after the first heartbreak, I feel I could rip the cast and run. I could run endlessly against the waves of the ocean. I could run under the vast sky glowing with moonlight—forever.

What does "sterilized" imply in this passage?

- A. colorless
- B. without life
- C. cleansed
- D. diseased

Question 4 .

Sighting
by A. Gautam

CHARACTERS:

IVAN, *a writer*

EDNA, *Ivan's best friend, an attorney*

MYSTERIOUS CHILD

Stage Set: Living room. Ivan and Edna are sipping coffee near the fireplace. Ivan has just returned from camping in the woods.

IVAN: What is the point of this conversation if you will not believe me?

EDNA: But, I do believe you. (*her facial expression exposes her disbelief*)

IVAN: I do not sense it. What part of it is hard to understand? Forget about it. (looks outside the window to the overcast sky) If only there was a way to know . . .

EDNA: What happened to her? How did she end up alone in the forest?

IVAN: She was wearing a white gown. She had the feet of an angel. The back of her gown floated in the air, and she was running when I found her.

EDNA: And, she collapsed? (*knitting her brow*)

IVAN: When she did not see the tree in front of her and hit it. I lifted her in my arms—she was cotton—and brought her into my tent. She had no possessions that could reveal her identity. But, trust me; she was the most innocent thing to walk this planet.

EDNA: And, she was gone? Just like that?

IVAN: Yeah. With my shoes and a jacket. Did I tell you she had been running barefoot? I had bandaged her feet and put her in a sleeping bag. I thought I was watching her the whole night—you know—feeling protective of her. Everything, even a shadow seemed like a badger to me that night. Anyway, I must have blinked. She was gone.

EDNA: So you walked home barefoot?

IVAN: No, I drove my jeep barefoot. I felt that I had heard soft, shuffling steps in my dream. Have you ever heard a butterfly walk? Where did the little girl go? Where did she come from?

EDNA: And, you have nothing of a keepsake from her?

IVAN: No, but she has mine. I can just picture her tying the shoes into one thousand knots so they would not fall off from her tiny feet. Can you imagine a six-year-old girl wearing a man's jacket and shoes? She must have looked like a walking dollhouse with giant shoes!

EDNA: Are you sure that it wasn't a badger who stole your things?

IVAN: (*gets up from the couch, goes to the window, and lets out a long sigh*) Sometimes, I wish I could live among books. The characters I create have more faith in me than the real people I meet every day.

The description "a walking dollhouse with giant shoes" shows

- A. how much she resembles a badger.
- B. how the little girl steals from people.
- C. how unusual the girl's situation is.
- D. how badly she needs food and shelter.

Question 5 .

Shield

by A. Gautam

Radha and Chinua sat facing each other in the bright-lit café. They had come here to say important things to each other, but neither of them could find the right word to begin. Radha hugged the warm coffee mug with her fingers clasped around it. She looked into Chinua's eyes for a clue. They revealed nothing. Everyone else in the cafe seemed to be bursting with life.

The waitress had come and gone a few times. She had sensed a thick and foggy layer of silence between the couple and did not want to break through the fog.

Chinua had rolled up the menu in his hands and he, too, was reading Radha. *When did it become difficult for us to even say a word?* he wondered. Chinua felt like he was trying to fight a dream and wake up into reality. But, he could not.

"So, this is the last time we will see each other in this life," Radha began with words like steel—words that cut through Chinua's heart. She had decided to join the Peace Corps and leave for a country torn by war.

Chinua wanted no part in the life Radha had chosen. He had seen and suffered too much to choose chaos voluntarily. Besides, he was on a Fulbright scholarship; he could not leave now.

"I wish you all the luck in this galaxy," Chinua managed to say. His utterance hung like a prayer between him and Radha. At once, they both closed their eyes and wished for the words to shield Radha from all the dangers in the world.

Which of these best shows the painful reality that Radha and Chinua are facing?

- A. The waitress had come and gone a few times.
- B. Everyone else in the cafe seemed to be bursting with life
- C. Radha hugged the warm coffee mug with her fingers clasped around it.
- D. . . . Radha began words like steel—words that cut through Chinua's heart

Question 6 .

Sighting
by A. Gautam

CHARACTERS:

IVAN, *a writer*

EDNA, *Ivan's best friend, an attorney*

MYSTERIOUS CHILD

Stage Set: Living room. Ivan and Edna are sipping coffee near the fireplace. Ivan has just returned from camping in the woods.

IVAN: What is the point of this conversation if you will not believe me?

EDNA: But, I do believe you. (*her facial expression exposes her disbelief*)

IVAN: I do not sense it. What part of it is hard to understand? Forget about it. (looks outside the window to the overcast sky) If only there was a way to know . . .

EDNA: What happened to her? How did she end up alone in the forest?

IVAN: She was wearing a white gown. She had the feet of an angel. The back of her gown floated in the air, and she was running when I found her.

EDNA: And, she collapsed? (*knitting her brow*)

IVAN: When she did not see the tree in front of her and hit it. I lifted her in my arms—she was cotton—and brought her into my tent. She had no possessions that could reveal her identity. But, trust me; she was the most innocent thing to walk this planet.

EDNA: And, she was gone? Just like that?

IVAN: Yeah. With my shoes and a jacket. Did I tell you she had been running barefoot? I had bandaged her feet and put her in a sleeping bag. I thought I was watching her the whole night—you know—feeling protective of her. Everything, even a shadow seemed like a badger to me that night. Anyway, I must have blinked. She was gone.

EDNA: So you walked home barefoot?

IVAN: No, I drove my jeep barefoot. I felt that I had heard soft, shuffling steps in my dream. Have you ever heard a butterfly walk? Where did the little girl go? Where did she come from?

EDNA: And, you have nothing of a keepsake from her?

IVAN: No, but she has mine. I can just picture her tying the shoes into one thousand knots so they would not fall off from her tiny feet. Can you imagine a six-year-old girl wearing a man's jacket and shoes? She must have looked like a walking dollhouse with giant shoes!

EDNA: Are you sure that it wasn't a badger who stole your things?

IVAN: (*gets up from the couch, goes to the window, and lets out a long sigh*) Sometimes, I wish I could live among books. The characters I create have more faith in me than the real people I meet every day.

What is the effect of the line "Have you ever heard a butterfly walk?"

- A. It helps Edna believe in the story.
- B. It reinforces that Ivan is a writer.
- C. It shows that the tale is fabricated.
- D. It explains the little girl's disappearance.

Question 7 .

Adriana was not looking forward to going to the wedding. She could not feign emotions, and today she was feeling especially sad. Ever since her heart was broken into a million little pieces, she did not want to be around happy couples. *Who wants to watch another heartbreak in the making anyway?* she sulkily thought. *If the bride wasn't my best friend's sister, I could skip the wedding.* Adriana remembered that she had never put on her make up or dressed up for an occasion in such low spirits. As Vivi, her best friend, honked the car horn three times in the driveway, Adriana took sluggish steps toward the front door. While she dragged herself down the stairs, she felt her heart, as heavy as lead, slowing her down.

"Don't look like a truck ran over your heart," Vivi, already driving toward the beach—the location of the wedding—said in a hurry. "Come on. Move on. Stop moping!" *This is exactly the kind of talk I hate. I know I have to get over it. Why keep stating the obvious!* Adriana thought. These days, she did not say every thought that crossed her mind. She tried to block the flood of her emotions with an invisible dam. "OKAY. Just take me there," she revealed her frustration.

For Adriana, the wedding ceremony and the reception was a blur. The only thing she remembered from the day was watching an old couple walking on the beach holding hands. Their wrinkled hands and slow walk spoke volumes about their love for each other. That chilly afternoon, they walked on despite the waves splashing against their bare feet. Adriana remembered learning how to smile again.

Read this sentence from the story.

She tried to block the flood of her emotions with an invisible dam.

What is the effect of this description on the reader?

- A. It reflects how Adriana uses her knowledge of mechanics in real life.
- B. It reinforces the idea of friendship giving Adriana moral support.
- C. It shows how big of a struggle it is for Adriana to control her emotions.
- D. It emphasizes the lack of understanding Vivi shows for her friend.

Question 8 .

The Pursuit of Happiness

by A. Gautam

Mrs. Tang walked to my house
Covering one block in fifteen minutes
Only dragging the left foot forward
The right foot followed suit somehow
Mrs. Tang walked with a stooped back
Without a cane
Breathing heavily again and again
Her gown was like a curtain—
Drifting lazily
Mrs. Tang wore her husband's sandals—
He had passed years ago
Just after she had retired
To travel the world with him
Now she walked around the block
Wearing him
Mrs. Tang reached my front porch
Bearing a smile and a jar of cookies
For my little girl
Who she said
Reminded her of youth
And happiness

What is the effect of the descriptive language of this poem?

- A. It vividly portrays Mrs. Tang and helps creates a sympathetic tone.
- B. It acutely describes the speaker's little girl's youth and happiness.
- C. It helps the reader imagine the speaker's emotions using few words.
- D. It helps create a passionate tone while describing Mrs. Tang's insanity.

Question 9 .

Strength
by A. Gautam

CHARACTERS:

DAN, *a high school senior*

GINA, *Dan's little sister*

KEV, *Dan's best friend*

REED, *the school bully*

Stage Set: Late in the evening in the football field. Dan sits on a bench drenched in sweat. His eyes are swollen and the lower lip has a cut. He appears angry and sad at the same time. Kev is trying to console and pacify him.

KEV: You are not serious, are you?

DAN: What do you mean? How many years of humiliation can a sane person take?

KEV: Reed is just a bully—a bull that charges at anything red. Don't let him trap you!

DAN: Kev, he hasn't just hurt my face. My heart and pride are bleeding. He said—he said—he insulted my sister.

KEV: And, you will stoop to his level?

DAN: No, I won't. I will stand up for my family.

KEV: I think Gina already respects you for your decency.

DAN: I am a boy, Kev! I am not Martin Luther King, Jr. or Gandhi! I am just a boy with feelings. Right now, I am bleeding. The only bandage that would stop my hemorrhage is revenge.

KEV: But, Reed is a giant.

DAN: And, I've learned karate.

KEV: Why don't you invite him to a match? Beat him at the school championship in front of all those people. That would be a decent way to beat him. That would be you!

DAN: Yeah. I heard he has a green belt.

KEV: And, you have a black one. Defeat him in a sport and not in a stupid fight.

DAN: So, I just keep on drinking the poison till the day of the match?

KEV: No, turn his insulting words into energy. Turn your anger into power.

What does "the only bandage that would stop my hemorrhage is revenge" imply?

- A. that Reed does not intend to push Dan to a breaking point
- B. that Kev wants his friend to heal from the pain of humiliation
- C. that Dan has been worked up from years of being bullied
- D. that Gina is actually upset about Reed's insulting words

Question 10 .

CHARACTERS:

MAYURI, a high school junior

MASAKO, Mayuri's best friend

RYAN, a fraud who fools girls

AITO, the Student Body President

Stage Set: A cloudy afternoon in the park. Mayuri and Masako come here after school every day.

MASAKO: I mean, how can I describe him? He is sunshine. His voice is like the ocean waves. His eyes are stars on a moonless night.

MAYURI: I get it. He is awesome.

MASAKO: Gosh! What is wrong with you, Mayuri? When you were smitten, you were all about Aito. It was Aito this, Aito that . . . all day. Now, you can't even hear me say a thing.

MAYURI: I am sorry, Masako. Please go on. What does he like?

MASAKO: Forget it.

MAYURI: No. I want to know about this guy you like.

MASAKO: Well, he likes poetry and music. Yeah, he is an athlete, but he has a soft side. He is like the coconut, you know. Oh, and he rescues stray animals in his free time. He is like—perfect!

MAYURI: Will your parents like him, too?

MASAKO: Hey, take it one day at a time. I have not thought about that far yet. Today, he wrote me a poem. It goes like this: Nobody, not even rain has such small hands. He said my hands are like petals and called me a rose.

MAYURI: I know that one. It's by e. e. cummings.

MASAKO: No. Ryan Jennings, silly.

MAYURI: I can write the saddest lines tonight.

MASAKO: What are you talking about?

MAYURI: I am quoting Pablo Neruda. This Ryan guy is playing you, sweetheart. At least, the poem he said he wrote for you is by e. e. cummings.

MASAKO: You know what. Forget it. Your jealousy is a fog that blinds you. And, your selfishness stops you from being happy for me.

MAYURI: Forgive me for being honest. Did you even ask me about my day? Did you even know that my parents are separating? Today is the end of the world for me. Dark clouds hover everywhere. It will rain endlessly—raindrops bigger than your hands! (*sighs and sobs, after a pause*) First, Aito dumped me, and now my parents are splitting. All you care about is that lying Ryan.

MASAKO: I had no idea.

MAYURI: Honey, you never have any idea. Step out of your castle in the clouds and peer into the reality! And lose the metaphorical language. It is not your style. You don't have to sound like the guy you like!

What is the impact of the line "Step out of your castle in the clouds and peer into the reality!" in this play?

- A. It reinforces Mayuri's scorn for Masako's happy family.
- B. It portrays Mayuri's bitterness for Aito, who dumps her.
- C. It reflects Mayuri's disgruntlement toward Masako.
- D. It shows Mayuri dislikes it when Ryan composes poems.