The Power of Ideas

What Are Life’s Big Questions?
We never stop searching for answers to life’s big questions. Asking questions such as the ones shown here is our way of making sense of who we are, where we’re going, and how we fit into the world. While our own experiences can guide us toward answers, good literature can also help. Through reading, writing, and talking about literature, we can explore the big questions in life and gain meaningful insights into our own lives and the world.

What does it mean to BELONG?
Humans are naturally social beings. We create groups—families, friends, communities—that bind us together. But what happens when you’re on the outside of a group and can’t find a way in? Explore the meaning of belonging through the writing of Naomi Shihab Nye, Daniel Keyes, David Sedaris, and others. Then ask yourself: Is it always good to belong?

Why does the PAST matter?
There’s an old saying: “History repeats itself”—in other words, everything that happens in the world is bound to happen again. If that’s the case, then we can look to the past to help us understand conflicts and issues that challenge us in the present. In this book, you’ll read about the Civil War, Paul Revere, and Harriet Tubman. Find out what we can still learn from them all these years later.
Are people basically good?

In her diary, Anne Frank wrote: “…I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are truly good at heart.” This sentiment is surprising, given that Anne was one of the millions of Jews who lost their lives in Nazi concentration camps during World War II. Today, we might find ourselves asking this same question. After all, war and crime are still facts of life. What do you think? Are people really good?

What’s really important?

Some objects, such as flashy cars and diamonds, are worth a lot of money. But then there are other things—a photograph or a beautiful sunset, for instance—that are priceless. Authors such as Sandra Cisneros, Walter Dean Myers, and Joseph Bruchac all write about the things people treasure most. Reading about what others value can help you decide for yourself what’s really important to you.
Exploring Ideas in Literature

Throughout history, people have turned to everything from ancient cave walls, fragile paper manuscripts, and up-to-the-minute blogs in search of answers to life’s big questions. Exploring literature of all types can help you think about these questions—and answers—in new and exciting ways.

The Genres

What draws you to the books you read or the movies you see? Most likely, their ideas or topics appeal to you. Family relationships, competition between friends, impossible decisions—powerful ideas and topics such as these are at the heart of all good stories, not just contemporary, or current, works. In fact, believe it or not, traditional literature—whether it comes from the first part of the 20th century or originated as far back as a centuries-old oral tradition—also addresses ideas and topics that are relevant to you in today’s world.

In this book, you’ll explore ideas in a variety of genres, or forms, of literature. You’ll even consider the ideas in popular media forms, such as ads and movies. First, though, familiarize yourself with the characteristics of each genre.

**GENRES AT A GLANCE**

**FICTION**

Fiction refers to stories about made-up events and characters.

- short stories
- novels
- novellas

**POETRY**

Poetry is a type of literature in which words are chosen and arranged in a precise way to create certain sounds and meanings.

- odes
- sonnets
- narrative poems
- lyric poems

**DRAMA**

Drama is meant to be performed. Characters and conflicts are developed through dialogue and action.

- comedies
- radio plays
- historical dramas

**NONFICTION**

Nonfiction is writing that tells about real people, events, and places.

- autobiographies
- essays
- news articles
- biographies
- speeches
- feature articles

**TYPES OF MEDIA**

Media refers to forms of communication that reach large numbers of people.

- TV shows
- advertising
- Web sites
Basketball is my thing. I can hoop. Case closed. I’m six four and I got the moves, the eye, and the heart. You can take my game to the bank and wait around for the interest. With me it’s not like playing a game, it’s like the only time I’m being for real. Bringing the ball down the court makes me feel like a bird that just learned to fly. I see my guys moving down in front of me and everything feels and looks right. Patterns come up and a small buzz comes into my head that starts to build up and I know it won’t end until the ball swishes through the net. If somebody starts messing with my game it’s like they’re getting into my head. But if I’ve got the ball it’s okay, because I can take care of the situation. That’s the word and I know it the same way I know my tag, Slam. Yeah, that’s it. Slam. But without the ball, without the floorboards under my feet, without the mid-court line that takes me halfway home, you can get to me.

So when Mr. Tate, the principal at my new school, started talking about me laying low for the season until I got my grades together I was like seriously turned out. The night after he talked to my moms I couldn’t sleep. It wasn’t the hissing of the radiator or my little brother talking in his sleep in the other bed, it was the idea of not playing ball that was bouncing crazily like through my head.

Close Read

1. Characters and conflicts are two key elements of good fiction. Which characters are introduced in this excerpt? What is Greg’s conflict?

2. Key Idea: Self-Confidence Greg’s confidence springs from his “game.” Other than athletic ability, what else can be a source of self-confidence?
POETRY

“One day they disappear into their rooms. Doors and lips shut and we become strangers in our own home. I pace the hall, hear whispers, a code I knew but can’t remember, mouthed by mouths I taught to speak. Years later the door opens. I see faces I once held, open as sunflowers in my hands. I see familiar skin now stretched on long bodies that move past me glowing almost like pearls.

As you know, poetry looks different on the page than fiction or nonfiction. Poems are made up of lines, which are often arranged into groups called stanzas. In some poems, the lines and stanzas reflect the rules of a particular form, such as a haiku or a sonnet. In others, there is no recognizable form; instead, the poet lets the ideas drive what the poem looks like on the page.

In poetry, sounds and language are just as important as form. Does the poem have a brisk rhythm or singsong rhymes? What sensory details help readers clearly picture what’s being described? Every choice a poet makes can affect the overall meaning and sound of the poem.

Read the Model You already know what it’s like to be a teenager—but how about the parent of one? As you read this poem, think about the key idea of relationships, especially between parents and teenagers.

Teenagers
Poem by Pat Mora

One day they disappear into their rooms.
Doors and lips shut and we become strangers in our own home.

I pace the hall, hear whispers, a code I knew but can’t remember, mouthed by mouths I taught to speak.

Years later the door opens. I see faces I once held, open as sunflowers in my hands. I see familiar skin now stretched on long bodies that move past me glowing almost like pearls.

Close Read

1. What specific characteristics tell you that “Teenagers” is a poem, rather than a work of fiction?

2. Key Idea: Relationships According to this poem, how do parents view their relationships with their teenaged children? How might teenagers’ views differ?
DRAMA

You may use the term drama in everyday speech to mean something or somebody acting in a dramatic way (as in, “What a drama queen!”). In literature, though, a drama is any work that is written to be performed on a stage. A drama has all the elements of good fiction—plot, characters, setting, and theme. Unlike a work of fiction, however, a drama is usually divided into scenes, with several scenes grouped into acts.

A drama is primarily written as dialogue between characters. The playwright, or author, describes the setting, characters’ movements, and props as stage directions, written in italics throughout the play. These notes represent the playwright’s vision of the performance. However, a great deal is left to the imagination of the director, the actors, and readers.

Read the Model  This drama takes place in Brooklyn in 1937. Fourteen-year-old Eugene has just discovered that his oldest brother, Stanley, is leaving home. Stanley is ashamed because he gambled away his paycheck, which the family relies on to make ends meet. In this excerpt, Eugene offers Stanley “his life savings” for train fare. As you read, consider the key idea of admiration.

from Brighton Beach Memoirs Drama by Neil Simon

Eugene. You're leaving home?
Stanley. When I'm gone, you tell Aunt Blanche what happened to my salary. Then she'll know why Mom was so angry. Tell her please not to leave, because it was all my fault, not Mom's. Will you do that?
(He takes the coins out of the cigar box)
Eugene. I have eight cents’ worth of stamps, if you want that too.
Stanley. Thanks. (He picks up a small medal) What’s this?
Eugene. The medal you won for the hundred-yard dash two years ago.
Stanley. From the Police Athletic League. I didn’t know you still had this.
Eugene. You gave it to me. You can have it back if you want it.
Stanley. It’s not worth anything.
Eugene. It is to me.
**NONFICTION AND INFORMATIONAL TEXT**

Some works of nonfiction, such as biographies and true-life adventures, read like gripping novels. There’s a key difference, though. In nonfiction, the events actually happened, and the characters are real people. Informational nonfiction, however, is nothing like fiction. It includes texts such as news articles, manuals, and directions to a friend’s house—sources you consult for information. Since you read all kinds of nonfiction texts daily, you should know what to expect from them.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TYPE OF NONFICTION</th>
<th>CHARACTERISTICS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **AUTOBIOGRAPHY/BIOGRAPHY**  
The true story of a person’s life, told by that person (autobiography) or by another person (biography) | - Provides details about a person’s life  
- Written from the first-person point of view (autobiography) or from the third-person point of view (biography)  
- Presents the writer’s own version of his or her life (autobiography) or an outside writer’s research (biography) |
| **ESSAY**  
A short work of nonfiction that focuses on a single subject. Common types include reflective, persuasive, and descriptive essays. | - Is intended to share a personal experience, to express feelings, to inform, to entertain, or to persuade  
- May be written in a *formal* style, with an academic tone  
- May be written in an *informal* style, with a conversational tone |
| **SPEECH**  
An oral presentation of the ideas, beliefs, or proposals of a speaker | - May be intended to share a personal experience, to express feelings, to inform, to entertain, or to persuade  
- Relies on powerful language, as well as the speaker’s voice and gestures |
| **NEWS/FEATURE ARTICLES**  
Informative writing in newspapers and magazines. News articles report on recent events. Feature articles offer in-depth coverage of human-interest topics. | - Are primarily intended to inform or entertain  
- Use headlines, subheadings, photographs, and graphic aids to present information  
- Strive to be objective and fair |
| **FUNCTIONAL DOCUMENTS**  
Writing that serves a practical purpose. Types include consumer documents, such as user manuals, and workplace documents, such as résumés. | - Are written to inform a specific audience (for example, employees or consumers)  
- Often include charts, diagrams, or other helpful graphic aids |

---

**ACADEMIC VOCABULARY FOR NONFICTION**

- purpose
- text features
- argument
- persuasion
MODEL 1: BIOGRAPHY

As the cofounder and CEO of a major technology corporation, Steve Jobs helped develop some of the first user-friendly personal computers. As you read this excerpt from a biography of Jobs, keep in mind the key idea of initiative—the ability to take action.

from

Steve Jobs: [Thinks Different]

Biography by Ann Brashares

At thirteen, Jobs’s interest in electronics was blossoming. One day he was building an electronic counting machine, and he needed some parts. He knew he could get them from Hewlett-Packard, a giant electronics company not far from his house. Jobs looked up the phone number of Bill Hewlett, the cofounder of Hewlett-Packard. Some kids would have been afraid to dial up one of the richest and most important men in California. Not Steve Jobs.

He boldly chatted with Bill Hewlett for twenty minutes, and Hewlett was so impressed and surprised by the young man that he not only gave him the parts he needed but offered him a summer job, too. That phone call taught an early lesson: If you ask for what you want, you often get it.

MODEL 2: FEATURE ARTICLE

Did you know that the first computer weighed 30 tons? As you read this excerpt from a feature article on computer history, look for other mind-boggling facts. Also, consider the key idea of progress.

WIRELESS EVOLUTION: THANK YOU ENIAC

Way back when, one computer could fill an entire middle school cafeteria. Today, you can wear one on your belt loop.

by David Santos

Far from a Handheld The first computerized “counting machine” was called ENIAC—Electronic Numerical Integrator and Computer. Completed in 1946, covering three walls, standing eight feet high, and weighing 30 tons, ENIAC required 7,468 vacuum tubes and 6,000 manual switches just to get warmed up!

ENIAC could execute thousands of calculations in seconds. However, reprogramming it took a team of people, three days, and lots of patience.

ENIAC’s advanced technology, even with its massive shortcomings, was critical in spurring on the decades of computer evolution that followed.

Close Read

1. What characteristics make this article different from the biography you just read?
2. Key Idea: Progress Think about the role technology plays in our society. What are the dangers of technological progress, or is it all positive?
MEDIA

The World Wide Web alerts you to breaking news. A blockbuster movie keeps you on the edge of your seat for two action-packed hours. A clever ad campaign convinces you to buy a product you probably don’t need. Media messages are all around you, and they influence your beliefs and actions more than you might realize. That’s why it’s important to become media literate—to learn how to “read” all types of media messages, including the ones shown here.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TYPE OF MEDIA</th>
<th>CHARACTERISTICS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FEATURE FILMS</td>
<td>• Created for entertainment and to make money</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motion pictures that use narrative elements to tell stories</td>
<td>• Rely on music, cinematography, sets, and actors to tell interesting stories</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Are at least one hour in length</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEWS MEDIA</td>
<td>• Designed to inform and entertain viewers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Accounts of current events in newspapers and magazines, as well as on television, the radio, and the Web</td>
<td>• Present information differently in each medium (TV, Web, print)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Can include bias and inaccuracies, so must be closely examined</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TV SHOWS</td>
<td>• Are usually created to entertain or inform</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Programs broadcast on television, including dramas, sitcoms, talk shows, documentaries, and reality shows</td>
<td>• Are sponsored by advertisers who pay to market their products during commercial breaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Use camera techniques and dramatic music to make stories more compelling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Typically last for a half hour or an hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ADVERTISING</td>
<td>• Is designed to persuade a target audience to buy a product, use a service, or agree with an idea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paid promotion of products, services, candidates, or public service messages using print, electronic, and broadcast media</td>
<td>• Uses visuals, sound effects, and actors to persuade viewers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Is presented when and where the target audience is likely to see it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEB SITES</td>
<td>• Present information through text, graphics, audio, video, animation, and interactive features</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collections of “pages” on the World Wide Web. Users navigate to pages by clicking menus or hyperlinks.</td>
<td>• Require careful evaluation, as most Web sites are not checked for credibility</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Strategies That Work: Literature

1. Ask the Right Questions

It’s one thing to “get through” a work of literature but another to really enjoy and participate in the story. To get the most from what you read, make sure you ask the right questions.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Stage of Reading</th>
<th>Kinds of Questions</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **Before Reading**  | • Based on the title, the subheadings, and the first paragraph, what do I think this text is about?  
                         • What is my purpose for reading? |
| **During Reading**  | • What just happened?  
                         • What details help me to visualize the characters or events?  
                         • What do I predict might happen next? |
| **After Reading**   | • How would I summarize the main idea or the basic plot?  
                         • What are the key ideas in the story? Did I gain any new insights? |

2. Make Connections

The conflicts and themes in literature can help you make sense of your own life. Use these tips to make connections.

- **Key Ideas** Take time to think about how the key ideas and big questions in this book are relevant to your life. For example, where do you think confidence comes from? Has someone you admire ever disappointed you?

- **Discussion/Journaling** Jot down your thoughts and opinions as you read, or share them with others. You might want to record:

  - conflicts or events that you can relate to
  - characters who remind you of people you know
  - ideas you strongly agree or disagree with

3. Record Your Reactions

Keeping a Reader’s Notebook can help you organize your questions, thoughts, and analysis. Experiment with different formats to find out which works best for you.

**JOURNAL**
Pause as you read to record your impressions, predictions, or questions.

**Brighton Beach Memoirs**
I wonder how Stanley’s family will react when he leaves home.
I predict that Eugene will have a hard time dealing with his brother’s absence.

**GRAPHIC ORGANIZER**
After reading, create a graphic organizer to help you analyze characters and events.
Becoming an Active Reader

Are you sometimes tempted to race through your reading just to get it done? Have you ever skipped ahead a few scenes or chapters to find out what happens? While you might save time, you probably won’t enjoy the experience as much. Reading actively means taking the time to ask questions, clarify, and connect to what you’re reading, whether it’s a message-board posting, a novel, or even a TV drama. Use these skills and strategies to stay engaged in the process.

**Skills and Strategies for Active Reading**

**Preview**
Become familiar with the text before you start to read.
- Look at the title, the graphics, and subheadings.
- Skim the first paragraph to get a feel for what the text is about.

**Set a Purpose**
Know why you are reading.
- Ask: Am I reading for pure entertainment, information, or another reason?
- Think about how your purpose affects your approach. Should you take notes or sit back and enjoy?

**Connect**
Find something you can personally relate to.
- Consider whether any characters remind you of people in your life.
- Ask: If I were in this situation, would I react differently?

**Use Prior Knowledge**
Recall what you already know about a topic.
- Before reading, jot down what you already know.
- As you read, connect what you know to what you are learning.

**Predict**
Guess what’s going to happen next.
- Pay attention to certain clues, such as important statements made by characters or repeated details.
- Resist the urge to read ahead.
- Ask: Was my prediction on target, or did I miss the mark?

**Visualize**
Get a clear mental picture of what is being described.
- Notice the author’s description of characters, settings, and events.
- Use these descriptions to help you “see” what’s happening like a movie in your mind.

**Monitor**
Check your own understanding.
- Ask questions like, What just happened? Why did the character do that?
- Clarify your understanding by rereading confusing parts.
- Evaluate yourself as a reader. Ask: How well am I understanding this?

**Make Inferences**
Make logical guesses by considering the text and your own experiences.
- Record specific details in the text about characters and events.
- Use common sense and your own experiences to help you “read between the lines.”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Details in “The Winter Hibiscus”</th>
<th>What I Know</th>
<th>My Inference</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Saeng is nervous about passing the driver’s test</td>
<td>It’s easy to make mistakes when you’re nervous</td>
<td>Saeng’s nerves probably interfered with her judgment during the test.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“Ready?” David asked, eyebrow arched quizzically as he handed her his car keys.

Saeng nodded. Her mouth suddenly felt dry, and she licked her lips.

“Don’t forget: Step on the gas real gently. You don’t want to jerk the car forward the way you did last time,” David said with a grin.

“I won’t,” Saeng said, and managed a smile.

Another car drove up, and the test instructor stepped out of it and onto the curb in front of them. He was a pale, overweight man whose thick lips jutted out from behind a bushy moustache. On his paunch1 was balanced a clipboard, which he was busy marking.

Finally he looked up and saw Saeng. “Miss Saeng Panouvong?” he asked, slurring the name so much that Saeng did not recognize it as her own until she felt David nudge her slightly.

“Y—yes, sir,” Saeng answered.

“You turn. Get in.”

Then Saeng was behind the wheel, the paunchy man seated next to her, clipboard on his lap.

“Drive to the end of the street and take a right,” the test instructor said. He spoke in a low, bored staccato2 that Saeng had to strain to understand.

Obediently, she started up the car, careful to step on the accelerator very slowly, and eased the car out into the middle of the street. Check the rearview mirror, make the hand gestures, take a deep breath, Saeng told herself.

---

1. paunch: a protruding belly.
2. staccato: short, crisp sounds, or way of speaking.

---

1. Make Inferences
   Given David’s comments in lines 4–5, what can you infer about Saeng and David’s relationship?

2. Monitor
   How can you tell that Saeng is nervous? Cite details from lines 1–22 to support your answer.
So far, so good. At the intersection at the end of the street, she slowed down. Two cars were coming down the cross street toward her at quite a high speed. Instinctively, she stopped and waited for them both to drive past. Instead, they both stopped, as if waiting for her to proceed.

Saeng hesitated. Should she go ahead and take the turn before them or wait until they went past?

Better to be cautious, she decided, and waited, switching gears over to neutral. For what seemed an interminable3 moment, nobody moved. Then the other cars went through the intersection, one after the other. Carefully, Saeng then took her turn (turn signal, hand signal, look both ways).

As she continued to drive down the street, out of the corner of her eye she saw the instructor mark down something on his clipboard.

A mistake, she thought. He's writing down a mistake I just made. But what did I do wrong? She stole a quick look at his face. It was stern but impassive. Maybe I should ask him right now, what I did wrong, Saeng wondered.

“Watch out!” he suddenly exclaimed. “That's a stop sign!”

Startled, Saeng jerked the car to a stop—but not soon enough. They were right in the middle of the crossroads.

The instructor shook his head. An almost imperceptible4 gesture, but Saeng noted it with a sinking feeling in her stomach.

“Back up,” he snapped.

Her heart beating hard, Saeng managed to reverse the car and back up to the stop sign that she had just gone through.

“You might as well go back to where we started out,” the instructor said. “Take a right here, and another right at the next intersection.”

It's over, Saeng thought. He doesn't even want to see me go up the hill or parallel park or anything. I've failed.

Swallowing hard, she managed to drive the rest of the way back. In the distance she could see the big M archway outside the McDonald's restaurant, and as she approached, she noticed David standing on the opposite curb, hands on his hips, watching their approach.

With gratitude she noticed that he had somehow managed to stake out two parking spaces in a row so that she could have plenty of space to swerve into place.

She breathed a deep sigh of relief when the car was safely parked. Only after she had turned off the ignition did she dare look the instructor in the face.

“How—how did I do, sir?” she asked him, hating the quaver in her own voice.

He shrugged. “Too bad,” he mumbled...
Strategies That Work: Reading

1. **Know Your Purpose**
   Determining ahead of time why you are reading will help focus your effort. Make sure you’re using the best strategy for your purpose.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Purpose</th>
<th>Strategy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>For Enjoyment</td>
<td>Don’t feel you have to hurry. Read at a comfortable pace for you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Learn</td>
<td>Take notes on the main ideas and supporting details as you read.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Research</td>
<td>Remember that you don’t have to read every word. Use subheadings, captions, and graphic aids to help you quickly locate information.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Follow Directions</td>
<td>Closely follow each step. Use illustrations or photographs as guides.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. **Use Graphic Organizers**
   Recording your ideas in a graphic organizer can help you analyze and make sense of characters, relationships, and events. Depending on your purpose, you might use a cluster diagram, a Y-chart, or a time line.

3. **Create a Personal Word List**
   Tracking down the meanings of words can enrich your understanding of any story—and expand your vocabulary. Start a personal word list and keep adding to it.
   - **Choose new words.** The words you include are up to you. As a starting point, you might list the vocabulary words for the selections in this book.
   - **Meaning goes beyond the definition.** You have to be able to do more than remember dictionary definitions. Make sure you know synonyms and antonyms for the word and can use it in a sentence.
   - **Get some practice.** Visit the Vocabulary Center at ClassZone.com for interactive practice.
   - **Add a word a day.** Find new words in magazines and on Web sites, or be listening for them in conversation. Find their meanings, and make them yours!

---

**Word Meaning**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>quizzically adv.</td>
<td>&quot;The Winter Hibiscus,&quot; line 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Definition: expressing doubt, curiosity, or confusion.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Synonyms: curiously, questioningly</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonyms: knowingly, seriously</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sentence: “So, you finished all your homework?” my mother asked quizzically when she saw me watching TV.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Expressing Ideas in Writing

Writing is a way to let others know who you are and how your mind works. Through the right words, you can express laugh-out-loud humor, inspiring thoughts, or strong opinions and then share those ideas with the world. You might be writing to your favorite musician, a teacher, an e-mail buddy, or the entire blogosphere. In each case, your words can carry an important message.

Consider Your Options

Any work of writing starts with careful planning. Long before your polished ideas hit the page or screen, take the time to ask some basic questions about the purpose and format of your writing, and your intended audience. Are you crafting a research paper for class or posting a short movie review to an online database? Questions like these can help you get off to a good start—and stay on track later on.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PURPOSE</th>
<th>AUDIENCE</th>
<th>FORMAT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Why am I writing?</td>
<td>Who are my readers?</td>
<td>Which format will best suit my purpose and audience?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• to entertain</td>
<td>• classmates</td>
<td>• essay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• to inform or explain</td>
<td>• teachers</td>
<td>• letter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• to persuade</td>
<td>• friends</td>
<td>• poem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• to describe</td>
<td>• community members</td>
<td>• review</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• to express thoughts and feelings</td>
<td>• customer service at a company</td>
<td>• script</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• to inspire</td>
<td>• Web users</td>
<td>• power presentation</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Included throughout this workshop: W1.1, W1.2, W1.6, LC1.4, LC1.5, LC1.6
Included as indicated: W1.3 (p. 18), LC1.1 (p. 18)
The more you write, the more you’ll understand your own process of writing. It takes practice, but eventually you will find what works best for you. As you tackle the Writing Workshops in this book, begin by following this basic process.

### THE WRITING PROCESS

**What Should I Do?**

**PREWRITING**
Explore your ideas and decide what you want to write about. To get your ideas flowing, try freewriting, listing, or using one of the other prewriting strategies described on page 19.

**DRAFTING**
Transform your prewriting efforts into a rough draft. For a formal essay, it might be helpful to draft from an outline. For an informal essay, draft to discover—in other words, let your ideas take shape as you write. If you’re writing a short story, create a story map.

**REVISION AND EDITING**
Review your draft. Look for ways to clarify the ideas, style, and structure of your writing.
- Review the rubric (page 18).
- Ask a classmate to review your work.
- Proofread for errors in spelling and grammar.

**PUBLISHING**
Share your finished piece with others. Your purpose, audience, and format will determine your publishing choices. Visit the Writing Center at ClassZone.com for options.

**What Does It Look Like?**

**LISTING**
Ideas from Slam!
- passion for an activity
- what activities am I good at?
- what if I had to give up doing something I love? (possible short story idea?)

**STORY MAP**
Setting: High school; Midwestern town.
Characters: Judy Brack (student); Mr. Brack (Judy’s dad); Mr. Valdez (basketball coach)
Conflict: Judy joins boys’ basketball team without parents’ approval. They want her to quit the team. Should she?

**PEER SUGGESTIONS**
Judy scored a basket as the buzzer sounded. Her teammates cheered, but she didn’t feel like celebrating.

Suggestion: Add details to convey the excitement of the game. Try: “Swoosh. From the three-point line, Judy heard the familiar sound of the ball gliding through the net.”

**PUBLISHING OPTIONS**
- eBlogger
- Literary Magazine
### Do a Self-Check

Professional writers know they can never check their work too often or too thoroughly. Use this **key traits rubric** to evaluate any rough draft.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Traits</th>
<th>Strong</th>
<th>Average</th>
<th>Weak</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ideas</strong></td>
<td>• centers around a clear, focused topic</td>
<td>• has a topic, but it could use more development</td>
<td>• has no clear topic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• is supported by vivid, well-chosen details</td>
<td>• contains general statements with some details</td>
<td>• lacks details or has unclear details</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Organization</strong></td>
<td>• opens in an engaging way and wraps up with a satisfying conclusion</td>
<td>• has both an introduction and a conclusion, but they are uninteresting</td>
<td>• has no real introduction or conclusion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• flows in a logical manner</td>
<td>• lacks some transitions</td>
<td>• contains a confusing jumble of ideas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Voice</strong></td>
<td>• conveys a strong sense of individual style</td>
<td>• sounds “flat” in some places</td>
<td>• has little or no “life”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• uses a tone that is well suited to the purpose and audience</td>
<td>• lapses into an inappropriate tone at times</td>
<td>• employs a completely inappropriate tone for the intended purpose and audience</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Choice</strong></td>
<td>• uses words that are precise and colorful</td>
<td>• uses words that are correct, but ordinary</td>
<td>• uses words that are vague or incorrect</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• conveys meaning in a powerful yet natural-sounding manner</td>
<td>• gets meaning across, but is not memorable</td>
<td>• fails to convey meaning clearly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sentence Fluency</strong></td>
<td>• includes sentences of varied lengths and structures</td>
<td>• has some sentence variety but not enough</td>
<td>• includes mostly short or rambling sentences</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• creates a pleasing flow from one idea to the next</td>
<td>• lacks flow in some places</td>
<td>• is awkward or repetitious</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Conventions</strong></td>
<td>• shows a strong grasp of grammar and usage</td>
<td>• has minor grammar and usage problems</td>
<td>• has such poor grammar and usage that meaning is unclear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• has few problems with mechanics (spelling, capitalization, and punctuation)</td>
<td>• contains some mechanical errors</td>
<td>• contains so many mechanical errors that the writing is hard to read</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Strategies That Work: Writing

1 Use Prewriting Strategies

Anyone who has ever faced a blank page or screen knows how difficult the first steps can be. Try these strategies.

- **Freewrite**. Write for ten minutes, letting whatever comes to you flow without interruption.
- **Get visual**. Use a graphic organizer, such as a cluster diagram or a chart, to flesh out your ideas.
- **Brainstorm with others**. Bounce ideas off other writers for their feedback.
- **Ask big questions**. “Who was the most courageous person in history?” Ask fun or serious questions in search of a topic.

2 Get Feedback from Peers

Often, it is easier to see trouble spots when the writing is not your own. When you exchange feedback with classmates, keep these guidelines in mind.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>When You’re the Writer</th>
<th>When You’re the Reader</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ask for specific feedback. Should readers comment on your ideas, look for errors, or both?</td>
<td>Be respectful of the writer; offer positive feedback first.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Invite your readers to offer honest feedback. Respect their opinions, even if you don’t agree.</td>
<td>Give reasons for your opinions, as well as specific suggestions for improvement.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarify their suggestions. Review them on your own, and use the suggestions most helpful to your piece.</td>
<td>Offer your feedback, and then let the writer decide on his or her own which changes to make.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

3 Read, Read, Read

Reading will help your writing. Take advantage of reading both peer and professional work. Consider these sources.

- **Literature**
  See what worked for the classic and contemporary authors featured in this book. Seek other sources as well, including novels, magazines, and newspapers.

- **Writing Community**
  Form a writing group with other students to share your process, works in progress, and finished products.

- **Online Resources**
  Check out online sources, including the Writing Center at ClassZone.com for links to blogs and student publications.
The Main Events

PLOT AND CONFLICT
• In Fiction
• In Drama
• In Media
• In Nonfiction
• In Poetry
What makes a **STORY** worth telling?

A great *story* can make you laugh, cry, or gasp in surprise, but one thing is for sure: you’ll give it your full attention. You might even forget your own troubles as the story unfolds or gain an insight that will change the way you view your life. Something about the fabulous setting, the compelling characters, or the unusual situations presented will stay with you long after you close the book or turn away from the screen.

**ACTIVITY** Think about the last time you thought to yourself, “That’s a great story!” With a group of classmates, discuss the following:

- What story did you think was special?
- Why did you like that story so much?
- How do your reasons for liking it compare with others’ reasons for liking what they did?

Based on your discussion, come up with a list of qualities that make a story worth telling.
# Literature and Reading Center

## Preview Unit Goals

| LITERARY ANALYSIS | • Identify and analyze stages of plot, including exposition, rising action, climax, falling action, and resolution  
• Identify conflicts and subplots  
• Analyze suspense  
• Identify and analyze foreshadowing and flashback |
|-------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| READING           | • Identify and analyze sequence and cause-effect relationships  
• Use study skills, including taking notes and skimming |
| WRITING AND GRAMMAR | • Write an autobiographical narrative  
• Use apostrophes to punctuate possessive nouns correctly  
• Maintain pronoun-antecedent agreement  
• Use subject and object pronouns correctly |
| SPEAKING, LISTENING, AND VIEWING | • Identify and analyze film elements; analyze plot in a film  
• Present a narrative |
| VOCABULARY | • Use knowledge of word roots, base words, and affixes to understand word meaning  
• Use reference aids, including a dictionary and a thesaurus |
| ACADEMIC VOCABULARY | • stages of plot  
• autobiographical narrative  
• foreshadowing  
• flashback  
• conflict  
• subplot |
Plot and Conflict

Will the hero save the world and win the girl? Can the young soldier survive the war? How will the family stay alive on the deserted island? Good stories are all around you—in novels and short stories, on television, and in movies. How do they capture your imagination and keep you riveted? Read on to find out.

Part 1: Conflict—The Fuel of a Story

A knight must slay a fierce dragon. A girl faces the consequences of betraying her friend. No matter what they’re about, all good stories are fueled by conflict. A conflict, or a struggle between opposing forces, can be external or internal.

- An **external conflict** involves a struggle between a character and an outside force, such as another character, a force of nature, or society.
- An **internal conflict** is a struggle that takes place within a character’s own mind, as he or she wrestles with difficult thoughts, feelings, or choices.

Whether it is external or internal, a conflict is what drives a story forward, from its beginning to its end. How will the characters handle the conflict? What obstacles will they face? Such questions prompt you to keep turning the pages.

Examine the different types of conflicts described in this graphic.

**External**
- **Character vs. Character**
  Ling overhears Julian bragging about his malicious plan to ridicule her best friend. Angered, she confronts Julian and becomes even more incensed when he denies every word. (*Ling vs. Julian*)

- **Character vs. Force of Nature**
  A blinding snowstorm hits while Yoni is hiking in unfamiliar territory. Suddenly, he loses his bearings and has no idea how to find his way home. (*Yoni vs. snowstorm*)

- **Character vs. Society**
  The year is 1961. Sarah works in a factory at a time when workers must put in long hours and deal with dismal, even dangerous, conditions on the job. (*Sarah vs. poor working conditions*)

**Internal**
- **Character vs. Self**
  Hannah accepted Raj’s marriage proposal against the strong wishes of her family. If she marries him, they will never speak to her again. It’s one day before the wedding, and Hannah is doubting her decision. (*marry Raj and alienate her family vs. call off the wedding and lose her true love*)
**MODEL 1: EXTERNAL CONFLICT**

Johnny Tremain, a poor orphaned silversmith, believes he is related to the wealthy merchant Mr. Lyte. Johnny has proof—a cup engraved with the Lyte family name. How does Mr. Lyte react to the news?

---

**from Johnny Tremain**  
*Novel by Esther Forbes*

“I think,” said Mr. Lyte quietly, “all of you ladies and gentlemen will agree that this cup our—ah, cousin, is it?—has brought back tonight is one of this set?”

There was a murmur of assent. Johnny could hear the tiny tinkle, seemingly far away, of Miss Lavinia’s spinet.¹

“It is perfectly obvious that this cup now stands where it belongs. The question is how was it ever separated from its fellows?”

Johnny felt that everyone there except himself knew the answer to this question.

“In fact,” the merchant’s voice was as smooth as oil, “I declare this to be the very cup which was stolen from me by thieves. They broke through yonder window on the twenty-third of last August. Sheriff, I order you to arrest this boy for burglary.”

---

¹. spinet: a small, compact upright piano.

---

**MODEL 2: INTERNAL CONFLICT**

Eva is thrilled when her friend Kenisha moves back to town. Most of the time, Kenisha is too involved with the popular crowd to acknowledge her old friend. In fact, Kenisha is only nice when she wants to copy Eva’s homework. How does Eva feel after she lets Kenisha copy her work?

---

**from Eva and the Mayor**  
*Short story by Jean Davies Okimoto*

Eva knew it wasn’t right to copy other people’s work, but it wasn’t as bad as cheating on a test, and a lot of people did it. She knew that didn’t make it right, but still it didn’t seem like such a big sin, and besides, she wasn’t the copier. [The whole thing made her feel pretty mixed up.]

She didn’t know for sure if she had let Kenisha copy her work because of all that stuff Gramma Evelyn said about being nice to Kenisha or because she wanted to get in with Kenisha and be one of the cool people.
Part 2: Stages of Plot

To draw readers into a story and maintain their interest, a writer must do more than simply introduce an intriguing conflict. He or she has to show how that conflict develops at every twist and turn, at every stage in the story’s plot. A plot, or the series of events in a story, typically includes five stages. It’s important to remember, though, that not every story follows this exact structure.

Take a look at the following graphic, which shows a traditional plot structure. Notice what happens to the conflict at the different stages.

Of course, the plot’s development does not have to follow this traditional pattern to be effective. A plot’s development just needs to be suspenseful, coherent, constantly moving ahead, and satisfying. When evaluating plot development, you might want to keep those qualities in mind.
“The Elevator” is about a boy named Martin who recently moved with his father to a new apartment. Living on the seventeenth floor, Martin has no choice but to take the elevator. The idea of the elevator terrifies him. What exactly is Martin so afraid of? Use what you’ve learned about plot and conflict to analyze this unsettling story.

Part 3: Analyze the Literature

“...It was an old building with an old elevator—a very small elevator, with a maximum capacity of three people. Martin, a thin twelve-year-old, felt nervous in it from the first day he and his father moved into the apartment. Of course he was always uncomfortable in elevators, afraid that they would fall, but there was something especially unpleasant about this one. Perhaps its baleful atmosphere was due to the light from the single fluorescent ceiling strip, bleak and dim on the dirty brown walls. Perhaps the problem was the door, which never stayed open quite long enough, and slammed shut with such ominous, clanging finality. Perhaps it was the way the mechanism shuddered in a kind of exhaustion each time it left a floor, as though it might never reach the next one. Maybe it was simply the dimensions of the contraption that bothered him, so small that it felt uncomfortably crowded even when there was only one other person in it.

Coming home from school the day after they moved in, Martin tried the stairs. But they were almost as bad, windowless, shadowy, with several dark landings where the light bulbs had burned out. His footsteps echoed behind him like slaps on the cement, as though there was another person climbing, getting closer. By the time he reached the seventeenth floor, which seemed to take forever, he was winded and gasping.

His father, who worked at home, wanted to know why he was so out of breath. “But why didn’t you take the elevator?” he asked, frowning at Martin when he explained about the stairs. Not only are you skinny and weak and bad at sports, his expression seemed to say, but you’re also a coward. After that, Martin forced himself to take the elevator. He would have to get used to it, he told himself, just the way he got used to being bullied at school, and always picked last when they chose teams. The elevator was an undeniable fact of life.

1. baleful: sinister, ominous.
He didn’t get used to it. He remained tense in the trembling little box, his eyes fixed on the numbers over the door that blinked on and off so haltingly, as if at any moment they might simply give up. Sometimes he forced himself to look away from them, to the Emergency Stop button, or the red Alarm button. What would happen if he pushed one of them? Would a bell ring? Would the elevator stop between floors? And if it did, how would they get him out?

That was what he hated about being alone on the thing—the fear of being trapped there for hours by himself. But it wasn’t much better when there were other passengers. He felt too close to any other rider, too intimate. And he was always very conscious of the effort people made not to look at one another, staring fixedly at nothing. Being short, in this one situation, was an advantage, since his face was below the eye level of adults, and after a brief glance they ignored him.

Until the morning the elevator stopped at the fourteenth floor, and the fat lady got on. She wore a threadbare green coat that ballooned around her; her ankles bulged above dirty sneakers. As she waddled into the elevator, Martin was sure he felt it sink under her weight. She was so big that she filled the cubicle; her coat brushed against him, and he had to squeeze into the corner to make room for her—there certainly wouldn’t have been room for another passenger. The door slammed quickly behind her. And then, unlike everyone else, she did not stand facing the door. She stood with her back to the door, wheezing, staring directly at Martin.

For a moment he met her gaze. Her features seemed very small, squashed together by the loose fleshy mounds of her cheeks. She had no chin, only a great swollen mass of neck, barely contained by the collar of her coat. Her sparse red hair was pinned back by a plastic barrette. And her blue eyes, though tiny, were sharp and penetrating, boring into Martin’s face.

Abruptly he looked away from her to the numbers over the door. She didn’t turn around. Was she still looking at him? His eyes slipped back to hers, then quickly away. She was still watching him. He wanted to close his eyes; he wanted to turn around and stare into the corner, but how could he? The elevator creaked down to twelve, down to eleven. Martin looked at his watch; he looked at the numbers again. They weren’t even down to nine yet. And then, against his will, his eyes slipped back to her face. She was still watching him. Her nose tilted up; there was a large space between her nostrils and her upper lip, giving her a piggish look. He looked away again, clenching his teeth, fighting the impulse to squeeze his eyes shut against her.

She had to be crazy. Why else would she stare at him this way? What was she going to do next?

She did nothing. She only watched him, breathing audibly, until the elevator reached the first floor at last. Martin would have rushed past her to get

---

2. Consider what you’ve read so far about the setting and Martin’s feelings about his surroundings. What do you think the main conflict will be about?

3. What event sets the rising action in motion?

4. Martin seems to perceive the strange lady as a threat. In your opinion, is this conflict real or in his head? Support your answer.
out, but there was no room. He could only wait as she turned—reluctantly, it seemed to him—and moved so slowly out into the lobby. And then he ran. He didn’t care what she thought. He ran past her, outside into the fresh air, and he ran almost all the way to school. He had never felt such relief in his life.

He thought about her all day. Did she live in the building? He had never seen her before, and the building wasn’t very big—only four apartments on each floor. It seemed likely that she didn’t live there, and had only been visiting somebody.

But if she were only visiting somebody, why was she leaving the building at seven thirty in the morning? People didn’t make visits at that time of day. Did that mean she did live in the building? If so, it was likely—it was a certainty—that sometime he would be riding with her on the elevator again.

He was apprehensive as he approached the building after school. In the lobby, he considered the stairs. But that was ridiculous. Why should he be afraid of an old lady? If he was afraid of her, if he let it control him, then he was worse than all the names they called him at school. He pressed the button; he stepped into the empty elevator. He stared at the lights, urging the elevator on. It stopped on three.

At least it’s not fourteen, he told himself; the person she was visiting lives on fourteen. He watched the door slide open—revealing a green coat, a piggish face, blue eyes already fixed on him as though she knew he’d be there.

It wasn’t possible. It was like a nightmare. But there she was, massively real. “Going up!” he said, his voice a humiliating squeak.

She nodded, her flesh quivering, and stepped on. The door slammed. He watched her pudgy hand move toward the buttons. She pressed, not fourteen, but eighteen, the top floor, one floor above his own. The elevator trembled and began its ascent. The fat lady watched him.

He knew she had gotten on at fourteen this morning. So why was she on three, going up to eighteen now? The only floors he ever went to were seventeen and one. What was she doing? Had she been waiting for him? Was she riding with him on purpose?

But that was crazy. Maybe she had a lot of friends in the building. Or else she was a cleaning lady who worked in different apartments. That had to be it. He felt her eyes on him as he stared at the numbers slowly blinking on and off—slower than usual, it seemed to him. Maybe the elevator was having trouble because of how heavy she was. It was supposed to carry three adults, but it was old. What if it got stuck between floors? What if it fell?

They were on five now. It occurred to him to press seven, get off there, and walk the rest of the way. And he would have done it, if he could have reached the buttons. But there was no room to get past her without squeezing against her, and he could not bear the thought of any physical contact with her. He concentrated on being in his room. He would be home soon, only another

---

2. ascent: the act of climbing or rising upward.
minute or so. He could stand anything for a minute, even this crazy lady watching him.

Unless the elevator got stuck between floors. Then what would he do? He tried to push the thought away, but it kept coming back. He looked at her. She was still staring at him, no expression at all on her squashed little features.

When the elevator stopped on his floor, she barely moved out of the way. He had to inch past her, rubbing against her horrible scratchy coat, terrified the door would close before he made it through. She quickly turned and watched him as the door slammed shut. And he thought, Now she knows I live on seventeen.

“Did you ever notice a strange fat lady on the elevator?” he asked his father that evening.

“Can’t say as I have,” he said, not looking away from the television.

He knew he was probably making a mistake, but he had to tell somebody.

“Well, she was on the elevator with me twice today. And the funny thing was, she just kept staring at me, she never stopped looking at me for a minute. You think . . . you know of anybody who has a weird cleaning lady or anything?”

“What are you so worked up about now?” his father said, turning impatiently away from the television.

“I’m not worked up. It was just funny the way she kept staring at me. You know how people never look at each other in the elevator. Well, she just kept looking at me.”

“What am I going to do with you, Martin?” his father said. He sighed and shook his head. “Honestly, now you’re afraid of some poor old lady.”

“I’m not afraid.”

“You’re afraid,” said his father, with total assurance. “When are you going to grow up and act like a man? Are you going to be timid all your life?”

He managed not to cry until he got to his room—but his father probably knew he was crying anyway. He slept very little.

And in the morning, when the elevator door opened, the fat lady was waiting for him.

She was expecting him. She knew he lived on seventeen. He stood there, unable to move, and then backed away. And as he did so, her expression changed. She smiled as the door slammed.

He ran for the stairs. Luckily, the unlit flight on which he fell was between sixteen and fifteen. He only had to drag himself up one and a half flights with the terrible pain in his leg. His father was silent on the way to the hospital, disappointed and annoyed at him for being such a coward and a fool.

It was a simple fracture. He didn’t need a wheelchair, only a cast and crutches. But he was condemned to the elevator now. Was that why the fat lady had smiled? Had she known it would happen this way?

At least his father was with him on the elevator on the way back from the hospital. There was no room for the fat lady to get on. And even if she did, his
father would see her, he would realize how peculiar she was, and then maybe he would understand. And once they got home, he could stay in the apartment for a few days—the doctor had said he should use the leg as little as possible. A week, maybe—a whole week without going on the elevator. Riding up with his father, leaning on his crutches, he looked around the little cubicle and felt a kind of triumph. He had beaten the elevator, and the fat lady, for the time being. And the end of the week was very far away.

“Oh, I almost forgot,” his father reached out his hand and pressed nine.

“What are you doing? You’re not getting off, are you?” he asked him, trying not to sound panicky.

“I promised Terry Ullman I’d drop in on her,” his father said, looking at his watch as he stepped off.

“Let me go with you. I want to visit her, too,” Martin pleaded, struggling forward on his crutches.

But the door was already closing. “Afraid to be on the elevator alone?” his father said, with a look of total scorn. “Grow up, Martin.” The door slammed shut.

Martin hobbled to the buttons and pressed nine, but it didn’t do any good. The elevator stopped at ten, where the fat lady was waiting for him. She moved in quickly; he was too slow, too unsteady on his crutches to work his way past her in time. The door sealed them in; the elevator started up.

“Hello, Martin,” she said, and laughed, and pushed the Stop button.

9. In lines 145–160, the story takes an unexpected turn. How might this development affect Martin’s conflict?

10. Line 175 is the climax, or turning point, of the story. Do you think Martin is in danger? Explain your opinion.

11. The author ends this story at the climax. What is your opinion of the plot’s development and of leaving the conflict unresolved? Explain.
Raymond’s Run
Short Story by Toni Cade Bambara

What’s worth the EFFORT?

KEY IDEA  Have you ever wanted something so badly you’d do anything to achieve it?  If so, you’ve felt motivation, the drive that causes people to strive toward a goal.  In the story you are about to read, a spunky young girl does what it takes to be the fastest runner in her neighborhood.

QUICKWRITE  Jot down a list of things you’ve been willing to work for.  Choose a favorite and write a short paragraph telling what motivates you.
LITERARY ANALYSIS: PLOT

A plot is the series of events that happen in a story. When a story develops in a conventional way, it progresses through the following stages:

• **Exposition**—introduces the main characters, the setting, and sometimes the conflict
• **Rising action**—increases tension and builds the conflict
• **Climax**—the point of greatest interest, or the turning point in the story
• **Falling action**—shows the result of the climax and brings the story to a close
• **Resolution**—reveals the final outcome of events and ties up loose ends

As you read “Raymond’s Run,” notice what each of these stages, or structural elements, of the plot adds to the story.

READING SKILL: MAKE INFERENCES

When you make an inference while reading, you use clues from the story and your own knowledge to guess about things the author doesn’t say directly. As you read “Raymond’s Run,” make inferences to better understand the main character’s feelings, thoughts, and ideas. Record your inferences in equations.

Squeaky says her dad is the only one faster than she is. + Kids like when their parents are talented. = Squeaky is proud of her father.

VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

The boldfaced words help Toni Cade Bambara tell a story about a race that’s important in more ways than one. Use context clues to figure out what each word means.

1. Teams of three or four usually compete in **relay** races.
2. The talented young sprinter was considered a track **prodigy**.
3. Mai’s teammate is also her good friend, or **sidekick**.
4. Ben is **liable** to get injured if he doesn’t warm up before the race.
5. At the start of a race, runners **crouch** close to the ground.
6. The winner might **clutch** the blue ribbon to her chest.

MORE ABOUT THE AUTHOR

For more on Toni Cade Bambara, visit the Literature Center at ClassZone.com.
I don’t have much work to do around the house like some girls. My mother does that. And I don’t have to earn my pocket money by hustling; George runs errands for the big boys and sells Christmas cards. And anything else that’s got to get done, my father does. All I have to do in life is mind my brother Raymond, which is enough.

Sometimes I slip and say my little brother Raymond. But as any fool can see he’s much bigger and he’s older too. But a lot of people call him my little brother cause he needs looking after cause he’s not quite right. And a lot of smart mouths got lots to say about that too, especially when George was minding him. But now, if anybody has anything to say to Raymond, anything to say about his big head,¹ they have to come by me. And I don’t play the dozens² or believe in standing around with somebody in my face doing a lot of talking. I much rather just knock you down and take my chances even if I am a little girl with skinny arms and a squeaky voice, which is how I got the name Squeaky. And if things get too rough, I run. And as anybody can tell you, I’m the fastest thing on two feet.

There is no track meet that I don’t win the first place medal. I used to win the twenty-yard dash when I was a little kid in kindergarten. Nowadays, it’s the fifty-yard dash. And tomorrow I’m subject to run the quarter-meter relay all by myself and come in first, second, and third. The big kids call me Mercury³ cause I’m the swiftest thing in the neighborhood. Everybody knows that—except two people who know better, my father and me. He can beat me to Amsterdam Avenue with me having a two fire hydrant headstart and him running with his hands in his pockets and whistling. But that’s private information. Cause can you imagine some thirty-five-year-old man stuffing himself into PAL shorts to race little kids? So as far as everyone’s concerned, I’m

---

¹ big head: a result of hydrocephalus, or fluid in parts of the brain, that causes enlargement of the skull.
² play the dozens: exchange rhyming insults.
³ Mercury: in Roman mythology, the swift messenger of the gods.
the fastest and that goes for Gretchen, too, who has put out the tale that she is
going to win the first-place medal this year. Ridiculous. In the second place, she’s
got short legs. In the third place, she’s got freckles. In the first place, no one can
beat me and that’s all there is to it.

I’m standing on the corner admiring the weather and about to take a
stroll down Broadway so I can practice my breathing exercises, and I’ve got
Raymond walking on the inside close to the buildings, cause he’s subject to
fits of fantasy and starts thinking he’s a circus performer and that the curb is
a tightrope strung high in the air. And sometimes after a rain he likes to step
down off his tightrope right into the gutter and slosh around getting his shoes
cuffs wet. Then I get hit when I get home. Or sometimes if you don’t
watch him he’ll dash across traffic to the island in the middle of Broadway
give the pigeons a fit. Then I have to go behind him apologizing to all
the old people sitting around trying to get some sun and getting all upset with
the pigeons fluttering around them, scattering their newspapers and upsetting
the waxpaper lunches4 in their laps. So I keep Raymond on the inside of me,
and he plays like he’s driving a stage coach which is O.K. by me so long as he
doesn’t run me over or interrupt my breathing exercises, which I have to do on
account of I’m serious about my running, and I don’t care who knows it.

Now some people like to act like things come easy to them, won’t let on
that they practice. Not me. I’ll high-prance down 34th Street like a rodeo
pony to keep my knees strong even if it does get my mother uptight so that
she walks ahead like she’s not with me, don’t know me, is all by herself on a
shopping trip, and I am somebody else’s crazy child. Now you take Cynthia
Procter for instance. She’s just the opposite. If there’s a test tomorrow, she’ll
say something like, “Oh, I guess I’ll play handball this afternoon and watch
television tonight,” just to let you know she ain’t thinking about the test. Or
like last week when she won the spelling bee for the millionth time, “A good
thing you got ‘receive,’ Squeaky, cause I would have got it wrong. I completely
forgot about the spelling bee.” And she’ll clutch the lace on her blouse like it
was a narrow escape. Oh, brother. But of course when I pass her house on my
early morning trots around the block, she is practicing the scales on the piano
over and over and over. Then in music class she always lets herself get
bumped around so she falls accidentally on purpose onto the piano stool and is
so surprised to find herself sitting there that she decides just for fun to try out
the ole keys. And what do you know—Chopin’s waltzes5 just spring out of her
fingertips and she’s the most surprised thing in the world. A regular prodigy.
I could kill people like that. I stay up all night studying the words for the
spelling bee. And you can see me any time of day practicing running. I never
walk if I can trot, and shame on Raymond if he can’t keep up. But of course
he does, cause if he hangs back someone’s liable to walk up to him and get

4. waxpaper lunches: sandwiches wrapped in wax paper.
5. Chopin’s [shō’pānts’] waltzes: music by composer Frédéric Chopin.
smart, or take his allowance from him, or ask him where he got that great big pumpkin head. People are so stupid sometimes.

So I’m strolling down Broadway breathing out and breathing in on counts of seven, which is my lucky number, and here comes Gretchen and her **sidekick**s: Mary Louise, who used to be a friend of mine when she first moved to Harlem from Baltimore and got beat up by everybody till I took up for her on account of her mother and my mother used to sing in the same choir when they were young girls, but people ain’t grateful, so now she hangs out with the new girl Gretchen and talks about me like a dog; and Rosie, who is as fat as I am skinny and has a big mouth where Raymond is concerned and is too stupid to know that there is not a big deal of difference between herself and Raymond and that she can’t afford to throw stones. So they are steady coming up Broadway and I see right away that it’s going to be one of those Dodge City scenes cause the street ain’t that big and they’re close to the buildings just as we are. First I think I’ll step into the candy store and look over the new comics and let them pass. But that’s chicken and I’ve got a reputation to consider. So then I think I’ll just walk straight on through them or even over them if necessary. But as they get to me, they slow down. I’m ready to fight, cause like I said I don’t feature a whole lot of chit-chat, I much prefer to just knock you down right from the jump and save everybody a lotta precious time.

“You signing up for the May Day races?” smiles Mary Louise, only it’s not a smile at all. A dumb question like that doesn’t deserve an answer. Besides, there’s just me and Gretchen standing there really, so no use wasting my breath talking to shadows.

“I don’t think you’re going to win this time,” says Rosie, trying to signify with her hands on her hips all salty, completely forgetting that I have whupped her behind many times for less salt than that.

“I always win cause I’m the best,” I say straight at Gretchen who is, as far as I’m concerned, the only one talking in this ventriloquist-dummy routine. Gretchen smiles, but it’s not a smile, and I’m thinking that girls never really smile at each other because they don’t know how and don’t want to know how and there’s probably no one to teach us how, cause grown-up girls don’t know either. Then they all look at Raymond who has just brought his mule team to a standstill. And they’re about to see what trouble they can get into through him.

“What grade you in now, Raymond?”

“You got anything to say to my brother, you say it to me, Mary Louise Williams of Raggedy Town, Baltimore.”

“What are you, his mother?” sasses Rosie.

“That’s right, Fatso. And the next word out of anybody and I’ll be their mother too.” So they just stand there and Gretchen shifts from one leg to the other and do they. Then Gretchen puts her hands on her hips and is about to say something with her freckle-face self but doesn’t. Then she walks

---

6. **Dodge City**: an Old West town, famous for showdowns between outlaws and lawmen.
around me looking me up and down but keeps walking up Broadway, and her sidekicks follow her. So me and Raymond smile at each other and he says, “Gidyap” to his team and I continue with my breathing exercises, strolling down Broadway toward the ice man on 145th with not a care in the world cause I am Miss Quicksilver’ herself.

I take my time getting to the park on May Day because the track meet is the last thing on the program. The biggest thing on the program is the May Pole dancing, which I can do without, thank you, even if my mother thinks it’s a shame I don’t take part and act like a girl for a change. You’d think my mother’d be grateful not to have to make me a white organdy dress with a big satin sash and buy me new white baby-doll shoes that can’t be taken out of the box till the big day. You’d think she’d be glad her daughter ain’t out there prancing around a May Pole getting the new clothes all dirty and sweaty and trying to act like a fairy or a flower or whatever you’re supposed to be when you should be trying to be yourself, whatever that is, which is, as far as I am concerned, a poor Black girl who really can’t afford to buy shoes and a new dress you only wear once a lifetime cause it won’t fit next year.

I was once a strawberry in a Hansel and Gretel pageant when I was in nursery school and didn’t have no better sense than to dance on tiptoe with my arms in a circle over my head doing umbrella steps and being a perfect fool just so my mother and father could come dressed up and clap. You’d think they’d know better than to encourage that kind of nonsense. I am not a strawberry. I do not dance on my toes. I run. That is what I am all about. So I always come late to the May Day program, just in time to get my number pinned on and lay in the grass till they announce the fifty-yard dash.

I put Raymond in the little swings, which is a tight squeeze this year and will be impossible next year. Then I look around for Mr. Pearson, who pins the numbers on. I’m really looking for Gretchen, if you want to know the truth, but she’s not around. The park is jam-packed. Parents in hats and corsages and breast-pocket handkerchiefs peeking up. Kids in white dresses and light-blue suits. The parkees⁸ unfolding chairs and chasing the rowdy kids from Lenox⁹ as if they had no right to be there. The big guys with their caps on backwards, leaning against the fence swirling the basketballs on the tips of their fingers, waiting for all these crazy people to clear out the park so they can play. Most of the kids in my class are carrying bass drums and glockenspiels¹⁰ and flutes. You’d think they’d put in a few bongos or something for real like that.

Then here comes Mr. Pearson with his clipboard and his cards and pencils and whistles and safety pins and 50 million other things he’s always dropping all over the place with his clumsy self. He sticks out in a crowd because he’s

---

**MAKE INFERENCES**
Reread lines 115–126. What do you think Squeaky’s relationship with her mother is like?

**MAKE INFERENCES**
Reread lines 135–136. How is Squeaky’s life affected by having to take care of Raymond? Think about how she might deal with Raymond next year.

---

7. **Miss Quicksilver**: a reference to how fast quicksilver (mercury) flows.
8. **parkees**: people who regularly gather in the park.
9. **Lenox**: street in Harlem in New York City.
10. **glockenspiels** (glók’ən-spélz’): musical instruments with tuned metal bars played with light hammers.
on stilts. We used to call him Jack and the Beanstalk to get him mad. But I’m the only one that can outrun him and get away, and I’m too grown for that silliness now.

“Well, Squeaky,” he says, checking my name off the list and handing me number seven and two pins. And I’m thinking he’s got no right to call me Squeaky, if I can’t call him Beanstalk.

“Hazel Elizabeth Deborah Parker,” I correct him and tell him to write it down on his board.

“Well, Hazel Elizabeth Deborah Parker, going to give someone else a break this year?” I squint at him real hard to see if he is seriously thinking I should lose the race on purpose just to give someone else a break. “Only six girls running this time,” he continues, shaking his head sadly like it’s my fault all
of New York didn’t turn out in sneakers. “That new girl should give you a run for your money.” He looks around the park for Gretchen like a periscope in a submarine movie. “Wouldn’t it be a nice gesture if you were . . . to ahhh . . .”

I give him such a look he couldn’t finish putting that idea into words. Grownups got a lot of nerve sometimes. I pin number seven to myself and stomp away, I’m so burnt. And I go straight for the track and stretch out on the grass while the band winds up with “Oh, the Monkey Wrapped His Tail Around the Flag Pole,” which my teacher calls by some other name. The man on the loudspeaker is calling everyone over to the track and I’m on my back looking at the sky, trying to pretend I’m in the country, but I can’t, because even grass in the city feels hard as sidewalk, and there’s just no pretending you are anywhere but in a “concrete jungle” as my grandfather says.

The twenty-yard dash takes all of two minutes cause most of the little kids don’t know no better than to run off the track or run the wrong way or run smack into the fence and fall down and cry. One little kid, though, has got the good sense to run straight for the white ribbon up ahead so he wins. Then the second-graders line up for the thirty-yard dash and I don’t even bother to turn my head to watch cause Raphael Perez always wins. He wins before he even begins by psyching the runners, telling them they’re going to trip on their shoelaces and fall on their faces or lose their shorts or something, which he doesn’t really have to do since he is very fast, almost as fast as I am. After that is the forty-yard dash which I used to run when I was in first grade. Raymond is hollering from the swings cause he knows I’m about to do my thing cause the man on the loudspeaker has just announced the fifty-yard dash, although he might just as well be giving a recipe for angel food cake cause you can hardly make out what he’s sayin for the static. I get up and slip off my sweat pants and then I see Gretchen standing at the starting line, kicking her legs out like a pro. Then as I get into place I see that ole Raymond is on line on the other side of the fence, bending down with his fingers on the ground just like he knew what he was doing. I was going to yell at him but then I didn’t. It burns up your energy to holler.

Every time, just before I take off in a race, I always feel like I’m in a dream, the kind of dream you have when you’re sick with fever and feel all hot and weightless. I dream I’m flying over a sandy beach in the early morning sun, kissing the leaves of the trees as I fly by. And there’s always the smell of apples, just like in the country when I was little and used to think I was a choo-choo train, running through the fields of corn and chugging up the hill to the orchard. And all the time I’m dreaming this, I get lighter and lighter until I’m flying over the beach again, getting blown through the sky like a feather that weighs nothing at all. But once I spread my fingers in the dirt and crouch over the Get on Your Mark, the dream goes and I am solid again and am telling

11. **periscope**: a tube with mirrors or prisms inside through which a person can see the reflection of an object at the other end.
myself, Squeaky you must win, you must win, you are the fastest thing in
the world, you can even beat your father up Amsterdam if you really try.

And then I feel my weight coming back just behind my knees then down to
my feet then into the earth and the pistol shot explodes in my blood and I am
off and weightless again, flying past the other runners, my arms pumping up
and down and the whole world is quiet except for the crunch as I zoom over
the gravel in the track. I glance to my left and there is no one. To the right, a
blurred Gretchen, who’s got her chin jutting out as if it would win the race all
by itself. And on the other side of the fence is Raymond with his arms down to
his side and the palms tucked up behind him, running in his very own style,
and it’s the first time I ever saw that and I almost stop to watch my brother
Raymond on his first run. But the white ribbon is bouncing toward me and I
tear past it, racing into the distance till my feet with a mind of their own start
digging up footfuls of dirt and brake me short. Then all the kids standing on
the side pile on me, banging me on the back and slapping my head with their
May Day programs, for I have won again and everybody on 151st Street can
walk tall for another year.

“In first place . . .” the man on the loudspeaker is clear as a bell now. But
then he pauses and the loudspeaker starts to whine. Then static. And I lean
down to catch my breath and here comes Gretchen walking back, for she’s
overshot the finish line too, huffing and puffing with her hands on her hips
taking it slow, breathing in steady time like a real pro and I sort of like her a
little for the first time. “In first place . . .” and then three or four voices get all
mixed up on the loudspeaker and I dig my sneaker into the grass and stare at
Gretchen who’s staring back, we both wondering just who did win. I can hear
old Beanstalk arguing with the man on the loudspeaker and then a few others
running their mouths about what the stopwatches say. Then I hear Raymond
yanking at the fence to call me and I wave to shush him, but he keeps rattling
the fence like a gorilla in a cage like in them gorilla movies, but then like a
dancer or something he starts climbing up nice and easy but very fast. And
it occurs to me, watching how smoothly he climbs hand over hand and
remembering how he looked running with his arms down to his side and with
the wind pulling his mouth back and his teeth showing and all, it occurred to
me that Raymond would make a very fine runner. Doesn’t he always keep up
with me on my trots? And he surely knows how to breathe in counts of seven
cause he’s always doing it at the dinner table, which drives my brother George
up the wall. And I’m smiling to beat the band cause if I’ve lost this race, or if
me and Gretchen tied, or even if I’ve won, I can always retire as a runner and
begin a whole new career as a coach with Raymond as my champion. After all,
with a little more study I can beat Cynthia and her phony self at the spelling
bee. And if I bugged my mother, I could get piano lessons and become a star.
And I have a big rep as the baddest thing around. And I’ve got a roomful of
ribbons and medals and awards. But what has Raymond got to call his own?

**MAKE INFERENCES**

Why do you think Squeaky always feels this way before a race?

**PLOT: CLIMAX**

Why is this a turning point in the story?
So I stand there with my new plans, laughing out loud by this time as Raymond jumps down from the fence and runs over with his teeth showing and his arms down to the side, which no one before him has quite mastered as a running style. And by the time he comes over I’m jumping up and down so glad to see him—my brother Raymond, a great runner in the family tradition. But of course everyone thinks I’m jumping up and down because the men on the loudspeaker have finally gotten themselves together and compared notes and are announcing, “In first place—Miss Hazel Elizabeth Deborah Parker.” (Dig that.) “In second place—Miss Gretchen P. Lewis.” And I look over at Gretchen wondering what the “P” stands for. And I smile. Cause she’s good, no doubt about it. Maybe she’d like to help me coach Raymond; she obviously is serious about running, as any fool can see. And she nods to congratulate me and then she smiles. And I smile. We stand there with this big smile of respect between us. It’s about as real a smile as girls can do for each other, considering we don’t practice real smiling every day, you know, cause maybe we too busy being flowers or fairies or strawberries instead of something honest and worthy of respect . . . you know . . . like being people.
Comprehension

1. **Recall**  What nickname have the big kids given Squeaky, and why?

2. **Clarify**  Why does Squeaky feel the May Pole dance is a waste of time?

3. **Clarify**  Describe Squeaky’s reaction when she sees Raymond running parallel to her in the race.

Literary Analysis

4. **Make Inferences**  Review the inference equations you created as you read the story. Use these inferences to answer this question: Why might Squeaky react to other people the way she does? Support your answer.

5. **Compare and Contrast**  What are some differences between Squeaky and Gretchen? What are some similarities?

6. **Analyze Plot**  The plot of “Raymond’s Run” revolves around Squeaky’s desire to win the May Day race. Using a diagram like the one shown, note the events that happen at each stage of the plot.

7. **Draw Conclusions**  How do the events in the story change the way Squeaky views competition?

8. **Evaluate Plot**  A plot should be suspenseful, coherent, well-paced, and satisfying. What is your evaluation of the plot of “Raymond’s Run”? Be sure to assess the climax and resolution of the story as well as the other structural elements of the plot.

Extension and Challenge

9. **Big Question Activity**  Review the Quickwrite activity on page 32. If Squeaky were in your class, what do you think her response to this activity would be? Complete the activity again, writing about her motivation as if you were she.

10. **Inquiry and Research**  According to Squeaky, Raymond has a “big head.” Find out more about hydrocephalus, the condition he has. With the medical advances of today, is there a treatment or cure for hydrocephalus? What is known about the causes of it? Present your findings to the class.

**Research Links**

For more on hydrocephalus, visit the Research Center at ClassZone.com.
Vocabulary in Context

VOCABULARY PRACTICE

Answer each question to show your understanding of the vocabulary words.

1. Is a sidekick likely to be a friend or someone you just met?
2. If you were to clutch something, would you be tossing it away or holding it close?
3. Which would you expect a sports prodigy to be—clumsy or talented?
4. When are you more likely to crouch—picking a flower from the garden or reaching for a glass in the cabinet?
5. If a person is liable to do something, does that mean it’s likely or unlikely to happen?
6. What’s more important in a relay race—one good runner or a team effort?

VOCABULARY IN WRITING

Pretend you are going to run in a race with Squeaky. Using at least two vocabulary words, write a paragraph about your thoughts and feelings at the starting line. You could begin like this.

EXAMPLE SENTENCE

I’m going to run in this race, even if I’m not liable to win.

VOCABULARY STRATEGY: COMPOUND WORDS

Compound words are made up of two or more smaller words. Sometimes the meaning of a compound word can be figured out from the meaning of the two words. Other times, as with the word sidekick, you would have to look at context clues or the dictionary to find out the meaning.

PRACTICE Use context clues to figure out the meaning of each boldfaced compound word. Then write the definition. You can consult a dictionary if you need to.

1. Traffic was at a standstill after the semitrailer blocked the highway.
2. When the children get to the crosswalk, have them look both ways before crossing the street.
3. If the audience is having trouble hearing you, make the announcement over the loudspeaker.
4. Since you heard it directly from the source, it’s firsthand knowledge.
5. We couldn’t find the tools, so we used a metal pole as a makeshift hammer.
Reading-Writing Connection

Increase your understanding of “Raymond’s Run” by responding to these prompts. Then complete the Grammar and Writing exercise.

**WRITING PROMPTS**

**A. Short Response: Describe a Character’s World**
Squeaky’s personality and experiences are influenced by her environment. Write one paragraph describing Squeaky’s neighborhood and how it affected her.

**SELF-CHECK**

**A strong description will . . .**
- provide details about the streets and traffic
- show Squeaky’s relationship to neighborhood people and places

**B. Extended Response: Write an Article**
Imagine you are a newspaper writer covering the May Day events at the park. You are assigned to interview runners and ask them about their motivation for participating. Write a two- or three-paragraph article that will appear in the next day’s paper.

**SELF-CHECK**

**A thorough article will . . .**
- answer who, what, when, where, and why questions
- include quotes from characters in the story

**GRAMMAR AND WRITING**

**AVOID SENTENCE FRAGMENTS** A sentence fragment is an incomplete sentence. It is missing a subject (whom or what the sentence is about), a predicate (what the subject is or does), or both. The missing part(s) must be added in order to fix, or complete, the sentence.

*Original:* My brother. *(This is a sentence fragment because it is missing a predicate.)* He likes movies with a lot of action.

*Revised:* My brother likes movies with a lot of action. *(This is now a complete sentence because it contains the subject “My brother” and the predicate “likes movies with a lot of action.”)*

**PRACTICE** Decide whether the following sentence fragments in bold are missing a subject, a predicate, or both. Then combine each fragment with the sentence before it, inserting any additional words as needed.

1. The crowd gathered in the park. **For the May Day festivities.**
2. They gathered, as usual. **The regulars, or parkees.**
3. For many, the May Pole dance is the highlight. **For others, the races.**
4. I’m sure I’ll win again. **Always do.**
5. He was the surprise of the day. **Squeaky’s brother Raymond.**

*For more help with fragments, see page R64 in the Grammar Handbook.*
Is any plan foolproof?

**KEY IDEA** You can make a list. You can check it twice. You can go over every last detail of a plan in your mind. But even when you think you’ve thought of everything, the unexpected can change the outcome in surprising, terrible, or sometimes hysterically funny ways.

In the story you are about to read, the main characters have a plan for making some quick money, but things don’t work out the way they had hoped.

**LIST IT** With a partner, plan a surprise party for a friend by making a list of what you need to do. Then, next to each item, write down something unexpected that could possibly happen to spoil that part of the plan.
LITERARY ANALYSIS: CONFLICT AND RESOLUTION

A story’s plot centers on conflicts, or struggles between opposing forces. By the end of the story, the conflicts are usually resolved, or settled. For example, a fight between two characters might be resolved when one character wins and one character loses. As you read “The Ransom of Red Chief,” pay attention to the conflicts and note how they are resolved.

READING STRATEGY: PREDICT

When you watch TV shows or read books, do you ever try to guess what will happen next? If you do, you’re making predictions. As you read this story, use clues from the text and your own common sense to make predictions. Keep track of whether your predictions were right, or whether you were surprised by the way events unfolded.

My Prediction | Actual Event | Correct or Surprised?
--- | --- | ---
The boy will fight back when kidnapped. | Boy fights back. | correct

Review: Make Inferences

VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

O. Henry’s characters use the words listed, but they aren’t as smart as their big vocabulary suggests. See how many words you can match with their numbered definitions.

WORD LIST

| Collaborate | Diatribe | Provisions |
| Commend | Impudent | Ransom |
| Comply | Proposition |

1. payment demanded for the release of a person or property
2. to act according to a command or request
3. verbal attack; harsh criticism
4. bold and disrespectful
5. to work together on a project
6. to praise
7. necessary supplies, especially food
8. a suggested plan

Unexpected Twists

The early life of O. Henry, whose real name was William Sydney Porter, was filled with ups, downs, and unexpected turns. As a young man, he held many different jobs. He clerked in his uncle’s drugstore, worked as a ranch hand, and became a bank teller. Several years after leaving his position at the bank, he was convicted of having embezzled, or stolen, money from his employer. It certainly wasn’t his plan to be put in jail, but that’s where he found his next occupation.

A Trailblazing Storyteller

While behind bars, Porter began penning stories to help support his young daughter. Upon his release, he changed his name to O. Henry, became a fiction writer, and contributed weekly stories to newspapers. He grew into one of the country’s best-loved authors. O. Henry wrote adventure stories, humorous stories, and slice-of-life tales of ordinary people. The stories often had surprise endings. Today, stories that end with an unexpected twist are said to be written in the “O. Henry style.”

MORE ABOUT THE AUTHOR

For more on O. Henry, visit the Literature Center at ClassZone.com.
It looked like a good thing; but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama—Bill Driscoll and myself—when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, “during a moment of temporary mental apparition”; but we didn’t find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel-cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeletious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-lot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn’t get after us with anything stronger than constables, and, maybe, some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the Weekly Farmers’ Budget. So, it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the color of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news-stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

---

1. **apparition** (ə-ˈpär-ər-ən) n.: a sudden or unusual sight.
2. **undeleterious** (ən-də-lēˈə-rē-əs) adj.: harmless.
3. **philoprogenitiveness** (fi-lə-prəˈɡrōn-ə-təs) n.: love for one’s own children.
4. **bas-relief** (bāzˈrē-lēf) adj.: slightly raised.
About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset’s house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence. “Hey, little boy!” says Bill, “would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?”

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick. “That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars,” says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

That boy put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says: “Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?”

“He’s all right now,” says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. “We’re playing Indian. We’re making Buffalo Bill’s show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I’m Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief’s captive, and I’m to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard.”

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this: “I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet ’possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot’s aunt’s speckled hen’s eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don’t like girls. You dassant catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise?

---

5. brake: a thick grouping of trees.
6. court plaster: adhesive cloth for covering cuts and scratches.
7. magic-lantern views: slides.
8. dassant: dare not.
Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can’t. How many does it take to make twelve?”

Every few minutes he would remember that he was an Indian, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to search for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a war whoop that made Old Hank the Trapper shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

“Red Chief,” says I to the kid, “would you like to go home?”

“Aw, what for?” says he. “I don’t have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won’t take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?”

“Not right away,” says I. “We’ll stay here in the cave awhile.”

“All right!” says he. “That’ll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life.”

We went to bed about eleven o’clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren’t afraid he’d run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: “Hist! pard,” in mine and Bill’s ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren’t yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you’d expect from a manly set of vocal organs—they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It’s an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill’s chest, with one hand twined in Bill’s hair. In the other he had the sharp case-knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill’s scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill’s spirit was broken. He laid down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sun-up I remembered that Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn’t nervous or afraid; but I sat up and leaned against a rock.

“What you getting up so soon for, Sam?” asked Bill.

“Me?” says I. “Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it.”

“You’re a liar!” says Bill. “You’re afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he’d do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain’t it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?”
“Sure,” said I. “A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoiter.”\(^9\)

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man plowing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan\(^{10}\) attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. “Perhaps,” says I to myself, “it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!” says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a coconut.

“He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back,” explained Bill, “and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?”

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. “I’ll fix you,” says the kid to Bill. “No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!”

---

\(^9\) *reconnoiter* (rē’kə-nō’tər): to seek information about an enemy’s whereabouts.

\(^{10}\) *sylvan* (sī’vən): like woods or forests.

---

**ANALYZE VISUALS**

Who seems to be winning the conflict in the painting? Tell how you know.
After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

“What's he up to now?” says Bill anxiously. “You don’t think he’ll run away, do you, Sam?”

“No fear of it,” says I. “He don't seem to be much of a homebody. But we've got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbors. Anyhow, he'll be missed today. Tonight we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return.”

Just then we heard a kind of war whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: “Sam, do you know who my favorite Biblical character is?”

“Take it easy,” says I. “You'll come to your senses presently.”

“King Herod,”1 says he. “You won’t go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?”

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

“If you don’t behave,” says I, “I’ll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?”

“I was only funning,” says he, sullenly. “I didn’t mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I’ll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you’ll let me play the Scout today.”

“I don’t know the game,” says I. “That’s for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He’s your playmate for the day. I’m going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go, at once.”

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

“You know, Sam,” says Bill, “I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire, and flood—in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies, and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that

---

11. **King Herod:** an ancient king of Judea who once ordered the execution of all Bethlehem boys under the age of two.
two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He’s got me going. You won’t leave me long
with him, will you, Sam?”

“I’ll be back sometime this afternoon,” says I. “You must keep the boy
amused and quiet till I return. And now we’ll write the letter to old Dorset.”

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief,
with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the
mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen
hundred dollars instead of two thousand. “I ain’t attempting,” says he, “to
decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we’re dealing with
humans, and it ain’t human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for
that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I’m willing to take a chance at
fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me.”

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:

EBENEZER DORSET, ESQ.:  
We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you
or the most skillful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely, the only
terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand
fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return: the money to be left at
midnight at the same spot and in the same box as your reply—as hereinafter
described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a
solitary messenger tonight at half-past eight o’clock. After crossing Owl
Creek on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a
hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand
side. At the bottom of the fence post, opposite the third tree, will be found a
small pasteboard box.

The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately
to Summit.

If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as
stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and
well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to
them no further communication will be attempted.

Two Desperate Men.

I addressed this letter to Dorset and put it in my pocket. As I was about to
start, the kid comes up to me and says:

“Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Scout while you was gone.”

“Play it, of course,” says I. “Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a
game is it?”

“I’m the Scout,” says Red Chief, “and I have to ride to the stockade to warn
the settlers that the Indians are coming. I’m tired of playing Indian myself. I
want to be the Scout.”

---

12. decry: to criticize.
“All right,” says I. “It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the enemy.”

“What am I to do?” asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.

“You are the hoss,” says Scout. “Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?”

“You’d better keep him interested,” said I, “till we get the scheme going. Loosen up.”

Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit’s when you catch it in a trap.

“How far is it to the stockade, kid?” he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

“Ninety miles,” says the Scout. “And you have to hurry to get there on time. Whoa, now!”

The Scout jumps on Bill’s back and digs his heels in his side.

“For Heaven’s sake,” says Bill, “hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn’t made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me or I’ll get up and warm you good.”

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the post office and store, talking with the chawbacons that came in to trade. One whiskerando says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset’s boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously and came away. The postmaster said the mail carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

So I sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wabbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

“Sam,” says Bill, “I suppose you think I’m a renegade, but I couldn’t help it. I’m a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There were martyrs in old times,” goes on Bill, “that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of ’em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation;13 but there came a limit.”

“What’s the trouble, Bill?” I asks him.

“I was rode,” says Bill, “the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then, when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain’t a

---

13. depredation (dəˈprēd-ərˈshən): robbery.
palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin’ in holes, how a road can run both ways and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black and blue from the knees down; and I’ve got to have two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized.14

“But he’s gone”—continues Bill—“gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I’m sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse.”

Bill is puffing and blowing, but there is a look of ineffable peace and growing content on his rose-pink features.

“Bill,” says I, “there isn’t any heart disease in your family, is there?”

“No,” says Bill, “nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?”

“Then you might turn around,” says I, “and have a look behind you.”

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid of his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnappers. The tree under which the answer was to be left—and the money later on—was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for anyone to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence post, slips a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern,

---

and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

**TWO DESPERATE MEN.**

Gentlemen: I received your letter today by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbors believe he is lost, and I couldn’t be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.

Very respectfully,

**EBENEZER DORSET.**

“Great Pirates of Penzance!” says I; “of all the impudent——”

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

“Sam,” says he, “what’s two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We’ve got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to bed in Bedlam. 15 Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain’t going to let the chance go, are you?”

“Tell you the truth, Bill,” says I, “this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves, too. We’ll take him home, pay the ransom, and make our getaway.”

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o’clock when we knocked at Ebenezer’s front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset’s hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope 16 and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill’s leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

“How long can you hold him?” asks Bill.

“I’m not as strong as I used to be,” says old Dorset, “but I think I can promise you ten minutes.”

“Enough,” says Bill. “In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern, and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border.”

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

---

15. **Bedlam**: an insane asylum.
16. **calliope** (kə-ˈli-ə-pə); an instrument with steam whistles.
Reading for Information

ANECDOTE  O. Henry was a master of unexpected plot twists. In the following anecdote, which was originally read on the radio, you will learn about a happy coincidence that involves an undiscovered O. Henry story.

Manuscript Found in an Attic

MARCUS ROSENBAUM

When I told my father that I was moving to Des Moines, he told me about the only time he’d been there. It was in the 1930s, he said, when he was the business manager of the literary magazine of Southern Methodist University in Dallas. His friend Lon Tinkle was the magazine’s editor. Lon also taught English at SMU, and there was a student in his class who had a severely deformed back. It was the Depression, and the young woman came from a family that was so poor she couldn’t afford the operation that would correct the problem.

Her mother, who ran a boardinghouse in Galveston, was cleaning out the attic one day when she came across an old dusty manuscript. Scribbled across the top were the words, “By O. Henry.” It was a nice story, and she sent it along to her daughter at SMU, who showed it to Lon. Lon had never seen the story before, but it sounded like O. Henry, it had an O. Henry story line, and he knew that William Sydney Porter, aka O. Henry, had lived in Houston at one time. So it was entirely possible that the famous author had gone to the beach and stayed in the Galveston boardinghouse, had written the story while he was there, and had inadvertently left the manuscript behind. Lon showed the manuscript to my father, who contacted an O. Henry expert at Columbia University in New York. The expert said he’d like to see it, so my father got on a train and took it to him.

The expert authenticated the story as O. Henry’s, and my father set out to sell it. Eventually, he found himself in Des Moines, meeting with Gardner Cowles, a top editor at the Des Moines Register. Cowles loved the story and bought it on the spot. My father took the proceeds to the young woman in Lon Tinkle’s class. It was just enough for her to have the operation she so desperately needed—and, as far as we know, to live happily ever after.

My father never told me what the O. Henry story was about. But I doubt that it could have been better than his own story: a story about O. Henry that was an O. Henry story itself.
Comprehension

1. **Recall** Why do Sam and Bill need two thousand dollars?
2. **Clarify** Why does the boy prefer staying with Sam and Bill to going home?
3. **Represent** Reread lines 24–26 on page 50. Use the details in this paragraph to draw a simple map showing Summit, the mountain, and the cave.

Literary Analysis

4. **Predict** Look back at the chart you created as you read. Which outcomes surprised you and which did not? Tell what unexpected circumstances affected Bill and Sam’s plan to get money.
5. **Analyze Conflict and Resolution** When an outcome is the opposite of what might be expected, it is said to be ironic. O. Henry is known for his use of the ironic ending. In fact, ironic endings are one of the most recognizable elements of his writing style. Which of the resolutions to this story’s conflicts are ironic? Show your thinking in two graphic organizers like the ones shown. Then tell whether you like the ironic resolution(s), and give reasons for your answer.

6. **Draw Conclusions** Look back at lines 8–16. From the vocabulary Sam uses, as well as the way he presents himself and Bill to the reader at the beginning of the story, do you think the partners are typically successful in their schemes? Cite evidence to support your conclusion.

Extension and Challenge

7. **Creative Project: Music** Choose a familiar tune and rewrite the words to retell the story of “The Ransom of Red Chief.” Include details that bring out the irony in the story.
8. **Literary Criticism** O. Henry’s short stories remain popular with readers in part because they often have surprise endings. Read the article “Manuscript Found in an Attic” on page 58. What do you think the author means when he describes it as “a story about O. Henry that was an O. Henry story itself”? 

---

**R3.2** Evaluate the structural elements of the plot (e.g., subplots, parallel episodes, climax), the plot’s development, and the way in which conflicts are (or are not) addressed and resolved.

**R3.6** Identify significant literary devices (e.g., metaphor, symbolism, dialect, irony) that define a writer’s style and use those elements to interpret the work.
Vocabulary in Context

**Vocabulary Practice**

Choose the vocabulary word that best completes each sentence.

1. The kidnappers demanded a ____ before they returned the boy.
2. They had enough ____ stashed in a cave to last a week.
3. Since neither of them could complete the scheme alone, the kidnappers had to ____.
4. The worst they expected was a ____ in the local paper.
5. Red Chief was so ____ that adults didn’t like being around him.
6. The father did not ____ with the terms of the letter.
7. Red Chief’s father had a different ____ for the kidnappers.
8. You can’t ____ the parent’s actions, but you can certainly understand them.

**Vocabulary in Writing**

What is your reaction to the end of this story? Use two or more vocabulary words to write a one-paragraph answer. You could start like this.

**Example Sentence**

I was surprised at how the kidnappers’ **proposition** got turned around.

**Vocabulary Strategy: The Prefix com-**

The vocabulary word **commend** contains the prefix **com-**, which means “together” or “with.” The prefix can be spelled **com-**, **col-**, **cor-**, or **con-**, depending on the letter that follows it. Learning to recognize this prefix with its various spellings can help you remember the meanings of many words.

**Practice** Choose the word from the list that matches each numbered definition. If necessary, consult a dictionary.

- collect
- combine
- concur
- confirm

1. to join together
2. to establish that something is true
3. to bring together in a group, gather
4. to be in agreement, or harmony
Reading-Writing Connection

Demonstrate your understanding of “The Ransom of Red Chief” by responding to these prompts. Then complete the Grammar and Writing exercise.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WRITING PROMPTS</th>
<th>SELF-CHECK</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **A. Short Response: Write a Postcard**  
For the boy, being with Sam and Bill was like being at camp. Write a one-paragraph postcard that he might have sent to his father while he was gone. | **A good postcard will . . .**  
- include words and phrases similar to those used by the boy in the story  
- cite events from the story from the boy’s perspective |
| **B. Extended Response: Analyze What Went Wrong**  
Bill and Sam thought they had a brilliant scheme to make money, but they didn’t plan for the unexpected. In two or three paragraphs, tell why they thought their plan would work and what they were mistaken about. | **A successful analysis will . . .**  
- include a topic sentence  
- identify mistakes the men made in their thinking |

Grammar and Writing

**AVOID RUN-ON SENTENCES** A run-on sentence, sometimes called a run-on, is two or more sentences written as though they were a single sentence. To correct a run-on, you can

- insert an end mark and start a new sentence  
- insert a coordinating conjunction, such as and, but, or so, after a comma  
- change a comma to a semicolon

*Original:* I thought Randy would win the class elections, Mary believed Ling would be the winner.

*Revised:* I thought Randy would win the class elections, but Mary believed Ling would be the winner.

**PRACTICE** Rewrite the following sentences so that they are no longer run-ons.

1. I thought I wouldn’t like being away from home, it’s actually really fun.
2. I promised to behave, they threatened to send me home.
3. There weren’t daily newspapers, nosy reporters wouldn’t be coming around.
4. They didn’t count on the boy’s adventurous spirit they were surprised by it.
5. Parents worry about keeping their children safe, they don’t worry about keeping people safe from their children.

*For more help with run-on sentences, see page R64 in the Grammar Handbook.*
KEY IDEA  There is an old saying, “One man’s trash is another man’s treasure.” A scrap of cloth, a wrinkled photo, or a worn, torn book can have great value to a person if there are special memories attached. In “Clean Sweep,” a girl finds out not only that a simple object can hold good memories, but also that those memories can help heal.

WEB IT  What do you value that someone else might be tempted to throw away? Create a web to show some memories that are connected to that item. Expand your web by adding details that explain what makes the object special to you.
LITERARY ANALYSIS: CONFLICTS AND SUBPLOTS

As you may recall, there are two basic kinds of conflicts.

• **External conflicts** are struggles between a character and an outside force. The outside force could be another character, society, or a force of nature.

• **Internal conflicts** are struggles within a character. This type of conflict may occur when the character has to make a difficult decision or deal with opposing feelings.

A story may develop more than one kind of conflict. Sometimes an additional conflict is worked out in a subplot, or minor plot. In stories that contain subplots, often the lessons characters learn working out one conflict help them address or resolve the other.

As you read “Clean Sweep,” notice how a past event causes both an internal and an external conflict. Also, see if you can spot a subplot.

READING SKILL: SEQUENCE

To follow a story, you must recognize the sequence, or order, of the event described. While events are often presented in the order in which they occur, sometimes the action is interrupted to present a scene from an earlier time. This scene, called a **flashback**, can help explain a character’s actions. To help you figure out when events occurred, look for signal words and phrases such as these: *four years ago, moments later, and while*. Then keep track of the sequence of important events by recording them on a sequence chart.

**Review:** Predict

- → →

VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

The boldfaced words help Joan Bauer tell about one teenager’s experience with loss and familial responsibility. To see how many you know, substitute a different word or words for each.

1. The room was dark and **dingy**.
2. A **minuscule** amount of light came through the window.
3. Her sense of **propriety** kept her from interrupting him.
4. She acted calm in front of her class, but she was in **turmoil**.
5. I can’t stand the **vileness** of rotten eggs.
6. It was an **aberration**, not what she usually sees.
“Have you ever seen a dust mite?”

My mother always lowers her voice when she asks this; it adds to the emotional impact. Never in the four years since she’s had the cleaning business has anyone ever said they’ve seen one. That’s because the only people who have seen dust mites are scientists who put dust balls on slides and look at them under microscopes. Personally I have better things to do than look at minuscule animals who cause great torture among the allergic, but my mother has a photo of a dust mite blown up to ten gazillion times its size—she is holding it up now, as she always does in this part of her presentation—and the two women who sit on the floral couch before her gasp appropriately and shut their eyes, because dust mites, trust me, are ugly. Think Invasion of the Body Snatchers meets The Hunchback of Notre Dame, and you’re just beginning to enter into the vileness of this creature.

“They’re everywhere,” Mom says to the women. “Under the bed, on the sheets, clinging to the blinds; hiding, waiting. And at Clean Sweep,” she offers quietly, but dramatically, “we kill them for you. We hate them even more than you do. This is why we’re in business.”

The two women look at each other and say yes, they want the cleaning service to start immediately.

Mom tells them our price. One woman, as expected, says, “That sounds a little high.” People are so cheap. Everyone wants quality, no one wants to pay for it. Here’s the suburban dream—to hire great workers who are such meek morons that they don’t have the guts to ask for a living wage.

This is not my mother’s problem. She holds up the dust mite enlargement to make the point. “We cost more because we know where he and his army are hiding.”
She used to say “we know where he and his friends are hiding,” but “army” sounds more fierce, and when you are serious about eliminating dust, you’d better let everyone know it’s war.

“Well . . . ,” the other woman says, unsure.

Mom presses in. “We suggest two cleanings per week for one month to achieve total elimination. Then weekly cleanings should do, unless you have special needs.”

Special needs in the cleaning world range from cleaning out attics to detoxification of teenage bedrooms. I am a specialist in cleaning rooms of kids who have just gone off to college. It takes nerves of steel. And I have them.

My brother Benjamin doesn’t. To begin with, he’s allergic to dust—bad news when the family business is dedicated to eliminating it. To end with, he’s a devoted underachiever, in stark contrast to myself. And Benjamin knows how to get out of work—he could give seminars on this. He gets the perfect look of abject pain over his face, says he’s not feeling too well, he’s sorry, he doesn’t want to be a burden. He talks about the pain moving across his back, down his leg, and into his ankle. Then he gets dizzy and has to sit down; lying down comes moments later after his face gets a little pale (I don’t know how he does this) and his hand touches his forehead which, I swear, has small drops of sweat on it. Then he’ll try to get up and help, but by this time, you feel like such a snake that a sick person is going to get sicker because of your insensitive demands that you say, no, you rest, I’ll do it.

This is what he’s done to me today, and I’m not in the mood for the game.

He tells me, groaning, he’ll try to make it to Mrs. Leonardo’s today to help her pack up her attic, but he’s not sure he can even sit. He’s lying on the couch in misery saying if he can sit, he will try to stand, and if he attempts standing, he will attempt actual walking—Mrs. Leonardo’s house being four houses down the street. I throw my book bag at him. Suggest he crawl to Mrs. Leonardo’s house and he says, “Thanks, Katie. Just thanks.” To which I reply, “Look, Benny Boy, I’m getting sick of carrying your weight around here. If you think I’m going to do your job and mine until I die, think again.” Benjamin groans deep, turns off the light, closes his eyes and says his headache is cosmic and could I please go get him some aspirin.

I don’t get the aspirin. It’s a big bad world out there and he needs to find it out now, at fourteen. This is what big sisters are for.

So I’m basically crabby and bitter all day; taking it out on random people. After school I have mounds of homework. You wonder what teachers are thinking—I have three hundred pages of reading in three textbooks plus a paper due on Friday. Have you ever noticed that it takes a textbook dozens of pages to say what normal people can cover fast?

Example:
What was the full impact of World War II?

1. detoxification (dětōk’sā̆-tī-kā’shan): the process of removing toxic substances.
2. abject (āb’jēkt): of the most miserable kind; wretched.
Clear-cut teenage answer: We won.

So I’m close to dying young from excessive homework, and I have to help Mrs. Leonardo clean out her attic. She is paying big bucks for this, and, believe me, my family needs the money.

Mrs. Leonardo wants people there on time and working like ants. Ants carry their weight on their backs and are thrilled as anything to be abused. But that is the insect world; I am not one of them. I’m not in the mood to sit with her in her dingy attic and lug tons of garbage down the stairs and listen to her stories of how her family deserted her. I know that sounds mean, but Mrs. Leonardo is a mean person. It’s easy to see why she’s alone. The big joke is that when her husband died, he had a big smile on his face in the casket that he’d never had in real life. The funeral director said they tried to wipe that grin off his face, but they couldn’t do it.

So I’m on my knees in the dust, putting things in bags, while Mrs. Leonardo tells me about her selfish brother Horace who deserted her, and her uncaring, money-grubbing cousin Cynthia who backed out of the driveway eight years ago and never came back. She tells me how she helped them and loaned them money which they never paid back. She’s going on and on about how the world is a dark, dark place. I clear my throat: “Boy, Mrs. Leonardo, you’ve got a lot of stuff up here. Are you sure you want to keep it all?”

This is the wrong thing to say. Mrs. Leonardo’s gray eyes get spitting mad and she says, well, she’s seventy-six years old and she’s had a very interesting life and she doesn’t want to throw out anything of value. I look in a box with IRS tax forms dating back to 1955.

“Mrs. Leonardo, the IRS says you only need to keep tax records from the last three years. We could dump this whole box . . .” My mother told me this.

She lunges as much as a seventy-six-year-old person can and says she isn’t giving her tax records to anyone so they can steal her secrets. Like tons of thieves are out there ready to pounce on this.

But at twenty-five dollars per hour, you learn to be patient. “Think of the money,” my mother always says, “and the graciousness will come.” So I’m taping the box and writing IMPORTANT PAPERS 1955–1963. Maybe she could turn this attic into a museum and people could walk through and learn all the things you should never hold on to.

Benjamin would have cracked under this pressure. Mrs. Leonardo is kneeling by a huge trunk, saying how the younger generation (mine) doesn’t understand about manners, propriety, or simple human decency. Her grandniece, Veronica, walks around with her belly button showing. She pulls old clothes out of the trunk and yanks this old lace tablecloth out and just looks at it. Finally, she says she got it when she was married and she’s only used it once. She waited for a special occasion and only one came—her twentieth anniversary. No other occasion was special enough, and then her husband died right before
their twenty-fifth anniversary and the tablecloth has been in this trunk ever since—only used once, she keeps saying—beautiful Egyptian linen. She looks kind of sad, though stiff. I say, “You could start using it now, Mrs. Leonardo,” which is the wrong thing to say. She shuts that trunk and asks me just who do I think she’s going to invite to dinner since everyone she’s ever done anything for has either deserted her or died.

I don’t know how to answer a question like this. My mother didn’t cover it during Clean Sweep boot camp training where I learned how to scour a bathtub that a toddler spilled ink in, how to clean pet stains from any carpet known to man, how to wash windows and not leave streaks, how to open a refrigerator with year-old meat and not gag in front of the client. I pledged that the customer was always right and I, the lowly dust eliminator, was always, always wrong.

But I’m not sure what to do. If I agree with her, I’m not helping, and if I listen, I won’t get the job done. The truth is, I don’t like Mrs. Leonardo—so there’s a big part of me that doesn’t care—even though I know this is probably inhumane because she’s a sad person, really. Kneeling there in the dust, surrounded by the boxes of her so-called interesting life, going on and on

**CONFLICTS AND SUBPLOTS**

What causes Mrs. Leonardo to be upset with Katie?

**ANALYZE VISUALS**

What do the details in the picture tell you about the person or people who live here?
about people who are gone. I’m thinking about the next stage of the job—the actual cleaning of the attic which is going to take two people, and I know Benjamin will be hurled into monumental physical aberrations up here.

I’m tired, too, and my paper is late on King Lear who, in my opinion, thought too much and couldn’t deliver. I’m thinking about my personal life—yes, dust eliminators have them. We have feelings; we have needs, dreams. I’m feeling that I work too much and I wish my mom had another business because what I do all day at school is exhausting enough without having to do heavy lifting after school and on the weekends. I think about when my dad died four years ago, and because of disorganization—that is, getting behind on paying his life insurance premiums—his insurance policy was cancelled and we got no insurance money when he died. He never meant to hurt us, but it was so scary not knowing if we could keep the house mixed with all the pain of losing him. We never got a regular time of mourning because we were fighting to stay afloat. Mom was trying to sort through Dad’s huge piles of papers. We loved him so much, but he could never get rid of what Mom called his “clutter demons.”

It took several months, but we got his papers sorted. We learned firsthand how you get organized, clean up, and obliterate dust. We became total aces at it; learned how widespread the problem truly is. We knew then we needed to share what we’d learned with others who were suffering, and felt that twenty-five dollars an hour was reasonable.

I’m not sure if Mrs. Leonardo wants someone to help or someone to complain to. Between you and me, I feel that listening to complaining and busting dust should earn thirty-five dollars per hour. But, I’m remembering being in our attic after my dad died; trying to go through his things. He had a trunk that his grandfather had given him—inside were all his photos and papers from school. I remember reading some of his essays from high school and just crying. I couldn’t throw those out. Mom said going through all that was therapeutic for me because it was like being with him, kind of. He was forty-one years old when he died. Had a heart attack at work and was dead by the time the ambulance came.

Just thinking about the day makes me shaky. Over the years I’ve dissected every last thing I remember about the last morning I saw him. I should have made him breakfast—I knew how much he liked it when I did. I should have hugged him when he went out the door, but I was on the phone with Roger Rugby who was my biology partner who needed me to go over my lab notes or he would fail. I missed the bus and Dad missed his train and he took me to school. I was late, so I hurled myself out of the car and he said, “Go get ’em, kiddo.” That’s the last thing he ever said to me. But I did better than Benjamin who overslept and didn’t even see Dad that morning.

Mrs. Leonardo leans over a trunk like the one my father had. I want to say something encouraging to her, like, “Gee, Mrs. Leonardo, I know how hard it

---

**aberration** (äb’ə-rā’shan)  
*n.* an abnormal alteration

---

3. therapeutic (thēr’ə-pyō’tik): having healing powers.
must be going through all these memories,” or, “I hope sorting through all this is helping you the way it helped me.” Memories are the only things we have left sometimes. You can hold a photo of a person you loved who’s gone, but it isn’t alive. Memories—the best ones—are filled with sights, smells, love, and happiness. I try to hold some of those in my heart for my dad each day.

She goes through the trunk, stony-faced. I can’t tell what she’s found, can’t tell if she’s going to torch the contents or hold them to her heart. I lug a big bag over and throw old newspapers inside. Mrs. Leonardo stops going through the trunk. She’s holding something in her hands, not moving. I look at her stiff face and for a moment in the weird light of the attic, she looks like she’s going to cry. But that’s impossible. Then I hear a sniff and she says softly, “My mother read this book to my sister and me every night before bed.”


“I thought she had it,” Mrs. Leonardo says sadly.

“Who had it?”

“My sister, Helen. I thought she had the book. She always wanted it.”

In these situations it’s best to say, “Oh.”

“I thought . . . I thought I’d sent it to her after Mother died.” She looks down.

I say, “It’s hard to remember what you’ve done after someone important dies.”

“But, she’d asked me for it. It was the one thing she’d wanted.”

“Well . . .”

“I haven’t talked to her since Mother died. I thought she . . .” I’m not sure how to ask this. Is Helen still alive?

I dance around it. “What do you think you should do with the book, Mrs. Leonardo?” She doesn’t answer.

I try again. “Why did Helen want it so bad?”

She hands me the book. “She said these stories were her best memories of childhood.” I look through it. “The Naughty Little Frog,” “The Little Lost Tulip,” “Spanky, the Black Sheep.” It’s amazing what we put up with as children. But then I remember my favorite bedtime story—“Rupert, the Church Mouse”—about this little mouse who lives in a church and polishes all the stained glass windows every night before he goes to sleep so the light can come forth every morning.

“I know she lives in Vermont,” Mrs. Leonardo offers. “I heard from a cousin a while ago . . .” Her voice trails off. I think you should call her, Mrs. Leonardo.” She shakes her old head. No—she couldn’t possibly.

“I think you should call her and tell her you’ve got the book.”

She glares at me. “I believe we’re done for today.” She grabs the book from my hands, puts it back in the trunk.

“Sorry, ma’am. I didn’t mean . . .”

She heads down the attic stairs.

CONFLICTS AND SUBPLOTS
Reread lines 177–193. What subplot is introduced here? Tell who is involved in the subplot and what the central conflict seems to be.

PREDICT
Now that she’s found the book, what do you think Mrs. Leonardo might do in regard to her sister?
I tell Benjamin that I don’t want to hear about his problems, that his back looks strong to me, the shooting pain in his leg will go away eventually, and his headache is just a reflection of his deep inner turmoiI say this as we’re walking to Mrs. Leonardo’s house. “I think my whole left side is going numb,” he whispers pitifully as we walk up her steps. “Deal with it.”

Mrs. Leonardo is waiting for us. We’re late. I don’t mention that having to drag a hypochondriac four doors down the street takes time. Great food smells swirl from her kitchen. Mrs. Leonardo looks Benjamin up and down, not impressed. “You’ve not been here before,” she says. Benjamin half smiles and rubs his tennis elbow, which makes me nuts because he doesn’t play tennis.

I introduce them. Tell her Benjamin is here to help with dust elimination and heavy lifting, at which point Benjamin leans painfully against the wall and closes his eyes. “He’s a very dedicated worker once he gets started, Mrs. Leonardo.”

I jam my elbow into his side.

Okay, so we’re cleaning this cavernous attic like there’s no tomorrow. We’ve got all the trunks and boxes wiped down and pushed to the far side. We’re running the turbo-charged Clean Sweep Frankenstein portable vacuum that is so powerful it can suck up pets and small children if they get too close. Benjamin is wearing a dust mask over his nose and mouth—he wrote The Terminator over it. This boy is appropriately miserable, pulling down spiders’ webs, sucking up dust mites. I can almost hear their little screams of terror. Almost, but not quite. My mother claims she can hear dust mites shrieking for mercy and uses this in her presentation if she thinks potential clients can handle it. “Get the lace tablecloth from the trunk!” Mrs. Leonardo shouts from downstairs.

What’s she want with that? “And bring the book, too,” she hollers impatiently.

I don’t mention that we’ve shoved everything in the corner like she said to, that I’ll have to move it all to get to the trunk, and, by the way, I’m going as fast as I can. I get the book and the lace tablecloth that’s been folded in very old plastic. I look at the book—reddish brown leather—Aunt Goody’s Good Night Stories, it’s called. Benjamin comes over looking like some kind of cosmic alien with his mask, takes the book, starts laughing. “The Naughty Little Frog,” he says reading. “Once upon a time there was a naughty little frog named Edmond. Edmond was so naughty that

4. hypochondriac (hi’ˈpa-kəndrē-ˈak): a person who continually thinks he or she is ill or about to become ill.

5. tennis elbow: pain around the elbow, often caused from playing tennis or similar activities.

6. cavernous (kər’vər-nəs): filled with caverns; like a cave.
he never, ever cleaned his lily pad. It got so dirty that his mother had to make him stay on that lily pad several times each day to—"

“You’re going to have to wait for the end.” I yank the book from his hands and head down the creaky attic stairs with the tablecloth. Mrs. Leonardo is in the kitchen wearing a frilly apron, stirring a pot of something that smells beyond great.

She turns to look at me, puts her wooden spoon down.

“Help me put it on the table,” she orders.

I’m smiling a little now because I know this tablecloth’s history. I’m wondering who’s coming to dinner.

“Looks like you’re having a party,” I offer as we get the tablecloth squared perfectly on the table.

Mrs. Leonardo says nothing, sets the table for two with what looks like the good silverware, the good napkins. Then she puts the storybook in front of one of the place settings.

“My sister, you see . . .” She pauses emotionally. “Well, she’s . . . coming to dinner.”

“You mean the one you haven’t seen for a long time?”

“I only have one sister.”

I’m just grinning now and I tell her I hope they have the best dinner in the world.

“Well, I do too.” She looks nervously out the window and says whatever work we haven’t finished can be done tomorrow.

“You were right about . . . calling her, Katie.”

I smile brightly, wondering if she’s going to offer me some of her great-smelling food to show her gratitude. She doesn’t. I head up the attic stairs and drag Benjamin to safety. He’s sneezing like he’s going to die. I take off his Terminator dust mask and lean him against a wall. Half of me wants to give Mrs. Leonardo a little hug of encouragement, but the other half warns, Don’t touch clients because they can turn on you.

“Whatever you’re cooking, Mrs. Leonardo, it sure smells good,” I shout.

“Your sister’s going to love it.” I’m not sure she hears all of that. Benjamin is into his fifth sneezing attack.

She nods from the kitchen; I push Benjamin out on the street.

“I could have died up there,” he shouts, blowing his nose.

“But you didn’t.”

And I remember the book my dad would read to us when we were little about the baby animals and their parents and how each mother and father animal kissed their babies good night. That book was chewed to death, ripped, stained, and missing the last two pages, but I wouldn’t give it up for anything.

We walk back home almost silently, except for Benjamin’s sniffs, sneezes, and groans. People just don’t understand what important things can be hiding in the dust.

Mom says that all the time in her presentation.
Comprehension

1. **Recall**  What job does the Clean Sweep company do?

2. **Clarify**  Why does Katie resent her brother?

3. **Summarize**  For Katie, what makes working for Mrs. Leonardo so difficult?

Literary Analysis

4. **Identify Sequence**  Review the chart you created as you read. Which event or events in the sequence occur as flashbacks? What information do you learn about Katie from the flashbacks?

5. **Examine Conflicts**  Note the internal and external conflicts Katie faces after her dad’s death. By the end of the story, which of these conflicts are resolved? Which are not resolved? Share your opinion of the way in which each conflict is or is not resolved.

6. **Analyze Character Motivations**  Why do you think Mrs. Leonardo decided to reconnect with her sister?

7. **Evaluate Subplot**  Use the chart to record details of the subplot involving Mrs. Leonardo and her sister. What does this subplot help Katie to realize? In your opinion, is the subplot a worthwhile addition to the story? Explain why or why not.

8. **Make Judgments**  Reread lines 221–229 and footnote 4. Would you say that Katie’s brother is a hypochondriac? Use examples from the text to support your answer.

Extension and Challenge

9. **Big Question Activity**  Look again at the Web It activity on page 62. Imagine you are Katie, and her treasure is the book she mentions on page 72, lines 290–293. Complete a new web and include the good memories Katie might connect to the book.

10. **Science Connection**  Katie’s family earns a living fighting dust mites. Look back at the information about dust mites on page 66. Research more about them to find out whether they are seriously harmful to people and whether it is possible to get rid of all dust mites in a home. Is Katie’s mother being honest in her presentation? Present your findings to the class.

**Research Links**
For more on dust mites, visit the Research Center at ClassZone.com.
Vocabulary in Context

VOCABULARY PRACTICE
Decide whether the words in each pair are synonyms (words that mean the same) or antonyms (words that mean the opposite).

1. propriety/rudeness
2. vileness/niceness
3. dingy/shabby
4. minuscule/huge
5. aberration/sameness
6. turmoil/chaos

VOCABULARY IN WRITING
What was the state of Mrs. Leonardo’s attic when Katie first saw it? Use at least two vocabulary words to write a one-paragraph description. You could start this way.

EXAMPLE SENTENCE
The attic was **dingy** and dusty, and it was filled with old clothes and papers.

VOCABULARY STRATEGY: SUFFIXES THAT FORM NOUNS
A suffix is a word part that appears at the end of a root or base word to form a new word. Some suffixes, such as those in *vileness* and *aberration*, can be added to words to form nouns. The web shown includes other suffixes that have a similar meaning.

If a word seems unfamiliar, see if you can break it into a familiar root and suffix. For example, the word *embellishment* can be broken into *embellish* and *–ment*, which might help you understand that an embellishment is something that is decorated.

PRACTICE Identify the base word and suffix in each boldfaced word. Then define the nouns that have been made by adding the suffixes.

1. Winning the state championship was quite an **achievement**.
2. To make the **connection**, your flight will have to arrive on time.
3. His **performance** in the concert was superb.
4. One could see the **sadness** in their faces.
5. We have a **shortage** of paper towels in the kitchen.
Reading-Writing Connection

Increase your understanding of “Clean Sweep” by responding to these prompts. Then complete the Grammar and Writing exercise.

**WRITING PROMPTS**

**A. Short Response: Write a Dialogue**
Reread lines 151–160. Write a half-page of dialogue between Katie and her mother that might have occurred while they sorted through her dad’s things after his death.

**SELF-CHECK**

An effective dialogue will . . .

- include details about what they found
- use words and phrases that show how they feel

**B. Extended Response: Compare and Contrast**
Write two or three paragraphs comparing and contrasting Mrs. Leonardo’s loss and Katie’s loss. How did the losses occur? How did each person react? Explain how forgotten treasures helped both characters come to terms with their losses.

**SELF-CHECK**

A detailed response will . . .

- describe each character’s loss
- show the connection between the treasure and the characters’ feelings

**GRAMMAR AND WRITING**

**PUNCTUATE POSSESSIVES CORRECTLY** When you’re writing about people’s possessions, be sure to put the apostrophe in the correct place. To help keep your writing clear, follow these guidelines for punctuating possessive nouns:

- **Singular nouns:** Add an apostrophe and s, even if the word ends in s (dog’s leash, princess’s crown)
- **Plural nouns ending in s:** Add an apostrophe (hosts’ party, employees’ benefits)
- **Plural nouns not ending in s:** Add an apostrophe and s (children’s toys, mice’s footprints)

**Original:** When I lifted the trunks’ lid, it wobbled and creaked.

**Revised:** When I lifted the trunk’s lid, it wobbled and creaked.

**PRACTICE** In the following sentences, decide which possessives are used correctly. If incorrect, revise them.

1. We have to categorize the family’s papers.
2. I had no idea he could write until I read through Dads’ essays.
3. Some of the essays’ titles reminded me of how he talked when he helped me with homework.
4. The death of Katies father was out of her control.
5. Childrens’ books can hold powerful memories.

For more help with possessives, see page R46 in the Grammar Handbook.
What makes you SUSPICIOUS?

KEY IDEA Has something or someone ever seemed dangerous or untrustworthy to you? The feeling you had was suspicion. While suspicion might come from a misunderstanding, it can also be a warning that something is very wrong. In this story, you’ll meet a man whose own suspicions are his downfall.

DISCUSS With a small group, discuss suspicious characters you’ve read about or seen on television shows. In what ways did these characters look or act differently from other characters? Continue your discussion by creating a list of warning signs that should make a person suspicious.

Suspicious Actions
1. Avoiding eye contact
2. [Blank]

R3.2 Evaluate the structural elements of the plot (e.g., subplots, parallel episodes, climax), the plot’s development, and the way in which conflicts are (or are not) addressed and resolved.
LITERARY ANALYSIS: SUSPENSE

Writers often “hook” readers by creating a sense of excitement, tension, dread, or fear about what will happen next. This feeling is called suspense. Techniques used by Edgar Allan Poe to develop suspense include

• describing a character’s anxiety or fear
• relating vivid descriptions of dramatic sights and sounds
• repeating words, phrases, or characters’ actions

As you read “The Tell-Tale Heart,” notice what causes you to feel suspense.

READING SKILL: EVALUATE NARRATOR

Have you ever suspected someone was not telling you the truth? Just as you can’t trust every person you meet, you can’t believe all narrators, or characters who tell a story. To evaluate a narrator’s reliability, or trustworthiness, pay attention to his or her actions, attitudes, and statements. Do any raise your suspicions? As you read “The Tell-Tale Heart,” record any clues that reveal whether the narrator is reliable or not.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Narrator’s Reliability</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Makes Me Suspicious:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>•</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>•</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>•</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Makes Me Trust Him:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>•</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>•</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>•</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

Poe uses the following words to reveal how the main character is acting, feeling, and thinking. For each word, choose the numbered word or phrase closest in meaning.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD LIST</th>
<th>acute</th>
<th>crevice</th>
<th>stealthily</th>
<th>vehemently</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>audacity</td>
<td>derision</td>
<td>stifled</td>
<td>vex</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>conceive</td>
<td>hypocritical</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. annoy  6. smothered
2. cautiously  7. ridicule
3. intense  8. think of
4. crack  9. strongly
5. deceptive  10. shameless daring
True!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am! but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation! I went to work!

I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old

---

1. dissimulation (dɪ-sɪˈmə-ərən-sən): a hiding of one’s true feelings.
man’s sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha!—would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch’s minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own powers—of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out—“Who’s there?”

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening,—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or grief—oh, no!—it was the low, stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself—“It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor,” or “it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp.” Yes, he has been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. All in vain; because Death,
in approaching him, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard—to feel the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell full upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the senses?—now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!—do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

---

4. hellish tattoo: awful drumming.
5. waned: approached its end.
I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all—ha! ha!

When I made an end of these labors, it was four o’clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart,—for what had I now to fear?

6. scantlings: small wooden beams supporting the floor.
There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night: suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled,—for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct:—it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definitiveness—until at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale;—but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations, but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observation of the men—but the noise steadily increased. What could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore. I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grasped it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not?—no, no! They heard!—they suspected!—they knew!—they were making a mockery of my horror!—this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!—

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble! no more! I admit the deed!—tear up the planks!—here, here!—it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

---

7. suavity (swä’və-tē): graceful politeness.
8. deputed: appointed as a representative.
9. reposed: rested.
10. gesticulations (jē-stik’′-ya-ls′hənz): energetic gestures of the hands or arms.
11. dissemble: pretend.
Comprehension

1. **Recall** Why does the narrator want to kill the old man?

2. **Clarify** Why does the narrator believe he will not be caught after murdering the old man?

3. **Summarize** What actions does the narrator take to prepare for the crime and cover up?

Literary Analysis

4. **Make Inferences** Reread lines 7–13. From this passage, what do you think was the relationship between the narrator and the old man?

5. **Analyze Suspense** Which of Poe’s techniques for creating suspense is most effective for you? To find out, review the following story sections. List the techniques used in each section, and then rank the sections from 1–4, with 1 being the most suspenseful.

6. **Evaluate Narrator** How reliable is the narrator of the story? Should you believe what he tells you about himself? Support your answer with details from the chart you created as you read.

7. **Draw Conclusions** Do you think the police knew the narrator was guilty at any point before he confessed? If so, when do you think the police became suspicious? Give reasons for your answer.

Extension and Challenge

8. **Readers’ Circle** With a group, brainstorm a list of horror stories and movies that most of you are familiar with. Choose at least two of these titles and discuss the techniques the authors or directors used to create suspense. Which of the techniques are similar to the ones Poe uses?

9. **Inquiry and Research** Do research on lie detection to find out what are the most reliable ways of finding out if someone is telling the truth. Present your findings to the class. Does what you learn change your opinion about whether the narrator is reliable?
Vocabulary in Context

VOCABULARY PRACTICE
Choose true or false for each statement.

1. It is difficult to hide a stifled yawn.
2. If you have the audacity to do something, you are bold and daring.
3. Derision is something you feel toward someone you respect.
4. A lion would approach its prey stealthily.
5. You could not hear much if you had an acute sense of hearing.
6. If someone conceived of a plan, he or she heard it from someone else.
7. A person could trip over a crevice in the sidewalk.
8. When a person is hypocritical, he is honest and true.
9. To vex is to delight in something.
10. If you react vehemently to something, you don’t care much about it.

VOCABULARY IN WRITING
Using three or more vocabulary words, write a paragraph about how the narrator felt before the murder. Here is a sample beginning.

EXAMPLE SENTENCE
The man conceived an idea that haunted him.

VOCABULARY STRATEGY: USING REFERENCE AIDS
Choosing the perfect word can make a difference between good and great writing. One reason Poe’s writing is still so popular is because of his masterful use of language. When you want to find the most accurate words to express yourself, the following reference aids can help you.

• A thesaurus is a reference book of synonyms, words with similar meanings. Most word processing software provides an electronic thesaurus tool.

  vex verb aggravate, annoy, bother, bug, disturb, provoke

• A dictionary lists synonyms after the definitions of some words.

  vex (véks) v. 1. To annoy. 2. To cause perplexity in. 3. To bring distress or suffering to.
  syn BOTHER, PUZZLE, PLAGUE, AFFLICT

PRACTICE Use a dictionary or thesaurus to find a synonym for each word. Use each synonym in a sentence that matches its distinct meaning.

1. commend  2. dupe  3. impish  4. menace
Is seeing **BELIEVING**?

**KEY IDEA** Occasionally, something happens so quickly or unexpectedly, you can’t be sure what you’ve seen. Was that a rabbit racing through the field, or was it just wind in the grass? Did you see a man hiding in the alley, or did you see only a shadow? To be convinced that something is real, you need **proof**, or solid evidence. In *The Hitchhiker*, a man is desperate for proof that what he’s seeing can be explained.

**DISCUSS** Think of something you’ve seen that you can’t explain. Maybe it was oddly shaped footprints in an empty lot, or a bright shape flying through the sky. Share your experience with a small group, and together brainstorm possible explanations. Then tell what proof you’d need to determine which explanation is the right one.
LITERARY ANALYSIS: FOreshadowing

While reading a story or watching a movie, have you ever gotten a hint about what might happen later on? When a writer provides hints that suggest future events in a story, the writer is foreshadowing. For example, if a character says, “Whatever you do, don’t open that door,” you might suspect that the door will eventually be opened to create a dramatic effect. Anticipating that event can add to the story’s suspense, making you more excited to find out what happens next.

As you read *The Hitchhiker*, make a chart to note events or dialogue that might foreshadow what happens later. You’ll complete the chart at the end of the selection.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Foreshadowing</th>
<th>Events That Were Foreshadowed</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

READING STRATEGY: READING A RADIO PLAY

A radio play is a play written for radio broadcast, which means that it was originally meant to be heard, not seen. When you’re reading a radio play, you’ll understand it best if you try to imagine what it would sound like being performed. As you read, look for the following elements, written in italics. Use the information these elements provide to “hear” the radio play in your mind.

• Stage directions, or instructions, for the actor will help you know how a line is spoken.
• Sound effects are often used to suggest what is happening in the play. They help a listener “see” the action.
• The term music in will indicate when music is used to mark a change of scene or show the passing of time.

VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

The words in Column A help Lucille Fletcher tell about one man’s encounter with a mysterious hitchhiker. Match each word with the word or phrase in Column B that is closest in meaning.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Column A</th>
<th>Column B</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. lark</td>
<td>a. guarantee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. junction</td>
<td>b. carefree adventure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. sinister</td>
<td>c. evil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. assurance</td>
<td>d. sameness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. monotony</td>
<td>e. place of joining</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Background

Radio Plays Though the television was invented in the 1920s, most American households did not have television sets until the late 1950s. Before then, families gathered around the radio to listen to their favorite radio plays. These plays took the form of dramas, mysteries, or comedies. Actors at the radio station read their lines into the microphone with dramatic flair. Background music helped set the mood.

Hearing Is Believing Sound effects were an important part of a radio play. They were often produced in the radio studio. Sheet metal, shaken up and down, replicated rolling thunder. A wooden match, broken close to the microphone, sounded like a baseball bat striking a ball. Coconut halves clapped against wood imitated the sound of horses’ hooves.
Welles. Good evening, this is Orson Welles . . .

(music in) Personally I’ve never met anybody who didn’t like a good ghost story, but I know a lot of people who think there are a lot of people who don’t like a good ghost story. For the benefit of these, at least, I go on record at the outset of this evening’s entertainment with the sober assurance that although blood may be curdled on this program none will be spilt. There’s no shooting, knifeing, throttling, axing or poisoning here. No clanking chains, no cobwebs, no bony and/or hairy hands appearing from secret panels or, better yet, bedroom curtains. If it’s any part of that dear old phosphorescent foolishness that people who don’t like ghost stories don’t like, then again I promise you we haven’t got it. What we do have is a thriller. If it’s half as good as we think it is you can call it a shocker, and we present it proudly and without apologies. After all a story doesn’t have to appeal to the heart—it can also appeal to the spine. Sometimes you want your heart to be warmed—sometimes you want your spine to tingle. The tingling, it’s to be hoped, will be quite audible as you listen tonight to The Hitchhiker—that’s the name of our story, The Hitchhiker—

1. phosphorescent (fō’ə-rə’sənt): glowing with a cold light.
Adams. I am in an auto camp on Route Sixty-six just west of Gallup, New Mexico. If I tell it perhaps it will help me. It will keep me from going mad. But I must tell this quickly. I am not mad now. I feel perfectly well, except that I am running a slight temperature. My name is Ronald Adams. I am thirty-six years of age, unmarried, tall, dark, with a black mustache. I drive a 1940 Ford V-8, license number 6V-7989. I was born in Brooklyn. All this I know. I know that I am at this moment perfectly sane. That it is not I, who has gone mad—but something else—something utterly beyond my control. But I must speak quickly. At any moment the link with life may break. This may be the last thing I ever tell on earth . . . the last night I ever see the stars . . .

Adams. Six days ago I left Brooklyn, to drive to California . . .

Mother. Goodbye, son. Good luck to you, my boy . . .

Adams. Goodbye, mother. Here—give me a kiss, and then I'll go . . .

Mother. I'll come out with you to the car.


Mother. I know dear. I'm sorry. But I—do hate to see you go.

Adams. I'll be back. I'll only be on the coast three months.

Mother. Oh—it isn't that. It's just—the trip. Ronald—I wish you weren't driving.

Adams. Oh—mother. There you go again. People do it every day.

Mother. I know. But you'll be careful, won't you. Promise me you'll be extra careful. Don't fall asleep—or drive fast—or pick up any strangers on the road . . .

Adams. Of course not! You'd think I was still seventeen to hear you talk—

Mother. And wire me as soon as you get to Hollywood, won't you, son?

Adams. Of course I will. Now don't you worry. There isn't anything going to happen. It's just eight days of perfectly simple driving on smooth, decent, civilized roads, with a hotdog or a hamburger stand every ten miles . . . (fade)

(sound: auto hum)

(Music changes to something weird and empty.)

Adams. I was in excellent spirits. The drive ahead of me, even the loneliness, seemed like a lark. But I reckoned without him.

(Music changes to something weird and empty.)
Adams. Crossing Brooklyn Bridge that morning in the rain, I saw a man leaning against the cables. He seemed to be waiting for a lift. There were spots of fresh rain on his shoulders. He was carrying a cheap overnight bag in one hand. He was thin, nondescript, with a cap pulled down over his eyes. He stepped off the walk, and if I hadn't swerved, I'd have hit him.

(sound: terrific skidding)

Adams. I would have forgotten him completely, except that just an hour later, while crossing the Pulaski Skyway over the Jersey flats, I saw him again. At least, he looked like the same person. He was standing now, with one thumb pointing west. I couldn't figure out how he'd got there, but I thought probably one of those fast trucks had picked him up, beaten me to the Skyway, and let him off. I didn't stop for him. Then—late that night, I saw him again.

(music changing)

Adams. It was on the new Pennsylvania Turnpike between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh. It's 265 miles long, with a very high speed limit. I was just slowing down for one of the tunnels—when I saw him—standing under an arc light by the side of the road. I could see him quite distinctly. The bag, the cap, even the spots of fresh rain spattered over his shoulders. He hailed me this time . . .

Voice (very spooky and faint). Hall-ooo . . . (echo as through tunnel) Hall-ooo . . . !

Adams. I stepped on the gas like a shot. That's lonely country through the Alleghenies, and I had no intention of stopping. Besides, the coincidence, or whatever it was, gave me the willies. I stopped at the next gas station.

(sound: auto tires screeching to stop . . . horn honk)

Mechanic. Yes, sir.

Adams. Fill her up.
Mechanic. I see. Well—that'll be just a dollar forty-nine—with the tax . . . (fade)
(sound: auto hum up)
(music changing)
Adams. The thing gradually passed from my mind, as sheer coincidence. I had a good night’s sleep in Pittsburgh. I did not think about the man all next day—until just outside of Zanesville, Ohio, I saw him again.
(music: dark, ominous note)
Adams. It was a bright sunshiny afternoon. The peaceful Ohio fields, brown with the autumn stubble, lay dreaming in the golden light. I was driving slowly, drinking it in, when the road suddenly ended in a detour. In front of the barrier, he was standing.
(music in)
Adams. Let me explain about his appearance before I go on. I repeat. There was nothing sinister about him. He was as drab as a mud fence. Nor was his attitude menacing. He merely stood there, waiting, almost drooping a little, the cheap overnight bag in his hand. He looked as though he had been waiting there for hours. Then he looked up. He hailed me. He started to walk forward.
Adams. I had stopped the car, of course, for the detour. And for a few moments, I couldn't seem to find the new road. I knew now that I was going to see him again. And though I dreaded the sight, I caught myself searching the side of the road, waiting for him to appear.
(sound: auto hum up . . . car screeches to a halt . . . impatient honk two or three times . . . door being unbolted)
Sleepy Man’s Voice. Yep? What is it? What do you want?
Adams (breathless). You sell sandwiches and pop here, don’t you?
Voice (cranky). Yep. We do. In the daytime. But we’re closed up now for the night.
Adams. I know. But—I was wondering if you could possibly let me have a cup of coffee—black coffee.
Voice. Not at this time of night, mister. My wife’s the cook and she’s in bed. Mebbe further down the road—at the Honeysuckle Rest . . .
(sound: door squeaking on hinges as though being closed)
Adams. No—no. Don’t shut the door. (shakily)
Listen—just a minute ago, there was a man standing here—right beside this stand—a suspicious looking man . . .
Woman’s Voice (from distance). Hen-ry? Who is it, Hen-ry?
Henry. It’s nobuddy, mother. Just a feller thinks he wants a cup of coffee. Go back into bed.
Adams. I don't mean to disturb you. But you see, I was driving along—when I just happened to look—and there he was . . .

Henry. What was he doing?

Adams. Nothing. He ran off—when I stopped the car.

Henry. Then what of it? That's nothing to wake a man in the middle of his sleep about. (sternly)

Young man, I've got a good mind to turn you over to the sheriff.

Adams. But—I—

Henry. You've been taking a nip, that's what you've been doing. And you haven't got anything better to do than to wake decent folk out of their hard-earned sleep. Get going. Go on.

Adams. But—he looked as though he were going to rob you.

Henry. I ain't got nothin' in this stand to lose. Now—on your way before I call out Sheriff Oakes. (fades)

(sound: auto hum up)

Adams. I got into the car again and drove on slowly. I was beginning to hate the car. If I could have found a place to stop . . . to rest a little. But I was in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri now. The few resort places there were closed. Only an occasional log cabin, seemingly deserted, broke the monotony of the wild wooded landscape. I had seen him at that roadside stand; I knew I would see him again—perhaps at the next turn of the road. I knew that when I saw him next, I would run him down . . .

(sound: auto hum up)

Adams. But I did not see him again until late next afternoon . . .

(sound: of railroad warning signal at crossroads)

Adams. I had stopped the car at a sleepy little junction just across the border into Oklahoma—to let a train pass by—when he appeared, across the tracks, leaning against a telephone pole.

(sound: distant sound of train chugging . . . bell ringing steadily)

Adams (very tense). It was a perfectly airless, dry day. The red clay of Oklahoma was baking under the south-western sun. Yet there were spots of fresh rain on his shoulders. I couldn't stand that. Without thinking, blindly, I started the car across the tracks.

(sound: train chugging closer)

Adams. He didn't even look up at me. He was staring at the ground. I stepped on the gas hard, veering the wheel sharply toward him. I could
hear the train in the distance now, but I didn’t care. Then something went wrong with the car. It stalled right on the tracks.

(sound: Train chugging closer. Above this sound of car stalling.)

Adams. The train was coming closer. I could hear its bell ringing, and the cry of its whistle. Still he stood there. And now—I knew that he was beckoning—beckoning me to my death.

(sound: Train chugging close. Whistle blows wildly. Then train rushes up and by with pistons going, et cetera.)

Adams. Well—I frustrated him that time. The starter had worked at last. I managed to back up. But when the train passed, he was gone. I was all alone in the hot dry afternoon.

(sound: Train retreating. Crickets begin to sing.)

(music in)

Adams. After that, I knew I had to do something. I didn’t know who this man was or what he wanted of me. I only knew that from now on, I must not let myself be alone on the road for one moment.

(sound: Auto hum up. Slow down. Stop. Door opening.)

Adams. Hello, there. Like a ride?

Girl. What do you think? How far you going?

Adams. Amarillo . . . I’ll take you to Amarillo.

Girl. Amarillo, Texas.

Adams. I’ll drive you there.

Girl. Gee!

(sound: Door closes—car starts.)

(music in)

Girl. Mind if I take off my shoes? My dogs are killing me.

Adams. Go right ahead.

Girl. Gee, what a break this is. A swell car, a decent guy, and driving all the way to Amarillo. All I been getting so far is trucks.

Adams. Hitchhike much?

Girl. Sure. Only it’s tough sometimes, in these great open spaces, to get the breaks.

Adams. I should think it would be. Though I’ll bet if you get a good pick-up in a fast car, you can get to places faster than—say, another person, in another car?

Girl. I don’t get you.

Adams. Well, take me, for instance. Suppose I’m driving across the country, say, at a nice steadyclip of about 45 miles an hour. Couldn’t a girl like you, just standing beside the road, waiting for lifts, beat me to town after town—provided she got picked up every time in a car doing from 65 to 70 miles an hour?

Girl. I dunno. Maybe she could and maybe she couldn’t. What difference does it make?

Adams. Oh—no difference. It’s just a—crazy idea I had sitting here in the car.

Girl (laughing). Imagine spending your time in a swell car thinking of things like that!

Adams. What would you do instead?

Girl (admiringly). What would I do? If I was a good-looking fellow like yourself? Why—I’d just enjoy myself—every minute of the time. I’d sit back, and relax, and if I saw a good-looking girl along the side of the road . . . (sharply) Hey! Look out!

Adams (breathlessly). Did you see him too?

Girl. See who?

Adams. That man. Standing beside the barbed wire fence.

Girl. I didn’t see—anybody. There wasn’t nothing, but a bunch of steers—and the barbed wire fence. What did you think you was doing? Trying to run into the barbed wire fence?

Adams. There was a man there, I tell you . . . a thin gray man, with an overnight bag in his hand. And I was trying to—run him down.

Girl. Run him down? You mean—kill him?

4. dogs: a slang term for feet.
Adams. He's a sort of—phantom. I'm trying to get rid of him—or else prove that he's real. But (desperately) you say you didn't see him back there? You're sure?

Girl. I didn't see a soul. And as far as that's concerned, mister . . .

Adams. Watch for him the next time, then. Keep watching. Keep your eyes peeled on the road. He'll turn up again—maybe any minute now. (excitedly) There. Look there—

(sound: Auto sharply veering and skidding. Girl screams.)

(sound: Crash of car going into barbed wire fence. Frightened lowing of steer.)

Girl. How does this door work? I—I'm gettin' outta here.

Adams. Did you see him that time?

Girl (sharply). No. I didn't see him that time. And personally, mister, I don't expect never to see him. All I want to do is to go on living—and I don't see how I will very long driving with you—

Adams. I'm sorry. I—I don't know what came over me. (frightened) Please—don't go . . .

Girl. So if you'll excuse me, mister—

Adams. You can't go. Listen, how would you like to go to California? I'll drive you to California.

Girl. Seeing pink elephants all the way? No thanks.

Adams (desperately). I could get you a job there. You wouldn't have to be a waitress. I have friends there—my name is Ronald Adams—you can check up.

(sound: door opening)

Girl. Uhn-hunh. Thanks just the same.

Adams. Listen. Please. For just one minute. Maybe you think I am half cracked. But this man. You see, I've been seeing this man all the way across the country. He's been following me. And if you could only help me—stay with me—until I reach the coast—


(sound: door opens . . . slams)

Adams. No. You can't go.

Girl (screams). Leave your hands offa me, do you hear! Leave your—

Adams. Come back here, please, come back.

(sound: struggle . . . slap . . . footsteps running away on gravel . . . lowing of steer)

Adams. She ran from me, as though I were a monster. A few minutes later, I saw a passing truck pick her up. I knew then that I was utterly alone.

(sound: lowing of steer up)

Adams. I was in the heart of the great Texas prairies. There wasn't a car on the road after the truck went by. I tried to figure out what to do, how to get hold of myself. If I could find a place to rest. Or even, if I could sleep right here in the car for a few hours, along the side of the road . . .

I was getting my winter overcoat out of the back seat to use as a blanket, (Hall-ooo) when I saw him coming toward me, (Hall-ooo), emerging from the herd of moving steer . . .


(sound: auto starting violently . . . up to steady hum)

(music in)

Adams. I didn't wait for him to come any closer. Perhaps I should have spoken to him then, fought it out then and there. For now he began to be everywhere. Whenever I stopped, even for a moment—for gas, for oil, for a drink of pop, a cup of coffee, a sandwich—he was there.

(music faster)

Adams. I saw him standing outside the auto camp in Amarillo that night, when I dared to slow down. He was siting near the drinking fountain in a little camping spot just inside the border of New Mexico.

5. lowing: mooming.
Adams. He was waiting for me outside the Navajo Reservation, where I stopped to check my tires. I saw him in Albuquerque 6 where I bought 12 gallons of gas . . . I was afraid now, afraid to stop. I began to drive faster and faster. I was in lunar landscape now—the great arid mesa country of New Mexico. I drove through it with the indifference of a fly crawling over the face of the moon.

(music faster)

Adams. But now he didn’t even wait for me to stop. Unless I drove at 85 miles an hour over those endless roads—he waited for me at every other mile. I would see his figure, shadowless, flitting before me, still in its same attitude, over the cold and lifeless ground, flitting over dried-up rivers, over broken stones cast up by old glacial upheavals, flitting in the pure and cloudless air . . .

(music strikes sinister note of finality.)

Adams. I was beside myself when I finally reached Gallup, New Mexico, this morning. There is an auto camp here—cold, almost deserted at this time of year. I went inside, and asked if there was a telephone. I had the feeling that if only I could speak to someone familiar, someone that I loved, I could pull myself together.

(sound: nickel put in slot)

Operator. Number, please?

Adams. Long distance.

Operator. Thank you.

(sound: return of nickel; buzz)

Long-Distance Opr. This is long distance.

Adams. I’d like to put in a call to my home in Brooklyn, New York. I’m Ronald Adams. The number is Beechwood 2-0828.

Long-Distance Opr. Thank you. What is your number?

---

Adams. 312.


Long-Distance Opr. New York for Gallup. (pause)


Long-Distance Opr. Gallup, New Mexico calling Beechwood 2-0828. (fade)

Adams. I had read somewhere that love could banish demons. It was the middle of the morning. I knew Mother would be home. I pictured her, tall, white-haired, in her crisp house-dress, going about her tasks. It would be enough, I thought, merely to hear the even calmness of her voice . . .

Long-Distance Opr. Will you please deposit three dollars and 85 cents for the first three minutes? When you have deposited a dollar and a half, will you wait until I have collected the money?

(sound: clunk of six coins)

Long-Distance Opr. All right, deposit another dollar and a half.

(sound: clunk of six coins)

Long-Distance Opr. Will you please deposit the remaining 85 cents.

(sound: clunk of four coins)

Long-Distance Opr. Ready with Brooklyn—go ahead please.

Adams. Hello.

Mrs. Whitney. Mrs. Adams’ residence.

Adams. Hello. Hello—Mother?

Mrs. Whitney (very flat and rather proper . . . dumb, too, in a frizzy sort of way). This is Mrs. Adams’ residence. Who is it you wished to speak to, please?

Adams. Why—who’s this?

Mrs. Whitney. This is Mrs. Whitney.

Adams. Mrs. Whitney? I don’t know any Mrs. Whitney. Is this Beechwood 2-0828?

Mrs. Whitney. Yes.

Adams. Where’s my mother? Where’s Mrs. Adams?

Mrs. Whitney. Mrs. Adams is not at home. She is still in the hospital.

Adams. The hospital!

Mrs. Whitney. Yes. Who is this calling, please? Is it a member of the family?

Adams. What’s she in the hospital for?

Mrs. Whitney. She’s been prostrated7 for five days. Nervous breakdown. But who is this calling?

Adams. Nervous breakdown? But—my mother was never nervous . . .

Mrs. Whitney. It’s all taken place since the death of her oldest son, Ronald.

Adams. Death of her oldest son, Ronald . . . ? Hey—what is this? What number is this?

Mrs. Whitney. This is Beechwood 2-0828. It’s all been very sudden. He was killed just six days ago in an automobile accident on the Brooklyn Bridge.

Long-Distance Opr. (breaking in). Your three minutes are up, sir. (silence) Your three minutes are up, sir. (pause) Your three minutes are up, sir. (fade) Sir, your three minutes are up. Your three minutes are up, sir.

Adams (in a strange voice). And so, I am sitting here in this deserted auto camp in Gallup, New Mexico. I am trying to think. I am trying to get hold of myself. Otherwise, I shall go mad . . .

Outside it is night—the vast, soulless night of New Mexico. A million stars are in the sky. Ahead of me stretch a thousand miles of empty mesa, mountains, prairies—desert. Somewhere among them, he is waiting for me. Somewhere I shall know who he is, and who . . . I . . . am . . .

(music up)

---

7. prostrated: in a state of mental collapse.
After Reading

Comprehension

1. **Recall** What is Ronald Adams’s original destination?

2. **Clarify** Why does the repeated sight of the hitchhiker give Adams “the willies”?

3. **Clarify** What does Adams learn about his mother at the end of the play?

Literary Analysis

4. **Make Inferences** What kind of relationship did Ronald Adams have with his mother? Cite evidence to support your answer.

5. **Examine Foreshadowing** Now that you’ve read the play, is there anything you’d like to change or add to the first column of your foreshadowing chart? Make the adjustments and complete the second column. Which use of foreshadowing most increased your sense of suspense?

6. **Analyze the Radio Play** Reread lines 377–384. Tell what actions and emotions are communicated through stage directions and sound effects. Could listeners fully understand what was taking place in this scene if these elements weren’t included? Explain.

7. **Draw Conclusions** Who do you think the hitchhiker is? Give proof from the play to support your conclusion.

8. **Compare Across Texts** What are some similarities and differences between the characters, settings, and endings of “The Tell-Tale Heart” and *The Hitchhiker*? Present your answers in a Venn diagram.

9. **Evaluate Plot Development** Now that you have compared the two selections, pick one and share your opinion of its plot’s development. Use details from the selection to support your opinion. Remember that strong plot development is usually suspenseful, coherent, constantly moving ahead (or, at least, well-paced), and satisfying.

Extension and Challenge

10. ** Readers’ Circle** Ask one member of your group to reread Adams’s last speech aloud. Then discuss what might happen as he continues his journey. Make sure your guesses are based on details from the selection.

11. **Creative Project: Drama** With a small group, choose a scene from *The Hitchhiker* that you think is especially suspenseful. Practice performing the scene, remembering to include sound effects and to follow stage directions. Then perform for the class. Afterward, explain why your group chose the scene you did.

R3.2 Evaluate the structural elements of the plot (e.g., subplots, parallel episodes, climax), the plot’s development, and the way in which conflicts are (or are not) addressed and resolved.
Reading-Writing Connection

Show your understanding of *The Hitchhiker* by responding to these prompts. Then complete the Grammar and Writing exercise.

**WRITING PROMPTS**

A. Short Response: Evaluate Ronald Adams

The play opens with Adams telling the listeners, “I am not mad.” On the basis of what you learn in the rest of the play, do you agree with his assessment? Write a one-paragraph evaluation of Adams’s sanity.

**SELF-CHECK**

*A good evaluation will . . .*

- present an opinion about Adams’s mental state
- support that opinion with details from the play

B. Extended Response: Write a Scene

What if the hitchhiker Adams picked up went to the police to report him? Write a one- or two-page scene in which she explains to an officer what happened and what proof she has for thinking Adams might be mad or even dangerous.

**SELF-CHECK**

*An interesting scene will . . .*

- include dialogue about what the girl saw or didn’t see while in the car
- show whether or not the officers believe her

**GRAMMAR AND WRITING**

*Maintain Pronoun-Antecedent Agreement* An antecedent is the noun or pronoun to which a pronoun refers. For example, in the following sentence, the pronoun *their* refers to the antecedent *they*: *They took their seats at the café.* Be sure to use singular pronouns with singular antecedents and plural pronouns with plural antecedents. Pair antecedents ending in *one, thing, or body* with singular pronouns, such as *he, her, she,* or *his.* In the revised sentence, notice how the pronouns (in yellow) and the antecedent (in green) agree in number.

*Original:* Adams would ask just about anyone whether they had seen the hitchhiker.

*Revised:* Adams would ask just about anyone whether he or she had seen the hitchhiker.

**Practice** Correct the pronoun antecedent error in each sentence.

1. Adams first saw someone holding their bag on the bridge.
2. Everyone thought Adams was crazy because they could never see the hitchhiker.
3. Adams’s scary story would make anybody fear for their life.
4. Nobody could have suspected that they got a ride from a dead man!

*For more help with pronoun-antecedent agreement, see page R52 in the Grammar Handbook.*
Meet Carl Hiaasen

Carl Hiaasen (hî‘a-sên) is a Florida native to the core. He began writing about his home state at age six, when his father gave him his first typewriter. Over the years, Hiaasen developed the humorous writing style that has made him famous. He is an award-winning reporter and longtime columnist for the Miami Herald, as well as being the author of numerous best-selling mystery novels for adults. *Hoot* is his first young adult novel.

Much of Hiaasen’s writing reflects his deep love of the outdoors. The heroes in his novels are often fierce protectors of the natural habitats and native species in Florida. The villains represent corporate greed and abuse of the environment. A reviewer once noted that Hiaasen “displays no mercy for anyone perceived as being responsible for defiling his home environment.”

Try a Mystery Novel

What makes a book a mystery novel? First, you need a crime or unexplained event. There will be various clues left behind and possible motives for what happened. Suspense will build as further clues are revealed. Characters in the story will try to solve the mystery, but you, as the reader, might figure it out before they do. You can never be too sure of the answer, though—there might be a plot twist that changes everything.
Read a Great Book

Roy Eberhardt didn’t know what he was in for when his family moved from Bozeman, Montana, to Coconut Cove, Florida. He’s getting bullied on the bus, but he’s used to that. In fact, since his family moves around a lot, he’s encountered enough bullies to consider himself “an expert on the breed.” It’s the stuff that he isn’t used to that makes his new home seem strange. For starters, he spies a barefoot boy sprinting alongside the school bus at a speed that would put track stars in state-of-the-art running shoes to shame. Then there’s the big, threatening girl who knows too much about him and won’t tell him how. Roy needs to find some answers to his questions, but it won’t be easy.

“Are there any other schools around here?” Roy asked Garrett.
“Why? You sick of this one already?” Garrett cackled and plunged a spoon into a lump of clammy apple crisp.
“No way. The reason I asked, I saw this weird kid today at one of the bus stops. Except he didn’t get on the bus, and he’s not here at school,” Roy said, “so I figured he must not go to Trace.”
“I don’t know anyone who doesn’t go to Trace,” Garrett said. “There’s a Catholic school up in Fort Myers, but that’s a long ways off. Was he wearing a uniform, this kid? Because the nuns make everybody wear uniforms.”
“No, he definitely wasn’t in a uniform.”
“You’re sure he was in middle school? Maybe he goes to Graham,” Garrett suggested. Graham was the public high school nearest to Coconut Cove.
Roy said, “He didn’t look big enough for high school.”
“Maybe he was a midget.” Garrett grinned and made a funny noise with one of his cheeks.
“I don’t think so,” said Roy.
“You said he was weird.”
“He wasn’t wearing any shoes,” Roy said, “and he was running like crazy.”
“Maybe somebody was after him. Did he look scared?”
“Not really.”
To Roy, that still didn’t make sense. Classes at Graham High started fifty-five minutes earlier than the classes at Trace; the high school kids were off the streets long before the middle school buses finished their routes.
“So he was skippin’ class. Kids skip all the time,” Garrett said.
“You want your dessert?”
Roy pushed his tray across the table. “You ever skip school?”
“Uh, yeah,” Garrett said sarcastically. “Buncha times.”
“You ever skip alone?”
Garrett thought for a moment. “No. It’s always me and my friends.”
“See. That’s what I mean.”
“So maybe the kid’s just a psycho. Who cares?”
“Or an outlaw,” said Roy.
“No, not exactly,” Roy said, though there had been something wild in that kid’s eyes.
Garrett laughed again. “An outlaw—that’s rich, Eberhardt. You got a seriously whacked imagination.”
“Yeah,” said Roy, but already he was thinking about a plan. He was determined to find the running boy.

The next morning, Roy traded seats on the school bus to be closer to the front door. When the bus turned onto the street where he had seen the running boy, Roy slipped his backpack over his shoulders and
scouted out the window, waiting. Seven rows back, Dana Matherson was tormenting a sixth grader named Louis. Louis was from Haiti and Dana was merciless.

As the bus came to a stop at the intersection, Roy poked his head out the window and checked up and down the street. Nobody was running. Seven kids boarded the bus, but the strange shoeless boy was not among them.

It was the same story the next day, and the day after that. By Friday, Roy had pretty much given up. He was sitting ten rows from the door, reading an X-Man comic, as the bus turned the familiar corner and began to slow down. A movement at the corner of his eye made Roy glance up from his comic book—and there he was on the sidewalk, running again! Same basketball jersey, same grimy shorts, same black-soled feet.

As the brakes of the school bus wheezed, Roy grabbed his backpack off the floor and stood up. At that instant, two big sweaty hands closed around his neck.

“Where ya goin’, cowgirl?”
“Lemme go,” Roy rasped, squirming to break free.

The grip on his throat tightened. He felt Dana’s ashtray breath on his right ear: “How come you don’t got your boots on today? Who ever heard of a cowgirl wearing Air Jordans?”

“They’re Reeboks,” Roy squeaked.

The bus had stopped, and the students were starting to board. Roy was furious. He had to get to the door fast, before the driver closed it and the bus began to roll.

But Dana wouldn’t let go, digging his fingers into Roy’s windpipe. Roy was having trouble getting air, and struggling only made it worse.

“Look at you,” Dana chortled from behind, “red as a tomato!”
Roy knew the rules against fighting on the bus, but he couldn’t think of anything else to do. He clenched his right fist and brought it up
blindly over his shoulder, as hard as he could. The punch landed on something moist and rubbery.

There was a gargled cry; then Dana’s hands fell away from Roy’s neck. Panting, Roy bolted for the door of the bus just as the last student, a tall girl with curly blond hair and red-framed eyeglasses, came up the steps. Roy clumsily edged past her and jumped to the ground.

“Where do you think you’re going?” the girl demanded.

“Hey, wait!” the bus driver shouted, but Roy was already a blur.

The running boy was way ahead of him, but Roy figured he could stay close enough to keep him in sight. He knew the kid couldn’t go at full speed forever.

He followed him for several blocks—over fences, through shrubbery, weaving through yapping dogs and lawn sprinklers and hot tubs. Eventually Roy felt himself tiring. This kid is amazing, he thought. Maybe he’s practicing for the track team.

Once Roy thought he saw the boy glance over his shoulder, as if he knew he was being pursued, but Roy couldn’t be certain. The boy was still far ahead of him, and Roy was gulping like a beached trout. His shirt was soaked and perspiration poured off his forehead, stinging his eyes.

The last house in the subdivision was still under construction, but the shoeless boy dashed heedlessly through the lumber and loose nails. Three men hanging drywall stopped to holler at him, but the boy never broke stride. One of the same workers made a one-armed lunge at Roy but missed.

Suddenly there was grass under his feet again—the greenest, softest grass that Roy had ever seen. He realized that he was on a golf course, and that the blond kid was tearing down the middle of a long, lush fairway.

On one side was a row of tall Australian pines, and on the other side was a milky man-made lake. Roy could see four brightly dressed figures ahead, gesturing at the barefoot boy as he ran by.

Roy gritted his teeth and kept going. His legs felt like wet cement, and his lungs were on fire. A hundred yards ahead, the boy cut sharply
to the right and disappeared into the pine trees. Roy doggedly aimed himself for the woods.

An angry shout echoed, and Roy noticed that the people in the fairway were waving their arms at him, too. He kept right on running. Moments later there was a distant glint of sunlight on metal, followed by a muted *thwack*. Roy didn’t actually see the golf ball until it came down six feet in front of him. He had no time to duck or dive out of the way. All he could do was turn his head and brace for the blow.

The bounce caught him squarely above the left ear, and at first it didn’t even hurt. Then Roy felt himself swaying and spinning as a brilliant gout of fireworks erupted inside his skull. He felt himself falling for what seemed like a long time, falling as softly as a drop of rain on velvet.

When the golfers ran up and saw Roy facedown in the sand trap, they thought he was dead. Roy heard their frantic cries but he didn’t move. The sugar-white sand felt cool against his burning cheeks, and he was very sleepy.

---

**Keep Reading**

Roy has gone from reading mysteries to being right in the middle of one. But the barefoot boy is just one of the mysteries in Roy’s new hometown, where reptile wranglers are listed in the phone book because you just might find an alligator in your toilet. While Roy is trying to find out who the strange boy is, the Coconut Cove Public Safety Department has another mystery on its hands. Someone is sabotaging the construction of a pancake house, and no one knows why. Keep reading to see how the mystery unfolds.
How do GREAT stories begin?

KEY IDEA  Quite often, a popular book is made into a major motion picture. Fans of the book form long lines at theaters, eager to experience big-screen portrayals of gripping moments they know so well. What movie versions of books have you enjoyed? What made those movies worthwhile? Prepare to watch a clip from a movie that’s based on a well-loved novel. You’ll explore what filmmakers do to draw you into the plot of a movie.

Background

A Perfect Fit  The novel The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants is about four lifelong best friends who are about to spend their first summer apart. Before their vacations begin, these girls make an amazing discovery. A pair of jeans purchased in a thrift shop fits each one of them perfectly. To stay connected that summer, they agree to mail the jeans to each other. This book’s popularity led to sequels to the novel as well as a movie. The scene you’ll watch occurs fairly early in the movie and focuses on Carmen, who is about to visit her dad.
Media Literacy: Plot in Movies

The exposition stage of a story is the part that introduces the characters, setting, and conflict. Movies unfold in a similar way, introducing the characters and their struggles. For a movie director, the first steps in developing a plot are to show characters’ relationships and predicaments, and to make viewers like you care about these characters. Filmmakers position the characters and the camera in certain ways to help you to follow and react to what’s happening.

**HOW DIRECTORS TELL THEIR STORIES**

**Directors position characters to portray relationships.**
To show how characters relate to each other in a scene, directors use blocking, the arrangement of the characters within a film frame.

**Directors position the camera to reveal how what’s happening affects the characters.**
A close-up shot is a detailed view of a character or an object. Close-ups can reveal a character’s personality and often hint at a character’s emotions or thoughts. Medium shots show a character from the waist up. This type of shot can capture movements that reveal a character’s behavior.

**Directors try to stir viewers’ emotions.**
Directors not only want you to understand what’s happening in a story but to get you emotionally involved. They want you to follow the plot complications closely and to make you wonder about the outcome.

**STRATEGIES FOR VIEWING**

Notice how close or how far apart characters stand to one another. Their positions may offer clues about their relationships or their emotions.

To watch for what might be revealed in close-up or medium shots, ask yourself:
- What reactions or thoughts can I infer from a character’s facial expressions?
- What does a character’s body language tell me about how he or she feels about what’s happening?

As you watch a conflict unfold in a scene, ask yourself:
- How am I reacting to what’s happening?
- What does the director do to make me care about what will happen?
- What is the mood of the music? Is it upbeat? Sad? How is it affecting me?
Viewing Guide for
The Sisterhood of the
Traveling Pants

The scene you’ll watch focuses on Carmen, who has just arrived to spend the summer with her dad. First, watch the clip to follow what's happening in the scene. Then view the clip a few times to spot techniques that convey the conflict and encourage viewers to connect to the characters. Answer these questions to help you analyze the clip.

NOW VIEW

FIRST VIEWING: Comprehension

1. Recall Carmen surprises her dad with her grades. What is the surprise Carmen’s dad reveals to her?

2. Clarify What is shown from outside of the moving car that gets Carmen’s attention?

CLOSE VIEWING: Media Literacy

3. Analyze Character How do the filmmakers show Carmen’s excitement at spending the summer with her father?

4. Analyze Blocking This image of the three characters is an example of how a director can position characters in a film frame to signal character relationships. Through blocking, what is the director communicating to viewers about Carmen’s relationship to the others?

5. Analyze Techniques One song plays throughout the scene. What effect do you think the song is intended to have on you?

6. Evaluate Techniques The scene focuses on two characters having a conversation that leads to a tense moment. How well do the filmmakers set the stage for a conflict that will develop as the movie progresses? Base your opinion on these elements:
   - the details about the characters that are delivered through dialogue
   - the shots the filmmakers use to make the characters’ emotions visible
   - your own emotional reactions to what happens in the scene
Write or Discuss

**Analyze Film** You’ve viewed a clip from *The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants* to look at how directors portray characters and conflicts. Now put yourself in the shoes of the movie’s director. How might the scene be different if it focused less on Carmen and more on her dad and his news? Write a short description of this new version. Think about

- which character would have more close-ups
- how viewers might sympathize more with him
- how the music might differ

**Produce Your Own Media**

**Create a Storyboard** A storyboard is a device filmmakers use to plan the shooting of a movie. A storyboard can serve as a visual map and is made up of a few images and brief descriptions. Choose an important scene from a novel you’ve recently read or any of the stories from this unit. With a partner, make a storyboard that portrays a conflict.

**HERE’S HOW** Use these as tips for creating your storyboard:

- Make your storyboard simple rather than beautiful. Draw or sketch the images, making sure they’re easy to understand.
- Within the six separate frames, include close-ups or medium shots that reveal a character’s reactions or emotions.
- Show shots that reveal a conflict. Show how at least one character reacts.
- Underneath each frame, write out a specific description or a line of dialogue.

**STUDENT MODEL**

![Storyboard Example]

**Tech Tip**

Use a word processing program to type the descriptions or dialogue for the storyboard.
My First Free Summer
Memoir by Julia Alvarez

When is it time to LEAVE?

KEY IDEA  Even under the best of circumstances, leaving someone or something behind can be difficult. Familiar people and places often provide us with a sense of safety and security. In the memoir you are about to read, Julia Alvarez faces the pain of leaving her homeland, even as she realizes the dangers of staying.

QUICKWRITE  Reflect on times when you have had to leave a special person or place. Choose one experience and write a journal entry that explores your feelings about leaving. Were you looking forward to moving on? What were you worried about?
LITERARY ANALYSIS: MEMOIR

A memoir is a form of autobiographical writing in which a writer describes important events in his or her life. Most memoirs

• use the first-person point of view
• are true accounts of actual events
• describe conflicts faced by the writer
• include the writer’s feelings about historical events or social issues

As you read “My First Free Summer,” look for places where Julia Alvarez shares her feelings about the historical events taking place in the Dominican Republic.

READING SKILL: RECOGNIZE CAUSE AND EFFECT

Events are often related by cause and effect, which means that one event brings about the other. The first event is the cause, and what follows is the effect. Sometimes, one cause can have many effects. Recognizing cause and effect relationships can help you understand important turning points, because you’ll be aware of the consequences of events and actions.

As you read, look for the effects that the political struggle in Alvarez’s homeland had on her life. Use a chart like the one shown to help you keep track of these effects.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cause: political struggles</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Effect:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Effect:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Effect:</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

Alvarez uses the vocabulary words to help describe a traumatic childhood experience. See how many you know. Make a chart like the one shown. Put each word in the appropriate column.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD LIST</th>
<th>contradiction</th>
<th>replete</th>
<th>unravel</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>interrogation</td>
<td>summon</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Know Well</th>
<th>Think I Know</th>
<th>Don’t Know at All</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Where Is Home? Julia Alvarez emigrated from the Dominican Republic to the United States when she was ten. Her father had taken part in an underground plot against dictator Rafael Trujillo (rá-fä’yl trōó-hē’yō), so the family’s safety was in jeopardy. Although Alvarez and her family escaped, she found it difficult being cut off from her homeland and adjusting to a new country. Books offered Alvarez a world where she did not feel alone. Through writing, she could begin to connect her two cultures. She likes to quote another poet in saying, “Language is the only homeland.”

A Poet First Poetry first drew Alvarez to writing. After receiving degrees in literature and writing, she spent 13 years teaching poetry at several universities. Homecoming, a book of her poems, was published in 1984. Since then, Alvarez has gone on to write in a variety of genres, including fiction for both children and adults.

Background

A Brutal Dictator The people of the Dominican Republic suffered under the brutal dictatorship of Rafael Trujillo and his supporters for 31 years (from 1930–1961). Under his rule, masses of people were slaughtered for “crimes” as minor as not hanging his portrait in their homes. Many brave Dominicans, including Alvarez’s father, tried to overthrow this government. Those caught faced terrible consequences.

MORE ABOUT THE AUTHOR AND BACKGROUND

To learn more about Julia Alvarez and the Dominican Republic, visit the Literature Center at ClassZone.com.
I never had summer—I had summer school. First grade, summer school. Second grade, summer school. Third grade, summer school. Fourth grade, summer school. In fifth grade, I vowed I would get interested in fractions, the presidents of the United States, Mesopotamia; I would learn my English. That was the problem. English. My mother had decided to send her children to the American school so we could learn the language of the nation that would soon be liberating us. For thirty years, the Dominican Republic had endured a bloody and repressive dictatorship. From my father, who was involved in an underground plot, my mother knew that los americanos had promised to help bring democracy to the island.

“You have to learn your English!” Mami kept scolding me.

“But why?” I’d ask. I didn’t know about my father’s activities. I didn’t know the dictator was bad. All I knew was that my friends who were attending Dominican schools were often on holiday to honor the dictator’s birthday, the dictator’s saint day, the day the dictator became the dictator, the day the dictator’s oldest son was born, and so on. They marched in parades and visited the palace and had their picture in the paper.

Meanwhile, I had to learn about the pilgrims with their funny witch hats, about the 50 states and where they were on the map, about Dick and Jane and their tame little pets, Puff and Spot, about freedom and liberty and justice for all—while being imprisoned in a hot classroom with a picture of a man wearing a silly wig hanging above the blackboard. And all of this learning I had to do in that impossibly difficult, rocks-in-your-mouth language of English!

---

1. dictatorship (dɪtˈkɑr-tʃɪp): a government under an absolute ruler, or dictator.
2. los americanos (lōs ə-měrˈe-ō-nōs) Spanish: the Americans.
Somehow, I managed to scrape by. Every June, when my prospects looked iffy, Mami and I met with the principal. I squirmed in my seat while they arranged for my special summer lessons.

“She is going to work extra hard. Aren’t you, young lady?” the principal would quiz me at the end of our session.

My mother’s eye on me, I’d murmur, “Yeah.”

“Yes, what?” Mami coached.

“Yes.” I sighed. “Sir.”

It’s a wonder that I just wasn’t thrown out, which was what I secretly hoped for. But there were extenuating circumstances, the grounds on which the American school stood had been donated by my grandfather. In fact, it had been my grandmother who had encouraged Carol Morgan to start her school. The bulk of the student body was made up of the sons and daughters of American diplomats and business people, but a few Dominicans—most of them friends or members of my family—were allowed to attend.

“You should be grateful!” Mami scolded on the way home from our meeting. “Not every girl is lucky enough to go to the Carol Morgan School!”

In fifth grade, I straightened out. “Yes, ma’am!” I learned to say brightly. “Yes, sir!” To wave my hand in sword-wielding swoops so I could get called on with the right answer. What had changed me? Gratitude? A realization of my luckiness? No, sir! The thought of a fun summer? Yes, ma’am! I wanted to run with the pack of cousins and friends in the common yard that connected all our properties. To play on the trampoline and go off to *la playa* and get brown as a berry. I wanted to be free. Maybe American principles had finally sunk in!

The summer of 1960 began in bliss: I did not have to go to summer school! *Attitude much improved. Her English progressing nicely. Attentive and cooperative in classroom.* I grinned as Mami read off the note that accompanied my report card of Bs.

But the yard *replete* with cousins and friends that I had dreamed about all year was deserted. Family members were leaving for the United States, using whatever connections they could drum up. The plot had *unraveled*. Every day there were massive arrests. The United States had closed its embassy and was advising Americans to return home.

My own parents were terrified. Every night black Volkswagens blocked our driveway and stayed there until morning. “Secret police,” my older sister whispered.

“Why are they secret if they’re the police?” I asked.

“Shut up!” my sister hissed. “Do you want to get us all killed?”

Day after day, I kicked a deflated beach ball around the empty yard, feeling as if I’d been tricked into good behavior by whomever God put in charge of the lives of 10-year-olds. I was bored. Even summer school would have been better than this! 

---

4. **extenuating circumstances** (ɪk-stɛnˈɪŋ sɜːrˈkæm-stɛnˈsæs): a situation or condition that provides an excuse for an action.

5. **la playa** (lə plāˈyā) **Spanish:** the beach.
One day toward the end of the summer, my mother summoned my sisters and me. She wore that too-bright smile she sometimes pasted on her terrified face.

“Good news, girls! Our papers and tickets came! We’re leaving for the United States!”

Our mouths dropped. We hadn’t been told we were going on a trip anywhere, no less to some place so far away.

I was the first to speak up. “But why?”

My mother flashed me the same look she used to give me when I’d ask why I had to learn English.

I was about to tell her that I didn’t want to go to the United States, where summer school had been invented and everyone spoke English. But my mother lifted a hand for silence. “We’re leaving in a few hours. I want you all to go get ready! I’ll be in to pack soon.” The desperate look in her eyes did not allow for contradiction. We raced off, wondering how to fit the contents of our Dominican lives into four small suitcases.

Our flight was scheduled for that afternoon, but the airplane did not appear. The terminal filled with soldiers, wielding machine guns, checking papers, escorting passengers into a small interrogation room. Not everyone returned.

“It’s a trap,” I heard my mother whisper to my father.

This had happened before, a cat-and-mouse game the dictator liked to play. Pretend that he was letting someone go, and then at the last minute, their family and friends conveniently gathered together—wham! The secret police would haul the whole clan away.

Of course, I didn’t know that this was what my parents were dreading. But as the hours ticked away, and afternoon turned into evening and evening into night and night into midnight with no plane in sight, a light came on in my head. If the light could be translated into words, instead, they would say: Freedom and liberty and justice for all . . . I knew that ours was not a trip, but an escape. We had to get to the United States.

The rest of that night is a blur. It is one, then two the next morning. A plane lands, lights flashing. We are walking on the runway, climbing up the stairs into the cabin. An American lady wearing a cap welcomes us. We sit down, ready to depart. But suddenly, soldiers come on board. They go seat by seat, looking at our faces. Finally, they leave, the door closes, and with a powerful roar, we lift off and I fall asleep.

Next morning, we are standing inside a large, echoing hall as a stern American official reviews our documents. What if he doesn’t let us in? What if we have to go back? I am holding my breath. My parents’ terror has become mine.

He checks our faces against the passport pictures. When he is done, he asks, “You girls ready for school?” I swear he is looking at me.

“Yes, sir!” I speak up.

The man laughs. He stamps our papers and hands them to my father. Then, wonderfully, a smile spreads across his face. “Welcome to the United States,” he says, waving us in.

6. cat-and-mouse game: cruel, playful game to torment another.
Comprehension

1. Recall Why was Alvarez allowed to attend the American school?

2. Clarify What happened at the airport as the Alvarez family waited for the plane?

Literary Analysis

3. Interpret Memoir What do you think the title of the memoir means? Consider the possible meanings of the word “free.” Cite evidence from the selection to support your interpretation.

4. Analyze Personality Traits Choose three words or phrases to describe Alvarez as a child. Include them in a web like the one shown. Expand the web by providing specific examples from the memoir that support each description.

5. Analyze Perspective Although the events depicted in the memoir take place when Alvarez was a child, she writes about the experience many years later. Find at least two examples from the selection that show her adult perspective, or view on the topic. What does she know as an adult that she didn’t know at the time?

6. Generalize About Cause and Effect Review the chart you created as you read. On the basis of the information you collected, make a general statement about how politics can affect one’s personal life.

7. Draw Conclusions Why do Alvarez’s feelings about leaving her homeland change by the end of the memoir?

Extension and Challenge

8. SOCIAL STUDIES CONNECTION Research one of the following topics to find out more about the Dominican Republic during Trujillo’s rule. Present your findings in a poster.

• The 14th of June Movement
• “The Butterflies”
• Trujillo’s assassination

RESEARCH LINKS
For more on Dominican Republic, visit the Research Center at ClassZone.com.
Vocabulary in Context

VOCABULARY PRACTICE
Choose the word from the list that is the best substitute for each boldfaced word or phrase.

1. Julia had hoped her summer would be filled with free time and fun.
2. Her plans for a carefree summer were soon to come apart.
3. When Julia’s mother spoke, there was no room for disagreement.
4. Officials started to call the passengers for questioning.
5. The questioning took place in a small room.

VOCABULARY IN WRITING
Write a paragraph explaining the challenges that Julia and her family faced in the summer of 1960. Use at least two vocabulary words. You might begin this way.

EXAMPLE SENTENCE
When events started to unravel, Julia’s family had to leave the country.

VOCABULARY STRATEGY: THE LATIN ROOT dict
The vocabulary word contradiction contains the Latin root dict (also spelled dic), which means “say” or “speak.” Your understanding of this root can help you to figure out the meaning of other words formed from dict.

PRACTICE Look up each word that appears in the web. Then decide which word best completes each sentence. Be ready to explain how the meaning of the root is reflected in each word.

1. The jury stated its findings by announcing the ______.
2. To say that someone has done something wrong is to _____ him.
3. The ruler with absolute power will ____ the laws of the land.
4. Were you able to _____, or tell in advance, what would happen?
5. Her precise way of speaking showed that she had wonderful _____.

When is it OK to be SCARED?

**KEY IDEA** A spider. A roller coaster. A hurricane. We’re all scared of something. Even so, it can be hard to admit to being afraid. If your friends think it’s fun to jump off the high dive, you might not want them to know that heights frighten you. In the selection you are about to read, Laurence Yep tells about a time he tried to overcome his fear in order to impress his father.

**SURVEY** What scares you and your classmates? Find out by conducting an informal survey. On your own, jot down three or four of your fears. Then meet with a small group, combine your lists, and tally the results. Which fears are most common? Which surprised you?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fears</th>
<th>Number of People</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Heights</td>
<td>III</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Thunder</td>
<td>II</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. The dark</td>
<td>III</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**What Scares You?**

R3.2 Evaluate the structural elements of the plot (e.g., subplots, parallel episodes, climax), the plot’s development, and the way in which conflicts are (or are not) addressed and resolved.

Also included in this lesson: W1.3 (p. 131), LC1.4 (p. 131)
Laurence Yep has said that he approaches American culture as “somewhat of a stranger.” Born in San Francisco, California, Yep was always surrounded by people of various backgrounds, none quite like his own. He was raised in an African-American community and commuted to a bilingual school in Chinatown. There, his classmates teased him for not knowing Chinese. Yep began submitting his work to magazines when a high school English teacher made publishing a story a requirement for getting an A in the class. He became a published author at 18 and went on to publish dozens of stories, as well as earning a college degree and a PhD. Many of the main conflicts in his works involve feeling like an outsider.

A Father’s Pride
Yep’s writing has gained him numerous awards, including more than ten for his book Dragonwings—a book that, like many of his more recent works, explores Chinese mythology. Yep’s success as a writer greatly pleased his father, who displayed his son’s writing medals and plaques “in lieu of athletic accomplishments.”

Vocabulary in Context
The boldfaced words help Laurence Yep relate a story from his childhood. To see how many you know, substitute a different word or phrase for each one.

1. barricade the doorway
2. rationalize a bad habit
3. wince in pain
4. perpetual motion
5. an improvised comedy skit
6. known for his quiet reserve
7. vigilant watchdog
8. the ravage caused by the flood
9. embarrassed by my ineptitude
10. spoken to me brusquely

Literary Analysis: Conflict in Nonfiction
In the memoir you’re about to read, Laurence Yep relates an event from his childhood. To tell this real-life story, he uses some of the same literary elements that appear in his award-winning fiction. For example, the narrative centers around conflicts, or struggles between opposing forces. As you read “The Great Rat Hunt,” identify the conflicts the young Laurence Yep faces.

Reading Skill: Identify Chronological Order
Memoirs are often organized in chronological order, which means that events are presented in the order in which they happened. To make sure you know when each event occurs, follow these steps:

- Identify individual events taking place.
- Look for words and phrases that signal order, such as before, after, first, next, then, while, the next day, or an hour and a half later.

As you read “The Great Rat Hunt,” keep track of the chronology. In a chart like the one shown, record key events in order, using parallel boxes when two actions occur at the same time.

Vocabulary in Context
The boldfaced words help Laurence Yep relate a story from his childhood. To see how many you know, substitute a different word or phrase for each one.

1. barricade the doorway
2. rationalize a bad habit
3. wince in pain
4. perpetual motion
5. an improvised comedy skit
6. known for his quiet reserve
7. vigilant watchdog
8. the ravage caused by the flood
9. embarrassed by my ineptitude
10. spoken to me brusquely

A Man of Accomplishment
Laurence Yep has said that he approaches American culture as “somewhat of a stranger.” Born in San Francisco, California, Yep was always surrounded by people of various backgrounds, none quite like his own. He was raised in an African-American community and commuted to a bilingual school in Chinatown. There, his classmates teased him for not knowing Chinese. Yep began submitting his work to magazines when a high school English teacher made publishing a story a requirement for getting an A in the class. He became a published author at 18 and went on to publish dozens of stories, as well as earning a college degree and a PhD. Many of the main conflicts in his works involve feeling like an outsider.

A Father’s Pride
Yep’s writing has gained him numerous awards, including more than ten for his book Dragonwings—a book that, like many of his more recent works, explores Chinese mythology. Yep’s success as a writer greatly pleased his father, who displayed his son’s writing medals and plaques “in lieu of athletic accomplishments.”

More About the Author
For more on Laurence Yep, visit the Literature Center at ClassZone.com.
I had asthma when I was young, so I never got to play sports much with my father. While my brother and father practiced, I could only sit in bed, propped up by a stack of pillows. As I read my comic books, I heard them beneath our apartment window. In the summer, it was the thump of my brother’s fastball into my father’s mitt. In the fall, it was the smack of a football. In the winter, it was the airy bounce of a basketball.

Though my father had come from China when he was eight, he had taken quickly to American games. When he and Mother were young, they had had the same dances and sports leagues as their white schoolmates—but kept separate in Chinatown. (He had met Mother when she tripped him during a co-ed basketball game at the Chinatown Y.)

Father was big as a teenager and good at sports. In fact, a social club in Chinatown had hired him to play football against social clubs in other Chinatowns. There he was, a boy playing against grown men.

During a game in Watsonville, a part-time butcher had broken Father’s nose. It never properly healed, leaving a big bump at the bridge. There were other injuries too from baseball, basketball, and tennis. Each bump and scar on his body had its own story, and each story was matched by a trophy or medal.

Though he now ran a grocery store in San Francisco, he tried to pass on his athletic skills to my older brother Eddy and me. During the times I felt well, I tried to keep up with them, but my lungs always failed me.

---

**ANALYZE VISUALS**
What can you infer about the relationship between the man and the boy in this painting?

**CONFLICT**
How does Yep’s asthma affect his relationship with his father and brother?

---

1. **asthma** (ăz’mə): a lung disease that at times makes breathing difficult.
When I had to sit down on the curb, I felt as if I had let my father down. I’d glance up anxiously when I felt his shadow over me; but he looked neither angry nor disgusted—just puzzled, as if he could not understand why my lungs were not like his.

“S-s-sorry.” I panted.

“That’s okay.” He squatted and waved his hat, trying to fan more air at me. In the background, Eddy played catch with himself, waiting impatiently for the lessons to begin again. Ashamed, I would gasp. “Go on . . . and play.”

And Father and Eddy would start once more while I watched, doomed to be positively un-American, a weakling, a perpetual spectator, an outsider. Worse, I felt as if Eddy were Father’s only true son.

And then came the day when the rat invaded our store. It was Eddy who first noticed it while we were restocking the store shelves. I was stacking packages of pinto beans when Eddy called me. “Hey, do you know what this is?” He waved me over to the cans of soup. On his palm lay some dark drops.

“Is it candy?”

Father came out of the storeroom in the rear of our store. Over his back, he carried a huge hundred pound sack of rice. He let it thump to the floor right away. “Throw that away.”

“What is it, Father?” I asked.

“Rat droppings,” he said. “Go wash your hands.”

“Yuck.” Eddy flung the droppings down. While Eddy washed his hands, I helped Father get rid of the evidence. Then he got some wooden traps from a shelf and we set them out.

However, the traps were for mice and not for rats. The rat must have gotten a good laugh while it stole the bait and set off the springs.

Then Father tried poison pellets, but the rat avoided them all. It even left a souvenir right near the front door.

Father looked grim as he cleaned it up. “I’m through fooling around.”

So he called up his exterminator friend, Pete Wong, the Cockroach King of Chinatown. While Pete fumigated the store, we stayed with my Aunt Nancy over on Mason, where the cable cars kept me up late. They always rang their bells when they rounded the corner. Even when they weren’t there, I could hear the cable rattling in its channel beneath the street. It was OK, though, because my cousin Jackie could tell stories all night.

The next day, when we went back home, Father searched around the store, sniffing suspiciously for deadly chemicals. Mother went upstairs to our apartment over the store to get our electric fan.

She came right back down empty-handed. “I think he’s moved up there. I could hear him scratching behind the living room walls.”

Father stared at the ceiling as if the rat had gone too far. “Leave it to me,” he said. He fished his car keys from his pocket.

**perpetual** (par-péch’ō-əl) adj. continuing without interruption

---

2. exterminator (i’t-k-stür’mə-nä’tar): a person whose job it is to get rid of insects or rodents.

3. fumigated (fyŏō’mi-tĭ-gāt’id): used smoke or fumes to kill rodents or insects.
“Where are you going?” Mother asked.
Father, though, was a man of few words. He preferred to speak by his actions.
“I’ll be back soon.”
An hour and a half later he returned with a rifle. He held it up for the three of us to examine. “Isn’t it a beaut? Henry Loo loaned it to me.” Henry Loo was a pharmacist and one of Father’s fishing buddies.
Mother frowned. “You can’t shoot that cannon off in my house.”
“It’s just a twenty-two.” Father tugged a box of cartridges out of his jacket pocket. “Let’s go, boys.”
Mother sucked in her breath sharply. “Thomas!”
Father was surprised by Mother’s objection. “They’ve got to learn sometime.”
Mother turned to us urgently. “It means killing. Like buying Grandpop’s chickens. But you’ll be the ones who have to make it dead.”
“It’s not the same,” Father argued. “We won’t have to twist its neck.”
Buying the chicken was a chore that everyone tried to avoid at New Year’s when Mother’s father insisted on it. To make sure the chicken was fresh, we had to watch the poulterer kill it. And then we had to collect the coppery-smelling blood in a jar for a special dish that only Mother’s father would eat. For a moment, I felt queasy.
“You’re scaring the boys,” Father scolded her.
Mother glanced at him over her shoulder. “They ought to know what they’re getting into.”
I didn’t believe in killing—unless it was a bug like a cockroach. However, I felt different when I saw a real rifle—the shiny barrel, the faint smell of oil, the decorated wooden stock. I rationalized the hunt by telling myself I was not murdering rabbits or deer, just a mean old rat—like a furry kind of cockroach.
“What’ll it be, boys?” Father asked.
Taking a deep breath, I nodded my head. “Yes, sir.”
Father turned expectantly to Eddy and raised an eyebrow.
From next to me, though, Eddy murmured, “I think I’ll help Mother.” He wouldn’t look at me.
Father seemed just as shocked as Mother and I. “Are you sure?”
Eddy drew back and mumbled miserably. “Yes, sir.”
Mother gave me a quick peck on the cheek. “I expect you to still have ten toes and ten fingers when you finish.”
As we left the store, I felt funny. Part of me felt triumphant. For once, it was Eddy who had failed and not me. And yet another part of me wished I were staying with him and Mother.
Father said nothing as we left the store and climbed the back stairs. As I trailed him, I thought he was silent because he was disappointed: He would rather have Eddy’s help than mine.

4. **poulterer** (pō‘lter-ər): a person who sells domestic fowls, such as chickens, turkeys, ducks, or geese.
At the back door of our apartment, he paused and said brusquely, “Now for some rules. First, never, never aim the rifle at anyone.”

I listened as attentively as I had the disastrous times he’d tried to teach me how to dribble, or catch a football, or handle a pop foul. “I won’t.” I nodded earnestly.

Father pulled a lever near the middle of the gun. “Next, make sure the rifle is empty.” He let me inspect the breech.5 There was nothing inside.

“Yes, sir,” I said and glanced up at him to read his mood. Because Father used so few words, he always sounded a little impatient whenever he taught me a lesson. However, it was hard to tell this time if it was genuine irritation or his normal reserve.  

He merely grunted. “Here. Open this.” And he handed me the box of cartridges.

I was so nervous that the cartridges clinked inside the box when I took it. As I fumbled at the lid, I almost felt like apologizing for not being Eddy.

Now, when I got edgy, I was the opposite of Father: I got talkier. “How did you learn how to hunt?” I asked. “From your father?”

My father rarely spoke of his father, who had died before I was born. He winced now as if the rat had just nipped him. “My old man? Nah. He never had the time. I learned from some of my buddies in Chinatown.”6 He held out his hand.

I passed him a cartridge. “What did you hunt? Bear?”

“We shot quail.” Father carefully loaded the rifle.

I was uncomfortable with the idea of shooting the cute little birds I saw in cartoons. “You did?”

He clicked the cartridge into the rifle. “You have to be tough in this world, boy. There are going to be some times when nobody’s around to help—like when I first came to America.”

That was a long speech for Father. “You had your father.” His mother had stayed back in China, because in those days, America would not let her accompany her husband.

“He was too busy working.” Father stared back down the stairs as if each step were a year. “When I first came here, I got beaten up by the white kids. And when the white kids weren’t around, there were the other Chinese kids.”

I furrowed my forehead in puzzlement. I handed him another cartridge.

“But they were your own kind.”

He loaded the rifle steadily as I gave him the ammunition. “No, they weren’t. The boys born here, they like to give a China-born a hard time. They thought I’d be easy pickings. But it was always a clean fight. No knives. No guns. Just our feet and fists. Not like the punks nowadays.” He snapped the last cartridge into the rifle. “Then I learned how to play their games, and I made them my friends.” He said the last part with pride.  

---

5. **breech**: the part of a gun behind the barrel.
6. **Chinatown**: the name given to some neighborhoods in which there is a large Chinese population with prominent Chinese cultural influence.
And suddenly I began to understand all the trophies and medals in our living room. They were more than awards for sports. Each prize was a sign that my father belonged to America—and at the same time, to Chinatown. And that was why he tried so hard now to teach sports to Eddy and me.

When I finally understood what sports really meant to my father, it only magnified the scale of my ineptitude. “I’m not good at fighting.” As I closed the lid on the box of ammunition, I thought I ought to prepare him for future disappointments. “I’m not much good at anything.”

Careful to keep the rifle pointed away from me, Father unlocked the door. “I said you have to be tough, not stupid. No reason to get a beat-up old mug like mine.”

I shook my head, bewildered. “What’s wrong with your face?”

Father seemed amused. He stepped away from the door and jerked his head for me to open it. “It’s nothing that a steamroller couldn’t fix.”

“But you have an interesting face,” I protested as I grabbed the doorknob.

“Are you blind, boy? This mug isn’t ever going to win a beauty contest.” He chuckled. “I’ve been called a lot of names in my time, but never ‘interesting.’ You’ve got a way with words.”

7. mug: face.
The doorknob was cold in my hand. “I do?”

Father adjusted his grip on the rifle. “I wouldn’t buy any real estate from you.” And he gave me an encouraging grin. “Now let’s kill that rat.”

When I opened the door, our home suddenly seemed as foreign to me as Africa. At first, I felt lonely—and a little scared. Then I heard Father reassure me, “I’m with you, boy.”

Feeling more confident, I crept through the kitchen and into the living room. Father was right behind me and motioned me to search one half of the room while he explored the other. When I found a hole in the corner away from the fireplace, I caught Father’s eye and pointed.

He peered under a chair with me and gave me an approving wink. “Give me a hand,” he whispered.

In silent cooperation, we moved the chair aside and then shifted the sofa over until it was between us and the rat hole. Bit by bit, Father and I constructed an upholstered barricade. I couldn’t have been prouder if we’d built a whole fort together.

Father considerately left the lighter things for me to lift, and I was grateful for his thoughtfulness. The last thing I wanted was to get asthma now from overexertion. When we were done, Father got his rifle from the corner where he had left it temporarily.

As we crouched down behind our improvised wall, Father rested the rifle on it. “We’ll take turns watching.”

“Yes, sir,” I said, peering over the barrier. There wasn’t so much as a whisker in the hole.

While I scanned the hole with intense radar eyes, Father tried to make himself comfortable by leaning against the sofa. It made me feel important to know Father trusted me; and I was determined to do well. In the center of the living room wall was the fireplace, and on its mantel stood Father’s trophies like ranks of soldiers reminding me to be vigilant.

We remained in companionable silence for maybe three quarters of an hour. Suddenly, I saw something flicker near the mouth of the hole. “Father,” I whispered.

Father popped up alertly and took his rifle. Squeezing one eye shut, he sighted on the rat hole. His crouching body grew tense. “Right.” He adjusted his aim minutely. “Right. Take a breath,” he recited to himself. “Take up the slack. Squeeze the trigger.” Suddenly, he looked up, startled. “Where’d it go?”

As the gray shape darted forward, I could not control my panic. “It’s coming straight at us.”

The rifle barrel swung back and forth wildly as Father tried to aim. “Where?”

I thought I could see huge teeth and beady, violent eyes. The teeth were the size of daggers and the eyes were the size of baseballs, and they were getting bigger by the moment. It was the rat of all rats. “Shoot it!” I yelled.
“Where?” Father shouted desperately. My courage evaporated. All I could think of was escape. “It’s charging.”

Springing to my feet, I darted from the room.

“Oh, man,” Father said, and his footsteps pounded after me.

In a blind panic, I bolted out of the apartment and down the back stairs and into the store.

“Get the SPCA. I think the rat’s mad,” Father yelled as he slammed the door behind him.

Mother took the rifle from him. “I’d be annoyed too if someone were trying to shoot me.”

“No.” Father panted. “I mean it’s rabid.” We could hear the rat scurrying above us in the living room. It sounded as if it were doing a victory dance.

Mother made Father empty the rifle. “You return that to Henry Loo tomorrow,” she said. “We’ll learn to live with the rat.”

As she stowed the rifle in the storeroom, Father tried to regather his dignity. “It may have fleas,” he called after her.

Now that my panic was over, I suddenly became aware of the enormity of what I had done. Father had counted on me to help him, and yet I had run, leaving him to the ravages of that monster. I was worse than a failure. I was a coward. I had deserted Father right at the time he needed me most. I wouldn’t blame him if he kicked me out of his family.

It took what little nerve I had left to look up at my father. At that moment, he seemed to tower over me, as grand and remote as a monument. “I’m sorry,” I said miserably.

He drew his eyebrows together as he clinked the shells in his fist. “For what?”

It made me feel even worse to have to explain in front of Eddy. “For running,” I said wretchedly.

He chuckled as he dumped the cartridges into his shirt pocket. “Well, I ran too. Sometimes it’s smart to be scared.”

“When were you ever scared?” I challenged him.

He buttoned his pocket. “Plenty of times. Like when I came to America. They had to pry my fingers from the boat railing.”

It was the first time I’d ever heard my father confess to that failing. “But you’re the best at everything.”

“Nobody’s good at everything.” He gave his head a little shake as if the very notion puzzled him. “Each of us is good at some things and lousy at others. The trick is to find something that you’re good at.”

I thought again of the mantel where all of Father’s sports trophies stood. Eddy gave every promise of collecting just as many, but I knew I would be lucky to win even one.

“I’m lousy at sports,” I confessed.

---


9. rabid: affected by the viral disease rabies.
His eyes flicked back and forth, as if my face were a book open for his inspection. He seemed surprised by what he read there.

Slowly his knees bent until we were looking eye to eye. “Then you’ll find something else,” he said and put his arm around me. My father never let people touch him. In fact, I hardly ever saw him hug Mother. As his arm tightened, I felt a real love and assurance in that embrace.

Shortly after that, the rat left as mysteriously as it had come. “I must’ve scared it off,” Father announced.

Mother shook her head. “That rat laughed itself to death.”

Father disappeared into the storeroom: and for a moment we all thought Mother had gone too far. Then we heard the electric saw that he kept back there. “What are you doing?” Mother called.

He came back out with a block of wood about two inches square. He was carefully sandpapering the splinters from the edges. “Maybe some day we’ll find the corpse. Its head ought to look real good over the fireplace.”

Mother was trying hard to keep a straight face. “You can’t have a trophy head unless you shoot it.”

“If it died of laughter like you said, then I killed it,” he insisted proudly.

“Sure as if I pulled the trigger.” He winked at me. “Get the varnish out for our trophy will you?”

I was walking away when I realized he had said “our.” I turned and said, “That rat was doomed from the start.” I heard my parents both laughing as I hurried away.
Comprehension

1. **Recall** How do Laurence and his brother differ?

2. **Recall** What compliment does Laurence’s father give him?

3. **Clarify** What happens to the rat at the end of the selection?

Literary Analysis

4. **Identify Chronological Order** Review the chart you made as you read. Does it contain all the important events of the selection? If not, add them now. Then use your chart to tell what happened right before Father ran out of the apartment. What happened right after?

5. **Examine Conflict** In a conflict map like the one shown, note one of the selection’s most important conflicts and the events that lead to its **resolution**, or outcome.

   ![Conflict Map Diagram]

6. **Analyze Characters** Even though Yep was **scared**, he still agreed to help his father capture the rat. What do you learn about Yep from his actions?

7. **Compare and Contrast** Compare Yep’s feelings about his role in the family in the beginning of the selection with his feelings at the end. How are they different?

8. **Interpret Meaning** Reread lines 270–271. What do you think it means that Yep’s father uses the word “our” to refer to the trophy?

Extension and Challenge

9. **Creative Project: Drama** With two other classmates, rehearse a dramatic reading of the rat-hunt scene. Have one student play the role of Father, one student play the role of Yep, and one student act as the narrator. Perform your reading for the class.

10. **Readers’ Circle** Yep’s father says, “Sometimes it’s smart to be scared.” Do you think the encounter with the rat was one of those times, or is Yep’s father just trying to make himself and his son feel better? Refer to the selection as you discuss the question.
Vocabulary in Context

VOCABULARY PRACTICE

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

1. (a) justify, (b) rationalize, (c) multiply, (d) explain
2. (a) improvised, (b) ad-libbed, (c) invented, (d) practiced
3. (a) openness, (b) modesty, (c) reserve, (d) coolness
4. (a) destruction, (b) ravage, (c) construction, (d) ruin
5. (a) keen, (b) inattentive, (c) observant, (d) vigilant
6. (a) ineptitude, (b) awkwardness, (c) incompetence, (d) gracefulness
7. (a) finite, (b) infinite, (c) constant, (d) perpetual
8. (a) abruptly, (b) gruffly, (c) brusquely, (d) kindly
9. (a) walkway, (b) barricade, (c) fence, (d) obstruction
10. (a) flinch, (b) wince, (c) strut, (d) cringe

VOCABULARY IN WRITING

Imagine you are trying to assist Yep and his father in searching for the rat. Use three or more vocabulary words to write a paragraph about your experience. You could start like this.

EXAMPLE SENTENCE

The appearance of the rat made me wince.

VOCABULARY STRATEGY: ONOMATOPOEIA

Onomatopoeia is the use of words whose sounds suggest their meaning. Yep uses onomatopoeia in “The Great Rat Hunt” when he writes: “In the fall, it was the smack of a football.” Smack is a word that sounds like what it means.

PRACTICE In the following sentences, identify the words that are examples of onomatopoeia.

1. You could hear the tick-tock of the clock.
2. The fire crackled as the logs burned.
3. I love to pop popcorn.
4. The crowd was buzzing with excitement.
5. He plopped down in the chair to watch the movie.

For more practice, go to the Vocabulary Center at ClassZone.com.
Reading-Writing Connection

Broaden your understanding of “The Great Rat Hunt” by responding to these prompts. Then complete the Grammar and Writing exercise.

**WRITING PROMPTS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A. Short Response: Write a Description</th>
<th>SELF-CHECK</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Write a one-paragraph description of the rat hunt from the rat’s point of view. In the rat’s own words (using the pronoun I), tell how you outsmarted Mr. Yep and whether you were ever scared.</td>
<td>A strong description will . . .</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• relate the main events of the rat hunt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• give a believable account from the rat’s point of view</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>B. Extended Response: Compare and Contrast</th>
<th>SELF-CHECK</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Both Laurence Yep and his father felt like outsiders. In two or three paragraphs, compare their experiences, including the conflicts each person faced and how he dealt with them.</td>
<td>A detailed response will . . .</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• identify similarities and differences between the son’s and father’s experiences</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• cite the conflicts each faced</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**GRAMMAR AND WRITING**

**USE CORRECT PRONOUN CASE** People often misuse the subject and object cases of personal pronouns, especially in sentences containing a compound subject. **Subject pronouns** function as just that—the subject of a sentence. They include the words I, he, she, we, and they. **Object pronouns** function as the object of a sentence and include the words me, him, her, us, and them. (You and it function as both subject and object pronouns.)

- **Original:** Him and his brother have different interests and abilities.
- **Revised:** He and his brother have different interests and abilities. *(The pronoun is functioning as a subject, so it should be he.)*

- **Original:** I outsmarted his father and he.
- **Revised:** I outsmarted his father and him. *(The pronoun is functioning as an object, so it should be him, not he.)*

**PRACTICE** Choose the correct pronoun to complete each sentence.

1. Laurence thinks his father is disappointed in (him, he).
2. One day, (they, them) and the rat confront each other.
3. (Him, He) and his father both have something in common, Laurence discovers.
4. As readers, you and (me, I) learn that even his father isn’t perfect.

*For more help with pronoun cases, see page R53 in the Grammar Handbook.*
**Before Reading**

**Paul Revere’s Ride**
Poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

---

**When does truth become LEGEND?**

**KEY IDEA** George Washington was an amazing leader, but did he really never, ever lie? When highly regarded people are famous for long enough, they sometimes become **legends**, and the stories about them are exaggerated. You’re about to read a poem featuring one such person.

**DISCUSS** In a small group, come up with a list of people you consider legendary. Think about sports heroes, performers, and historical figures. What do these people have in common? Why do you think they became legends? Share your ideas with the class.
LITERARY ANALYSIS: NARRATIVE POETRY

You’ve read fictional stories, true stories, and stories presented dramatically. Now you’re about to read a narrative poem, which is a poem that tells a story. Like a short story, a narrative poem has the following elements:

- a **plot**, or series of events that center on a conflict faced by a main character
- a **setting**, the time and place(s) where the story occurs; setting is usually established in the exposition stage of the plot
- **character(s)**, or the individual or individuals who take part in the action

As you read “Paul Revere’s Ride,” notice how Longfellow uses story elements to describe Paul Revere’s adventures.

**Review:** Suspense

READING SKILL: PARAPHRASE

Have you ever explained a complex idea using easier language, or retold a story in your own words? Restating complete information in simpler terms is called **paraphrasing**. A good paraphrase includes all of the main ideas and supporting details of the original source and is usually just as long, or longer. Paraphrasing challenging passages can help you better understand them. As you read “Paul Revere’s Ride,” use a chart like the one shown to paraphrase parts of the poem, such as the following lines, that may be difficult to understand:

**Original:** Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches, with eager ears . . .

**Paraphrase:** At the same time, his friend walks through quiet streets and alleys, looking and listening carefully.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line Numbers</th>
<th>Paraphrase</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

An Accomplished Teenager  When he was just 14, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was accepted into Bowdoin College in Maine. He did well in his studies and had nearly 40 poems published before he graduated. He learned French, Italian, and Spanish and translated famous literary works into English.

World Fame  After traveling in Europe, Longfellow returned to teach at Harvard University. He continued to write poetry that explored many important American themes. Works such as *The Song of Hiawatha* and *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, which includes “Paul Revere’s Ride,” brought American history to the attention of readers around the world. Though the death of his wife in 1861 made Longfellow deeply depressed, he remained extraordinarily kind, courteous, and generous. He never refused to give an autograph or welcome visitors who sometimes lingered around his house, hoping for a glimpse of the famous author.

Background  By 1775, many American colonists had begun to rebel against the British government’s interference in their affairs. On the night of April 18, British troops left Boston, heading to Concord to arrest the rebel leaders and seize their weapons stockpile. Hoping to warn the rebel leaders of the British advance, Paul Revere, along with William Dawes and Dr. Samuel Prescott, set off on a ride that would make Revere a legend.
Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, “If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex\(^1\) village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.”

---

1. Middlesex: a county in eastern Massachusetts—the setting of the first battle of the Revolutionary War on April 19, 1775.
Then he said “Good-night!” and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings\(^2\) lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;\(^3\)
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar\(^4\)
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.\(^5\)

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches, with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,\(^5\)
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

---

15
20
25
30

2. *moorings*: the place where the ship is docked.
3. *man-of-war*: a warship, often a large sailing ship, bearing canons and other guns.
4. *spar*: a pole supporting a ship’s sail.
5. *grenadiers* (*grân’a-dîrz*\(^{5}\)): British foot soldiers.
Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church, 
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,\(^6\) 
To the belfry chamber overhead, 
And startled the pigeons from their perch 

On the somber\(^7\) rafters, that round him made 
Masses and moving shapes of shade,— 
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall, 
To the highest window in the wall, 
Where he paused to listen and look down 

A moment on the roofs of the town 
And the moonlight flowing over all. \(^c\)

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead, 
In their night encampment on the hill, 
Wrapped in silence so deep and still 

That he could hear, like a sentinel's\(^8\) tread, 
The watchful night-wind, as it went 
Creeping along from tent to tent, 
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!" 

A moment only he feels the spell 

Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread 
Of the lonely belfry and the dead; 
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent 
On a shadowy something far away, 
Where the river widens to meet the bay,— 

A line of black that bends and floats 
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats. \(^d\)

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride, 
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride 
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere. 

Now he patted his horse’s side, 
Now he gazed at the landscape far and near, 
Then, impetuous,\(^9\) stamped the earth, 
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;\(^10\) 
But mostly he watched with eager search

---

6. stealthy tread: quiet footsteps. 
7. somber: gloomy. 
8. sentinel: a guard or sentry. 
9. impetuous (ɪm-pɛtʃəs): acting suddenly, on impulse. 
10. saddle girth: the strap attaching a saddle to a horse’s body.
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral\textsuperscript{11} and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry’s height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!

He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic,\textsuperscript{12} meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders\textsuperscript{13} that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer’s dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, black and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast\textsuperscript{14}
At the bloody work they would look upon.

\textsuperscript{11} spectral: ghostly.
\textsuperscript{12} Mystic: a short river flowing into Boston Harbor.
\textsuperscript{13} alder: tree of the birch family.
\textsuperscript{14} aghast: (a-gäst’): terrified.
It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadow brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

15. bleating: the cry of sheep.
17. peril: danger.
Comprehension

1. **Recall**  How many lanterns were hung in the belfry of the Old North Church? What do they signify?

2. **Summarize**  In your own words, describe what Paul Revere hoped to accomplish with his late-night ride.


Literary Analysis

4. **Analyze Narrative Poetry**  In a chart like the one shown, note the story elements in “Paul Revere’s Ride.” Then tell the main conflict and how it is resolved.

5. **Understand Paraphrasing**  Now that you’ve read the whole poem, review the paraphrases you wrote in your chart as you read. Did you capture the correct meaning in each case? If not, revise your paraphrases.

6. **Analyze Suspense**  How did Longfellow create tension and excitement in the poem? Consider the way he used language, rhythm, rhyme, and repetition. Cite specific details to support your answer.

7. **Evaluate Sensory Details**  “Paul Revere’s Ride” is full of descriptive language that appeals to the senses. List two or three images that you find most striking. Why did you choose these?

8. **Draw Conclusions**  Reread lines 119–130. On the basis of this stanza, why do you think Paul Revere became an American legend?

Extension and Challenge

9. **SOCIAL STUDIES CONNECTION**  Paul Revere did more in his life than ride to warn the colonists that the British army was on its way. Find out where he lived, what he did for a living, and about his involvement in the “Sons of Liberty” before and during the American Revolution. Share your findings with the class.

**RESEARCH LINKS**

For more on Paul Revere, visit the Research Center at ClassZone.com.
The Other Riders

History Article

What’s the Connection?

The poem you just read celebrates Paul Revere, but did you know he was not the only brave rider on the eve of the Revolutionary War? The following article tells about two equally important but lesser-known heroes: William Dawes and Samuel Prescott.

Skill Focus: Take Notes

When you read an article for social studies or science class, how do you absorb all the facts? One good way to digest a lot of information is to take notes. Writing down important facts and ideas can help you remember them.

Here are some tips for note-taking:

• First, preview the article by looking at its title, subheadings, topic sentences, and graphic aids to determine its topic and main ideas.

• Next, decide how to organize your notes. Can you use the subheadings to create a simple outline or a graphic organizer like the one shown?

• As you take notes, record the main ideas and only the most important facts and details under the appropriate headings. Be sure to include the names, dates, and terms that are necessary for a full understanding of the material.

For help taking notes on the following selection, use a graphic organizer like the one started here.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Subheadings</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rumors of a March on Concord</td>
<td>Night of April 18, 1775, a rumor reaches William Dawes that the British are planning to take ammunition in Concord. Dawes tells Paul Revere, both get orders from Dr. Joseph Warren to ride to inform the leaders of the Provincial Congress of what’s going on.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Sneaking Past Guards
Late on the night of April 18, 1775, Boston patriot Joseph Warren learned of a British military operation planned for the next day. To warn John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were across the Charles River in Lexington, Warren dispatched two riders, Paul Revere and William Dawes. Revere’s ride has been celebrated in poems and textbooks, but Dawes’s role was at least as important.

Rumors of a March on Concord
On the night of April 18, 1775, rumors of a planned British action to seize ammunition in the town of Concord raced through Boston. Word reached William Dawes, a tanner, who told Paul Revere—who had heard about it from two others already. The two men received orders from Dr. Joseph Warren to ride to inform the leaders of the Provincial Congress of the developments.

Sneaking Past Guards
Dawes’s route led him to the British guards at the gate of Boston Neck—the narrowest part of the isthmus—as he rode south out of the city. A naturally witty and friendly man, Dawes had spent numerous afternoons sneaking in and out of the city without being stopped. He would disguise himself as a peddler, smuggling gold coins disguised as buttons that he wore sewn on his coat. Dawes also befriended any British guards who seemed amicable. On the historic night, one of his buddies was on duty. When the guard opened the gate for some British soldiers, Dawes slipped through with them.

Spreading the Word
On his ride west, Dawes alerted more riders, who in turn rallied companies from neighboring towns: Dedham, Needham, Framingham, Newton and Watertown. Avoiding trouble, Dawes made good time and caught up to Revere in Lexington just after midnight. After notifying Hancock and Adams, Dawes and Revere set out for Concord together.
joined by Dr. Samuel Prescott, a Concord resident who had been visiting a girlfriend.

**A Clever Escape**

Revere, riding in front, ran into a British roadblock. Dawes and Prescott were captured before they could be warned. As the British tried to lead them into a meadow, Prescott signaled that they should make their escape, and all three rode off. Back on the road towards Lexington, Dawes realized that his horse was too tired to outrun the Redcoats. As he pulled up in the yard of a house, he reared his horse and shouted, “I’ve got two of them—surround them!” His trick succeeded in scaring off his pursuers, although he fell from his horse and lost his watch.

**Prescott Warns Concord**

Prescott, the local, rode off toward Concord through fields and creek beds that he knew, quickly outdistancing his would-be captors. It was Prescott who warned the town of Concord of the impending British march.

**So Forgotten It’s Funny**

Over the years, Dawes’s relative anonymity has become something of a joke. In 1896, Helen F. Moore published a parody of Longfellow’s famous poem about the historic night, entitled “The Midnight Ride of William Dawes,” one verse of which reads:

’Tis all very well for the children to hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere;
But why should my name be quite forgot,
Who rode as boldly and well, God wot?

Why should I ask? The reason is clear—
My name was Dawes and his Revere.

A cartoon in the early 1960s turned on the same humor, namely that “Dawes” was a name less suited for rhyming than “Revere” (in that comic strip, Longfellow is stuck on “Listen my children while I pause, to tell the ride of William Dawes” when his wife suggests using the name of that other rider).
Comprehension

1. **Recall** Who was sent to warn John Hancock and Samuel Adams about a British military operation?

2. **Clarify** What kind of person was William Dawes?

3. **Clarify** What “near miss” did the riders encounter as they rode to Concord?

Critical Analysis

4. **Use Your Notes** Use your notes to create a timeline of the historic events that occurred on the night of April 18, 1775.

5. **Understand a History Article** Now that you’ve read this history article, what do you think are the main points the author wants to make about the events of April 18, 1775?

Read for Information: Compare and Contrast

**WRITING PROMPT**

How does the information in “The Other Riders” match up with the story told in “Paul Revere’s Ride”? In a paragraph, compare and contrast the legend in the poem with the true account of that night as it is presented in the historical article.

Remember that when you **compare and contrast**, you identify the ways in which two or more things are alike and different. Then follow these steps:

1. In a chart like the one shown, identify the main people and events in the poem. Then identify the main people and events in the article.

2. Note the differences between the two accounts in the last column of the chart.

3. In a sentence, make a general statement about the similarities and differences in the accounts. Support your statement with specific examples.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>from “Paul Revere’s Ride”</th>
<th>from “The Other Riders”</th>
<th>Differences</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Main Participants</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Main Events</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Autobiographical Narrative

Like the characters in this unit, you have played a part in many memorable events. Check out the Writer’s Road Map to get started writing your own autobiographical narrative about something unforgettable that happened to you.

**WRITER’S ROAD MAP**

**Autobiographical Narrative**

**WRITING PROMPT 1**

**Writing from Your Life** Write an autobiographical narrative telling about a special experience in your life. Include details that will help your reader understand what the experience was like. Be sure to explain why it was important to you.

**Experiences to Consider**
- your first day in a new place
- a special accomplishment

**WRITING PROMPT 2**

**Writing from Literature** Sometimes an incident or a conflict in a literary work can remind you of a similar experience in your own life. Choose an incident or conflict from one of the stories in this unit. Describe the event and tell what similar thing happened to you.

**Experiences and Literary Works to Consider**
- a time when you learned something new about another person ("Raymond’s Run")
- a time when you felt guilty ("The Tell-Tale Heart")

**KEY TRAITS**

1. **Ideas**
   - Focuses on a single **experience**
   - Re-creates the experience with **well-chosen details** and **dialogue**

2. **Organization**
   - "Hooks" readers with an attention-getting **introduction**
   - Uses transitions to make the **order of events** clear
   - Has a **conclusion** that summarizes the meaning of the experience

3. **Voice**
   - Has a **style** that reflects the writer’s personality

4. **Word Choice**
   - Brings the experience alive for the reader with **sensory language**

5. **Sentence Fluency**
   - Includes a variety of **sentence types** (statements, questions, and exclamations)

6. **Conventions**
   - Uses correct grammar, spelling, and punctuation

**WRITING TOOLS**

For prewriting, revision, and editing tools, visit the Writing Center at ClassZone.com.
Jalapeños, Anyone?

It was an ingenious idea. It was my idea. During lunch one day, we loaded up two trays with as many jalapeño peppers as they would hold. Then the fun began.

Let me tell you how it all started. Tom and I were in the cafeteria, eating. It was fourth period in May. I grunted with a mouth full of ham, “I got an idea.” Tom was so busy eating his hot dog with everything on it that he didn’t hear me.

“Tom!” I yelled, sending bits of ham onto his tray.

“What? Huh?” he replied, looking up from his hot dog momentarily.

Tom is my best friend, and he looks exactly like me. If we told you we were twins with different last names, you would probably believe us. We have brown hair and blue eyes. We also wear rimless glasses. We think alike, too.

“So let’s hear this great idea of yours,” Tom stated, brushing ham from his fries.

“Well, seeing as you like your jalapeños...” I paused for a moment and pointed at his hot dog, which was covered in them. “Maybe you would like to have an eating contest with someone.” He didn’t hesitate. We decided that Anahi, who is Mexican (and in our heads used to hot stuff), should be the other contestant. She thought it was a good idea, too.

After they each had a tray full of jalapeños in front of them, I started the countdown. “On your mark, get set, go!” Anahi put two in her mouth, then spat them out and ran to the drinking fountain, forfeiting the contest. The rules stated that once you took a drink or ate anything else, you were out of the running.
Meanwhile, Tom was stuffing peppers 37 and 38 in his mouth. He just kept eating, as though he didn’t know that his rival had given up. We turned our attention to him and started counting off the jalapeños as he shoveled them in.


“Yahoo!” Tom shouted. He threw up his hands in triumph even though he looked like he would actually throw up.

The crowd went wild. “All right, Tom!” I yelled. People around us started clapping as he ran frantically to the drinking fountain. When he got back, I handed him his prize—a bag of candy, as promised.

“I am never eating another jalapeño pepper in my life,” Tom proclaimed after stuffing his face with chocolate bars. I couldn’t do anything but laugh.

It’s a little harder to get Tom to partake in my other schemes since I sent him to the drinking fountain for hours! I still have hope that he can pack down 58 peppers if he just works at it, though. I’m sure you can imagine how much luck I’m having convincing him to try.

What about you? Bon appétit!
Part 2: Apply the Writing Process

**PREWRITING**

**What Should I Do?**

1. **Choose an incident or event to share.**
   Take a trip through your memory. List funny, sad, or exciting experiences or situations. Put a star by the one that would be most interesting for you to write about and for your audience to read.

   **TIP** If you are having trouble thinking of incidents or events, look back at the Writer’s Road Map on page 144.

2. **What happened? When?**
   Use a spider map, a cluster diagram, or another graphic organizer to help you gather important facts about the incident. Thinking about the major elements of a story—characters, setting, and action—can help jog your memory.

   **TIP** If this experience is too personal to share with your teacher and classmates, go back to your list and choose a different event.

3. **Re-create the action with well-chosen details.**
   Think of lively words to describe what happened. Write down the actual words that others said. These descriptions and quotations will help your reader feel like he or she is experiencing the event right alongside you.

4. **Think about what the experience meant to you.**
   Write a sentence or two explaining the significance of your experience and your attitude toward it. Thinking about this statement as you draft can keep your writing on track.

**What Does It Look Like?**

**Interesting Experiences**
- jalapeño contest
- whale-watching trip
- baby-sitting the Salgado twins
- kitchen fire at Aunt Erica’s
- breaking my arm during spring vacation

**Descriptions:**
- It was my ingenious idea.
- Tom ran frantically to the water fountain.

**Quotations:**
- “So let’s hear this great idea of yours.”
- “Come on, Tom. You can do it!”

**Why do I remember the contest?** It was a fantastic idea, and it made me laugh. Also, Tom is more cautious about going along with my schemes now.
### Drafting

**What Should I Do?**

1. **Plan how to tell your narrative.**
   Use a flow chart to get organized. Make sure you haven’t left out any important steps.
   
   Describing the incident in **chronological order** (also called time order) is usually the clearest way to help readers understand what happened. If you want, you can include a **flashback**. That’s an event that took place before the start of your narrative.

2. **Capture your reader’s interest.**
   Write an introduction that makes your reader curious. Set the scene, describe a character, explain a specific action, or include a quotation. Some narratives begin by asking the reader a question.

3. **Make the most of dialogue.**
   Instead of writing “this happened, and then this happened,” try including dialogue that shows your reader what happened. Dialogue should be **relevant** (related to the main ideas of your narrative). This dialogue shows the reader how the contest originated.

   **See page 150: Check Your Grammar**

### What Does It Look Like?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Action</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tom and I are eating lunch</td>
<td>I get the idea of having a jalapeno-eating contest.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom and Anahi agree to do it</td>
<td>We collect two trays of peppers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anahi forfeits</td>
<td>Tom eats 57 peppers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I give him his prize.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>He vows not to eat jalapenos again</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It was an ingenious idea. It was my idea. During lunch one day, we loaded up two trays with as many jalapeno peppers as they would hold. Then the fun began.

Let me tell you how it all started. Tom and I were in the cafeteria, eating. It was fourth period in May. I grunted with a mouth full of ham, “I got an idea.” Tom was so busy eating his hot dog with everything on it that he didn’t hear me.

From prewriting notes . . .

I got the idea of having a jalapeno-eating contest. Then I told Tom about it.

. . . to draft

“Well, seeing as you like your jalapeños . . .” I paused for a moment and pointed at his hot dog, which was covered in them. “Maybe you would like to have an eating contest with someone.”
## REVISING AND EDITING

### What Should I Do? ###

1. **Check the sequence of events.**
   - Ask a peer reader to **underline** events that seem confusing or out of order.
   - **Add transitions** or move information around to specify what happened when.

   See page 150: Ask a Peer Reader

2. **Add descriptive language.**
   - **(Circle)** descriptive words in your narrative. You could give a physical description of a person or a background description of the setting or of important objects.
   - If your narrative doesn’t have many circles, add **precise details**. This narrative uses detailed description to compare and contrast two people.

3. **Make your narrative stylish.**
   - Reread your narrative. Does it give your reader a sense of your attitude and personality? Do your descriptions of others help readers understand their likes, dislikes, strengths, and weaknesses?
   - Revise your narrative as needed so that your style shines through. Your narrative might be formal or informal, fast-paced or leisurely, serious or lighthearted.

4. **Conclude strongly.**
   - **[Bracket]** the part of your conclusion that explains why you chose to describe this experience or what you learned from it.
   - If you have nothing to bracket, add one or more sentences that **explain the meaning** of the incident.

### What Does It Look Like? ###

- **People around us started clapping.** He ran frantically to the drinking fountain. I handed him his prize—a bag of candy, as promised.
  - **When he got back,**

- **Tom is my best friend, and he looks exactly like me.** If we told you we were twins with different last names, you would probably believe us. We have brown hair and blue eyes. We also wear rimless glasses.

- **Tom ate all the candy and said he didn’t like peppers anymore.**
  - “I am never eating another jalapeño pepper in my life,” Tom proclaimed after stuffing his face with chocolate bars. I couldn’t do anything but laugh.

- **It’s a little harder to get Tom to partake in my other schemes since I sent him to the drinking fountain for hours!** I still have hope that he can pack down 58 peppers if he just works at it, though. I’m sure you can imagine how much luck I’m having convincing him to try.
  - **What about you? Bon appétit!**
Preparing to Publish

Autobiographical Narrative

Consider the Criteria
Use this checklist to make sure your narrative is on track.

Ideas
✓ focuses on one experience
✓ includes well-chosen details and dialogue

Organization
✓ has a vivid introduction and a strong conclusion
✓ uses transitions to make the order of event clear

Voice
✓ has a distinctive style

Word Choice
✓ uses sensory language

Sentence Fluency
✓ varies sentence types (statements, questions, and exclamations)

Conventions
✓ uses correct grammar, spelling, and punctuation

Ask a Peer Reader
• Do any events seem out of order or confusing? If so, which ones?
• What else would you like to know about this experience?
• How can I make my introduction more interesting?

Check Your Grammar
• To include dialogue in your narrative, enclose each person’s exact words in quotation marks. Begin a new paragraph for each new speaker.

"Come on, Tom. You can do it!" I encouraged, pounding the table. "50, 51, 52, 53, 54... Come on... 55, 56, 57.

"Yahoo!!" Tom shouted.

• If the speaker’s words are a statement, use a comma to separate them from the rest of the text. If they are a question or an exclamation, use a question mark or an exclamation point instead of a comma.

"So let’s hear this great idea of yours," Tom stated, brushing ham from his fries.

"What? Huh?" he replied, looking up from his hot dog.

"All right, Tom!" I yelled.

See page R49: Quick Reference: Punctuation

Writing Online

PUBLISHING OPTIONS
For publishing options, visit the Writing Center at ClassZone.com.

ASSESSMENT PREPARATION
For writing and grammar assessment practice, go to the Assessment Center at ClassZone.com.
Presenting a Narrative

When sharing your narrative with an audience (such as your classmates), you’ll need to do more than just read it aloud. Here’s how to tell your narrative in an interesting, entertaining way.

Preparing the Narrative

1. Choose details wisely, with your audience in mind. The narrative that you wrote focuses on a single incident, event, or situation. What do you need to do to describe it clearly and coherently? Certain slang words, jargon, or other vocabulary may be new to your listeners. You may need to add background information to make the narrative easier to understand.

2. What’s the significance? What does the incident that you described mean to you, and how do you want audience members to feel about it? Once you decide on your message and purpose, you will know what tone (attitude) you want to project—serious or playful, formal or informal.

3. Get organized. On note cards, record words and phrases that remind you of the details of your narrative. Highlight places where you want to change your voice modulation (making your voice softer or louder) or expression (the way you look and sound when you say a word—for example, sweet or angry).

4. Test it out. Tell your narrative to a group of friends or family members. Ask if any parts were unclear or boring; then revise.

Presenting the Narrative

1. Share your story with style. Try changing the sound of your voice when reciting dialogue spoken by different people in your narrative. This technique can help listeners compare and contrast the characters.

2. Ask how you did. Did the dialogue clearly relate to your main message? Did your description of actions, setting, and characters make sense? Overall, did you tell an interesting story and deliver it well? Listen attentively during classmates’ narratives so that you can give them constructive feedback.

See page R81: Evaluate a Narrative Speech
The Invaders

Jack Ritchie

None of them left the ship on the first day of its arrival, but I knew that they would be watching carefully for signs of human life.

The skies were dark with scudding clouds, and the cold wind moved high in the trees. Thin snow drifted slowly to the ground.

From the cover of the forest, I now watched as a small, heavily armed group of them left the large craft. When they reached the edge of the woods, they hesitated for a few moments and then moved cautiously forward.

I had seen them before and I knew that in appearance, at least, they were not monsters. They looked very much like us. There were some differences, of course, but all in all, we were really quite similar to them.

I met them first when I was almost a boy and I had been without caution. I approached them and they seemed friendly, but then suddenly they seized me and carried me off in their strange ship.

It was a long journey to their land and when our ship made a landing, I was shown about and exhibited as though I were some kind of animal.

I saw their cities, and I was shown plants and animals completely strange to me. I learned to wear their clothing and even to eat their food.

They taught me to communicate in their strange and difficult tongue until I could, at times, even think in their language.

I had almost given up the hope of ever seeing my home again, but they one day put me back on one of their ships and told me that they were returning me because they wished to establish friendly relations with my people. But by now, I knew enough of them to know that this was not true. However, I nodded and smiled and watched for my opportunity to escape.

When the ship landed, I went out with the first search party. It was near evening and as the darkness gathered, I edged away from them and finally I fled into the blackness and safety of the forest.

They came after me, of course, but I was hidden deep in the woods where they could not find me.

Finally they gave up and I watched their ship become smaller and finally disappear, and I hoped fervently that they would never return.

But now they were back again.
I felt a coldness inside of me as I watched them moving slowly through the trees. They seemed somehow different from the others who had been here before. It was not so much in their appearance as in the air about them—the way they walked, the way they looked about with speculating eyes.

Slowly and instinctively, I realized that this time they were not here on just another raid for a captive or two.

This time they had come to stay.

What could we do now? Could we lure them deeper into the forest and kill them? Could we take their weapons and learn how to use them?

No, I thought despairingly. There were so many more of the invaders on the ship. And more weapons. They would come out and hunt us down like animals. They would hunt us down and kill us all.

I sighed. We must find out what it was that they wanted this time and whatever it might be, we must learn to adjust and to hope for the best.

But I still retreated silently before them, afraid to approach. I watched them search the ground ahead of them and knew they were looking for footprints, for some signs of life. But there was not yet enough snow on the ground to track us down.

Their strangely colored eyes glanced about warily. They were cautious, yes. They could be a cruel race, I knew. I had seen with my own eyes how they treated their animals and even their own kind.

I sighed again. Yes, we could be cruel, too. In this respect we could not claim to be superior to the invaders.

They paused now in a clearing, their eyes gleaming beneath their helmets.

It was time for me to approach them.

I took a deep breath and stepped into the open.

Their weapons quickly pointed at me.

“Welcome,” I said.

They stared at me, and then one of them turned to their bearded leader.

“It appears that this savage can speak some English, Captain Standish.”

“Welcome,” I said again. But I wondered what they would do to my land and my people now
Comprehension

DIRECTIONS Answer these questions about “The Invaders.”

1. Which event happens first in the story?
   A The invaders look at the ground for footprints.
   B The invaders leave the ship and enter the woods.
   C The narrator thinks about attacking the invaders.
   D The narrator steps into view and greets the invaders.

2. In the exposition of the story, you learn that
   A the narrator speaks English
   B the invaders are cruel people
   C Captain Standish is a leader
   D the weather is cold and snowy

3. Which phrase helps to develop suspense in the story?
   A “first day of its arrival” (line 1)
   B “I knew that they would be watching” (lines 1–2)
   C “thin snow drifted slowly” (line 4)
   D “we were really quite similar to them” (line 10)

4. Which conflict does the narrator struggle with in this story?
   A choosing whether to return with the invaders to their country
   B deciding which response to the invaders will be best for his people
   C sharing food with the invaders or hiding it from them
   D betraying his people by helping the invaders find what they want

5. Which conflict is not resolved by the end of this story?
   A what will happen between the invaders and the narrator’s people
   B how the narrator will decide to communicate with the invaders
   C whether the invaders can make their way off the ship and into the forest
   D if the narrator will choose to stay hidden from the invaders

6. Which line comes at the beginning of the rising action?
   A “They looked very much like us.” (line 9)
   B “I learned to wear their clothing and even to eat their food.” (line 17)
   C “But now they were back again.” (line 32)
   D “Yes, we could be cruel, too.” (line 54)

7. In line 42, why is the narrator losing hope?
   A He fears that his people are outnumbered and will be killed.
   B His hiding places in the snowy forest are too visible.
   C He thinks that the invaders are looking for another captive.
   D His footprints might lead the invaders to his people.

8. Which line introduces the flashback within the story?
   A “I met them first when I was almost a boy and I had been without caution.” (line 11)
   B “But by now, I knew enough of them to know that this was not true.” (lines 22–23)
   C “There were so many more of the invaders on the ship.” (lines 42–43)
   D “But I still retreated silently before them, afraid to approach.” (line 47)
9. The flashback reveals that the narrator
   A carefully watched the invaders when they left their ship
   B was captured as a child by invaders and taken to their land
   C grew to believe that the invaders had friendly intentions
   D had many habits in common with the invaders

10. The climax of the story occurs when the narrator
    A steps out and speaks to the invaders
    B hides from the invaders in the woods
    C returns home after being held captive
    D hears the invaders talk to their leader

11. Why does the narrator hide from the new invaders?
    A He distrusts the invaders and is trying to decide what to do.
    B Other people are coming to help him.
    C He wants to surprise the invaders from a well-protected location.
    D A search party is looking for him.

12. Which phrase from the story helps you figure out when an event occurs?
    A “There were some differences . . .”
    B “It was a long journey . . .”
    C “I could, at times, . . .”
    D “They paused now . . .”

13. The narrator rejects the idea of attacking the invaders because
    A the strangers have enough people and weapons to harm the local people
    B the strangers are peaceful and hope to do good deeds
    C neither the strangers nor the local people want to have a fight
    D the narrator can speak the strangers’ language

14. During the falling action, you discover that the invaders
    A arrive on a large ship
    B have strangely colored eyes
    C are led by an English captain
    D mistreat their animals and each other

Written Response

SHORT RESPONSE  Write two or three sentences to answer each question.

15. Identify one technique the author uses to create suspense. Give an example from the text to support your choice.

16. In the flashback, what steps does the narrator take to escape the invaders?

EXTENDED RESPONSE  Write a paragraph to answer the following question.

17. Reread lines 37–46. What does the narrator realize about the invaders? Explain how this realization helps him to resolve his conflict.
Vocabulary

DIRECTIONS  Use context clues and the Latin word and root definitions to answer the following questions.

1. The Latin prefix ex- means “out,” and the Latin word habere means “to hold” or “to see.” What is the most likely meaning of the word exhibited as it is used in line 15?
   A  made to work hard
   B  presented in public
   C  held captive in a prison
   D  soothed with kind words

2. The word establish comes from the Latin word stabilis, which means “firm.” What is the most likely meaning of the word establish as it is used in line 22?
   A  to end quickly
   B  to damage beyond repair
   C  to bring about using trickery
   D  to set up and make solid

3. The Latin word fervere means “to boil.” What is the most likely meaning of the word fervently as it is used in line 31?
   A  in a dreamy way
   B  for a long time
   C  with great emotion
   D  while cooking

4. The Latin word speculari means “to observe.” What is the most likely meaning of the word speculating as it is used in line 36?
   A  creating a new object
   B  thinking about or guessing
   C  taking a risk in the hope of gain
   D  accepting something as true

DIRECTIONS  Use the dictionary entry to answer the following questions.

craft (kräft) noun 1. A boat, ship, or aircraft. 2. Skill in doing or making something 3. An occupation or trade. verb 1. To make by hand. Synonyms: noun: vehicle, talent, profession, trickery; verb: create.

5. Which definition best matches the meaning of the word craft as it is used in line 6?
   A  noun definition 1
   B  noun definition 2
   C  noun definition 3
   D  verb definition 1

6. In which sentence is the word craft used as a verb?
   A  She learned her craft from her father, who was a carpenter.
   B  The fine workmanship revealed the sculptor’s craft.
   C  He tried to craft a set of bookshelves for the library.
   D  The small craft was tossed about by the rough waves.

7. Which synonym would best replace the word craft in the following sentence?
   The wily fox used craft to outsmart the hunters.
   A  vehicle
   B  talent
   C  profession
   D  trickery
Writing & Grammar

DIRECTIONS  Read this passage and answer the questions that follow.

(1) When the Pilgrims first landed at Plymouth in 1620, everyone had their dream of a better life. (2) They agreed that they should work together to build a common house for all of the colonists meetings and religious services. (3) Peoples lives were difficult though, especially because there was a shortage of food. (4) Nobody knew whether they would survive. (5) In fact, many settlers died during his first winter in the colony. (6) The Native American Squanto helped everyone who remained find where they could fish and trap animals for food. (7) The Native Americans willingness to share their knowledge of agriculture helped the Pilgrims survive in the new land. (8) Today, the national holiday of Thanksgiving recalls the Pilgrims celebration of their first harvest in Plymouth.

1. To maintain pronoun-antecedent agreement in sentence 1, change their to
   A theirs  C his or her
   B its    D they

2. Choose the correct way to punctuate the underlined word in sentence 2.
   A colonist’s  C colonists’s
   B colonists’  D colonist’s’

3. Choose the correct way to punctuate the underlined word in sentence 3.
   A Peoples’  C Peoples’s
   B Peoples’  D People’s

4. To maintain pronoun-antecedent agreement in sentence 4, change they to
   A he or she  C his or her
   B them    D its

5. To maintain pronoun-antecedent agreement in sentence 5, change his to
   A their  C his or her
   B its    D her

6. To maintain pronoun-antecedent agreement in sentence 6, change they to
   A it  C their
   B its    D he or she

7. Choose the correct way to punctuate the underlined word in sentence 7.
   A American’s  C Americans’s
   B Americans’s  D Americans’

8. Choose the correct way to punctuate the underlined word in sentence 8.
   A Pilgrims’es  C Pilgrims’s
   B Pilgrims’  D Pilgrim’s
More Great Reads

Ideas for Independent Reading

Which questions from Unit 1 made an impression on you? Continue exploring them with these books.

What’s worth the effort?

**The Circuit: Stories from the Life of a Migrant Child**  
*by Francisco Jiménez*  
In the 1940s, Francisco and his family crossed the Mexican border. Together they worked picking crops in California, struggling to make a life and a permanent home in a new country.

**Dancing at the Odinochka**  
*by Kirkpatrick Hill*  
Erinia and her family live on a small trading post in Russian America. Life is hard, but Erinia is happy. When America buys the territory, life changes. Will the Pavaloffs be able to survive?

**Lord of the Deep**  
*by Graham Salisbury*  
This summer, 13-year-old Mikey is the youngest deckhand in the marina. He soon realizes that working on his stepdad’s boat is complicated. When two customers ask for “special” treatment, Mikey has to decide where his loyalty lies.

Is seeing believing?

**The Kite Rider**  
*by Geraldine McCaughrean*  
In thirteenth-century China, Hayou works as a kite rider. It’s a terrifying job, but as he soars through the clouds he sometimes sees his father’s spirit. Can these sightings give Hayou the wisdom and courage to save his mother and himself?

**Sorceress**  
*by Celia Rees*  
Agnes grew up on a Mohawk reservation in upstate New York. When she starts dreaming of a 17th-century ancestor, she goes home to her Aunt M for help. Is Agnes going crazy, or is someone trying to tell her secrets of her family’s past?

**The True Confessions of Charlotte Doyle**  
*by Avi*  
At only 13, Charlotte is a perfect young lady. When she’s on a ship traveling to America, she swears she will never leave her cabin, but by the end of the voyage she’s been accused of murder, tried, and found guilty.

When is it OK to be scared?

**Code Orange**  
*by Caroline B. Cooney*  
Mitty panics when he remembers his biology paper. He grabs some old medical books from his mother’s office and finds an envelope of smallpox scabs from 1912. Has Mitty just unleashed a deadly virus on New York City?

**A Girl Named Disaster**  
*by Nancy Farmer*  
Nhamo isn’t even 12 when she’s forced to marry a cruel man with three wives. Her grandmother convinces her to run away, and Nhamo must find her way from Mozambique to Zimbabwe on her own.

**The Rag and Bone Shop**  
*by Robert Cormier*  
A little girl has been murdered. Trent, an expert interrogator, is brought to Monument, Massachusetts to meet the 12-year-old suspect, Jason Dorrant. If Trent can get the boy’s confession it’ll make his career, but is Jason really guilty?