The Place to Be

SETTING AND MOOD

- In Fiction
- In Nonfiction
- In Poetry
Where can imagination take you?

Close your eyes and picture a place you’ve always wanted to visit. Maybe you’re diving down to a sunken ship, swimming slowly through the murky waters. Maybe you’re in the locker room of your favorite team on the night they won the world championship. Wherever you are, your imagination is what takes you there. Good writers know how to spark your imagination and transport you to faraway places or times.

**ACTIVITY**

- With a partner, make a list called “Stories That Have Taken Me Places.” In it, include at least four books, stories, or movies with settings that made you feel you had visited another time or place.
- Make another list called “Places I’d Like to Visit.” Include at least four settings you’d like to explore.
- Then question others to see if any of the places you’d like to visit are featured in their “Stories That Have Taken Me Places” list. What can your classmates tell you about the places you want to go?
Preview Unit Goals

Included in this unit: R1.1, R1.2, R3.3, R3.4, W1.1, W1.2, W1.3, W1.6, W2.1, LC1.3, LC1.4, LC1.5, LS1.1, LS1.2, LS1.4, LS2.2

LITERARY ANALYSIS
• Identify and analyze setting and how setting affects plot
• Identify and analyze mood
• Identify, analyze, and evaluate imagery

READING
• Develop strategies for reading, including visualizing, predicting, connecting, and setting a purpose for reading
• Infer characters’ motivations
• Compare scope of events as presented in two accounts
• Read and analyze a primary source

WRITING AND GRAMMAR
• Write a comparison-contrast essay
• Maintain subject-verb agreement

SPEAKING, LISTENING, AND VIEWING
• Produce and deliver a power presentation

VOCABULARY
• Use context clues to determine the meaning of idioms and homographs
• Use structural analysis to identify base words and affixes
• Use knowledge of word roots, base words, and affixes to determine the meaning of words

ACADEMIC VOCABULARY
• setting • imagery • primary source
• mood • scope • subject-verb agreement
Setting and Mood

Suppose you are immersed in a story about ten castaways stranded on an island. What makes the story such a page-turner? At first, you might credit the intriguing conflicts and characters. However, the setting and the atmosphere may also be responsible for drawing you in. The perilous terrain, the raging storms, the lurking wildlife—details like these can transport you to the world that a writer describes. Read on to find out how setting and mood can make you feel as if you are there.

Part 1: Setting

You know that the setting of a story is the time and place in which the action occurs. The time can be a particular time of day, season, year, or historical period. The place can be anywhere—from a Civil War battlefield to Mars.

A writer reveals a setting by describing details of that time and place, such as clothing, hair styles, household objects, or even lifestyles. These details often reflect the customs of a region, era, or society.

In some stories, the details of a setting do more than create a backdrop for events. As this chart shows, a setting can affect what characters do and even create conflicts that they must endure.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ROLE OF SETTING</th>
<th>EXAMPLE</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Setting can affect characters by</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• determining the jobs and living conditions available to them</td>
<td>Small-town rural life had taken its toll on Garrett. He was sick of being around people who had no intention of finishing school or exploring the world. Garrett was determined to do more with his life than settle for a job on his family’s farm.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• influencing their values, attitudes, and emotions</td>
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</table>

| **Setting can create conflicts by** |         |
| • exposing the characters to dangerous weather or natural disasters | The flood had ravaged their home beyond repair and destroyed their personal belongings. For the Tilak family, the loss was devastating. It would take months, even years, for them to rebuild their lives. |
| • making the characters live through difficult time periods, events, or situations, such as poverty or war |         |
MODEL 1: SETTING AND CHARACTERS

For Sun-hee’s entire life, Korea has been under the rule of the Japanese emperor, who has, by law, forbidden the practicing of Korean customs. When World War II breaks out, life becomes even more difficult for the people of Korea. While no battles are fought on Korean soil, Japanese soldiers patrol the streets, and school classes are replaced by war drills.

from When My Name Was Keoko Novel by Linda Sue Park

It seemed as if the war would never end. Day after day of too much hard work, not enough food, constant exhaustion—and no chance to make or do anything beautiful. If a war lasts long enough, is it possible that people would completely forget the idea of beauty? That they’d only be able to do what they needed to survive and would no longer remember how to make and enjoy beautiful things?

I was determined not to let this happen to me. At school every day, while I was working with my hands, I let my mind float away to think of something beautiful.

MODEL 2: SETTING AND CONFLICT

In this science fiction novel, a chain of volcanic explosions has caused ash to seep into the atmosphere. Miles and his family live in Minneapolis, where the air has become increasingly murky.

from Memory Boy Novel by Will Weaver

“I’m not leaving,” Sarah said, jerking away from me. “Everybody’s going to die anyway, so why can’t we die in our own house?” She plopped down onto the lawn. Pale pumice' puffed up around her and hung in the air like a ghostly double. That was the weird thing about the volcanic ash; it had been falling softly, softly falling, for over two years now—and sometimes it was almost beautiful. Tonight the rock flour suspended in the air made a wide, furry-white halo around the moon. Its giant, raccoon-like eyeball stared down and made the whole neighborhood look X-rayed.

“Nobody’s going to die,” I said. “Though if we stay in the city, we might,” I muttered to myself.

1. pumice: a powdery substance that comes from volcanic glass.

Close Read

1. How has the war affected people’s daily lives?
2. Reread the boxed text. How does the narrator fear a long-lasting war could shape people’s attitude toward their surroundings?

Close Read

1. Find two details that help you to understand the effects of the volcanic explosions on Minneapolis.
2. How do Sarah and Miles each view the conflict that the setting has created for their family?
Part 2: Mood

The way a writer describes a setting can make you feel as if “you are there,” whether “there” is a war-torn country or a city threatened by volcanic explosions. Like setting, mood is responsible for prompting this reaction in you.

Mood is the feeling or atmosphere that a writer creates for readers. A mood can be described as exciting, somber, terrifying, cheerful, carefree, or something else. To identify the mood in a work of literature, notice the following elements.

- **Descriptions of Setting** Does the story take place in an abandoned house on a stormy night or on a crowded beach during the summer? The writer’s choice of setting and the words he or she uses to describe it can create a mood.

- **Imagery** Writers use imagery—language that appeals to your senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste, or touch—to affect your emotions and establish a mood. For instance, images such as **squeals of laughter** and **a rainbow of beach umbrellas** help to convey a cheerful mood.

- **Descriptions of Characters’ Speech or Feelings** Pay attention to what the characters say, think, or feel about the setting and the conflict. Are they scared, joyful, or depressed? The characters’ reactions often reflect the mood the writer is trying to create.

Examine this graphic. Notice how these three elements work together to create a terrifying mood.

**DESCRIPTIONS OF SETTING**
The forest at the edge of town was even more ominous at night. There wasn’t a house or store within two miles. So far, no one in Jake’s class had been brave enough to explore it.

**IMAGERY**
He walked hesitantly, leaves crunching under his feet. Bare trees hovered over him, casting armlike shadows across his path. His heart hammered in his chest as he inched forward.

**CHARACTERS’ SPEECH OR FEELINGS**
Jake couldn’t believe he accepted the dare. “What was I thinking?” he muttered to himself, stopping suddenly when he heard approaching footsteps. Fear paralyzed him.
**Model 1: Comparing Mood**

Set in New England during the Civil War years, *Little Women* follows the lives of the four March sisters. This excerpt describes the day on which Meg, the oldest sister, is to get married. As you read, pay attention to the descriptions of the setting and the roses.

*from Little Women*

Novel by Louisa May Alcott

The June roses over the porch were awake bright and early on that morning, rejoicing with all their hearts in the cloudless sunshine, **like friendly little neighbors**, as they were. Quite flushed with excitement were their ruddy faces, as they swung in the wind, whispering to one another what they had seen; for some peeped in at the dining-room windows, where the feast was spread, some climbed up to nod and smile at the sisters, as they dressed the bride, others waved a welcome to those who came and went on various errands in garden, porch and hall, and all, from the rosiest full-blown flower to the palest baby-bud, offered their tribute of beauty and fragrance to the gentle mistress who had loved and tended them so long.

**Model 2: Comparing Mood**

The mood of this scene is dramatically different from the one you identified in the *Little Women* excerpt. As you read this passage, look closely at the descriptions that help to create this different mood.

*from MAX*

Short story by Chaim Potok

That night it stormed, and a school bus turned slowly into our small street from the main road, one block away. Our new house was only two blocks from my school, and yellow school buses went up and down the street mornings and afternoons. But never during the night! Now the bus moved carefully along the rain-drenched asphalt, and about fifty feet from our house, it picked up speed. Lying in my bed, I heard the revving of the engine and stepped quickly to the window—in time to see the bus skid from the street and mount the curb, barely missing our sycamore tree. It advanced solemnly, ponderously, as if in slow motion. . . .

**Close Read**

1. In the boxed text, the roses are described as if they were human. What details help you understand the roses’ “feelings” about the wedding?

2. What imagery is used to describe the setting?

3. How would you describe the mood of this scene?

4. In what ways is this setting different from the one described in *Little Women*?

5. Consider the boxed examples of imagery, as well as the descriptions of the setting. How would you describe the mood?
The eager hopeful voices on the bus died down and soon stopped altogether. Mother said nothing more and Yuki herself grew silent. At the western rim of the desert they could see a tall range of mountains, but long before they reached their sheltering shadows the buses made a sharp left turn, and there in the midst of the desert, they came upon rows and rows of squat tar-papered barracks sitting in a pool of white dust that had once been the bottom of a lake. They had arrived at Topaz, the Central Utah War Relocation Center, which would be their new home.

Ken turned to look at Yuki. “Well, here we are,” he said dryly. “This is beautiful Topaz.”

The minute Yuki stepped off the bus, she felt the white powdery dust of the desert engulf her like a smothering blanket. The Boy Scout Drum and Bugle Corp had come out to welcome the incoming buses, but now they looked like flour-dusted cookies that had escaped from a bakery.

Yuki coughed while one of the team of doctors inspected her throat and then she ran quickly to talk to Emi while Ken finished registering the family. “We’ve been assigned to Block 7, Barrack 2, Apartment C,” she informed her. “Try to get the room next door.”

Emi nodded. “OK, I’ll tell Grandma,” she said, for they both knew that if anybody could manage such an arrangement, Grandma could.

A boy about Ken’s age offered to take them out to their new quarters. He had come in one of the earlier contingents and already knew his way around the big, sprawling barrack city.

“It’s a mile square,” he explained as they started toward Block 7, and like a guide on a tour he told them all he knew about Topaz.

“There’re forty-two blocks and each block has twelve barracks with a mess hall and a latrine-washroom in the center,” he pointed out. “When the barracks are all finished and occupied, we’ll be the fifth largest city in Utah.” “Imagine!” Mother said.

It sounded impressive, but Yuki thought she had never seen a more dreary place in all her life. There wasn’t a single tree or a blade of grass to break the monotony of the sun-bleached desert.

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Part 3: Analyze the Literature

Now, you’ll use what you’ve learned about setting and mood to analyze the following two novel excerpts. In each, the main character is seeing his or her new home for the first time.

The first excerpt is from *Journey to Topaz*, which is about a Japanese-American family being moved to an internment camp, or holding facility, during World War II. How will life change for Yuki and her family?

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**Close Read**

1. Where does this scene take place? Find three details that reveal the setting.

2. What conflicts has the setting created for the characters?

3. Reread the boxed lines, which reveal Yuki’s first impression of her new home. Which word best describes the mood of this scene?
   a. hopeful
   b. bleak
   c. threatening
Now read this excerpt from the novel *The House of Dies Drear*. Thomas Small and his family are driving across states toward their new house, which is rumored to have a long, interesting history. During the Civil War years, the house was owned by an abolitionist who hid fugitive slaves there. How will Thomas react when he sees his new home for the first time?

Thomas did not wake in time to see the Ohio River. Mr. Small was glad he didn’t, for through the gloom of mist and heavy rain, most of its expanse was hidden. What was visible looked much like a thick mud path, as the sedan crossed over it at Huntington.

5 Thomas lurched awake a long time after. The car went slowly; there was hardly any rain now. His mother spoke excitedly, and Thomas had to shake his head rapidly in order to understand what she was saying.

“Oh dear! My heavens!” Mrs. Small said. “Why it’s huge!”

Mr. Small broke in eagerly, turning around to face Thomas. You’ve waited a long time,” he said. “Take a good look, son. There’s our new house!”

10 Thomas looked carefully out of his window. He opened the car door for a few seconds to see better, but found the moist air too warm and soft. The feel of it was not nice at all, and he quickly closed the door. He could see well enough out of the window, and what he saw made everything inside him grow quiet for the first time in weeks. It was more than he could have dreamed.

The house of Dies Drear loomed out of mist and murky sky, not only gray and formless, but huge and unnatural. It seemed to crouch on the side of a hill high above the highway. And it had a dark, isolated look about it that set it at odds with all that was living.

20 A chill passed over Thomas. He sighed with satisfaction. The house of Dies Drear was a haunted place, of that he was certain.

“Well,” Mr. Small said, “what do you think of it, Thomas?”

“It must be the biggest house anyone ever built,” Thomas said at last. “And to think—it’s our new house! Papa, let’s get closer, let’s go inside!”

Close Read

1. What clues in the text could help you determine the location of the Small family’s new house?

2. What images in lines 16–19 help you to visualize the Small’s new house?

3. Pay attention to Thomas’s thoughts and speech in lines 11–24. How does he feel about the setting? Support your answer.

4. Review your answers to the preceding two questions. How would you describe the mood of the scene when Thomas first sees the house?
before reading

the drummer boy of shiloh
short story by ray bradbury

Does every contribution count?

**Key Idea** When there are 12 people on the team, and you’re not even a starter, you might think that staying for extra practice doesn’t matter. But one good assist can make the difference between victory and defeat. In sports, as in many areas of life, every contribution counts.

You are about to read a short story in which a young drummer boy learns that even he can make a difference.

**Chart It** Think of a situation in which one person’s contribution affects the outcome. What would happen if that person didn’t do his or her part? Create a cause-and-effect chain like the one shown.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cause</th>
<th>Effect/Cause</th>
<th>Effect</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alicia forgets to practice her solo for the concert.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

R3.3 Compare and contrast motivations and reactions of literary characters from different historical eras confronting similar situations or conflicts.

R3.4 Analyze the relevance of setting (e.g., place, time, customs) to the mood, tone, and meaning of the text.

Also included in this lesson: R1.1 (p. 325)
**LITERARY ANALYSIS: SETTING**

The setting of a story is the time and place in which events occur. Setting is particularly important in historical fiction, which features real places and events from the past and might also include characters based on real people. To give readers a sense of the past, writers of historical fiction

- refer to historically significant events
- recreate details and customs that help readers see, hear, and smell what life was like at a different time

As you read, notice the details Bradbury uses to capture a Civil War encampment the night before a battle. Consider which of these details may have been customs of that time or place.

**READING SKILL: INFER CHARACTER’S MOTIVATIONS**

In this story, a drummer boy’s chance conversation with his general profoundly affects the boy. To understand the impact of this conversation, keep track of what the boy feels and his motivations, or the reasons for his feelings and actions. Sometimes the narrator will tell you these motivations outright. More often, you will need to make inferences, or logical guesses based on story information and your own knowledge and experience. As you read, use a chart to keep track of these inferences.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Details from the Story</th>
<th>What I Know from Experience</th>
<th>Inference</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

**Review:** Monitor

**VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT**

These words help Ray Bradbury convey what it was like to fight in the Civil War. To see how many you know, match each numbered word or phrase with the word closest in meaning.

**WORD LIST**

- askew
- legitimately
- muted
- resolute
- solemn
- strew

1. muffled 3. to one side 5. determined
2. serious 4. lawfully 6. scatter

**An Idea Man**

Fans often ask Ray Bradbury, “Where do you get your ideas?” Bradbury says that he often wakes up with a great idea and immediately turns it into a story. He has written nearly 600 short stories—showing his fans that he’s not short on ideas.

**More than a Science-Fiction Writer**

Because much of his work explores the effect of scientific development on human lives, Ray Bradbury is often called a science-fiction writer; however, he doesn’t accept this label, and he actually avoids some of the most common technological conveniences. For example, Bradbury does not drive a car or own a computer. In addition to science fiction, he’s written plays, mysteries, fantasies, realistic stories and novels, and various types of nonfiction—much of it on an old-fashioned typewriter.

**Background**

A “Deeply Felt” Story  One morning over 40 years ago, Bradbury read in the paper about an actor whose great-grandfather was known as the drummer boy of Shiloh. Struck by the phrase, Bradbury rushed to his typewriter and wrote the first draft of this story in one day. Later, he researched the Civil War and revised the story to make it historically accurate. He says it’s one of the most “deeply felt” stories he’s ever written. The Battle of Shiloh, upon which this story is based, took place in April, 1862, in southwestern Tennessee. This major battle was the bloodiest yet seen in the U.S.
Text not available.
Please refer to the text in the textbook.
ANALYZE VISUALS
Based on this image, what can you conclude about what life was like in a Civil War army camp?

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Please refer to the text in the textbook.
Text not available.

Please refer to the text in the textbook.
Text not available.

Please refer to the text in the textbook.
Text not available.

Please refer to the text in the textbook.
Comprehension

1. **Recall**  At the beginning of the story, what does Joby guess that the men were whispering about?

2. **Clarify**  What causes the General to stop and talk with Joby?

3. **Clarify**  According to the General, why was he telling Joby his thoughts about the war?

Literary Analysis

4. **Infer Character’s Motivations**  Review the chart in which you noted inferences about Joby’s feelings and motivations. Share your inferences about Joby’s feelings and the reasons for them both before and after the General talks with him. How does the General affect Joby?

5. **Examine Setting**  In a chart, jot down descriptive details of the story’s setting. Then decide which details reveal customs of the story’s time and place.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Descriptive Details</th>
<th>Customs of Time and Place?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>blossoms falling</td>
<td></td>
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</table>

6. **Recognize Relevance of Setting to Meaning**  One of the questions Bradbury explores in this story is “What makes a person brave?” How does the setting Bradbury chose help him to explore this question? What answer does he find?

7. **Evaluate Historical Fiction**  The information about the Civil War that is found in the story can also be found in numerous works of nonfiction. Tell whether you think Bradbury’s use of historical fiction is an effective way to learn about the kinds of people who fought in the Civil War. Support your opinion.

Extension and Challenge

8. **Big Question Activity**  There was no clear winner in the Battle of Shiloh, and nearly 24,000 lives were lost. Given this outcome, do you think the General still would have told Joby that his contribution mattered? Discuss your answer in a small group.

9. **SOCIAL STUDIES CONNECTION**  Conduct some research about Johnny Clem, a real drummer boy at the Battle of Shiloh, or about another hero or battle of the American Civil War. Share your findings with your classmates.

**Research Links**  For more about Johnny Clem, visit the Research Center at ClassZone.com.
Vocabulary in Context

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

1. (a) legally, (b) legitimately, (c) lawfully, (d) illegally
2. (a) askew, (b) tidy, (c) crooked, (d) awry
3. (a) softened, (b) muted, (c) harsh, (d) indistinct
4. (a) scatter, (b) arrange, (c) jumble, (d) strew
5. (a) bright, (b) heavy, (c) solemn, (d) glum
6. (a) paralyzed, (b) strong, (c) persistent, (d) resolute

VOCABULARY IN WRITING
If you were the drummer boy, how would you describe the soldiers’ camp? Write a one-paragraph journal entry using two or more vocabulary words. Here is a sample beginning.

EXAMPLE SENTENCE
The General is solemn yet kind.

VOCABULARY STRATEGY: IDIOMS
An idiom is an expression in which the meaning of the entire phrase is different from the meaning of the individual words in it. For example, in the story, the General says that the marching soldiers would “lag by the wayside” if Joby beat his drum too slowly. The General meant that the soldiers would fall behind. Today we use the phrase “fall by the wayside” to mean the same thing. You won’t be familiar with every idiom you encounter. Sometimes analyzing the literal meaning of an idiom will help you infer its figurative meaning. When that doesn’t work, use context clues. Also, idioms appear in some dictionaries.

PRACTICE First analyze each idiom for its literal and figurative meaning. If necessary, use context clues to determine what each idiom means.

1. My old computer finally bit the dust; it had been working poorly for weeks.
2. Amanda wanted to continue arguing with her sister, but she decided to leave well enough alone.
3. I’ve always been a good dancer, so learning the routine was a piece of cake.
4. After signing up for four after-school activities, Max realized that he had bitten off more than he could chew.
5. I’m bringing my umbrella, because it’s raining cats and dogs out there.
6. Maria let the cat out of the bag and told Lamar about the surprise party.
Civil War Journal

What’s the Connection?

Historical fiction such as “The Drummer Boy of Shiloh” can give you an idea about what it was like during the Civil War, but reading about the time period from someone who was actually there can be even more revealing. Louisa May Alcott, who wrote the famous novel Little Women, kept a journal during the war years.

Skill Focus: Read a Primary Source

One of the best ways to learn about past events is through primary sources, materials that were written or made by people who took part in the events. Journals, photographs, and even personal letters are all examples of primary sources. When you study them, you get direct knowledge, rather than someone else’s interpretation, of people, places, and events.

When gathering information from a primary source, it’s important to consider what the source is and how its form might limit or affect what it conveys. For example, a business letter is not likely to contain colorful details or gossip. You should also think about other factors that would have shaped the source’s contents, such as when and where it was created, for whom, and the creator’s position in society.

As you read Alcott’s journal entries, keep these considerations in mind. Also note what her journal entries tell you about life during the Civil War. Completing a chart such as the one started here can help.

| What is the form and purpose of this text? | The text is a journal. It was most likely written to reflect on experiences. |
| Who was its author? What do you know about her? | Louisa May Alcott; she was the author of Little Women and other novels. |
| When and where was it written? | |
| What do you already know about life at that time and place? | |
| Who was its intended audience? | |
| What does this document reveal about life at the time it was written? | |
1861

April.—War declared with the South, and our Concord company went to Washington. A busy time getting them ready, and a sad day seeing them off; for in a little town like this we all seem like one family in times like these. At the station the scene was very dramatic, as the brave boys went away perhaps never to come back again.

I’ve often longed to see a war, and now I have my wish. I long to be a man; but as I can’t fight, I will content myself with working for those who can. . . .

1862

September, October.—War news bad. Anxious faces, beating hearts, and busy minds.

I like the stir in the air, and long for battle like a warhorse when he smells powder. The blood of the Mays is up!

November.—Thirty years old. Decided to go to Washington as a nurse if I could find a place. Help needed, and I love nursing, and must let out my pent-up energy in some new way. Winter is always a hard and a dull time, and if I am away there is one less to feed and warm and worry over.
I want new experiences, and am sure to get ’em if I go. So I’ve sent in my name, and bide my time writing tales, to leave all snug behind me, and mending up my old clothes,—for nurses don’t need nice things, thank Heaven!

December.—On the 11th I received a note from Miss H[annah] M. Stevenson telling me to start for Georgetown next day to fill a place in the Union Hotel Hospital. Mrs. Ropes of Boston was matron, and Miss Kendall of Plymouth was a nurse there, and though a hard place, help was needed. I was ready, and when my commander said “March!” I marched. Packed my trunk, and reported in B[oston] that same evening.

We had all been full of courage till the last moment came; then we all broke down. I realized that I had taken my life in my hand, and might never see them all again. I said, “Shall I stay, Mother?” as I hugged her close. “No, go! and the Lord be with you!” answered the Spartan woman; and till I turned the corner she bravely smiled and waved her wet handkerchief on the doorstep. Shall I ever see that dear old face again?

So I set forth in the December twilight, with May and Julian Hawthorne as escort, feeling as if I was the son of the house going to war.

Friday, the 12th, was a very memorable day, spent in running all over Boston to get my pass, etc., calling for parcels, getting a tooth filled, and buying a veil,—my only purchase. A. C. gave me some old clothes, the dear Sewalls money for myself and boys, lots of love and help; and at 5 P.M., saying “good-by” to a group of tearful faces at the station, I started on my long journey, full of hope and sorrow, courage and plans.

VIEW A PRIMARY SOURCE
What do you learn about Civil War hospitals from this photograph?

READ A PRIMARY SOURCE
Reread lines 33–38. How does Alcott spend her last day in Boston? What do her activities suggest about her needs and values?
A most interesting journey into a new world full of stirring sights and sounds, new adventures, and an evergrowing sense of the great task I had undertaken.

I said my prayers as I went rushing through the country white with tents, all alive with patriotism, and already red with blood.

A solemn time, but I'm glad to live in it; and am sure it will do me good whether I come out alive or dead.

All went well, and I got to Georgetown one evening very tired. Was kindly welcomed, slept in my narrow bed with two other roommates, and on the morrow began my new life by seeing a poor man die at dawn, and sitting all day between a boy with pneumonia and a man shot through the lungs. A strange day, but I did my best; and when I put my little black shawl round the boy while he sat up panting for breath, he smiled and said, “You are real motherly, ma’am.” I felt as if I was getting on. The man only lay and stared with his big black eyes, and made me very nervous. But all were well behaved; and I sat looking at the twenty strong faces as they looked back at me,—hoping that I looked “motherly” to them; for my thirty years made me feel old, and the suffering round me made me long to comfort every one.

1863

Winter.—I never began the year in a stranger place than this; five hundred miles from home, alone among strangers, doing painful duties all day long, & leading a life of constant excitement in this grashouse surrounded by 3 or 4 hundred men in all stages of suffering, disease & death. Though often home sick, heart sick & worn out, I like it—find real pleasure in comforting tending & cheering these poor souls who seem to love me, to feel my sympathy though unspoken, & acknowledge my hearty good will in spite of the ignorance, awkwardness, & bashfulness which I cannot help showing in so new & trying a situation. The men are docile, respectful, & affectionate, with but few exceptions; truly lovable & manly many of them. John Suhre a Virginia blacksmith is the prince of patients, & though what we call a common man, in education & condition, to me is all that I could expect or ask from the first gentleman in the land. Under his plain speech & unpolished manner I seem to see a noble character, a heart as warm & tender as a woman’s, a nature fresh & frank as any child’s. He is about thirty, I think, tall & handsome, mortally wounded & dying royally, without reproach, repining, or remorse. Mrs. Ropes & myself love him & feel indignant that such a man should be so early lost, for though he might never distinguish himself before the world, his influence & example cannot be without effect, for real goodness is never wasted.

Mon 4th—I shall record the events of a day as a sample of the days I spend—

Up at six, dress by gas light, run through my ward & fling up the windows though the men grumble & shiver; but the air is bad enough to breed a pestilence & as no notice is taken of our frequent appeals for better ventilation I must do what I can. Poke up the fire, add blankets, joke, coax, & command; but continue to open doors & windows as if life depended on it; mine does, & doubtless many
another, for a more perfect pestilence-box than this house I never saw—cold, damp, dirty, full of vile odors from wounds, kitchens, wash rooms, & stables. No competent head, male or female, to right matters, & a jumble of good, bad, & indifferent nurses, surgeons & attendants to complicate the Chaos still more.

After this unwelcome progress through my stifling ward I go to breakfast with what appetite I may; find the inevitable fried beef, salt butter, husky bread & washy coffee; listen to the clack of eight women & a dozen men; the first silly, stupid or possessed of but one idea, the last absorbed in their breakfast & themselves to a degree that is both ludicrous and provoking, for all the dishes are ordered down the table full & returned empty; the conversation is entirely among themselves & each announces his opinion with an air of importance that frequently causes me to choke in my cup or bolt my meals with undignified speed lest a laugh betray to these pompous beings that a “child’s among them takin notes.” Till noon I trot, trot, giving out rations, cutting up food for helpless “boys,” washing faces, teaching my attendants how beds are made or floors swept, dressing wounds, taking Dr. Fitz Patrick’s orders, (privately wishing all the time that he would be more gentle with my big babies,) dusting tables, sewing bandages, keeping my tray tidy, rushing up & down after pillows, bed linen, sponges, books & directions, till it seems as if I would joyfully pay down all I possess for fifteen minutes rest.

At twelve the big bell rings & up comes dinner for the boys who are always ready for it & never entirely satisfied. Soup, meat, potatoes & bread is the bill of fare. Charley Thayer the attendant travels up & down the room serving out the rations, saving little for himself yet always thoughtful of his mates & patient as a woman with their helplessness. When dinner is over some sleep, many read, & others want letters written. This I like to do for they put in such odd things & express their ideas so comically I have great fun interiorly while as grave as possible exteriorly. A few of the men word their paragraphs well & make excellent letters. John’s was the best of all I wrote. The answering of letters from friends after some one has died is the saddest & hardest duty a nurse has to do.

Supper at five sets every one to running that can run & when that flurry is over all settle down for the evening amusements which consist of newspapers, gossip, Drs last round, & for such as need them the final doses for the night. At nine the bell rings, gas is turned down & day nurses go to bed.

Night nurses go on duty, & sleep & death have the house to themselves.

My work is changed to night watching or half night & half day, from twelve to twelve. I like it as it leaves me time for a morning run which is what I need to keep well, for bad air, food, water, work & watching are getting to be too much for me. I trot up & down the streets in all directions, some times to the Heights, then half way to Washington, again to the hill over which the long trains of army wagons are constantly vanishing & ambulances appearing. That way the fighting lies, & I long to follow.
Comprehension

1. Recall  When war is declared, how do the people of Concord respond?

2. Summarize  Review Alcott’s 1861 and 1862 journal entries. Then, in a few sentences, summarize why Alcott wants to serve as a nurse.

Critical Analysis

3. Gather Information from a Primary Source  Reread lines 64–73. Which of John Suhre’s qualities does Alcott find most notable? Tell what you learn about her values from her opinions about this soldier.

4. Identify Characteristics of a Journal  If you had stumbled across the original, handwritten version of this journal in a drawer, what characteristics of it would help you identify it as a journal?

Read for Information: Draw a Conclusion

WRITING PROMPT
A conclusion is a judgment or belief about something. To reach a solid conclusion, you need to use sound reasoning, evidence, and experience. In a paragraph, state and support a conclusion you have reached about one of the following topics:
- Louisa May Alcott
- Civil War soldiers
- being a nurse in a military hospital
- Civil War military hospitals

To answer this prompt, first identify the topic you would like to focus on. Then follow these steps:

1. Jot down ideas and information about it.
2. Based on this information, reach a conclusion about the topic.
3. Pick out strong support for your conclusion from Alcott’s journal, Bradbury’s historical fiction, and/or the lesson text.
4. State your conclusion in a topic sentence. Then present your reasons and evidence for arriving at that conclusion.
Hallucination
Short Story by Isaac Asimov

How do you find your purpose?

KEY IDEA Maybe you’ve heard about a pop star who began performing onstage at the age of three, or about a writer who published her first poem in grade school. Maybe you, too, have always known what your purpose is. But most of us have to search, question, and take a few wrong turns before we find out how to put our talents to their best use. In the story you are about to read, a 15-year-old boy discovers his purpose by traveling to a rather unusual place.

QUICKWRITE What might your purpose be? Explore the question by listing the five things you most enjoy doing. Make a separate list of personal qualities that you are proud of, such as kindness, sensitivity, or intelligence. Reflect upon how you can combine these interests and qualities to make a contribution of some sort. Record your reflections in your journal.
**LITERARY ANALYSIS: SETTING AND PLOT**

As you probably recall, the time and place in which a story occurs is called the **setting**. When and where a story happens can create a conflict or influence a character’s decisions. Therefore, setting can play an important role in a story’s **plot**, or sequence of related events. For example, in “The Drummer Boy of Shiloh,” a story set on the eve of a Civil War battle, the main character must gather his courage for the next day’s fight. As you read “Hallucination,” look for ways the story’s setting affects its plot.

**READING STRATEGY: VISUALIZE**

You’re about to read a story that’s set on an imaginary planet. How will you be able to understand what the environment is like? One way is to visualize as you read. When you visualize, you form mental pictures using details from the story plus your own knowledge and imagination. **Sensory details**—words telling how things look, sound, smell, taste, and feel—can help.

As you read, take note of details that help you form mental pictures. Use a chart like the one shown to sketch your visualizations.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Details</th>
<th>Visualization</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>transparent dome 1,000 meters high stretched farther than he could see</td>
<td>![Visualization of a dome]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Review: Infer Characters’ Motivations**

**VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT**

The boldfaced words help Isaac Asimov tell the story of a boy who discovers his purpose despite opposition. Use context clues to figure out what each word means, and then write a synonym or phrase that means the same.

1. He held a strong **conviction** that something wasn’t right.
2. The boy wasn’t **insolent**; he tried hard to be respectful.
3. It’s difficult to **refrain** from doing something that you enjoy.
4. Losing this game could **diminish** our chances for the finals.
5. Those in **opposition** to the plan were told to keep quiet.
6. She overcame her **inertia** and began seeking a cure.

**Candy as Inspiration**

A candy store had an unlikely influence on Isaac Asimov’s life and work. The store was a family operation owned by Asimov’s father. The new science fiction magazines sold in the store sparked young Asimov’s interest in science fiction.

**Science Fact and Science Fiction**

Asimov grew up to combine his interests in both science and science fiction. He earned a PhD in biochemistry and was a well-respected contributor to the field of robotics, the study of robot technology. He was also famous for his dedication to his writing. He often spent 12-hour days in front of his typewriter, and he was able to type more than 90 words per minute. In addition to fiction, Asimov wrote books on a wide variety of topics, including science, math, history, and poetry. In all, Asimov wrote over 450 books, totaling over seven million words.

**Background**

**Science Fiction** In science fiction, writers often explore what life might be like in the future. They do so by blending scientific facts and theories and familiar elements of real life with their own ideas to create imaginary worlds and unique situations. Writers of science fiction, including Isaac Asimov, also often use their stories to comment on current political and social conditions.
Sam Chase arrived on Energy Planet on his fifteenth birthday.

It was a great achievement, he had been told, to have been assigned there, but he wasn’t at all sure he felt that at the moment.

It meant a three-year separation from Earth and from his family, while he continued a specialized education in the field, and that was a sobering thought. It was not the field of education in which he was interested, and he could not understand why Central Computer had assigned him to this project, and that was downright depressing.

He looked at the transparent dome overhead. It was quite high, perhaps a thousand meters high, and it stretched in all directions farther than he could clearly see. He asked, “Is it true that this is the only Dome on the planet, sir?”

The information-films he had studied on the spaceship that had carried him here had described only one Dome, but they might have been out-of-date.

Donald Gentry, to whom the question had been addressed, smiled. He was a large man, a little chubby, with dark brown, good-natured eyes, not much hair, and a short, graying beard.

He said, “The only one, Sam. It’s quite large, though, and most of the housing facilities are underground, where you’ll find no lack of space. Besides, once your basic training is done, you’ll be spending most of your time in space. This is just our planetary base.”

**ANALYZE VISUALS**
What can you infer from this photograph about where the story will take place?

**INFERR MOTIVES**
Why might the Central Computer’s assignment have depressed Sam?

**SETTING AND PLOT**
What have you learned so far about where and when the story takes place?
“I see, sir,” said Sam, a little troubled.

Gentry said, “I am in charge of our basic trainees so I have to study their records carefully. It seems clear to me that this assignment was not your first choice. Am I right?”

Sam hesitated, and then decided he didn’t have much choice but to be honest about it. He said, “I’m not sure that I’ll do as well as I would like to in gravitational engineering.”

“Why not? Surely the Central Computer, which evaluated your scholastic record and your social and personal background can be trusted in its judgments. And if you do well, it will be a great achievement for you, for right here we are on the cutting edge of a new technology.”

“I know that, sir,” said Sam. “Back on Earth, everyone is very excited about it. No one before has ever tried to get close to a neutron star and make use of its energy.”

“Yes?” said Gentry. “I haven’t been on Earth for two years. What else do they say about it? I understand there’s considerable opposition?”

His eyes probed the boy.

Sam shifted uneasily, aware he was being tested. He said, “There are people on Earth who say it’s all too dangerous and might be a waste of money.”

“Do you believe that?”

“It might be so, but most new technologies have their dangers and many are worth doing despite that. This one is, I think.”

“Very good. What else do they say on Earth?”

Sam said, “They say the Commander isn’t well and that the project might fail without him.” When Gentry didn’t respond, Sam said, hastily, “That’s what they say.”

Gentry acted as though he did not hear. He put his hand on Sam’s shoulder and said, “Come, I’ve got to show you to your Corridor, introduce you to your roommate, and explain what your initial duties will be.” As they walked toward the elevator that would take them downward, he said, “What was your first choice in assignment, Chase?”

“Neurophysiology, sir.”

“Not a bad choice. Even today, the human brain continues to be a mystery. We know more about neutron stars than we do about the brain, as we found out when this project first began.”

“Oh?”

“Indeed! At the start, various people at the base—it was much smaller and more primitive then—reported having experienced hallucinations. They never caused any bad effects, and after a while, there were no further reports. We never found out the cause.”

Sam stopped, and looked up and about again, “Was that why the Dome was built, Dr. Gentry?”

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1. **neurophysiology** (nööf′ə-fiz′ə-öl′ə-jē): the study of the functions of the nervous system.
2. **hallucination** (hā-lōk′ə-nə-lə-shən): a perception of objects that don’t really exist.
“No, not at all. We needed a place with a completely Earth-like environment, for various reasons, but we haven’t isolated ourselves. People can go outside freely. There are no hallucinations being reported now.”

Sam said, “The information I was given about Energy Planet is that there is no life on it except for plants and insects, and that they’re harmless.”

“That’s right, but they’re also inedible, so we grow our own vegetables, and keep some small animals, right here under the Dome. Still, we’ve found nothing hallucinogenic about the planetary life.”

“Anything unusual about the atmosphere, sir?”

Gentry looked down from his only slightly greater height and said, “Not at all. People have camped in the open overnight on occasion and nothing has happened. It is a pleasant world. There are streams but no fish, just algae and water-insects. There is nothing to sting you or poison you. There are yellow berries that look delicious and taste terrible but do no other harm. The weather’s pretty nearly always good. There are frequent light rains and it is sometimes windy, but there are no extremes of heat and cold.”

“And no hallucinations anymore, Dr. Gentry?”

“You sound disappointed,” said Gentry, smiling.

Sam took a chance. “Does the Commander’s trouble have anything to do with the hallucinations, sir?”

The good nature vanished from Gentry’s eyes for a moment, and he frowned. He said, “What trouble do you refer to?”

Sam flushed and they proceeded in silence.

Sam found few others in the Corridor he had been assigned to, but Gentry explained it was a busy time at the forward station, where the power system was being built in a ring around the neutron star—the tiny object less than ten miles across that had all the mass of a normal star, and a magnetic field of incredible power.

It was the magnetic field that would be tapped. Energy would be led away in enormous amounts and yet it would all be a pinprick, less than a pinprick, to the star’s rotational energy, which was the ultimate source. It would take billions of years to bleed off all that energy, and in that time, dozens of populated planets, fed the energy through hyperspace, would have all they needed for an indefinite time.

Sharing his room was Robert Gillette, a dark-haired, unhappy-looking young man. After cautious greetings had been exchanged, Robert revealed the fact that he was sixteen and had been “grounded” with a broken arm, though the fact didn’t show since it had been pinned internally.

Robert said, ruefully, “It takes a while before you learn to handle things in space. They may not have weight, but they have inertia and you have to allow for that.”
Sam said, “They always teach you that in—” He was going to say that it was taught in fourth-grade science, but realized that would be insulting, and stopped himself.

Robert caught the implication, however, and flushed. He said, “It’s easy to know it in your head. It doesn’t mean you get the proper reflexes, till you’ve practiced quite a bit. You’ll find out.”

Sam said, “Is it very complicated to get to go outside?”
“No, but why do you want to go? There’s nothing there.”
“Have you ever been outside?”
“Sure,” but he shrugged, and volunteered nothing else.
Sam took a chance. He said, very casually, “Did you ever see one of these hallucinations they talk about?”
Robert said, “Who talks about?”
Sam didn’t answer directly. He said, “A lot of people used to see them, but they don’t anymore. Or so they say.”
“So who say?”

Sam took another chance. “Or if they see them, they keep quiet about them.”
Robert said gruffly, “Listen, let me give you some advice. Don’t get interested in these—whatever they are. If you start telling yourself you see—uh—something, you might be sent back. You’ll lose your chance at a good education and an important career.”

Robert’s eyes shifted to a direct stare as he said that.
Sam shrugged and sat down on the unused bunk. “All right for this to be
my bed?”

“It’s the only other bed here,” said Robert, still staring. “The bathroom’s to
your right. There’s your closet, your bureau. You get half the room. There’s
a gym here, a library, a dining area.” He paused and then, as though to let
bygones be bygones,3 said, “I’ll show you around later.”

“Thanks,” said Sam. “What kind of a guy is the Commander?”

“He’s aces. We wouldn’t be here without him. He knows more about
hyperspatial technology than anyone, and he’s got pull with the Space Agency,
so we get the money and equipment we need.”

Sam opened his trunk and, with his back to Robert, said casually, “I
understand he’s not well.”

“Things get him down. We’re behind schedule, there are cost overruns, and
things like that. Enough to get anyone down.”

“Depression, huh? Any connection, you suppose, with—”

Robert stirred impatiently in his seat, “Say, why are you so interested in
all this?”

“Energy physics isn’t really my deal. Coming here—”

“Well, here’s where you are, mister, and you better make up your mind to
it, or you’ll get sent home, and then you won’t be anywhere. I’m going to the
library.”

Sam remained in the room alone, with his thoughts.

It was not at all difficult for Sam to get permission to leave the Dome. The
Corridor-Master didn’t even ask the reason until after he had checked him off.

“I want to get a feel for the planet, sir.”

The Corridor-Master nodded. “Fair enough, but you only get three hours,
you know. And don’t wander out of sight of the Dome. If we have to look
for you, we’ll find you, because you’ll be wearing this,” and he held out a
transmitter which Sam knew had been tuned to his own personal wavelength,
one which had been assigned him at birth. “But if we have to go to that
trouble, you won’t be allowed out again for a pretty long time. And it won’t
look good on your record, either. You understand?”

It won’t look good on your record. Any reasonable career these days had to
include experience and education in space, so it was an effective warning. No
wonder people might have stopped reporting hallucinations, even if they saw
them.

Even so, Sam was going to have to take his chances. After all, the Central
Computer couldn’t have sent him here just to do energy physics. There was
nothing in his record that made sense out of that.

As far as looks were concerned, the planet might have been Earth, some part
of Earth anyway, some place where there were a few trees and low bushes and
lots of tall grass.

3. let bygones be bygones: decide to forget past disagreements.
There were no paths and with every cautious step, the grass swayed, and tiny flying creatures whirred upward with a soft, hissing noise of wings.

One of them landed on his finger and Sam looked at it curiously. It was very small and, therefore, hard to see in detail, but it seemed hexagonal, bulging above and concave below. There were many short, small legs so that when it moved it almost seemed to do so on tiny wheels. There were no signs of wings till it suddenly took off, and then four tiny, feathery objects unfurled.

What made the planet different from Earth, though, was the smell. It wasn’t unpleasant, it was just different. The plants must have had an entirely different chemistry from those on Earth; that’s why they tasted bad and were inedible. It was just luck they weren’t poisonous.

The smell diminished with time, however, as it saturated Sam’s nostrils. He found an exposed bit of rocky ledge he could sit on and considered the prospect. The sky was filled with lines of clouds, and the Sun was periodically obscured, but the temperature was pleasant and there was only a light wind. The air felt a bit damp, as though it might rain in a few hours.

Sam had brought a small hamper with him and he placed it in his lap and opened it. He had brought along two sandwiches and a canned drink so that he could make rather a picnic of it.

He chewed away and thought: Why should there be hallucinations? Surely those accepted for a job as important as that of taming a neutron star would have been selected for mental stability. It would be surprising to have even one person hallucinating, let alone a number of them. Was it a matter of chemical influences on the brain?

They would surely have checked that out.

Sam plucked a leaf, tore it in two and squeezed. He then put the torn edge to his nose cautiously, and took it away again. A very acrid, unpleasant smell. He tried a blade of grass. Much the same.

Was the smell enough? It hadn’t made him feel dizzy or in any way peculiar.

He used a bit of his water to rinse off the fingers that had held the plants and then rubbed them on his trouser leg. He finished his sandwiches slowly, and tried to see if anything else might be considered unnatural about the planet.

All that greenery. There ought to be animals eating it, rabbits, cows, whatever. Not just insects, innumerable insects, or whatever those little things might be, with the gentle sighing of their tiny feathery wings and the very soft crackle of their munch, munch, munchings of leaves and stalks.

What if there were a cow—a big, fat cow—doing the munching? And with the last mouthful of his second sandwich between his teeth, his own munching stopped.

There was a kind of smoke in the air between himself and a line of hedges. It waved, billowed, and altered: a very thin smoke. He blinked his eyes, then shook his head, but it was still there.
He swallowed hastily, closed his lunch box, and slung it over his shoulder by its strap. He stood up.

He felt no fear. He was only excited—and curious.

The smoke was growing thicker, and taking on a shape. Vaguely, it looked like a cow, a smoky, insubstantial shape that he could see through. Was it a hallucination? A creation of his mind? He had just been thinking of a cow.

Hallucination or not, he was going to investigate.

With determination, he stepped toward the shape.

**PART TWO**

Sam Chase stepped toward the cow outlined in smoke on the strange, far planet on which his education and career were to be advanced.

He was convinced there was nothing wrong with his mind. It was the “hallucination” that Dr. Gentry had mentioned, but it was no hallucination. Even as he pushed his way through the tall rank\(^4\) grasslike greenery, he noted the silence, and knew not only that it was no hallucination, but what it really was.

The smoke seemed to condense and grow darker, outlining the cow more sharply. It was as though the cow were being painted in the air.

Sam laughed, and shouted, “Stop! Stop! Don’t use me. I don’t know a cow well enough. I’ve only seen pictures. You’re getting it all wrong.”

It looked more like a caricature\(^5\) than a real animal and, as he cried out, the outline wavered and thinned. The smoke remained but it was as though an unseen hand had passed across the air to erase what had been written.

Then a new shape began to take form. At first, Sam couldn’t quite make out what it was intended to represent, but it changed and sharpened quickly. He stared in surprise, his mouth hanging open and his hamper bumping emptily against his shoulder blade.

The smoke was forming a human being. There was no mistake about it. It was forming accurately, as though it had a model it could imitate, and of course it did have one, for Sam was standing there.

It was becoming Sam, clothes and all, even the outline of the hamper and the strap over his shoulder. It was another Sam Chase.

It was still a little vague, wavering a bit, insubstantial, but it firmed as though it were correcting itself, and then, finally, it was steady.

It never became entirely solid. Sam could see the vegetation dimly through it, and when a gust of wind caught it, it moved a bit as if it were a tethered balloon.

But it was real. It was no creation of his mind. Sam was sure of that. But he couldn’t just stand there, simply facing it. Diffidently, he said, “Hello, there.”

---

4. **rank**: yielding an excessive crop.

5. **caricature** (kər′tə-chər′): a comic or exaggerated picture.
 Somehow, he expected the Other Sam to speak, too, and, indeed, its mouth opened and closed, but no sound came out. It might just have been imitating the motion of Sam's mouth.

 Sam said, again, “Hello, can you speak?”

 There was no sound but his own voice, and yet there was a tickling in his mind, a conviction that they could communicate.

 Sam frowned. What made him so sure of that? The thought seemed to pop into his mind.

 He said, “Is this what has appeared to other people, human people—my kind—on this world?”

 No answering sound, but he was quite sure what the answer to his question was. This had appeared to other people, not necessarily in their own shape, but something. And it hadn’t worked.

 What made him so sure of that? Where did these convictions come from in answer to his questions?

 Yes, of course, they were the answers to his questions. The Other Sam was putting thoughts into his mind. It was adjusting the tiny electric currents in his brain cells so that the proper thoughts would arise.

 He nodded thoughtfully at that thought, and the Other Sam must have caught the significance of the gesture, for it nodded, too.

 It had to be so. First a cow had formed, when Sam had thought of a cow, and then it had shifted when Sam had said the cow was imperfect. The Other Sam could grasp his thoughts somehow, and if it could grasp them, then it could modify them, too, perhaps.

 Was this what telepathy6 was like, then? It was not like talking. It was having thoughts, except that the thoughts originated elsewhere and were not created entirely of one's own mental operations. But how could you tell your own thoughts from thoughts imposed from outside?

 Sam knew the answer to that at once. Right now, he was unused to the process. He had never had practice. With time, as he grew more skilled at it, he would be able to tell one kind of thought from another without trouble.

 In fact, he could do it now, if he thought about it. Wasn't he carrying on a conversation in a way? He was wondering, and then knowing. The wondering was his own question, the knowing was the Other Sam's answer. Of course it was.

 There! The “of course it was,” just now, was an answer.

 “Not so fast, Other Sam,” said Sam, aloud. “Don’t go too quickly. Give me a chance to sort things out, or I’ll just get confused.”

 He sat down suddenly on the grass, which bent away from him in all directions.

 The Other Sam slowly tried to sit down as well.

---

6. telepathy (tə-lē’pə-thē): communication directly from one person’s mind to another.
Sam laughed. “Your legs are bending in the wrong place.”

That was corrected at once. The Other Sam sat down, but remained very stiff from the waist up.

“Relax,” said Sam.

Slowly, the Other Sam slumped, flopping a bit to one side, then correcting that.

Sam was relieved. With the Other Sam so willing to follow his lead, he was sure good will was involved. It was! Exactly!

“No,” said Sam. “I said, not so fast. Don’t go by my thoughts. Let me speak out loud, even if you can’t hear me. Then adjust my thoughts, so I’ll know it’s an adjustment. Do you understand?”

He waited a moment and was then sure the Other Sam understood.

Ah, the answer had come, but not right away. Good!

“Why do you appear to people?” asked Sam.

He stared earnestly at the Other Sam, and knew that the Other Sam wanted to communicate with people, but had failed.

No answer to that question had really been required. The answer was obvious. But then, why had they failed?

He put it in words. “Why did you fail? You are successfully communicating with me.”
Sam was beginning to learn how to understand the alien manifestation. It was as if his mind were adapting itself to a new technique of communication, just as it would adapt itself to a new language. Or was Other Sam influencing Sam’s mind and teaching him the method without Sam even knowing it was being done?

Sam found himself emptying his mind of immediate thoughts. After he asked his question, he just let his eyes focus at nothing and his eyelids droop, as though he were about to drop off to sleep, and then he knew the answer. There was a little clicking, or something, in his mind, a signal that showed him something had been put in from outside.

He now knew, for instance, that the Other Sam’s previous attempts at communication had failed because the people to whom it had appeared had been frightened. They had doubted their own sanity. And because they feared, their minds . . . tightened. Their minds would not receive. The attempts at communication gradually diminished, though they had never entirely stopped.

“But you’re communicating with me,” said Sam.

Sam was different from all the rest. He had not been afraid.

“Couldn’t you have made them not afraid first? Then talked to them?”

It wouldn’t work. The fear-filled mind resisted all. An attempt to change might damage. It would be wrong to damage a thinking mind. There had been one such attempt, but it had not worked.

“What is it you are trying to communicate, Other Sam?”

A wish to be left alone. Despair!

Despair was more than a thought; it was an emotion; it was a frightening sensation. Sam felt despair wash over him intensely, heavily—and yet it was not part of himself. He felt despair on the surface of his mind, keenly, but underneath it, where his own mind was, he was free of it.

Sam said, wonderingly, “It seems to me as though you’re giving up. Why? We’re not interfering with you?”

Human beings had built the Dome, cleared a large area of all planetary life and substituted their own. And once the neutron star had its power station—once floods of energy moved outward through hyperspace to power-thirsty worlds—more power stations would be built and still more. Then what would happen to Home. (There must be a name for the planet that the Other Sam used but the only thought Sam found in his mind was Home and, underneath that, the thought: ours—ours—ours—)

This planet was the nearest convenient base to the neutron star. It would be flooded with more and more people, more and more Domes, and their Home would be destroyed.

“But you could change our minds if you had to, even if you damaged a few, couldn’t you?”

---

7. **manifestation** (män’ə-fā-stā’shən): an indication of the presence of something.
If they tried, people would find them dangerous. People would work out what was happening. Ships would approach, and from a distance, use weapons to destroy the life on Home, and then bring in People-life instead. This could be seen in the people’s minds. People had a violent history; they would stop at nothing.

“But what can I do?” said Sam. “I’m just an apprentice. I’ve just been here a few days. What can I do?”

Fear. Despair.

There were no thoughts that Sam could work out, just the numbing layer of fear and despair.

He felt moved. It was such a peaceful world. They threatened nobody. They didn’t even hurt minds when they could.

It wasn’t their fault they were conveniently near a neutron star. It wasn’t their fault they were in the way of expanding humanity.

He said, “Let me think.”

He thought, and there was the feeling of another mind watching.

Sometimes his thoughts skipped forward and he recognized a suggestion from outside.

There came the beginning of hope. Sam felt it, but wasn’t certain.

He said doubtfully, “I’ll try.”

He looked at the time-strip on his wrist and jumped a little. Far more time had passed than he had realized. His three hours were nearly up. “I must go back now,” he said.

He opened his lunch hamper and removed the small thermos of water, drank from it thirstily, and emptied it. He placed the empty thermos under one arm. He removed the wrappings of the sandwich and stuffed it in his pocket.

The Other Sam wavered and turned smoky. The smoke thinned, dispersed and was gone.

Sam closed the hamper, swung its strap over his shoulder again and turned toward the Dome.

His heart was hammering. Would he have the courage to go through with his plan? And if he did, would it work?

When Sam entered the Dome, the Corridor-Master was waiting for him and said, as he looked ostentatiously at his own time-strip, “You shaved it rather fine, didn’t you?”

Sam’s lips tightened and he tried not to sound insolent. “I had three hours, sir.”

“And you took two hours and fifty-eight minutes.”

“That’s less than three hours, sir.”

“Hmm.” The Corridor-Master was cold and unfriendly. “Dr. Gentry would like to see you.”

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**INFER MOTIVES**

What do you suppose Sam is feeling right now? Why?

**SETTING AND PLOT**

What have you learned about the beings who inhabit this planet?

---

*insolent* (în’sə-lənt) adj. insulting; arrogant

---

“Yes, sir. What for?”

“He didn’t tell me. But I don’t like you cutting it that fine your first time out, Chase. And I don’t like your attitude either, and I don’t like an officer of the Dome wanting to see you. I’m just going to tell you once, Chase—if you’re a troublemaker, I won’t want you in this Corridor. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir. But what trouble have I made?”

“We’ll find that out soon enough.”

Sam had not seen Donald Gentry since their one and only meeting the day the young apprentice had reached the Dome. Gentry still seemed good natured and kindly, and there was nothing in his voice to indicate anything else. He sat in a chair behind his desk, and Sam stood before it, his hamper still bumping his shoulder blade.

Gentry said, “How are you getting along, Sam? Having an interesting time?”

“Yes, sir,” said Sam.

“Still feeling you’d rather be doing something else, working somewhere else?”

Sam said, earnestly, “No, sir. This is a good place for me.”

“Because you’re interested in hallucinations?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You’ve been asking others about it, haven’t you?”

“It’s an interesting subject to me, sir.”

“Because you want to study the human brain?”

“Any brain, sir.”

“And you’ve been wandering about outside the Dome, haven’t you?”

“I was told it was permitted, sir.”

“It is. But few apprentices take advantage of that so soon. Did you see anything interesting?”

Sam hesitated, then said, “Yes, sir.”

“A hallucination?”

“No, sir.” He said it quite positively.

Gentry stared at him for a few moments, and there was a kind of speculative hardening of his eyes. “Would you care to tell me what you did see? Honestly.”

Sam hesitated again. Then he said, “I saw and spoke to an inhabitant of this planet, sir.”

“An intelligent inhabitant, young man?”

“Yes, sir.”

Gentry said, “Sam, we had reason to wonder about you when you came. The Central Computer’s report on you did not match our needs, though it was favorable in many ways, so I took the opportunity to study you that first day. We kept our collective eye on you, and when you left to wander about the planet on your own, we kept you under observation.”

“Sir,” said Sam, indignantly. “That violates my right of privacy.”
“Yes, it does, but this is a most vital project and we are sometimes driven to bend the rules a little. We saw you talking with considerable animation for a substantial period of time.”
“I just told you I was, sir.”
“Yes, but you were talking to nothing, to empty air. You were experiencing a hallucination, Sam!”

Sam Chase was speechless. A hallucination? It couldn’t be a hallucination. Less than half an hour ago, he had been speaking to the Other Sam, had been experiencing the thoughts of the Other Sam. He knew exactly what had happened then, and he was still the same Sam Chase he had been during that conversation and before. He put his elbow over his lunch hamper as though it were a connection with the sandwiches he had been eating when the Other Sam had appeared.

He said, with what was almost a stammer, “Sir—Dr. Gentry—it wasn’t a hallucination. It was real.”

**PART THREE**

Sam Chase was speechless. A hallucination? It couldn’t be a hallucination. Less than half an hour ago, he had been speaking to the Other Sam, had been experiencing the thoughts of the Other Sam. He knew exactly what had happened then, and he was still the same Sam Chase he had been during that conversation and before. He put his elbow over his lunch hamper as though it were a connection with the sandwiches he had been eating when the Other Sam had appeared.

He said, with what was almost a stammer, “Sir—Dr. Gentry—it wasn’t a hallucination. It was real.”
Gentry shook his head. “My boy, I saw you talking with animation to nothing at all. I didn’t hear what you said, but you were talking. Nothing else was there except plants. Nor was I the only one. There were two other witnesses, and we have it all on record.”

“On record?”

“On a television cassette. Why should we lie to you, young man? This has happened before. At the start it happened rather frequently. Now it happens only very rarely. For one thing, we tell the new apprentices of the hallucinations at the start, as I told you, and they generally avoid the planet until they are more acclimated, and then it doesn’t happen to them.”

“You mean you scare them,” blurted out Sam, “so that it’s not likely to happen. And they don’t tell you if it does happen. But I wasn’t scared.”

Gentry shook his head. “I’m sorry you weren’t, if that was what it would have taken you to keep from seeing things.”

“I wasn’t seeing things. At least, not things that weren’t there.”

“How do you intend to argue with a television cassette, which will show you staring at nothing?”

“Sir, what I saw was not opaque. It was smoky, actually; foggy, if you know what I mean.”

“Yes, I do. It looked as a hallucination might look, not as reality. But the television set would have seen even smoke.”

“Maybe not, sir. My mind must have been focused to see it more clearly. It was probably less clear to the camera than to me.”

“It focused your mind, did it?” Gentry stood up, and he sounded rather sad. “That’s an admission of hallucination. I’m really sorry, Sam, because you are clearly intelligent, and the Central Computer rated you highly, but we can’t use you.”

“Will you be sending me home, sir?”

“Yes, but why should that matter? You didn’t particularly want to come here.”

“I want to stay here now.”

“But I’m afraid you cannot.”

“You can’t just send me home. Don’t I get a hearing?”

“You certainly can, if you insist, but in that case, the proceedings will be official and will go on your record, so that you won’t get another apprenticeship anywhere. As it is, if you are sent back unofficially, as better suited to an apprenticeship in neurophysiology, you might get that, and be better off, actually, than you are now.”

“I don’t want that. I want a hearing—before the Commander.”

“Oh, no. Not the Commander. He can’t be bothered with that.”

“It must be the Commander,” said Sam, with desperate force, “or this Project will fail.”

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**INFER MOTIVES**

Why do you suppose Sam asks for a hearing?

**SETTING AND PLOT**

Why does Sam so badly want to stay on Energy Planet?
“Unless the Commander gives you a hearing? Why do you say that? Come, you are forcing me to think that you are unstable in ways other than those involved with hallucinations.”

“Sir.” The words were tumbling out of Sam’s mouth now. “The Commander is ill—they know that even on Earth—and if he gets too ill to work, this Project will fail. I did not see a hallucination and the proof is that I know why he is ill and how he can be cured.”

“You’re not helping yourself,” said Gentry.

“If you send me away, I tell you the Project will fail. Can it hurt to let me see the Commander? All I ask is five minutes.”

“Five minutes? What if he refuses?”

“Ask him, sir. Tell him that I say the same thing that caused his depression can remove it.”

“No, I don’t think I’ll tell him that. But I’ll ask him if he’ll see you.”

The Commander was a thin man, not very tall. His eyes were a deep blue and they looked tired.

His voice was very soft, a little low-pitched, definitely weary.

“You’re the one who saw the hallucination?”

“It was not a hallucination, Commander. It was real. So was the one you saw, Commander.” If that did not get him thrown out, Sam thought, he might have a chance. He felt his elbow tightening on his hamper again. He still had it with him.

The Commander seemed to wince. “The one I saw?”

“Yes, Commander. It said it had hurt one person. They had to try with you because you were the Commander, and they . . . did damage.”

The Commander ignored that and said, “Did you ever have any mental problems before you came here?”

“No, Commander. You can consult my Central Computer record.”

Sam thought: He must have had problems, but they let it go because he’s a genius and they had to have him.

Then he thought: Was that my own idea? Or had it been put there?

The Commander was speaking. Sam had almost missed it. He said, “What you saw can’t be real. There is no intelligent life-form on this planet.”

“Yes, sir. There is.”

“Oh? And no one ever discovered it till you came here, and in three days you did the job?” The Commander smiled very briefly. “I’m afraid I have no choice but to—”

“Wait, Commander,” said Sam, in a strangled voice. “We know about the intelligent life-form. It’s the insects, the little flying things.”

“You say the insects are intelligent?”

VISUALIZE

What does the Commander look like? Note the details that help you picture him, and then sketch him in your chart.
“Not an individual insect by itself, but they fit together when they want to, like little jigsaw pieces. They can do it in any way they want. And when they do, their nervous systems fit together, too, and build up. A lot of them together are intelligent.”

The Commander’s eyebrows lifted. “That’s an interesting idea, anyway. Almost crazy enough to be true. How did you come to that conclusion, young man?”

“By observation, sir. Everywhere I walked, I disturbed the insects in the grass and they flew about in all directions. But once the cow started to form, and I walked toward it, there was nothing to see or hear. The insects were gone. They had gathered together in front of me and they weren’t in the grass anymore. That’s how I knew.”

“You talked with a cow?”

“It was a cow at first, because that’s what I thought of. But they had it wrong, so they switched and came together to form a human being—me.”

“You?” And then, in a lower voice, “Well, that fits anyway.”

“Did you see it that way, too, Commander?”

The Commander ignored that. “And when it shaped itself like you, it could talk as you did? Is that what you’re telling me?”

“No, Commander. The talking was in my mind.”

“Telepathy?”
“Sort of.”
“And what did it say to you, or think to you?”
“It wanted us to refrain from disturbing this planet. It wanted us not to take it over.” Sam was all but holding his breath. The interview had lasted more than five minutes already, and the Commander was making no move to put an end to it, to send him home.
“Quite impossible.”
“Why, Commander?”
“Any other base will double and triple the expense. We’re having enough trouble getting grants as it is. Fortunately, it is all a hallucination, young man, and the problem does not arise.” He closed his eyes, then opened them and looked at Sam without really focusing on him. “I’m sorry, young man. You will be sent back—officially.”

Sam gambled again. “We can’t afford to ignore the insects, Commander. They have a lot to give us.”

The Commander had raised his hand halfway as though about to give a signal. He paused long enough to say, “Really? What do they have that they can give us?”

“The one thing more important than energy, Commander. An understanding of the brain.”

“How do you know that?”

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refrain (rē-frān’) v. to hold oneself back; to stop

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ANALYZE VISUALS
In what ways is the setting captured by this photo different from how you pictured Energy Planet? In what ways is it similar?

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SETTING AND PLOT
Why is it so important to the Commander to remain on the planet?
“I can demonstrate it. I have them here.” Sam seized his hamper and swung it forward onto the desk.

“What’s that?”

Sam did not answer in words. He opened the hamper, and a softly whirring, smoky cloud appeared.

The Commander rose suddenly and cried out. He lifted his hand high and an alarm bell sounded.

Through the door came Gentry, and others behind him. Sam felt himself seized by the arms, and then a kind of stunned and motionless silence prevailed in the room.

The smoke was condensing, wavering, taking on the shape of a Head, a thin head, with high cheekbones, a smooth forehead and receding hairline. It had the appearance of the Commander.

“I’m seeing things,” croaked the Commander.

Sam said, “We’re all seeing the same thing, aren’t we?” He wriggled and was released.

Gentry said in a low voice, “Mass hysteria.”

“No,” said Sam, “it’s real.” He reached toward the Head in midair, and brought back his finger with a tiny insect on it. He flicked it and it could just barely be seen making its way back to its companions.

No one moved.

Sam said, “Head, do you see the problem with the Commander’s mind?”

Sam had the brief vision of a snarl in an otherwise smooth curve, but it vanished and left nothing behind. It was not something that could be easily put into human thought. He hoped the others experienced that quick snarl.

Yes, they had. He knew it.

The Commander said, “There is no problem.”

Sam said, “Can you adjust it, Head?”

Of course, they could not. It was not right to invade a mind.

Sam said, “Commander, give permission.”

The Commander put his hands to his eyes and muttered something Sam did not make out. Then he said, clearly, “It’s a nightmare, but I’ve been in one since—Whatever must be done, I give permission.”

Nothing happened.

Or nothing seemed to happen.

And then slowly, little by little, the Commander’s face lit in a smile.

He said, just above a whisper, “Astonishing. I’m watching a sun rise. It’s been cold night for so long, and now I feel the warmth again.” His voice rose high.

“I feel wonderful.”

The Head deformed at that point, turned into a vague, pulsing fog, then formed a curving, narrowing arrow that sped into the hamper. Sam snapped it shut.
He said, “Commander, have I your permission to restore these little insect-things to their own world?”

“Yes, yes,” said the Commander, dismissing that with a wave of his hand. “Gentry, call a meeting. We’ve got to change all our plans.”

Sam had been escorted outside the Dome by a stolid guard and had then been confined to his quarters for the rest of the day.

It was late when Gentry entered, stared at him thoughtfully, and said, “That was an amazing demonstration of yours. The entire incident has been fed into the Central Computer and we now have a double project—neutron-star energy and neurophysiology. I doubt that there will be any question about pouring money into this project now. And we’ll have a group of neurophysiologists arriving eventually. Until then you’re going to be working with those little things and you’ll probably end up the most important person here.”

Sam said, “But will we leave their world to them?”

Gentry said, “We’ll have to if we expect to get anything out of them, won’t we? The Commander thinks we’re going to build elaborate settlements in orbit about this world and shift all operations to them except for a skeleton crew in this Dome to maintain direct contact with the insects—or whatever we’ll decide to call them. It will cost a great deal of money, and take time and labor, but it’s going to be worth it. No one will question that.”

Sam said, “Good!”

Gentry stared at him again, longer and more thoughtfully than before. “My boy,” he said, “it seems that what happened came about because you did not fear the supposed hallucination. Your mind remained open, and that was the whole difference. Why was that? Why weren’t you afraid?”

Sam flushed. “I’m not sure, sir. As I look back on it, though, it seemed to me I was puzzled as to why I was sent here. I had been doing my best to study neurophysiology through my computerized courses, and I knew very little about astrophysics. The Central Computer had my record, all of it, the full details of everything I had ever studied and I couldn’t imagine why I had been sent here.

“Then, when you first mentioned the hallucinations, I thought, ‘That must be it. I was sent here to look into it.’ I just made up my mind that was the thing I had to do. I had no time to be afraid, Dr. Gentry. I had a problem to solve and I—I had faith in the Central Computer. It wouldn’t have sent me here, if I weren’t up to it.”

Gentry shook his head. “I’m afraid I wouldn’t have had that much faith in that machine. But they say faith can move mountains, and I guess it did in this case.”
Only in one point did we clash in this matter of reading, and that was over the newsstand in the candy store. I wanted to read the magazines and my father was unalterably opposed. He felt that I would be reading trash and contaminating what he obviously was beginning to think was going to be a first-class mind.

For a while all my arguments fell on deaf ears, and then I discovered science-fiction magazines, which I took surreptitious peeks at while my father was taking his afternoon nap. In particular, I found one called *Science Wonder Stories*, and I pointed out to my father that since the stories were about science, they were bound to be educational.

It was a good time to attack, for my mother was pregnant with what turned out to be my younger brother, and my father was feeling as though he had a lot more on his mind than questions over whether I could read a magazine or not. He gave in.

That started me, at the age of nine, on my career as a science-fiction reader. By the time I was eleven, I felt that I just could not get enough science fiction from the magazines (there were only three, and they came out only once a month), and it struck me that I might write my own.

I didn’t quite write science fiction at first, but I managed to get to it when I was fifteen, and by the time I was eighteen I sold a story to one of the magazines and was off and running.

I cannot say how things would have been for me had I not come into the United States as an immigrant. I can’t go back and live life over under changed circumstances. Still, as I think about it, it seems to me I needed something to rise above.

To be brief, I’m glad I came here—and I’m glad I had to come here. Life might have been too easy for me if my ancestors had beat me to the punch and had come here on the Mayflower.
Comprehension

1. Recall Why does Sam succeed in communicating with the life forms on Energy Planet?

2. Recall Why does the Other Sam feel despair?

3. Clarify Why does Sam bring his lunch box to his meeting with the Commander?

Literary Analysis

4. Visualize Choose three sketches from the chart you completed as you read. For each sketch, tell which parts are based on the author’s description and which parts, if any, came from your imagination.

5. Analyze Setting and Plot How does the setting of “Hallucination” affect the plot of the story? Use examples from the selection to support your answer.

6. Interpret Science Fiction Writers of science fiction often comment on present society by writing about the future. What message about contemporary culture might Asimov have been communicating with “Hallucination”? Cite evidence from the story to support your interpretation.

7. Compare Characters’ Motivations Think back to your reading of “The Drummer Boy of Shiloh” on page 318. Although the setting is different from that of “Hallucination,” both selections feature teenaged main characters who face big challenges. In a chart like the one shown, compare and contrast these characters’ motivations for taking on the challenge they face.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Motivations</th>
<th>Joby’s</th>
<th>Sam’s</th>
<th>Similarities and Differences</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Extension and Challenge

8. Literary Criticism Isaac Asimov once wrote that, for science fiction writers, “each year sees possible plots destroyed” as real-life technology and information catches up with the imaginary. With a group, discuss whether this means that science fiction written many years ago is no longer relevant. “Hallucination” was written in the last century. Do its messages still hold up today?

9. Readers’ Circle Read the selection “Ellis Island and I” on page 354, taking note of the young Isaac Asimov’s personality traits. What characteristics do Asimov and Sam Chase share? How did each young man realize his purpose? Share your ideas with a group.
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. refrain/persist
2. opposition/resistance
3. inertia/activity
4. diminish/decrease
5. insolent/insulting
6. conviction/doubt

VOCABULARY IN WRITING
Imagine you are Dr. Gentry, writing a report on Sam, a new arrival. How is Sam different from the other humans on Energy Planet? Use two or more vocabulary words to write a one-paragraph report. You might start like this.

EXAMPLE SENTENCE
Sam’s conviction that the hallucinations are real is disturbing to the others.

VOCABULARY STRATEGY: HOMOGRAPHS
Homographs are words that are spelled the same but have different meanings, origins, and sometimes pronunciations. The vocabulary word refrain is a homograph. Notice the following two different definitions of refrain:

refrain¹ (rě-frān’) n. to hold oneself back; restrain
refrain² (rě-frān’) n. a phrase or verse repeated at intervals in a poem or song

If you see a word used in a way that is unfamiliar to you, check the dictionary. You’ll know a word is a homograph if there are two separate entries for the word.

PRACTICE Use a dictionary to find two or three homographs for each listed word. Note the origin of each word. Then write sentences that show the differences in meaning for each.

1. row 3. sound 5. wind
2. well 4. fine 6. found

R1.2 Understand the most important points in the history of English language and use common word origins to determine the historical influences on English word meaning.
Reading-Writing Connection

Broaden your understanding of “Hallucination” by responding to these prompts. Then complete the Grammar and Writing exercise.

WRITING PROMPTS

A. Short Response: Analyze Cause and Effect
   By the end of the story, Dr. Gentry tells Sam, “You’ll probably end up the most important person here.” How did Sam gain this position so quickly? In one paragraph, describe how Sam’s actions made this new opportunity possible.

   SELF-CHECK
   A strong analysis will . . .
   • describe the events that led up to Sam’s promotion
   • use specific details and examples from the story

B. Extended Response: Write a Letter
   Suppose Sam wrote home to describe his experience on Energy Planet. How would he explain how he found his purpose there? Write a one-page letter from Sam to his parents. Be sure your letter is based on facts from the story.

   SELF-CHECK
   A creative letter will . . .
   • identify Sam’s purpose and summarize the events of the story
   • tell Sam’s experiences from his point of view

GRAMMAR AND WRITING

AVOID MISPLACED MODIFIERS A prepositional phrase consists of a preposition, such as above, at, for, from, with, or on; its object (a noun or pronoun); and any modifiers of the object.

Example: The massive dome stretched in all directions.
   preposition modifier object

When you use a prepositional phrase in your writing, place it close to the word it modifies. Otherwise, you may end up confusing your readers.

Original: From the grass, I saw thousands of tiny insects flying.
   (Who or what was in the grass?)

Revised: I saw thousands of tiny insects flying from the grass.
   (The insects were in the grass.)

PRACTICE Move each misplaced prepositional phrase to the correct place.

1. I wondered why I had been sent to this planet with my background.
2. The smells are different from Earth’s smells on this planet.
3. The shape began to look like me in the smoke.
4. The Commander sat in his office behind a desk.

For more help with misplaced modifiers, see page R59 in the Grammar Handbook.
Before Reading

The Monkey’s Paw
Short Story by W. W. Jacobs

Are you SUPERSTITIOUS?

KEY IDEA  Many people say they aren’t superstitious. But those same people might own a lucky charm or get nervous on Friday the 13th. Usually these superstitions are harmless, but sometimes they can interfere with a person’s life. In the selection you are about to read, curiosity about the power of an unusual object brings unexpected consequences.

DISCUSS  What kinds of superstitious behaviors do you or people you know believe in? In a small group, brainstorm a list of common superstitions. Then discuss which you think are harmless, and which might cause problems or interfere with someone’s life. Share your findings with the class.
LITERARY ANALYSIS: MOOD

If you’ve ever felt nervous or peaceful while reading a book, you’ve been affected by the story’s mood. Mood is the feeling or atmosphere the writer creates for the reader. There are as many moods as there are emotions: cheerful, gloomy, anxious, lighthearted—the list goes on. Writers create mood through

• the choice of setting, including time and place
• imagery—descriptions that appeal to the reader’s senses
• conversations between characters

If you are sensitive to a story’s mood, you’ll become more involved in the story. As you read “The Monkey’s Paw,” notice how the story makes you feel and which words or passages make you feel that way.

READING STRATEGY: PREDICT

When you make a prediction, you use clues from the selection plus your own knowledge and experience to make a reasonable guess about what will happen. Your guesses won’t always be right, but that doesn’t matter. Making predictions can help you enjoy reading more, because it keeps you engaged in the story.

As you read, use a chart to record your predictions, what actually happens, and whether your prediction was correct.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>My Prediction</th>
<th>Actual Event</th>
<th>Correct? (Yes or No)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

The following words help W. W. Jacobs tell a frightening tale. Choose the word that best completes each sentence.

WORD LIST

- compensation
- credulity
- fate
- peril
- grimace
- resignation

1. The old woman’s ____ allowed the stranger to trick her.
2. My creepy neighbor wanted ____ for his broken window.
3. The sailors faced great ____ as the storm approached.
4. His ____ scared the children.
5. Tom sighed with ____ upon realizing he was lost.
6. Had she not been saved, she could have met a terrible ____.

Background

The British in India  Like most of Jacobs’s stories, “The Monkey’s Paw” is set in Britain. One of the characters is an officer in the British Army and served in India during the British occupation of the country. The British first arrived in India in the 1600s, when the British East India Company established trading. Their role changed dramatically after the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857–1858, in which Indian soldiers of the British Army revolted. From then on, the British government controlled India through a system of governors and military outposts. As a result, young men went to India to serve in the army. British rule of India ended in 1947, and today, India is an independent nation.
Without, the night was cold and wet, but in the small parlor of Laburnum Villa the blinds were drawn and the fire burned brightly. Father and son were at chess; the former, who possessed ideas about the game involving radical changes, putting his king into such sharp and unnecessary perils that it even provoked comment from the white-haired old lady knitting placidly by the fire.

“Hark at the wind,” said Mr. White, who, having seen a fatal mistake after it was too late, was amiably desirous of preventing his son from seeing it.

“I’m listening,” said the latter, grimly surveying the board as he stretched out his hand. “Check.”

“I should hardly think that he’d come tonight,” said his father, with his hand poised over the board.

“Mate,” replied the son.

“That’s the worst of living so far out,” bawled Mr. White, with sudden and unlooked-for violence; “of all the beastly, slushy, out-of-the-way places to live in, this is the worst. Pathway’s a bog, and the road’s a torrent. I don’t know what people are thinking about. I suppose because only two houses in the road are let, they think it doesn’t matter.”

“Never mind, dear,” said his wife soothingly; “perhaps you’ll win the next one.”
Mr. White looked up sharply, just in time to intercept a knowing glance between mother and son. The words died away on his lips, and he hid a guilty grin in his thin gray beard.

“There he is,” said Herbert White, as the gate banged loudly and heavy footsteps came toward the door.

The old man rose with hospitable haste, and opening the door, was heard condoling with the new arrival. The new arrival also consoled with himself, so that Mrs. White said, “Tut, tut!” and coughed gently as her husband entered the room, followed by a tall, burly man, beady of eye and rubicund of visage.6

“Sergeant-Major Morris,” he said, introducing him.

The sergeant-major shook hands, and taking the proferred seat by the fire, watched contentedly while his host brought out drinks and stood a small copper kettle on the fire.

He began to talk, the little family circle regarding with eager interest this visitor from distant parts, as he squared his broad shoulders in the chair and spoke of wild scenes and doughty deeds; of wars and plagues and strange peoples.

“Twenty-one years of it,” said Mr. White, nodding at his wife and son.

“When he went away, he was a slip of a youth in the warehouse. Now look at him.”

“He don’t look to have taken much harm,” said Mrs. White politely.

“I’d like to go to India myself,” said the old man, “just to look round a bit, you know.”

“Better where you are,” said the sergeant-major, shaking his head. He put down the empty glass, and sighing softly, shook it again.

“I should like to see those old temples and fakirs and jugglers,” said the old man. “What was that you started telling me the other day about a monkey’s paw or something, Morris?”

“Nothing,” said the soldier hastily. “Leastways nothing worth hearing.”

“Monkey’s paw?” said Mrs. White curiously.

“Well, it’s just a bit of what you might call magic, perhaps,” said the sergeant-major off-handedly.

His three listeners leaned forward eagerly. The visitor absent-mindedly put his empty glass to his lips and then set it down again. His host filled it for him.

“To look at,” said the sergeant-major, fumbling in his pocket, “it’s just an ordinary little paw, dried to a mummy.”

He took something out of his pocket and proffered it. Mrs. White drew back with a grimace, but her son, taking it, examined it curiously.

“And what is there special about it?” inquired Mr. White as he took it from his son, and having examined it, placed it upon the table.
“It had a spell put on it by an old fakir,” said the sergeant-major, “a very holy man. He wanted to show that fate ruled people’s lives, and that those who interfered with it did so to their sorrow. He put a spell on it so that three separate men could each have three wishes from it.”

His manner was so impressive that his hearers were conscious that their light laughter jarred somewhat.

“Well, why don’t you have three, sir?” said Herbert White cleverly.

The soldier regarded him in the way that middle age is wont to regard presumptuous youth. “I have,” he said quietly, and his blotchy face whitened.

“And did you really have the three wishes granted?” asked Mrs. White.

“I did,” said the sergeant-major, and his glass tapped against his strong teeth.

“And has anybody else wished?” persisted the old lady.

“The first man had his three wishes. Yes,” was the reply; “I don’t know what the first two were, but the third was for death. That’s how I got the paw.”

His tones were so grave that a hush fell upon the group.

“If you’ve had your three wishes, it’s no good to you now, then, Morris,” said the old man at last. “What do you keep it for?”

The soldier shook his head. “Fancy, I suppose,” he said slowly. “I did have some idea of selling it, but I don’t think I will. It has caused enough mischief already. Besides, people won’t buy. They think it’s a fairy tale, some of them; and those who do think anything of it want to try it first and pay me afterward.”

“If you could have another three wishes,” said the old man, eyeing him keenly, “would you have them?”

“I don’t know,” said the other. “I don’t know.”

He took the paw, and dangling it between his forefinger and thumb, suddenly threw it upon the fire. White, with a slight cry, stooped down and snatched it off.

“Better let it burn,” said the soldier solemnly.

“If you don’t want it, Morris,” said the other, “give it to me.”

“I won’t,” said his friend doggedly. “I threw it on the fire. If you keep it, don’t blame me for what happens. Pitch it on the fire again like a sensible man.”

The other shook his head and examined his new possession closely. “How do you do it?” he inquired.

“Hold it up in your right hand and wish aloud,” said the sergeant-major, “but I warn you of the consequences.”

“Sounds like the Arabian Nights,” said Mrs. White, as she rose and began to set the supper. “Don’t you think you might wish for four pairs of hands for me?”

Her husband drew the talisman9 from his pocket, and then all three burst into laughter as the sergeant-major, with a look of alarm on his face, caught him by the arm.

“If you must wish,” he said gruffly, “wish for something sensible.”

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9. **talisman** (tāl’is-man): an object thought to have magical powers.

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**PREDICT**

Reread lines 62–65: What role will the monkey’s paw play in the story? Describe your prediction in your chart.

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**MOOD**

What feeling do you get from the dialogue between the Whites and Sergeant-Major Morris?

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**PREDICT**

What, if anything, do you think Mr. White will wish for? Record your prediction.
Mr. White dropped it back in his pocket, and placing chairs, motioned his friend to the table. In the business of supper the talisman was partly forgotten, and afterward the three sat listening in an enthralled fashion to a second installment of the soldier's adventures in India.

“If the tale about the monkey’s paw is not more truthful than those he has been telling us,” said Herbert, as the door closed behind their guest, just in time for him to catch the last train, “we shan’t make much out of it.”

“Did you give him anything for it, Father?” inquired Mrs. White, regarding her husband closely.

“A trifle,” said he, coloring slightly. “He didn’t want it, but I made him take it. And he pressed me again to throw it away.”

“Likely,” said Herbert, with pretended horror. “Why, we’re going to be rich, and famous, and happy. Wish to be an emperor, Father, to begin with; then you can’t be henpecked.”

He darted round the table, pursued by the maligncd Mrs. White armed with an antimacassar. 10

Mr. White took the paw from his pocket and eyed it dubiously. “I don’t know what to wish for, and that’s a fact,” he said slowly. “It seems to me I’ve got all I want.”

“If you only cleared the house, you’d be quite happy, wouldn’t you?” said Herbert, with his hand on his shoulder. “Well, wish for two hundred pounds, then; that’ll just do it.”

His father, smiling shamefacedly at his own credulity, held up the talisman, as his son, with a solemn face, somewhat marred by a wink at his mother, sat down at the piano and struck a few impressive chords.

“I wish for two hundred pounds,” said the old man distinctly. 11

A fine crash from the piano greeted the words, interrupted by a shuddering cry from the old man. His wife and son ran toward him.

“It moved,” he cried, with a glance of disgust at the object as it lay on the floor. “As I wished, it twisted in my hand like a snake.”

“Well, I don’t see the money,” said his son, as he picked it up and placed it on the table, “and I bet I never shall.”

“It must have been your fancy, father,” said his wife, regarding him anxiously. He shook his head. “Never mind, though; there’s no harm done, but it gave me a shock all the same.”

They sat down by the fire again. Outside, the wind was higher than ever, and the old man started nervously at the sound of a door banging upstairs. A silence unusual and depressing settled upon all three, which lasted until the old couple rose to retire for the night.

“I expect you’ll find the cash tied up in a big bag in the middle of your bed,” said Herbert, as he bade them good-night, “and something horrible squatting up on top of the wardrobe watching you as you pocket your ill-gotten gains.”

**credulity** (krĭ-dŭl′ĭ-tē)  
n. a disposition to believe too readily

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10. **antimacassar** (ân’tĭ-ma-kăs’ar): a cloth placed over an arm or back of a chair.
11. **wardrobe**: a piece of furniture that serves as a closet.
He sat alone in the darkness, gazing at the dying fire, and seeing faces in it. The last face was so horrible and so simian\(^\text{12}\) that he gazed at it in amazement. It got so vivid that, with a little uneasy laugh, he felt on the table for a glass containing a little water to throw over it. His hand grasped the monkey’s paw, and with a little shiver he wiped his hand on his coat and went up to bed.

\[\text{II}\]

In the brightness of the wintry sun next morning as it streamed over the breakfast table he laughed at his fears. There was an air of prosaic\(^\text{13}\) wholesomeness about the room which it had lacked on the previous night, and the dirty, shriveled little paw was pitched on the sideboard\(^\text{14}\) with a carelessness which betokened no great belief in its virtues.\(^\text{15}\)

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\(^{12}\) **simian** (sɪmˈæ-ən): monkey- or ape-like.

\(^{13}\) **prosaic** (prə-zəˈɪk): ordinary.

\(^{14}\) **sideboard**: a piece of furniture used to store linens and dishes.

\(^{15}\) **virtues**: powers.
“I suppose all old soldiers are the same,” said Mrs. White. “The idea of our listening to such nonsense! How could wishes be granted in these days? And if they could, how could two hundred pounds hurt you, father?”

“Might drop on his head from the sky,” said the frivolous Herbert.

“Morris said the things happened so naturally,” said his father, “that you might if you so wished attribute it to coincidence.”

“Well, don’t break into the money before I come back,” said Herbert as he rose from the table. “I’m afraid it’ll turn you into a mean, avaricious man, and we shall have to disown you.”

His mother laughed, and following him to the door, watched him down the road; and returning to the breakfast table, was very happy at the expense of her husband’s credulity. All of which did not prevent her from scurrying to the door at the postman’s knock, when she found that the post brought a tailor’s bill.

“Herbert will have some more of his funny remarks, I expect, when he comes home,” she said, as they sat at dinner.

“I dare say,” said Mr. White, “but for all that, the thing moved in my hand; that I’ll swear to.”

“You thought it did,” said the old lady soothingly.

“I say it did,” replied the other. “There was no thought about it; I had just—What’s the matter?”

His wife made no reply. She was watching the mysterious movements of a man outside, who, peering in an undecided fashion at the house, appeared to be trying to make up his mind to enter. In mental connection with the two hundred pounds, she noticed that the stranger was well dressed, and wore a silk hat of glossy newness. Three times he paused at the gate, and then walked on again. The fourth time he stood with his hand upon it, and then with sudden resolution flung it open and walked up the path. Mrs. White at the same moment placed her hands behind her, and hurriedly unfastening the strings of her apron, put that useful article of apparel beneath the cushion of her chair.

She brought the stranger, who seemed ill at ease, into the room. He gazed at her furtively, and listened in a preoccupied fashion as the old lady apologized for the appearance of the room, and her husband’s coat, a garment which he usually reserved for the garden. She then waited patiently for him to broach his business, but he was at first strangely silent.

“I—was asked to call,” he said at last, and stooped and picked a piece of cotton from his trousers. “I come from Maw and Meggins.”

The old lady started. “Is anything the matter?” she asked breathlessly. “Has anything happened to Herbert? What is it? What is it?”

Her husband interposed. “There, there, mother,” he said hastily. “Sit down, and don’t jump to conclusions. You’ve not brought bad news, I’m sure, sir;” and he eyed the other wistfully.
“I’m sorry—” began the visitor.
“Is he hurt?” demanded the mother wildly.

The visitor bowed in assent. “Badly hurt,” he said quietly, “but he is not in any pain.”

“Oh!” said the old woman, clasping her hands. “Thank goodness for that! Thank—”

She broke off suddenly as the sinister meaning of the assurance dawned upon her and she saw the awful confirmation of her fears in the other’s averted face. She caught her breath, and turning to her slower-witted husband, laid her trembling old hand upon his. There was a long silence.

“He was caught in the machinery,” said the visitor at length in a low voice.

“Caught in the machinery,” repeated Mr. White, in a dazed fashion, “yes.”

He sat staring blankly out at the window, and taking his wife’s hand between his own, pressed it as he had been wont to do in their old courting days nearly forty years before.

“He was the only one left to us,” he said, turning gently to the visitor. “It is hard.”

The other coughed, and rising, walked slowly to the window. “The firm wished me to convey their sincere sympathy with you in your great loss,” he said, without looking round. “I beg that you will understand I am only their servant and merely obeying orders.”

There was no reply; the old woman’s face was white, her eyes staring, and her breath inaudible; on the husband’s face was a look such as his friend the sergeant might have carried into his first action.

“I was to say that Maw and Meggins disclaim all responsibility,” continued the other. “They admit no liability at all, but in consideration of your son’s services, they wish to present you with a certain sum as compensation.”

Mr. White dropped his wife’s hand, and rising to his feet, gazed with a look of horror at his visitor. His dry lips shaped the words, “How much?”

“Two hundred pounds,” was the answer.

Unconscious of his wife’s shriek, the old man smiled faintly, put out his hands like a sightless man, and dropped, a senseless heap, to the floor.

In the huge new cemetery, some two miles distant, the old people buried their dead, and came back to a house steeped in shadow and silence. It was all over so quickly that at first they could hardly realize it, and remained in a state of expectation as though of something else to happen—something else which was to lighten this load, too heavy for old hearts to bear.

But the days passed, and expectation gave place to resignation—the hopeless resignation of the old, sometimes miscalled apathy. Sometimes they hardly exchanged a word, for now they had nothing to talk about, and their days were long to weariness.
It was about a week after that the old man, waking suddenly in the night, stretched out his hand and found himself alone. The room was in darkness, and the sound of subdued weeping came from the window. He raised himself in bed and listened.

“Come back,” he said tenderly. “You will be cold.”

“It is colder for my son,” said the old woman, and wept afresh.

The sound of her sobs died away on his ears. The bed was warm, and his eyes heavy with sleep. He dozed fitfully, and then slept until a sudden wild cry from his wife awoke him with a start.

“The paw!” she cried wildly. “The monkey’s paw!”

He started up in alarm. “Where? Where is it? What’s the matter?”

She came stumbling across the room toward him. “I want it,” she said quietly. “You’ve not destroyed it?”

“It’s in the parlor, on the bracket,” he replied, marveling. “Why?”

She cried and laughed together, and bending over, kissed his cheek.

“I only just thought of it,” she said hysterically. “Why didn’t I think of it before? Why didn’t you think of it?”

“Think of what?” he questioned.

“The other two wishes,” she replied rapidly. “We’ve only had one.”

“Was not that enough?” he demanded fiercely.

“No,” she cried triumphantly; “we’ll have one more. Go down and get it quickly, and wish our boy alive again.”

The man sat up in bed and flung the bedclothes from his quaking limbs.

“You are mad!” he cried, aghast.

“Get it,” she panted; “get it quickly, and wish—Oh, my boy, my boy!”

Her husband struck a match and lit the candle. “Get back to bed,” he said unsteadily. “You don’t know what you are saying.”

“We had the first wish granted,” said the old woman feverishly; “why not the second?”

“A coincidence,” stammered the old man.

“Go and get it and wish,” cried his wife, quivering with excitement.

He went down in the darkness, and felt his way to the parlor, and then to the mantelpiece. The talisman was in its place, and a horrible fear that the unspoken wish might bring his mutilated son before him ere he could escape from the room seized upon him, and he caught his breath as he found that he had lost the direction of the door. His brow cold with sweat, he felt his way round the table, and groped along the wall until he found himself in the small passage with the unwholesome thing in his hand.

Even his wife’s face seemed changed as he entered the room. It was white and expectant, and to his fears seemed to have an unnatural look upon it. He was afraid of her.

“Wish!” she cried, in a strong voice.

“It is foolish and wicked,” he faltered.

“Wish!” repeated his wife.

He raised his hand. “I wish my son alive again.”

K PREDICT
What do you think Mrs. White plans to do with the paw?

L MOOD
Reread lines 270–276. What imagery does the author use to establish the mood in this paragraph?

M PREDICT
Do you think the Whites’ wish will be granted? Note the clues that influence your answer.
The talisman fell to the floor, and he regarded it fearfully. Then he sank trembling into a chair as the old woman, with burning eyes, walked to the window and raised the blind.

He sat until he was chilled with the cold, glancing occasionally at the figure of the old woman peering through the window. The candle-end, which had burned below the rim of the china candlestick, was throwing pulsating shadows on the ceiling and walls, until, with a flicker larger than the rest, it expired.
The old man, with an unspeakable sense of relief at the failure of the talisman, crept back to his bed, and a minute or two afterward the old woman came silently and apathetically beside him.

Neither spoke, but lay silently listening to the ticking of the clock. A stair creaked, and a squeaky mouse scurried noisily through the wall. The darkness was oppressive, and after lying for some time gathering up his courage, he took the box of matches, and striking one, went downstairs for a candle.

At the foot of the stairs the match went out, and he paused to strike another; and at the same moment a knock, so quiet and stealthy as to be scarcely audible, sounded on the front door.

The matches fell from his hand. He stood motionless, his breath suspended until the knock was repeated. Then he turned and fled swiftly back to his room, and closed the door behind him. A third knock sounded through the house.

“What's that?” cried the old woman, starting up.

“A rat,” said the old man in shaking tones—“a rat. It passed me on the stairs.”

His wife sat up in bed listening. A loud knock resounded through the house.

“It's Herbert!” she screamed. “It's Herbert!”

She ran to the door, but her husband was before her, and catching her by the arm, held her tightly.

“What are you going to do?” he whispered hoarsely.

“It's my boy; it's Herbert!” she cried, struggling mechanically. “I forgot it was two miles away. What are you holding me for? Let go. I must open the door.”

“Don't let it in,” cried the old man, trembling.

“You're afraid of your own son,” she cried, struggling. “Let me go. I'm coming, Herbert; I'm coming.”

There was another knock, and another. The old woman with a sudden wrench broke free and ran from the room. Her husband followed to the landing, and called after her appealingly as she hurried downstairs. He heard the chain rattle back and the bottom bolt drawn slowly and stiffly from the socket. Then the old woman's voice, strained and panting,

“The bolt,” she cried loudly. “Come down. I can't reach it.”

But her husband was on his hands and knees groping wildly on the floor in search of the paw. If he could only find it before the thing outside got in. A perfect fusillade of knocks reverberated through the house, and he heard the scraping of a chair as his wife put it down in the passage against the door. He heard the creaking of the bolt as it came slowly back, and at the same moment he found the monkey's paw, and frantically breathed his third and last wish.

The knocking ceased suddenly, although the echoes of it were still in the house. He heard the chair drawn back, and the door opened. A cold wind rushed up the staircase, and a long loud wail of disappointment and misery from his wife gave him courage to run down to her side, and then to the gate beyond. The streetlamp flickering opposite shone on a quiet and deserted road.
Comprehension

1. **Recall** How does Mr. White get the monkey’s paw?

2. **Recall** What power is the monkey’s paw supposed to have?

3. **Clarify** Why does Sergeant-Major Morris throw the paw onto the fire?

Literary Analysis

4. **Make Inferences** At the end of the story, why did the knocking stop so suddenly? Explain.

5. **Examine Predictions** Review the chart you created as you read. Did most of your predictions come true? Looking back at the places where your predictions were wrong, notice how W. W. Jacobs tried to surprise readers by giving false clues about what would happen.

6. **Analyze Mood** How would you describe this story’s mood? Include your answer at the top of a chart like the one shown. Then provide examples of setting descriptions, conversations, and imagery that are relevant to the creation of this mood.

   **Mood:**
   
   Setting Descriptions: | Conversations: | Imagery:
   --- | --- | ---

7. **Draw Conclusions** Reread lines 62–65, in which the sergeant-major explains how the monkey’s paw supposedly got its power. Based on what you know from your reading of the story, do you think that the paw itself is powerful, or is its power dependent on the **superstitious** nature of the person who possesses it?

Extension and Challenge

8. **Creative Response: Art** What words or images jumped out at you during your reading of “The Monkey’s Paw”? Create a collage of words and images that show the story’s mood. Combine pictures from newspapers or magazines with your own writing and sketches.

9. **Reader’s Circle** Consider what would have happened if Mrs. White had opened the door before her husband made the final wish. Would you have liked to find out what was on the other side of the door? Or is it better for you as a reader not to know? In a small group, discuss your thoughts about the ending of “The Monkey’s Paw.”
Vocabulary in Context

**VOCABULARY PRACTICE**

Choose the word in each group that is most nearly opposite in meaning to the boldfaced word.

1. **peril**: (a) safety, (b) risk, (c) hazard
2. **credulity**: (a) simplicity, (b) doubt, (c) openness
3. **resignation**: (a) respect, (b) resistance, (c) acceptance
4. **compensation**: (a) consideration, (b) reward, (c) loss
5. **fate**: (a) choice, (b) destiny, (c) luck
6. **grimace**: (a) frown, (b) scowl, (c) grin

**VOCABULARY IN WRITING**

If someone offered you a monkey’s paw and claimed it had magical powers, how would you respond? Use at least two vocabulary words to write a one-paragraph answer. You might start like this.

**EXAMPLE SENTENCE**

I don’t believe a monkey’s paw can change a person’s fate.

**VOCABULARY STRATEGY: THE LATIN ROOT cred**

The vocabulary word *credulity* contains the Latin root *cred*, meaning “to believe” or “to trust.” A number of commonly used English words are formed using *cred*. To figure out the meanings of unfamiliar words containing *cred*, use your knowledge of the root as well as any context clues provided.

**PRACTICE** Choose a word from the web to complete each of the following sentences. Use context clues or, if necessary, consult a dictionary.

1. A person must get the proper _____ before he or she is able to teach.
2. Sharon didn’t approve of the club’s _____, so she didn’t join.
3. I gave no _____ to his story, which changed each time he told it.
4. The violinist received several rounds of applause after her _____ performance.
5. They hoped to _____ the candidate by focusing on his lack of experience.
Reading-Writing Connection

Broaden your understanding of “The Monkey’s Paw” by responding to these prompts. Then complete the Grammar and Writing exercise.

WRITING PROMPTS

A. Short Response: Examine the Message
The fakir wanted to prove “that fate ruled people’s lives.” Do the events in “The Monkey’s Paw” prove this, or is it just a superstition? Write one paragraph explaining your opinion. Support your ideas with evidence from the text.

B. Extended Response: Rewrite the Ending
Suppose Mr. White did not make that last wish. What would have happened when Mrs. White opened the door? In two or three paragraphs, write an alternate ending to “The Monkey’s Paw.” Be sure you use language that fits with the rest of the story.

SELF-CHECK

An effective response will . . .

• offer a clear statement of opinion
• include examples from the story as support

A well-written ending will . . .

• provide an alternate ending that is believable and creative
• use a writing style that is similar to W.W. Jacobs's

GRAMMAR AND WRITING

MAINTAIN SUBJECT-VERB AGREEMENT A compound subject is made up of two or more subjects joined by a conjunction, such as and, or, or nor. The conjunction determines whether you should use a singular or plural verb. If a compound subject is joined by and, then it usually takes a plural verb. If a compound subject is joined by or or nor, then the verb should agree in number with the part closest to it.

Original: Neither Mr. White nor the two men before him finds happiness.

Revised: Neither Mr. White nor the two men before him find happiness. (The plural verb find is correct because the plural noun men is closer to it.)

PRACTICE Choose the verb form that agrees with each compound subject.

1. Mr. and Mrs. White (has, have) different feelings about the paw.
2. Neither the paw nor the wishes (has, have) any effect on fate.
3. Herbert and his father (like, likes) to play chess.
4. Either fate or several coincidences (lead, leads) to Herbert’s death and the company’s compensation.

For more help with subject-verb agreement with compound subjects, see page R65 in the Grammar Handbook.
Meet Mildred D. Taylor

Mildred D. Taylor’s personal exposure to segregation and bigotry has had a strong influence on her writing. Though Taylor was born in Mississippi, her family moved to the North when she was only three months old. Her father did not want his children to grow up in the racially segregated South. In the Ohio town where she was raised, Taylor was often the only African-American student in her class.

The Taylors returned to the South once a year, however, to visit relatives. The family tradition of sharing stories around bonfires led Taylor to imagine herself as a storyteller. Her father was considered one of the best storytellers in the family, and Taylor credits him for her success: “Without his teachings, without his words, my words would not have been.”

Try a Historical Novel

*Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry* takes place in Mississippi in the 1930s. Blending fictional characters and events with facts about real places, people, and occurrences, Taylor’s *historical novel* transports readers to that time and place.

It wasn’t easy to be an African American in the South during the Great Depression. Jobs and food were scarce, and racial tension was high. Many white people viewed African Americans as inferior, and some whites committed acts of violence against them. Taylor creates a vivid picture of what life is like for an African-American family trying to remain united while their community is torn apart.
The room grew quiet again, except for the earthy humming of Big Ma’s rich alto voice, the crackle of the hickory fire, and the patter of rain on the roof. Engrossed in a mystery, I was startled when the comfortable sounds were shattered by three rapid knocks on the side door.

Rising quickly, Mama went to the door and called, “Who is it?”

“It’s me, ma’am,” came a man’s gravelly voice. “Joe Avery.”

Mama opened the door and Mr. Avery stepped dripping into the room.

“Why, Brother Avery,” Mama said, “what are you doing out on a night like this? Come on in. Take off your coat and sit by the fire. Stacey, get Mr. Avery a chair.”

“No’m,” said Mr. Avery, looking rather nervously over his shoulder into the night. “I ain’t got but a minute.” He stepped far enough into the room so that he could close the door, then nodded to the rest of us.

“Evenin’, Miz Caroline, how you t’night?”

“Oh, I’ll do, I reckon,” said Big Ma, still ironing. “How’s Miz Fannie?”

---

Read a Great Book

Cassie Logan and her three brothers—Christopher-John, Stacey, and Little Man—often find themselves struggling to understand why some of the white people in their community treat them so badly. But after the Logan kids pull a prank on the white school’s bus driver out of revenge for his mistreatment of them, they soon realize that their actions could have very serious consequences.

from

Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry

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“Evenin’, Miz Caroline, how you t’night?”

“Oh, I’ll do, I reckon,” said Big Ma, still ironing. “How’s Miz Fannie?”
“She’s fine,” he said without dwelling on his wife. “Miz Logan . . . uh, I come to tell you somethin’ . . . somethin’ important—Mr. Morrison here?”

Mama stiffened. “David. You heard something about David?”
“Oh, no’m,” replied Mr. Avery hastily. “Ain’t heard nothin’ ’bout yo’ husband, ma’am.”

Mama regarded him quizzically.
“It’s . . . it’s them again. They’s ridin’ t’night.”

Mama, her face pale and frightened, glanced back at Big Ma; Big Ma held her iron in midair.

“Uh . . . children,” Mama said, “I think it’s your bedtime.”
“But, Mama—” we chorused in protest, wanting to stay and hear who was riding.

“Hush,” Mama said sternly. “I said it was time to go to bed. Now go!”

Groaning loudly enough to voice our displeasure, but not loudly enough to arouse Mama’s anger, we stacked our books upon the study table and started toward the boys’ room.

“Cassie, I said go to bed. That’s not your room.”
“But, Mama, it’s cold in there,” I pouted. Usually, we were allowed to build small fires in the other rooms an hour before bedtime to warm them up.

“You’ll be warm once you’re under the covers. Stacey, take the flashlight with you and light the lantern in your room. Cassie, take the lamp from the desk with you.”

I went back and got the kerosene lamp, then entered my bedroom, leaving the door slightly ajar.

“Close that door, Cassie!”

Immediately, the door was closed.

I put the lamp on the dresser, then silently slid the latch off the outside door and slipped onto the wet front porch. I crossed to the boys’ room. Tapping lightly, I whispered, “Hey, let me in.”

The door creaked open and I darted in. The room was bathed in darkness.

“What they say?” I asked.

“Shhhhh!” came the answer.

I crept to the door leading into Mama’s room and huddled beside the boys.
The rain softened upon the roof and we could hear Mama asking, “But why? Why are they riding? What’s happened?”

“I don’t rightly know,” said Mr. Avery. “But y’all knows how they is. Anytime they thinks we steppin’ outa our place, they feels like they gotta stop us. You know what some of’em done to the Berrys.” He paused, then went on bitterly, “It don’t take but a little of nothin’ to set them devilish night men off.”

“But somethin’ musta happened,” Big Ma said. “How you know ’bout it?”

“All’s I can tell ya, Miz Caroline, is what Fannie heard when she was leavin’ the Grangers’ this evenin’. She’d just finished cleanin’ up the supper dishes when Mr. Granger come home with Mr. Grimes—ya know, that white school’s bus driver—and two other mens. . . .”

A clap of deafening thunder drowned Mr. Avery’s words, then the rain quickened and the conversation was lost.

I grabbed Stacey’s arm. “Stacey, they’re coming after us!”


“Stacey, somebody musta seen and told on us,” I persisted.

“No . . .” Stacey replied unconvincingly. “It couldn’t be.”

“Couldn’t be?” cried Christopher-John in a panic. “Whaddaya mean it couldn’t be?”

“Stacey,” said Little Man excitedly, “whaddaya think they gonna do to us? Burn us up?”

“Nothin’!” Stacey exclaimed, standing up suddenly. “Now why don’t y’all go to bed like y’all s’pose to?”

We were stunned by his attitude. He sounded like Mama and I told him so.

He collapsed in silence by the door, breathing hard, and although I could not see him, I knew that his face was drawn and that his eyes had taken on a haggard look. I touched his arm lightly. “Ain’t no call to go blaming yourself,” I said. “We all done it.”

“But I got us into it,” he said listlessly.

“But we all wanted to do it,” I comforted.

“Not me!” denied Christopher-John. “All I wanted to do was eat my lunch!”

“Shhhhh,” hissed Little Man. “I can hear ’em again.”
“I’d better go tell Mr. Morrison,” Mr. Avery was saying. “He out back?”
“I’ll tell him,” said Mama.
We could hear the side door open and we scrambled up.
“Cassie, get back to your room quick,” Stacey whispered. “They’ll probably come check on us now.”
“But what’ll we do?”
“Nothin’ now, Cassie. Them men probably won’t even come near here.”
“Ya really believe that?” asked Christopher-John hopefully.
“But shouldn’t we tell Mama?” I asked.
“No! We can’t ever tell nobody!” declared Stacey adamantly. “Now go on, hurry!”
Footsteps neared the door. I dashed onto the porch and hastened back to my own room, where I jumped under the bedcovers with my clothes still on. Shivering, I pulled the heavy patchwork quilts up to my chin.
A few moments later Big Ma came in, leaving the door to Mama’s room open. Knowing that she would be suspicious of such an early surrender to sleep, I sighed softly and, making sleepy little sounds, turned onto my stomach, careful not to expose my shirt sleeves.
Obviously satisfied by my performance, Big Ma tucked the covers more closely around me and smoothed my hair gently. Then she stooped and started fishing for something under our bed.
I opened my eyes. Now what the devil was she looking for down there? While she was searching, I heard Mama approaching and I closed my eyes again.
“Mama?”
“Stacey, what’re you doing up?”
“Let me help.”
“Help with what?”
“With . . . with whatever’s the matter.”
Mama was silent a moment, then said softly, “Thank you, Stacey, but Big Ma and I can handle it.”
“But Papa told me to help you!”
“And you do, more than you know. But right now you could help me most by going back to bed. It’s a school day tomorrow, remember?”
“But, Mama—”
“If I need you, I’ll call you. I promise.”
I heard Stacey walk slowly away, then Mama whispering in the doorway, “Cassie asleep?”
“Yeah, honey,” Big Ma said. “Go on and sit back down. I’ll be out in a minute.”

Then Big Ma stood up and turned down the wick of the kerosene lamp. As she left the room, my eyes popped open again and I saw her outlined in the doorway, a rifle in her hands. Then she closed the door and I was left to the darkness.

For long minutes I waited, wide awake, wondering what my next move should be. Finally deciding that I should again consult with the boys, I swung my legs over the edge of the bed, but immediately had to swing them back again as Big Ma reentered the room. She passed the bed and pulled a straight-backed chair up to the window. Parting the curtains so that the blackness of the night mixed with the blackness of the room, she sat down without a sound.

I heard the door to the boys’ room open and close and I knew that Mama had gone in. I waited for the sound of the door opening again, but it did not come. Soon the chill of the cotton sheets beneath me began to fade and as Big Ma’s presence lulled me into a security I did not really feel, I fell asleep.

When I awoke, it was still nightly dark. “Big Ma?” I called. “Big Ma, you there?” But there was no reply from the chair by the window.

Thinking that Big Ma had fallen asleep, I climbed from the bed and felt my way to her chair.

She wasn’t there.

Keep Reading

You’ve just gotten a sense of the tense situation the Logan family is in. As one of the few landowning African-American families in the community, the Logans face resentment from many of their white neighbors. Will they be able to hold on to their land through these tough times? Continue reading Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry to find out.
Can you **belong** in two places?

**KEY IDEA** Have you ever heard someone say, “This is where I belong”? What is it about a place that makes you feel a sense of **belonging**? If you spend a lot of time in two different places, such as home and your best friend’s house, you may feel equally comfortable in both. The author of the memoir you are about to read discovered that during a year of being away from the United States, she developed a sense of belonging in her new home as well.

**QUICKWRITE** Think of one or two places where you feel a sense of belonging. What kinds of things make you feel that way—the people, the food, the sights and sounds, the routine? Record your thoughts in your journal.
LITERARY ANALYSIS: SETTING IN NONFICTION

You might think of setting, the time and place in which events occur, as an element of fiction. But setting can be important in nonfiction, too. For example, details about people’s customs, beliefs, and day-to-day life are all important to setting. In a memoir, a writer might discuss how these aspects of her childhood home influenced the adult she became.

As you read “Going Where I’m Coming From,” notice how the author’s identity is shaped by her experiences in her father’s homeland.

READING STRATEGY: CONNECT

Sometimes the experiences of people you read about will remind you of events from your own life. When you relate the content of literature to your own experience, you are connecting with what you read. By making connections, you can gain new insights into your life and the lives of others around you.

As you read the selection, compare Naomi Shihab Nye’s thoughts and experiences with your own. How does this help you better understand her feelings? Take notes in a chart like the one shown.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author’s Experiences</th>
<th>My Experiences</th>
<th>Insights</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>She doesn’t feel love for her grandmother the first time she meets her.</td>
<td>I felt shy around my grandmother the first time I visited her in China.</td>
<td>Even family bonds can take time to develop.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

Nye uses the boldfaced words to help tell her story of living in a new land. Use the context of the numbered sentences to figure out what each word means.

1. The fabric contained a complex and intricate design.
2. Mom allowed me to join the team with the stipulation that I keep my grades up.
3. In a valiant act of bravery, I entered my new classroom.
4. Her father often talked about what it was like to emigrate from Mexico to the United States.

MORE ABOUT THE AUTHOR AND BACKGROUND

To learn more about Naomi Shihab Nye and Jerusalem, visit the Literature Center at ClassZone.com.
Shortly after we arrived in Jerusalem, our relatives came to see us at a hotel. Sitti, our grandmother, was very short. She wore a long, thickly embroidered Palestinian dress, had a musical, high-pitched voice and a low, guttural laugh. She kept touching our heads and faces as if she couldn’t believe we were there. I had not yet fallen in love with her. Sometimes you don’t fall in love with people immediately, even if they’re your own grandmother. Everyone seemed to think we were all too thin.

We moved into a second-story flat in a stone house eight miles north of the city, among fields and white stones and wandering sheep. My brother was enrolled in the Friends Girls School and I was enrolled in the Friends Boys School in the town of Ramallah a few miles farther north—it all was a little confused. But the Girls School offered grades one through eight in English and high school continued at the Boys School. Most local girls went to Arabic-speaking schools after eighth grade.

I was a freshman, one of seven girl students among two hundred boys, which would cause me problems a month later. I was called in from the schoolyard at lunchtime, to the office of our counselor who wore shoes so pointed and tight her feet bulged out pinkly on top.

“You will not be talking to them anymore,” she said. She rapped on the desk with a pencil for emphasis.

“To whom?”

“All the boy students at this institution. It is inappropriate behavior. From now on, you will speak only with the girls.”
“But there are only six other girls! And I like only one of them!” My friend was Anna, from Italy, whose father ran a small factory that made matches. I’d visited it once with her. It felt risky to walk the aisles among a million filled matchboxes. Later we visited the factory that made olive oil soaps and stacked them in giant pyramids to dry.

“No, thank you,” I said. “It’s ridiculous to say that girls should only talk to girls. Did I say anything bad to a boy? Did anyone say anything bad to me? They’re my friends. They’re like my brothers. I won’t do it, that’s all.”

The counselor conferred with the headmaster and they called a taxi. I was sent home with a little paper requesting that I transfer to a different school. The charge: insolence. My mother, startled to see me home early and on my own, stared out the window when I told her.

My brother came home from his school as usual, full of whistling and notebooks. “Did anyone tell you not to talk to girls?” I asked him. He looked at me as if I’d gone goofy. He was too young to know the troubles of the world. He couldn’t even imagine them.

“You know what I’ve been thinking about?” he said. “A piece of cake. That puffy white layered cake with icing like they have at birthday parties in the United States. Wouldn’t that taste good right now?” Our mother said she was thinking about mayonnaise. You couldn’t get it in Jerusalem. She’d tried to make it and it didn’t work. I felt too gloomy to talk about food.

My brother said, “Let’s go let Abu Miriam’s chickens out.” That’s what we always did when we felt sad. We let our fussy landlord’s red-and-white chickens loose to flap around the yard happily, puffing their wings. Even when Abu Miriam shouted and waggled his cane and his wife waved a dishtowel, we knew the chickens were thanking us.

My father went with me to the St. Tarkmanchatz Armenian School, a solemnly ancient stone school tucked deep into the Armenian Quarter of the Old City of Jerusalem. It was another world in there. He had already called the school officials on the telephone and tried to enroll me, though they didn’t want to. Their school was for Armenian students only, kindergarten through twelfth grade. Classes were taught in three languages: Armenian, Arabic and English, which was why I needed to go there. Although most Arab students at other schools were learning English, I needed a school where classes were actually taught in English—or else I would have been staring out the windows triple the usual amount.

The head priest wore a long robe and a tall cone-shaped hat. He said, “Excuse me, please, but your daughter, she is not an Armenian, even a small amount?”

“Not at all,” said my father. “But in case you didn’t know, there is a stipulation in the educational code books of this city that says no student may be rejected solely on the basis of ethnic background, and if you don’t accept her, we will alert the proper authorities.”

They took me. But the principal wasn’t happy about it. The students, however, seemed glad to have a new face to look at. Everyone’s name ended in -ian,

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1. headmaster: principal of a private school.
the beautiful, musical Armenian ending—Boghossian, Minassian, Kevorkian, Rostomian. My new classmates started calling me Shihabian. We wore uniforms, navy blue pleated skirts for the girls, white shirts, and navy sweaters. I waited during the lessons for the English to come around, as if it were a channel on television. While other students were on the other channels, I scribbled poems in the margins of my pages, read library books, and wrote a lot of letters filled with exclamation points. All the other students knew all three languages with three entirely different alphabets. How could they carry so much in their heads? I felt humbled by my ignorance. One day I felt so frustrated in our physics class—still another language—that I pitched my book out the open window. The professor made me go collect it. All the pages had let loose at the seams and were flapping free into the gutters along with the white wrappers of sandwiches.

Every week the girls had a hands-and-fingernails check. We had to keep our nails clean and trim, and couldn’t wear any rings. Some of my new friends would invite me home for lunch with them, since we had an hour-and-a-half break and I lived too far to go to my own house.

Their houses were a thousand years old, clustered beehive-fashion behind ancient walls, stacked and curled and tilting and dark, filled with pictures of unsmiling relatives and small white cloths dangling crocheted edges. We ate spinach pies and white cheese. We dipped our bread in olive oil, as the Arabs did. We ate small sesame cakes, our mouths full of crumbles. They taught me to say “I love you” in Armenian, which sounded like yes-kay-see-goo-see-rem. I felt I had left my old life entirely.

Every afternoon I went down to the basement of the school where the kindergarten class was having an Arabic lesson. Their desks were pint-sized, their full white smocks tied around their necks. I stuffed my fourteen-year-old self in beside them. They had rosy cheeks and shy smiles. They must have thought I was a very slow learner.

More than any of the lessons, I remember the way the teacher rapped the backs of their hands with his ruler when they made a mistake. Their little faces puffed up with quiet tears. This pained me so terribly I forgot all my words. When it was my turn to go to the blackboard and write in Arabic, my hand shook. The kindergarten students whispered hints to me from the front row, but I couldn’t understand them. We learned horribly useless phrases: “Please hand me the bellows” for my fire.” I wanted words simple as tools, simple as food and yesterday and dreams. The teacher never rapped my hand, especially after I wrote a letter to the city newspaper, which my father edited, protesting such harsh treatment of young learners. I wish I had known how to talk to those little ones, but they were just beginning their English studies and didn’t speak much yet. They were at the same place in their English that I was in my Arabic.

From the high windows of St. Tarkmanchatz, we could look out over the Old City, the roofs and flapping laundry and television antennas, the pilgrims and churches and mosques, the olivewood prayer beads and fragrant falafel lunch

2. *crocheted* (krō′shād′): needlework made by looping thread with a hooked needle.
3. *bellows* (bē′lōz): an apparatus used for producing a strong current of air.
stands, the *intricate* interweaving of cultures and prayers and songs and holidays. We saw the barbed wire separating Jordan from Israel then, the bleak, uninhabited strip of no-man’s land reminding me how little education saved us after all. People who had differing ideas still came to blows, imagining fighting could solve things. Staring out over the quiet roofs of afternoon, I thought it so foolish. I asked my friends what they thought about it and they shrugged.

“It doesn’t matter what we think about it. It just keeps happening. It happened in Armenia too, you know. Really, really bad in Armenia. And who talks about it in the world news now? It happens everywhere. It happens in your country one by one, yes? Murders and guns. What can we do?”

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5. *It happened in Armenia, too:* Refers to the Armenian massacres of 1915–1923. In response to Russia’s use of Armenian troops against the Ottomans in World War I, the Ottoman empire ordered the deportation of 1.75 million Armenians. During the deportation, around a million Armenians were killed or died of starvation.
Sometimes after school, my brother and I walked up the road that led past the crowded refugee camp of Palestinians who owned even less than our modest relatives did in the village. The little kids were stacking stones in empty tin cans and shaking them. We waved our hands and they covered their mouths and laughed. We wore our beat-up American tennis shoes and our old sweatshirts and talked about everything we wanted to do and everywhere else we wished we could go.

“I want to go back to Egypt,” my brother said. “I sort of feel like I missed it. Spending all that time in bed instead of exploring—what a waste.”

“I want to go to Greece,” I said. “I want to play a violin in a symphony orchestra in Austria.” We made up things. I wanted to go back to the United States most of all. Suddenly I felt like a patriotic citizen. One of my friends, Sylvie Markarian, had just been shipped off to Damascus, Syria to marry a man who was fifty years old, a widower. Sylvie was exactly my age—we had turned fifteen two days apart. She had never met her future husband before. I thought this was the most revolting thing I had ever heard of. “Tell your parents no thank you,” I urged her. “Tell them you refuse.”

Sylvie’s eyes were liquid, swirling brown. I could not see clearly to the bottom of them.

“You don’t understand,” she told me. “In United States you say no. We don’t say no. We have to follow someone’s wishes. This is the wish of my father. Me, I am scared. I never slept away from my mother before. But I have no choice. I am going because they tell me to go.” She was sobbing, sobbing on my shoulder. And I was stroking her long, soft hair. After that, I carried two fists inside, one for Sylvie and one for me.

Most weekends my family went to the village to sit with the relatives. We sat and sat and sat. We sat in big rooms and little rooms, in circles, on chairs or on woven mats or brightly covered mattresses piled on the floor. People came in and out to greet my family. Sometimes even donkeys and chickens came in and out. We were like movie stars or dignitaries. They never seemed to get tired of us.

My father translated the more interesting tidbits of conversation, the funny stories my grandmother told. She talked about angels and food and money and people and politics and gossip and old memories from my father’s childhood, before he emigrated away from her. She wanted to make sure we were going to stick around forever, which made me feel very nervous. We ate from mountains of rice and eggplant on large silver trays—they gave us little plates of our own since it was not our custom to eat from the same plate as other people. We ripped the giant wheels of bread into triangles. Shepherds passed through town with their flocks of sheep and goats, their long canes and cloaks, straight out of the Bible. My brother and I trailed them to the edge of the village, past the lentil fields to the green meadows studded with stones, while the shepherds pretended we weren’t there. I think they liked to be alone, unnoticed. The sheep had differently colored dyed bottoms, so shepherds could tell their flocks apart.

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6. dignitaries (dĭg’nĭ-tār’ēz): people of high rank or position.
During these long, slow, smoke-stained weekends—the men still smoked cigarettes a lot in those days, and the old taboon, my family’s mounded bread-oven, puffed billowy clouds outside the door—my crying jags began. I cried without any warning, even in the middle of a meal. My crying was usually noiseless but dramatically wet—streams of tears pouring down my cheeks, onto my collar or the back of my hand.

Everything grew quiet.

Someone always asked in Arabic, “What is wrong? Are you sick? Do you wish to lie down?”

My father made valiant excuses in the beginning. “She’s overtired,” he said. “She has a headache. She is missing her friend who moved to Syria. She is homesick just now.”

My brother stared at me as if I had just landed from Planet X.

valiant (vəlˈənt) adj. brave
Worst of all was our drive to school every morning, when our car came over the rise in the highway and all Jerusalem lay sprawled before us in its golden, stony splendor pockmarked with olive trees and automobiles. Even the air above the city had a thick, religious texture, as if it were a shining brocade filled with broody incense. I cried hardest then. All those hours tied up in school lay just ahead. My father pulled over and talked to me. He sighed. He kept his hands on the steering wheel even when the car was stopped and said, “Someday, I promise you, you will look back on this period in your life and have no idea what made you so unhappy here.”

“I want to go home.” It became my anthem. “This place depresses me. It weighs too much. . . . I hate the way people stare at me here.” Already I’d been involved in two street skirmishes with boys who stared a little too hard and long. I’d socked one in the jaw and he socked me back. I hit the other one straight in the face with my purse.

“You could be happy here if you tried just a little harder,” my father said.

“Don’t compare it to the United States all the time. Don’t pretend the United States is perfect. And look at your brother—he’s not having any problems!”

“My brother is eleven years old.”

I had crossed the boundary from uncomplicated childhood when happiness was a good ball and a horde of candy-coated Jordan almonds.

One problem was that I had fallen in love with four different boys who all played in the same band. Two of them were even twins. I never quite described it to my parents, but I wrote reams and reams of notes about it on loose-leaf paper that I kept under my sweaters in my closet.

Such new energy made me feel reckless. I gave things away. I gave away my necklace and a whole box of shortbread cookies that my mother had been saving. I gave my extra shoes away to the gypsies. One night when the gypsies camped in a field down the road from our house, I thought about their mounds of white goat cheese lined up on skins in front of their tents, and the wild oud music they played deep into the black belly of the night, and I wanted to go sit around their fire. Maybe they could use some shoes.

I packed a sack of old loafers that I rarely wore and walked with my family down the road. The gypsy mothers stared into my shoes curiously. They took them into their tent. Maybe they would use them as vases or drawers. We sat with small glasses of hot, sweet tea until a girl bellowed from deep in her throat, threw back her head, and began dancing. A long bow thrummed across the strings. The girl circled the fire, tapping and clicking, trilling a long musical wail from deep in her throat. My brother looked nervous. He was remembering the belly dancer in Egypt, and her scarf. I felt invisible. I was pretending to be a gypsy. My father stared at me. Didn’t I recognize the exquisite oddity of my own life when I sat right in the middle of it? Didn’t I feel lucky to be here? Well, yes I did. But sometimes it was hard to be lucky.

7. brocade (brō-kā′dē): a heavy fabric with a raised design.
8. oud (ōd): a musical instrument resembling a lute.
When we left Jerusalem, we left quickly. Left our beds in our rooms and our car in the driveway. Left in a plane, not sure where we were going. The rumbles of fighting with Israel had been growing louder and louder. In the barbed-wire no-man’s land visible from the windows of our house, guns cracked loudly in the middle of the night. We lived right near the edge. My father heard disturbing rumors at the newspaper that would soon grow into the infamous Six Day War of 1967. We were in England by then, drinking tea from thin china cups and scanning the newspapers. Bombs were blowing up in Jerusalem. We worried about the village. We worried about my grandmother’s dreams, which had been getting worse and worse, she’d told us. We worried about the house we’d left, and the chickens, and the children at the refugee camp. But there was nothing we could do except keep talking about it all.

My parents didn’t want to go back to Missouri because they’d already said goodbye to everyone there. They thought we might try a different part of the country. They weighed the virtues of different states. Texas was big and warm. After a chilly year crowded around the small gas heaters we used in Jerusalem, a warm place sounded appealing. In roomy Texas, my parents bought the first house they looked at. My father walked into the city newspaper and said, “Any jobs open around here?”

I burst out crying when I entered a grocery store—so many different kinds of bread.

A letter on thin blue airmail paper reached me months later, written by my classmate, the bass player in my favorite Jerusalem band. “Since you left,” he said, “your empty desk reminds me of a snake ready to strike. I am afraid to look at it. I hope you are having a better time than we are.”

Of course I was, and I wasn’t. Home had grown different forever. Home had doubled. Back home again in my own country, it seemed impossible to forget the place we had just left: the piercing call of the muezzin from the mosque at prayer time, the dusky green tint of the olive groves, the sharp, cold air that smelled as deep and old as my grandmother’s white sheets flapping from the line on her roof. What story hadn’t she finished?

Our father used to tell us that when he was little, the sky over Jerusalem crackled with meteors and shooting stars almost every night. They streaked and flashed, igniting the dark. Some had long golden tails. For a few seconds, you could see their whole swooping trail lit up. Our father and his brothers slept on the roof to watch the sky. “There were so many of them, we didn’t even call out every time we saw one.”

During our year in Jerusalem, my brother and I kept our eyes cast upwards whenever we were outside at night, but the stars were different since our father was a boy. Now the sky seemed too orderly, stuck in place. The stars had learned where they belonged. Only people on the ground kept changing.
My Father and the Figtree

Naomi Shihab Nye

For other fruits my father was indifferent. He’d point at the cherry trees and say, “See those? I wish they were figs.” In the evenings he sat by our beds weaving folktales like vivid little scarves. They always involved a figtree. Even when it didn’t fit, he’d stick it in. Once Joha was walking down the road and he saw a figtree.

Or, he tied his camel to a figtree and went to sleep. Or, later when they caught and arrested him, his pockets were full of figs.
At age six I ate a dried fig and shrugged.
“That’s not what I’m talking about!” he said,
“I’m talking about a fig straight from the earth—
gift of Allah!—on a branch so heavy
it touches the ground.
I’m talking about picking the largest, fattest,
sweetest fig
in the world and putting it in my mouth.”

(Here he'd stop and close his eyes.)

Years passed, we lived in many houses,
none had figtrees.
We had lima beans, zucchini, parsley, beets.
“Plant one!” my mother said,
but my father never did.
He tended garden half-heartedly, forgot to water,
let the okra get too big.
“What a dreamer he is. Look how many
things he starts and doesn’t finish.”

The last time he moved, I had a phone call,
my father, in Arabic, chanting a song
I’d never heard. “What’s that?”
He took me out to the new yard.
There, in the middle of Dallas, Texas,
a tree with the largest, fattest,
sweetest figs in the world.
“It’s a figtree song!” he said,
plucking his fruits like ripe tokens,
emblems, assurance
of a world that was always his own.
Comprehension

1. **Recall** Why was it necessary for Naomi Shihab Nye to attend the Armenian school after being expelled from her first school?

2. **Clarify** Reread lines 130–143. Why was the author angry about her friend’s being sent to Damascus?

3. **Clarify** Why did the family leave Jerusalem?

Critical Analysis

4. **Make Connections** Look at the chart you filled in as you read. Which two connections best helped you understand what the author experienced in Jerusalem? Explain.

5. **Examine Setting** Use a web diagram to identify descriptive details that helped convey the **setting** of this selection. Then expand your web to include insights on how this setting affected the author.

6. **Analyze Memoir** At what point in the selection does the author become aware of a sense of **belonging** in Jerusalem? Support your answer with examples from the memoir.

7. **Compare Literary Works** Nye’s father encouraged her to try to be happy in Jerusalem and to learn to appreciate the “exquisite oddity” of her life. What does the poem “My Father and the Figtree” on page 391 reveal about her father’s feelings toward living in different places?

Extension and Challenge

8. **Creative Project: Music** Naomi Shihab Nye belongs to two cultures. If this memoir were to be made into a television show or a documentary, an appropriate soundtrack might feature American music as well as music from the Middle East. Divide this selection into parts and note which type of music should accompany each part.

9. **SOCIAL STUDIES CONNECTION** Learn more about Jerusalem—its history, geographical setting, and culture. Present your information in the form of a colorful poster.

**RESEARCH LINKS**
For more on Jerusalem, visit the Research Center at ClassZone.com.
Vocabulary in Context

**VOCABULARY PRACTICE**

Show that you understand the vocabulary words by deciding if each statement is true or false.

1. A **valiant** action is a coward’s way out.
2. If a pattern is **intricate**, it has a complicated design.
3. If you are given a **stipulation**, a condition of some kind is involved.
4. People who **emigrate** live in the same country their whole lives.

**VOCABULARY IN WRITING**

Have you ever moved to a new country? If not, imagine what it must be like. Write a paragraph describing your experience, using two or more vocabulary words. You could start like this.

**EXAMPLE SENTENCE**

I made a **valiant** attempt to speak a few words to my new classmates.

**VOCABULARY STRATEGY: RECOGNIZING BASE WORDS**

To understand an unfamiliar word with affixes (prefixes and suffixes), it helps to identify the base word first. Look within the word for a word that is familiar to you, though the spelling might be different. For example, in the word **emigrate**, you might notice the base word **migrate**. In cases where you do not recognize a base word, you may need to use context clues to figure out the meaning.

**PRACTICE** Define each boldfaced word. Then give the base word and affixes. Use a dictionary if necessary.

1. The heavy rainfall was causing **erosion** of the soil.
2. He admired the professor for her **wisdom** and knowledge.
3. The most difficult part of the journey was the **navigation** of the river rapids.
4. It was her turn in the **rotation** to take the dog for a walk.
5. Did she accept his **proposal** of marriage?
Reading-Writing Connection

Increase your understanding of “Going Where I’m Coming From” by responding to these prompts. Then complete the Grammar and Writing exercise.

WRITING PROMPTS

A. Short Response: Analyze the Message
Based on Nye’s experience, do you think a person can truly belong in two places? In one paragraph, explain your opinion by citing from the memoir.

B. Extended Response: Write a Letter
When in Jerusalem, Nye wrote letters to her friends in the U.S. What do you think she said about life in her new country? Write a two- or three-paragraph letter that she might have sent.

SELF-CHECK

A convincing response will . . .

- state your position
- use details from the text

A realistic letter will . . .

- be written in the first-person point of view
- contain details about people, places, and events

GRAMMAR AND WRITING

MAINTAIN SUBJECT-VERB AGREEMENT Pronouns that do not refer to a specific person, place, thing, or idea are called indefinite pronouns. Some indefinite pronouns are always singular, some are always plural, and some can be either singular or plural. Here are some common indefinite pronouns.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Singular</th>
<th>Plural</th>
<th>Singular or Plural</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>anyone</td>
<td>neither</td>
<td>both</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>each</td>
<td>something</td>
<td>many</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>several</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>any</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>none</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>most</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>some</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

If the pronoun can be singular or plural, use context clues to help you determine what verb to use with it. If the noun that the pronoun refers to is singular, use a singular verb; if it is plural, use a plural verb.

Original: Most of the students in the school was boys.

Revised: Most of the students in the school were boys.

PRACTICE Choose the verb form that agrees with each indefinite pronoun.

1. Both children (misses, miss) their favorite foods from back home.
2. Several students at the Armenian school (likes, like) Naomi.
3. According to dress code, each child (wear, wears) a white smock.
4. Though many of the shepherds are shy, some (wants, want) to talk to people.

For more help with subject-verb agreement with indefinite pronouns, see page R66 in the Grammar Handbook.
What is the role of a WITNESS?

**KEY IDEA** When events such as natural disasters, crimes, and wars occur, it’s important that a witness describe what happened so that others can learn from these events. Witnesses have played an important role in reporting everything from local sports to the events in your history textbook. The authors of the accounts you are about to read each witnessed natural disasters. Their writing allowed people from around the world to share in their experiences.

**ROLE-PLAY** Picture the tornadoes, hurricanes, floods, and snow storms you have seen in the news. Imagine that one of these disasters has just struck your community. With a partner, role-play an evening news broadcast on the disaster. Decide who will be the news reporter and who will be the eyewitness. Then conduct an interview. Remember that your audience will want to know what the disaster looked, sounded, and felt like, as well as how people got hurt or stayed safe.
**ELEMENTS OF NONFICTION: SCOPE**

When writers choose how much of a subject to focus on, they’re deciding on the scope of their accounts. The scope can be broad or narrow. For example, an article about Austin, Texas, that focuses on the city’s history, economy, and residents has a broad scope. An article that focuses only on the music scene in Austin has a narrow scope.

The following eyewitness accounts describe two different natural disasters. As you read each one, try to determine its scope by considering these questions:

- How well do you get to know the people you meet?
- How much of the disaster area does the writer cover?
- How many events do you learn about? How much time do these events span?

**READING STRATEGY: SET A PURPOSE FOR READING**

When you set a purpose for reading, you identify what you want to accomplish as you read. Your purpose for reading the following articles is to compare and contrast their scopes. As you read the first account, begin filling in the chart.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>What is the topic?</th>
<th>“The Story of an Eyewitness”</th>
<th>“Letter from New Orleans: Leaving Desire”</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Whom does the writer focus on?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How much of the disaster area does the writer cover?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which events does the writer focus on?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT**

These words help the authors capture the impact of a disaster. Create a chart and place each word in the appropriate column.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD LIST</th>
<th>compel</th>
<th>intermittently</th>
<th>menace</th>
<th>disconcert</th>
<th>lavishly</th>
<th>vigilantly</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

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

**Background**

**San Francisco Earthquake** At 5:12 A.M. on April 18, 1906, a massive earthquake shook San Francisco, setting in motion events that would eventually destroy most of the city. Historians estimate that around 3,000 people died and 250,000 people were left homeless.

**Hurricane Katrina** Hurricane Katrina hit the Gulf Coast on the morning of August 29, 2005. New Orleans suffered some of the worst damage of the Gulf Coast cities. Heavy flooding there destroyed entire neighborhoods, forced thousands of people to flee the city, and stranded many others in dangerous and unsanitary conditions until they, too, could get out.
Upon receipt of the first news of the earthquake, Collier’s telegraphed to Mr. Jack London—who lives only forty miles from San Francisco—requesting him to go to the scene of the disaster and write the story of what he saw. Mr. London started at once, and he sent the following dramatic description of the tragic events he witnessed in the burning city.

The earthquake shook down in San Francisco hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of walls and chimneys. But the conflagration\(^1\) that followed burned up hundreds of millions of dollars’ worth of property. There is no estimating within hundreds of millions the actual damage wrought. Not in history has a modern imperial city been so completely destroyed.

\(^{1}\text{ conflagration (kōn’fli-grā’shan): a large destructive fire.}\)
San Francisco is gone. Nothing remains of it but memories and a fringe of dwelling houses on its outskirts. Its industrial section is wiped out. Its business section is wiped out. Its social and residential section is wiped out. The factories and warehouses, the great stores and newspaper buildings, the hotels and the palaces of the nabobs, are all gone. Remains only the fringe of dwelling houses on the outskirts of what was once San Francisco.

Within an hour after the earthquake shock the smoke of San Francisco’s burning was a lurid tower visible a hundred miles away. And for three days and nights this lurid tower swayed in the sky, reddening the sun, darkening the day, and filling the land with smoke.

On Wednesday morning at a quarter past five came the earthquake. A minute later the flames were leaping upward. In a dozen different quarters south of Market Street, in the working-class ghetto, and in the factories, fires started. There was no opposing the flames. There was no organization, no communication. All the cunning adjustments of a twentieth century city had been smashed by the earthquake. The streets were humped into ridges and depressions, and piled with the debris of fallen walls. The steel rails were twisted into perpendicular and horizontal angles. The telephone and telegraph systems were disrupted. And the great water-mains had burst. All the shrewd contrivances and safeguards of man had been thrown out of gear by thirty seconds’ twitching of the earth-crust.

The Fire Made Its Own Draft
By Wednesday afternoon, inside of twelve hours, half the heart of the city was gone. At that time I watched the vast conflagration from out on the bay. It was dead calm. Not a flicker of wind stirred. Yet from every side wind was pouring in upon the city. East, west, north, and south, strong winds were blowing upon the doomed city. The heated air rising made an enormous vacuum. Thus did the fire of itself build its own colossal chimney through the atmosphere. Day and night this dead calm continued, and yet, near to the flames, the wind was often half a gale, so mighty was the vacuum.

Wednesday night saw the destruction of the very heart of the city. Dynamite was lavishly used, and many of San Francisco’s proudest structures were crumbled by man himself into ruins, but there was no withstanding the onrush of the flames. Time and again successful stands were made by the fire-fighters, and every time the flames flanked around on either side or came up from the rear, and turned to defeat

2. nabobs (nəˈbōbz): people of wealth and prominence.
3. lurid (ˈlōrd): glowing with the glare of fire through a haze.
5. flanked (flângk′d): placed at the side of.
the hard-won victory. An enumeration of the buildings destroyed would be a directory of San Francisco. An enumeration of the buildings undestroyed would be a line and several addresses. An enumeration of the deeds of heroism would stock a library and bankrupt the Carnegie medal fund. An enumeration of the dead will never be made. All vestiges of them were destroyed by the flames. The number of the victims of the earthquake will never be known. South of Market Street, where the loss of life was particularly heavy, was the first to catch fire.

Remarkable as it may seem, Wednesday night while the whole city crashed and roared into ruin, was a quiet night. There were no crowds. There was no shouting and yelling. There was no hysteria, no disorder. I passed Wednesday night in the path of the advancing flames, and in all those terrible hours I saw not one woman who wept, not one man who was excited, not one person who was in the slightest degree panic stricken.

Before the flames, throughout the night, fled tens of thousands of homeless ones. Some were wrapped in blankets. Others carried bundles of bedding and dear household treasures. Sometimes a whole family was harnessed to a carriage or delivery wagon that was weighted down with their possessions. Baby buggies, toy wagons, and go-carts were used as trucks, while every other person was dragging a trunk. Yet everybody was gracious. The most perfect courtesy obtained. Never in all San Francisco’s history were her people so kind and courteous as on this night of terror.

A Caravan of Trunks

All night these tens of thousands fled before the flames. Many of them, the poor people from the labor ghetto, had fled all day as well. They had left their homes burdened with possessions. Now and again they lightened up, flinging out upon the street clothing and treasures they had dragged for miles.

6. enumeration (ə-nəˈmərāˈshən): the act of counting or listing one by one.
7. vestiges (vēsˈti-jēz): visible signs that something once existed.
They held on longest to their trunks, and over these trunks many a strong man broke his heart that night. The hills of San Francisco are steep, and up these hills, mile after mile, were the trunks dragged. Everywhere were trunks with across them lying their exhausted owners, men and women. Before the march of the flames were flung picket lines of soldiers. And a block at a time, as the flames advanced, these pickets retreated. One of their tasks was to keep the trunk-pullers moving. The exhausted creatures, stirred on by the menace of bayonets, would arise and struggle up the steep pavements, pausing from weakness every five or ten feet.

Often, after surmounting a heart-breaking hill, they would find another wall of flame advancing upon them at right angles and be compelled to change anew the line of their retreat. In the end, completely played out, after toiling for a dozen hours like giants, thousands of them were compelled to abandon their trunks. Here the shopkeepers and soft members of the middle class were at a disadvantage. But the working-men dug holes in vacant lots and backyards and buried their trunks.

The Doomed City

At nine o'clock Wednesday evening I walked down through the very heart of the city. I walked through miles and miles of magnificent buildings and towering skyscrapers. Here was no fire. All was in perfect order. The police patrolled the streets. Every building had its watchman at the door. And yet it was doomed, all of it. There was no water. The dynamite was giving out. And at right angles two different conflagrations were sweeping down upon it. At one o'clock in the morning I walked down through the same section. Everything still stood intact. There was no fire. And yet there was a change. A rain of ashes was falling. The watchmen at the doors were gone. The police had been withdrawn. There were no firemen, no fire-engines, no men fighting with dynamite. The district had been absolutely abandoned. I stood at the corner of Kearney and Market, in the very innermost heart of San Francisco. Kearney Street was deserted. Half a dozen blocks away it was burning on both sides. The street was a wall of flame. And against this wall of flame, silhouetted sharply, were two United States cavalrymen sitting on their horses, calmly watching. That was all. Not another person was in sight. In the intact heart of the city, two troopers sat on their horses and watched.

Spread of the Conflagration

Surrender was complete. There was no water. The sewers had long since been pumped dry. There was no dynamite. Another fire had broken out...
Further uptown, and now from three sides conflagrations were sweeping down. The fourth side had been burned earlier in the day. In that direction stood the tottering walls of the Examiner Building, the burned-out Call Building, the smoldering ruins of the Grand Hotel, and the gutted, devastated, dynamited Palace Hotel.

The following will illustrate the sweep of the flames and the inability of men to calculate their spread. At eight o’clock Wednesday evening I passed through Union Square. It was packed with refugees. Thousands of them had gone to bed on the grass. Government tents had been set up, supper was being cooked, and the refugees were lining up for free meals.

At half past one in the morning three sides of Union Square were in flames. The fourth side, where stood the great St. Francis Hotel, was still holding out. An hour later, ignited from top and sides the St. Francis was flaming heavenward. Union Square, heaped high with mountains of trunks, was deserted. Troops, refugees, and all had retreated.

**A Fortune for a Horse!**

It was at Union Square that I saw a man offering a thousand dollars for a team of horses. He was in charge of a truck piled high with trunks from some hotel. It had been hauled here into what was considered safety, and the horses had been taken out. The flames were on three sides of the Square and there were no horses.

Also, at this time, standing beside the truck, I urged a man to seek safety in flight. He was all but hemmed in by several conflagrations. He was an old man and he was on crutches. Said he: “Today is my birthday. Last night I was worth thirty thousand dollars. I bought some delicate fish and other things for my birthday dinner. I have had no dinner, and all I own are these crutches.”

I convinced him of his danger and started him limping on his way. An hour later, from a distance, I saw the truck-load of trunks burning merrily in the middle of the street.

On Thursday morning at a quarter past five, just twenty-four hours after the earthquake, I sat on the steps of a small residence on Nob Hill. With me sat Japanese, Italians, Chinese, and negroes—a bit of the cosmopolitan flotsam of the wreck of the city. All about were the palaces of the nabob pioneers of Forty-nine. To the east and south at right angles, were advancing two mighty walls of flame.

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9. **flotsam** (flô’t’sam): floating wreckage after a ship has sunk.

10. **pioneers of Forty-nine**: reference to the pioneers who came to San Francisco during the California gold rush in 1849.
I went inside with the owner of the house on the steps of which I sat. He was cool and cheerful and hospitable. “Yesterday morning,” he said, “I was worth six hundred thousand dollars. This morning this house is all I have left. It will go in fifteen minutes. He pointed to a large cabinet. “That is my wife’s collection of china. This rug upon which we stand is a present. It cost fifteen hundred dollars. Try that piano. Listen to its tone. There are few like it. There are no horses. The flames will be here in fifteen minutes.”

Outside the old Mark Hopkins residence a palace was just catching fire. The troops were falling back and driving the refugees before them. From every side came the roaring of flames, the crashing of walls, and the detonations of dynamite.

The Dawn of the Second Day

I passed out of the house. Day was trying to dawn through the smoke-pall. A sickly light was creeping over the face of things. Once only the sun broke through the smoke-pall, blood-red, and showing a quarter its usual size. The smoke-pall itself, viewed from beneath, was a rose color that pulsed and fluttered with lavender shades. Then it turned to mauve and yellow and dun.

There was no sun. And so dawned the second day on stricken San Francisco.

An hour later I was creeping past the shattered dome of the City Hall. Than it there was no better exhibit of the destructive force of the earthquake. Most of the stone had been shaken from the great dome, leaving standing the naked framework of steel. Market Street was piled high with the wreckage, and across the wreckage lay the overturned pillars of the City Hall shattered into short crosswise sections.

11. **pall** (pôl): a covering that darkens or covers.
12. **dun** (dün): dull brownish gray.
This section of the city, with the exception of the Mint and the Post-Office, was already a waste of smoking ruins. Here and there through the smoke, creeping warily under the shadows of tottering walls, emerged occasional men and women. It was like the meeting of the handful of survivors after the day of the end of the world.

**Beeves Slaughtered and Roasted**

On Mission Street lay a dozen steers, in a neat row stretching across the street just as they had been struck down by the flying ruins of the earthquake. The fire had passed through afterward and roasted them. The human dead had been carried away before the fire came. At another place on Mission Street I saw a milk wagon. A steel telegraph pole had smashed down sheer through the driver’s seat and crushed the front wheels. The milk cans lay scattered around.

All day Thursday and all Thursday night, all day Friday and Friday night, the flames still raged on.

Friday night saw the flames finally conquered, though not until Russian Hill and Telegraph Hill had been swept and three-quarters of a mile of wharves and docks had been licked up.

**The Last Stand**

The great stand of the fire-fighters was made Thursday night on Van Ness Avenue. Had they failed here, the comparatively few remaining houses of the city would have been swept. Here were the magnificent residences of the second generation of San Francisco nabobs, and these, in a solid zone, were dynamited down across the path of the fire. Here and there the flames leaped the zone, but these fires were beaten out, principally by the use of wet blankets and rugs.

San Francisco, at the present time, is like the crater of a volcano, around which are camped tens of thousands of refugees. At the Presidio alone are at least twenty thousand. All the surrounding cities and towns are jammed with the homeless ones, where they are being cared for by the relief committees. The refugees were carried free by the railroads to any point they wished to go, and it is estimated that over one hundred thousand people have left the peninsula on which San Francisco stood. The government has the situation in hand, and, thanks to the immediate relief given by the whole United States, there is not the slightest possibility of a famine. The bankers and business men have already set about making preparations to rebuild San Francisco.

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When I first saw Lionel Petrie, he was standing on the second-story porch of his house, at the junction of Desire Street and North Bunny Friend, in the Ninth Ward of New Orleans. The house was built of wood, with white siding and peach trim. Petrie, an African-American with salt-and-pepper hair and a mustache, appeared to be in his sixties. A large Akita1 was standing next to him, ears perked vigilantly. The two of them looked out from across the fenced-in expanse of the front yard. Petrie was clearly an organized man: a painter’s ladder was dangling from the railing of the porch, and a clutch of orange life vests hung within reach of a fibreglass canoe that was tethered to the house. The canoe bobbed on the surface of the stinking black water that filled the street and had engulfed most of the first floor of the house. The spiked parapet of a wrought-iron fence poked up about eight inches above the waterline, etching out a formal square that separated the house from the street.

Petrie’s house was different from those of his neighbors, most of which were small brick row houses, or rundown clapboard houses that had deep porches flush with the street. His was set far back in the lot, and had a self-possessed air about it. Near the fence, in what must have been the driveway, the hoods of two submerged cars and a truck could be seen.

I was seated in the back of a four-person Yamaha WaveRunner that was piloted by Shawn Alladio, an energetic woman in her forties, with long blond hair, from Whittier, California. Eight days had passed since Hurricane Katrina made landfall, and Alladio was out on a search for trapped survivors and for what rescuers were calling “holdouts”—residents who didn’t want to leave their homes—in one of the poorest and worst-hit parts of the city, the Ninth Ward, in eastern New Orleans.

Alladio maneuvered the WaveRunner so that we were alongside Petrie’s fence, and, after calling out a greeting to him, she asked him if he wanted to leave; he waved politely in response, but shook his head. She told him that the floodwater was toxic and that he would soon become sick. He said something in reply, but we couldn’t hear him because of the rumble of the WaveRunner’s idling engine. Alladio turned the ignition key off.

Petrie explained that his wife and son and daughter had left the city by car, heading for Baton Rouge, the day before Katrina hit. He didn’t know where his family was now, and, if he left, they wouldn’t know where he was. He said that he intended to wait for them to come back, and for the waters to go down.

Alladio told him that the authorities were not allowing people to return to this part of New Orleans, and that it might be a month before the waters receded. He listened carefully, nodded, and replied that he had stocks of food and some water; that he’d be all right—he’d wait. He patted his dog’s head. “Thank you, but I’ll be fine,” he said. Alladio tried again. “I can promise you that you will not see your family if you stay here,” she told him; it was much likelier that he would pass out and die from the fumes from the water.

He asked whether she would promise that he would be able to join his family.

Alladio paused, and said to me quietly, “I can’t promise him that. If I turn him over to the authorities, like the other evacuees, he could end up anywhere in the country.”

Turning back to Petrie, she asked, “If I drive you to Baton Rouge myself, will you come with me?”

“You would take me yourself?” he asked.

“Yes,” she said. “I promise. Today, when I am done with my work, I will take you there.”

Petrie took a step back on his porch. He raised his head thoughtfully and asked, “Can I take my dog with me?”
“Oh, God,” Alladio said under her breath. “I hate this.” Then she said to him, “I am so sorry, Mr. Petrie, but, no, they won’t allow us to take out animals. You will have to leave him here.”

Petrie gripped the railing of the porch and leaned over again, in a kind of slow, sustained forward lurch, his head down. Then he nodded and said, “O.K.”

Alladio told Petrie to prepare a small bag with his essential belongings, to say goodbye to his dog and, if he wanted, put out some food and water for him. She would be back in an hour to pick him up; in the meantime, she needed to see if there were more people who needed evacuating. He said, “O.K.,” and waved, and went back inside the house. The dog followed him.

Alladio had arrived in New Orleans on Saturday, September 3rd, with a team of California rescue workers and a small flotilla\(^2\) of donated WaveRunners. She and her team were loosely attached to a task force sent by the State of California, but were mostly on their own. We had met at a staging area underneath an elevated section of Interstate 10. As I arrived, evacuees were being brought out of the water to a slightly raised stretch of land where railroad tracks ran under the highway. A boat came up and deposited an elderly black couple. Rescuers carried the woman, who was wearing a denim skirt, a T-shirt, and gold earrings, and sat her down on a fallen telephone pole. She rocked back and forth, with one hand raised, and murmured, “I just want to tell you—thank you, Jesus.” Her husband walked over unsteadily to join her. They had stayed at home until just before the hurricane, and then gone to their church. As the water rose, they took refuge in the choir loft. They stayed there for eight days, drinking the water the storm washed in. “We were down to our last two crackers,” she said. Another man was brought over, shaking, and speaking incoherently. The only words I could make out were “I’m still alive.”

After putting on chest waders to protect ourselves from the fetid\(^3\) floodwaters—which Alladio warned me were “really gnarly”—we set off by boat from Interstate 10. . . .

We passed cargo yards, electrical pylons,\(^4\) and houses with tar-paper roofs that had water halfway up the windows, and other houses that were completely submerged. When we came to the intersection of Louisa Street and Higgins Boulevard, the street signs were at eye level and the traffic lights were barely above the surface of the water. We passed a house with a shattered plate-glass window. Peering down into the living room,

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2. flotilla (flō-tī’o): a small fleet of ships.
3. fetid (fə’tid): having an offensive odor.
4. electrical pylons (pī’lōnz’): steel towers supporting electrical wires.
I saw a sofa floating near a framed photo of Muhammad Ali standing triumphantly over Sonny Liston. At a community swimming pool, a lifeguard seat poked just above the waters. We passed a rowboat carrying two white men and being towed by a black man with dreadlocks, up to his neck in water. Later, we saw them again; all three were in the boat now, and were paddling with broken street signs.

It was a clear, hot day, and the floodwater smelled strongly of oil and raw sewage, and stung the eyes. There were other smells, from islands of rotting garbage, and, *intermittently*, as elsewhere in the city, the smell of death. Helicopters had been clattering overhead all morning, some of them dumping buckets of water on house fires that had broken out everywhere. Scudding\(^5\) columns of brown and gray smoke shot up from half a dozen points around the city. The towers of downtown New Orleans were visible in the distance.

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Until the nineteenth century, the Ninth Ward was a swamp, and, even after it became home to a black and immigrant white community, and was drained (in that order), it was periodically devastated by flooding. During Hurricane Betsy, in 1965, it was hit harder than most of the city, and was underwater for days. The neglect of the Ninth Ward by the city government was notorious; well into the twentieth century, it lacked adequate sewers and clean water. The Norman Rockwell image that the Ninth Ward inspired was that of the first grader Ruby Bridges, a tiny black

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\(^5\) *scudding* (skû’dîng): skimming along swiftly.
Comparing Scope

What event has this article focused on so far?

girl in a white dress, who was led to school by federal marshals past jeering white crowds—a chapter in a violent desegregation struggle that divided the city in the nineteen-sixties. In the next decades, many of the white residents of the Ninth Ward left; by the time Katrina hit, almost all the students in the school that Ruby Bridges integrated were black.

At 2037 Desire, a block past Petrie’s home, three people stood on the second-floor porch of a large wooden house: a bulky young woman in a white blouse, with dyed orange hair, and tattoos on one arm; a young man with copper skin in a lilac polo shirt . . . and an old man who was bare-chested except for a pair of red suspenders. The ground floor was flooded and a sign above it said, “Winner Supermarket—ATM Inside.” Alladio hailed them and repeated the argument that she had made to Petrie. The young man said that his name was Theron Green, and that he and his father, Alfred Green, the old man, and his fiancée—Trinell Sanson, the tattooed woman—were fine, and were planning to stay. They also had a friend inside the house, they said. Theron Green spoke in a thick local accent, and his eyes were alert and suspicious. He was clearly anxious for us to leave. “We feel comfortable, safe in our own house here,” he said. “Anyway, I don’t want no looters coming here.” Alladio told him that there would soon be forced evacuations, but Green was adamant. “I’ll wait till they force me out, then,” he said. Trinell Sanson said, “We’re fine. If it gets too bad, we’ll catch the helicopter.” . . .

Alladio warned me not to get spattered by the floodwater. “The people who have been in this are going to get sick,” she said. The Environmental Protection Agency had teams out taking water samples to check for toxins, and the rumor—apparently unfounded—was that entire districts were so contaminated that they would have to be razed, along with hundreds of thousands of vehicles. The people who lived there might not realize it, she said, “but once they leave they are never going to see their homes again.” . . .

When we returned to Petrie’s house, he was packed and waiting for us on the second-floor porch, dressed in slacks, a fresh unbuttoned shirt over a T-shirt, and a Marine Corps baseball cap. He leaned down to his dog, took both its ears in his hands and caressed them, and then told the dog to go inside. Petrie climbed into the canoe and began paddling over to us. The dog reemerged on the balcony, appearing disconcerted and watchful.

Petrie did not look back. He came alongside the fence and we helped him first with a bag and then with a little black case that he said had his wife’s Bible in it. “I know she’d want me to bring that,” he said. He climbed onto the WaveRunner behind me. Alladio gave the vessel a little power, and we began moving off.

disconcert (dɪsˈkɑːnt-sɜrt/) v. to ruffle; to frustrate by throwing into disorder

SCOPE
What event has this article focused on so far?
As we made our way down Desire, Petrie looked around him at the devastation, his neighbors’ houses submerged in water. He said, “Oh, my God. I had no idea.”

I asked him why he hadn’t left earlier. “You tell yourself that the waters are going to recede, and when they don’t one day you say maybe they will the next,” he answered.

The waters had subsided somewhat after the initial surge, he said. Then he had noticed, as the days went by, that there was an ebb and flow to them, as if a tide were moving in and out. To his mind, the city had become part of Lake Pontchartrain. He had heard on the radio about the levees breaking. When the electricity went out, he had listened to the radio each night, but had turned it off after a little while, to save his batteries.

As we spoke, he seemed to be trying to make sense of his own reaction to the catastrophe. He had understood logically that he was stranded and in danger, and yet he had decided that his first priority was to remain and prepare the house for his family’s return: “Pretty crazy, huh? I even started repairing my roof.” About a third of the roof had been torn away by the hurricane, and he had worked for several days patching it up while the city lay underwater. . . .

When we passed Theron Green’s house, he and his father and his fiancée waved and smiled at Petrie. . . .

Petrie told me that he was worried about his aunt Willa Mae Butler: “She’s about eighty-two, and lives on Bartholomew Street. I’m worried that she’s dead, because this time she said she wasn’t going.”

As we travelled slowly back toward Interstate 10, avoiding debris and downed electrical lines, Petrie began calling out landmarks. He had lived in the neighborhood his entire life. As a child, he had lived on Louisa Street. He pointed to a building that he said was the primary school he had attended from kindergarten through eighth grade. . . .

By now, he was reconciled to his rescue. “I think the good Lord sent you to me,” he said. “I am looking forward to seeing my wife!” Her name was Mildred. He was sixty-four and Mildred was sixty-one. They had married when she was seventeen and he was twenty. “Everyone said we wouldn’t last, but we’ve been together forty-five years, and this is the first time we have been apart.” . . .

After we landed, Shawn Alladio went out on one more tour of the neighborhood to see if there was anyone else to bring in. While we waited for her to return, Petrie and I sat in my rented van in the shade under Interstate 10. Nearby, rescuers stripped down and washed in solutions of water and bleach. . . .

SCOPE

How much of New Orleans is this article covering? Tell how you know.
Petrie told me about his own children. Lionel, his namesake, forty-three years old, had been in the Marine Corps for fifteen years and served in the first Gulf War. He had been an aviation mechanic, but when he got out he couldn’t get a job, so he went back to school, at the University of New Orleans, where he was pursuing an undergraduate degree when the hurricane arrived. Lionel owned two houses, one just blocks away from Petrie’s, which he rented out. Petrie’s second son, Bruce, who was thirty-eight, had also been a marine, had an accounting degree, and worked as a shelter supervisor for Girls and Boys Town. Bruce had driven out of the city with his wife and children before Katrina. Petrie smiled when he spoke of his daughter, Crystal, who was twenty-one. She was studying nursing in New Orleans. Lionel had driven her and their mother out of the city.

Petrie hadn’t gone to college; he got hired at a shipyard right after high school. After a couple of years, he decided to train as a welder. “For a year, I went to welders’ school from 8 a.m. to noon and worked at American Marine from 6 p.m. until 6 a.m. Got my certificate as a certified welder around 1962. I went to several places looking for a job as a welder, but never got hired.” When, in 1965, Petrie went to apply for a job at Equitable Equipment, near his home, he saw white welders being hired even as he was told that the only openings were for laborers. He contacted the local N.A.A.C.P. and filed a complaint with the newly formed Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. “They took an interest in my case, and I was the first black to be hired as a skilled worker by Equitable,” he said. “I would sit down to eat my lunch and the white guys would go...
sit somewhere else. I didn’t care—I was just there to do my job.” After
working for a decade at Equitable, and then at Kaiser Aluminum until
1983, when it shut down its Louisiana operations, he decided to set up his
own business, Petrie Iron and Construction. He didn’t have insurance,
though, and he figured that he’d lost everything.

Later that evening, Alladio drove Petrie and me to Baton Rouge in a
rented pickup, towing her WaveRunner behind her. She had been told
that forced evacuations would begin soon, and that the operation would
shift toward law enforcement. She was leaving the next day.

In his exhaustion, Petrie had not been able to remember any telephone
numbers, but, as we drove along, cell-phone numbers for his son Bruce and
his daughter came back to him. I handed him my phone, and a minute
later I heard him say, “They’re in Memphis!”

When he hung up, he said that his wife and daughter were staying in
Memphis at a cousin’s house. Lionel had already found some temporary
factory work. Bruce was staying with his wife’s family, in Kentucky. Willa
Mae Butler, Petrie’s aunt, was alive and in Texas. Bruce was going to look
on the Internet for a flight for his father from Baton Rouge to Memphis.

A little while later, as we drove into the night, Petrie said reflectively,
“I don’t know if I want to go back to New Orleans—seeing it how it was,
I don’t think I do.” He doubted, from what he had seen, that much of
it could ever be rebuilt. “The first thing I picture now is the water I saw
when I was coming out,” he said.

A few minutes afterward, Bruce called back to say that the next available
flight was in three days’ time. Alladio suggested that we try the Greyhound
station instead. It was already late when we arrived at the scruffy little
bus station in Baton Rouge, full of refugees from New Orleans. I joined a
long line of people waiting for information and tickets. Half an hour later,
it had barely moved. A man and a woman were arguing, and when the
stationmaster called for passengers for Houston, I heard the man tell her, “I
don’t care what you say—I’m getting on that bus.” After he left, the woman
leaned against a pillar and wiped her eyes. A tall man with a stack of religious
tracts was reciting Psalms from memory, and a woman made subdued sounds
of agreement or said, “That’s right,” in a rhythmic cadence. Two policemen
patrolled the station; there were a number of young men who looked street-
wise and seemed to be loitering among the waiting passengers.

Around midnight, Bruce called again. He had resolved to drive down
from Kentucky to get his father. He would leave shortly with his wife,
Donna. Lionel Petrie would wait for them in the Greyhound station. Bruce
thought that if he and Donna took turns driving they could make the trip
in twelve hours. They were there by noon the next day.
Comprehension

1. **Recall**  In “The Story of an Eyewitness,” how much of San Francisco does Jack London say was destroyed by the earthquake and the fire that came afterward?

2. **Clarify**  What span of time does London’s account cover?

3. **Clarify**  In “Letter from New Orleans,” why is Lionel Petrie reluctant to leave his home?

Critical Analysis


5. **Evaluate Objectivity**  An objective report is one that is fair, neutral, and evenhanded. Do you think that Jack London’s account is objective? Cite evidence from the text to support your opinion.

6. **Make Judgments**  The authorities forced thousands of people to leave behind their pets during the evacuation of New Orleans. Was it right to ask people to abandon their pets? Why or why not?

7. **Evaluate Accounts**  Think about the two articles you have just read. Which account do you think is more powerful? Explain your opinion.

Comparing Scope

Now that you’ve read both articles, finish filling in your chart. Then add the final question, and answer it, too.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>“The Story of an Eyewitness”</th>
<th>“Letter from New Orleans: Leaving Desire”</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>What is the topic?</td>
<td>the San Francisco earthquake of 1906</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whom does the writer focus on?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How much of the disaster area does the writer cover?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which events does the writer focus on?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How would you describe the scope of the account?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Vocabulary in Context

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

1. Would a lavishly decorated home be simple or elegant?
2. Is a menace something to avoid or to look forward to?
3. If you disconcert people, do you confuse them or calm them?
4. If you compel people to do something, are you forcing them or inviting them?
5. Would a person who watches vigilantly be alert or distracted?
6. Which sound would be heard intermittently—thunder or a steady siren?

VOCABULARY IN WRITING
Imagine you volunteered to help in New Orleans after the hurricane. Using at least two vocabulary words, describe what you might have experienced. Here is a sample beginning.

EXAMPLE SENTENCE
The hurricane was a menace to the city.

VOCABULARY STRATEGY: THE PREFIX inter-
A prefix is a word part attached to the beginning of a base word or root word. When a prefix is added, a new word is formed. The vocabulary word intermittently contains the prefix inter-, which means “between,” added to the Latin word meaning “to let go.” If you know the meaning of a prefix, it can help you figure out the meaning of an unfamiliar word, especially if you consider the word’s context.

PRACTICE  The boldfaced words all contain the prefix inter-. Use your knowledge of this prefix and the base word to write a definition for each word. Remember to use context clues or a dictionary if you need help.

1. The twins looked so similar, they could be interchanged and no one would know.
2. The puzzle pieces interlock so that they won’t come apart.
3. An international commission was established to study world hunger.
4. I have to pass the intermediate course before I can move on to the advanced level.
5. We took the interstate highway on our drive from New York to Ohio.

For more practice, go to the Vocabulary Center at ClassZone.com.
The two articles you’ve just read cover similar subjects in different ways. In writing assessments, you might be asked to compare such selections.

**PROMPT**

“The Story of an Eyewitness” and “Letter from New Orleans: Leaving Desire” are both eyewitness accounts of natural disasters. In four or five paragraphs, contrast the scope, or range of focus, of each article’s disaster coverage. Use details from the articles to explain the differences between how people, places, and events are covered. Also explain how you think the scope affects the reader.

**STRATEGIES IN ACTION**

1. I need to identify the range of focus of each article.
2. I need to state the differences between the articles’ scopes.
3. I need to support my statement with examples about people, places, and events.
4. I need to explain the effect of each article’s scope on the reader.

**2. PLAN YOUR WRITING**

To identify the scope of each reporter’s disaster coverage, review the chart you completed. Write a thesis statement that tells how each article’s scope differs. Then think about how you will set up the body of your response.

- Option A: In one paragraph, describe the scope of the first article’s coverage of people, places, and events. In the next paragraph, describe the other article’s scope.
- Option B: In one paragraph, contrast the way each article covers people. In the next paragraph, contrast the way each covers places. In the third, contrast the number of events covered.

Once you have decided on your approach, create an outline to organize your details.

**3. DRAFT YOUR RESPONSE**

**Introduction** Provide the titles and authors of both articles, a brief description of what each article is about, and your thesis statement.

**Body** With your outline as a guide, discuss the differences in the scope of each article, using details about the writers’ coverage of people, places, and events as support.

**Conclusion** Restate your thesis statement, and leave your reader with a final thought about the role that scope plays in each of these articles.

**Revision** Double-check to make sure your thesis statement clearly presents the ideas you develop in your body paragraphs.
What gifts does the earth provide?

**KEY IDEA** It’s not hard to appreciate nature when you’re taking a walk on a sunny day or swimming at a scenic beach. But the earth gives us many gifts that we may not always recognize. The gas that warms our homes, the concrete we use to pave our sidewalks, even the paper we write on—these things are all precious resources provided to us by the earth. The poets whose works you’re about to read share their appreciation for the earth’s gifts through words.

**LIST IT** The earth’s resources can be used in multiple ways. In a small group, choose one of the resources shown, and brainstorm at least five ways we can use it. Did you discover any new uses for these resources? Share your list with the class.

- dirt
- plants
- rocks
- sunlight
- trees
- water
- wind
LITERARY ANALYSIS: IMAGERY

The use of description that makes something seem real or easy to imagine is called imagery. Poets create imagery by using words and phrases that appeal to our senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch. Paying attention to imagery can enable you to “experience” a poem as if you were there. For example, look at the following lines from “Mi Madre”:

I say tease me.
She sprinkles raindrops in my face on a sunny day.

The image “sprinkles raindrops” appeals to the sense of touch, while “sunny day” appeals to the sense of sight. If you combine these images in your mind, you can almost share in this scene. As you read “Mi Madre” and “Canyon de Chelly,” use a word web to keep track of these and other examples of imagery.

READING SKILL: UNDERSTAND SPEAKER

In poetry, the speaker is the voice that “talks” to the reader and relates the ideas presented in the poem from a specific point of view. It is important to understand that the speaker is not the same as the poet. For example, a poet may choose to write about a subject from the perspective of a child. In that case, the ideas that are expressed are those of the child, not necessarily the poet. As you read “Mi Madre” and “Canyon de Chelly,” look for clues that will help you decide who each speaker is and how he or she feels about the subject of the poem.

Background

Arizona’s Canyon de Chelly (pronounced shā) is home to a Navajo tribal community that has preserved this sacred land for centuries. The canyon, now a national park, is known for its stunning landscapes, tribal artifacts, and rock paintings.
I say feed me.
She serves red prickly pear on a spiked cactus.

I say tease me.
She sprinkles raindrops in my face on a sunny day.

I say frighten me.
She shouts thunder, flashes lightning.

I say comfort me.
She invites me to lay on her firm body.

I say heal me.
She gives me manzanilla, orégano, dormilón.

I say caress me.
She strokes my skin with her warm breath.

I say make me beautiful.
She offers turquoise for my fingers, a pink blossom for my hair.

I say sing to me.
She chants lonely women’s songs of femaleness.

I say teach me.
She endures: glaring heat
numbing cold
frightening dryness.

She: the desert
She: strong mother.
Lie on your back on stone,  
the stone carved to fit  
the shape of yourself.  
Who made it like this,  
knowing that I would be along  
in a million years and look  
at the sky being blue forever?  

My son is near me. He sits  
and turns on his butt  
and crawls over to stones,  
picks one up and holds it,  
and then puts it into his mouth.  
The taste of stone.  
What is it but stone,  
the earth in your mouth.  
You, son, are tasting forever.

ANALYZE VISUALS
Is this a photograph or a painting? Tell what led you to your answer, and why others might conclude differently.

SPEAKER
What do you know about the speaker of this poem?
We walk to the edge of cliff and look down into the canyon. On this side, we cannot see the bottom cliff edge but looking further out, we see fields, sand furrows, cottonwoods. In winter, they are softly gray. The cliffs’ shadows are distant, hundreds of feet below; we cannot see our own shadows. The wind moves softly into us. My son laughs with the wind; he gasps and laughs.

We find gray root, old wood, so old, with curious twists in it, curving back into curves, juniper, piñon, or something with hard, red berries in spring. You taste them, and they are sweet and bitter, the berries a delicacy for bluejays. The plant rooted fragilely into a sandy place by a canyon wall, the sun bathing shiny, pointed leaves.

My son touches the root carefully, aware of its ancient quality. He lays his soft, small fingers on it and looks at me for information. I tell him: wood, an old root, and around it, the earth, ourselves.
Comprehension

1. Recall In “Mi Madre,” how does the desert heal the speaker?

2. Recall In “Canyon de Chelly,” what two things does the speaker’s son taste?

3. Represent Reread lines 13–14 from “Mi Madre” and lines 17–22 from “Canyon de Chelly.” Choose one of these groups of lines and sketch the image created in your mind.

Literary Analysis

4. Interpret Poem In “Mi Madre,” the speaker refers to the desert as a “strong mother.” How is the desert in the poem like a mother?

5. Make Inferences Reread the first three lines of “Canyon de Chelly.” To whom do you think the speaker is talking? Why do you think so?

6. Compare and Contrast Speakers Using a Y-chart like the one shown, fill in the top part with what you know about each speaker’s relationship to the earth. Include the gifts he or she receives from it and how he or she feels about it. How are these relationships similar? Then cross out the similarities and write them in the bottom part.

7. Evaluate Imagery Both “Mi Madre” and “Canyon de Chelly” are about real places the poets have visited. Review the imagery webs you created. Which poem’s imagery best helped you to picture the subject of the poem?

Extension and Challenge

8. Creative Project: Poetry Think of a place in the outdoors that you enjoy. Jot down notes about how the place looks, smells, feels, sounds, or tastes. Then write a poem about the place. Be sure to include imagery that appeals to at least three of the five senses.

9. SOCIAL STUDIES CONNECTION The Navajo, or Diné, make up the largest Native American nation in the United States. Research their history and traditions, including their preservation of Canyon de Chelly as a national landmark. Share your findings with a group.

RESEARCH LINKS
For more on the Navajo, visit the Research Center at ClassZone.com.
Comparison-Contrast Essay

In Unit 3 and in your own life, you have encountered people and situations that almost beg to be compared. To write an essay that compares or contrasts two real or fictional people, places, or events, start with the Writer’s Road Map.

**Writer’s Road Map**

**Comparison-Contrast Essay**

**Writing Prompt 1**

Writing from Literature  Write an essay that compares or contrasts two literary characters from different historical eras who confront similar situations or conflicts. Focus on the characters’ motivations and on their reactions to challenges.

**Characters to Compare**

- Squeaky in “Raymond’s Run” and Waverly in “Rules of the Game”
- Cassie in *Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry* and Annemarie in *Number the Stars*

**Writing Prompt 2**

Writing from Literature  Write an essay that compares or contrasts two works of literature that you have read this year. Concentrate on key elements such as mood, conflict, or style.

**Literary Works to Compare**

- “Going Where I’m Coming From” and “My First Free Summer”
- “Mi Madre” and “My Father and the Fig Tree”

**Key Traits**

1. **Ideas**
   - Identifies the subjects being compared and contrasted
   - Presents a thesis statement that identifies similarities or differences
   - Supports key points with examples

2. **Organization**
   - Includes an introduction that holds the reader’s attention
   - Has a clear organizational pattern
   - Uses transitions to show how ideas are related
   - Sums up the key points in a conclusion that also explains why the subjects are important

3. **Voice**
   - Consistently uses language that is appropriate for the audience and purpose

4. **Word Choice**
   - Uses precise words to explain similarities and differences

5. **Sentence Fluency**
   - Varies sentence beginnings

6. **Conventions**
   - Uses correct grammar, spelling, and punctuation

**Writing Tools**

For prewriting, revision, and editing tools, visit the Writing Center at ClassZone.com.
Different Worlds, Similar Challenges

Nobody ever said life was easy. In fact, it’s really about proving that you can face challenges. This is clear in the short stories “The Drummer Boy of Shiloh” by Ray Bradbury and “Hallucination” by Isaac Asimov. Although the main characters of these stories live on different planets during different centuries, both successfully face tremendous challenges.

The settings of these two stories are completely different. “The Drummer Boy of Shiloh” takes place during the Civil War. It begins with a description that sounds almost like a poem: “In the April night, more than once, blossoms fell from the orchard trees and lighted with rustling taps on the drumskin.” The exact place is a field where a major battle will be fought the next day. “Hallucination,” on the other hand, is set on Energy Planet—somewhere in the universe, sometime far in the future. To make things more like home, the Earth people have built a “transparent dome overhead. It was quite high, perhaps a thousand meters high, and it stretched in all directions farther than he could clearly see.” Young Earthlings get specialized training on this planet.

Although the two main characters are in totally different places and times, they are similar in several key ways. Both are young teenagers. The drummer boy, Joby, has just turned 14, and we learn that he is too young to shave. We learn in the first sentence of “Hallucination” that Sam is 15. Both boys are also away from home: Joby has run away to join the army, and Sam is on Energy Planet because Central Computer sent him there. In addition, they both have difficult challenges to deal with. Joby may die in battle the next day. Sam must solve the mystery of the hallucinations that nobody wants to talk about.
The way these two characters handle their challenges is very different, though. Joby seems weak and frightened. He’s afraid to die and lies crying in the dark. There’s not much he can do except worry and wait for morning to come and the battle to begin. In sharp contrast, Sam is confident and determined. He ignores the assignment he’s been sent to work on and investigates the hallucinations on his own.

By the end of the stories, though, both Joby and Sam accept their challenges and face them with courage. In “The Drummer Boy of Shiloh,” the general gives Joby the confidence he needs, telling him he is “the heart of the army. . . . the general of the army when the General’s left behind.” The story ends before the battle begins, but we know that Joby’s attitude has changed. Turning his drum to face the sky shows that he is no longer afraid of the sound of blossoms falling on it. Calmly and bravely, he has decided to march to war. In “Hallucination,” Sam uses his intuition and almost superhuman intelligence to solve the mystery. He quickly learns how to communicate with the planet’s insect-like creatures and realizes that “previous attempts at communication had failed because the people . . . had been frightened.” In the end, he discovers how these beings create the hallucinations. Making this discovery helps to cure the Commander and save the power station.

The settings of the short stories “The Drummer Boy of Shiloh” and “Hallucination” span history and the universe. The main characters in the stories are very much alike, however. Both of them learn to face the challenges in their lives. Their courage inspires us and encourages us to face our own challenges.

**Conclusion** summarizes the main points. The highlighted phrase explains the importance of the stories.
Part 2: Apply the Writing Process

**PREWRITING**

What Should I Do?

1. **Analyze the prompt.**
   Choose a prompt from page 424 and study it carefully. Draw a circle around the type of writing it asks you to do. **Underline** the purpose of your writing. If the prompt doesn't tell you who your audience is, assume that you are writing for your teacher and classmates.

2. **Note similarities and differences.**
   Use a Venn diagram or a chart to keep track of comparisons and contrasts.

   **TIP** If you have trouble thinking of interesting, important similarities and differences, choose two other subjects.

3. **List your key points and find examples that support them.**
   Write down the main similarities and differences between your subjects. Then look for facts, examples, and quotations to back up your ideas. If you use quotations, be sure to copy the words exactly.

4. **Draft a thesis statement.**
   Tell your reader which subjects you’re comparing, and then briefly describe their main similarities and differences. You can change your thesis statement as you draft and revise.

What Does It Look Like?

**WRITING PROMPT** Write an essay that compares or contrasts two literary characters from different historical eras who confront similar situations or conflicts. Focus on the characters’ motivations and on their reactions to challenges.

I liked the stories about the drummer boy and the kid on the alien planet. I think my teacher and classmates would enjoy reading more about them, too.

**“Drummer Boy”**
- set during the Civil War
- Joby is scared.

**“Hallucination”**
- set in the future
- Sam is confident.

**Key point:** Both characters meet their challenges.

**Support:**
- Joby bravely waits for battle. He knows he is “the heart of the army.”
- Sam figures out what the hallucinations are. He’s really smart.

I am comparing "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" by Ray Bradbury and "Hallucination" by Isaac Asimov. The stories seem totally different at first, but it turns out that both main characters have to face bad situations.
1. **Organize your ideas.**

Here are two ways to organize your essay. The writer of the model used point-by-point organization.

**Subject by subject**—Discuss all the points about one subject and then all the points about the other.

**Point by point**—Discuss your key points one by one, showing how they relate to each subject.

A clear organizational pattern gives your essay parallel structure. Instead of presenting ideas randomly, you give equal weight to ideas of equal importance. This technique makes individual paragraphs and your entire essay more coherent.

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2. **Back up your key points.**

Instead of just telling readers “Sam is really smart,” show them by giving details and quotations from the story.

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3. **Use transitions to link ideas.**

Use words such as *both* and *similarly* to show how ideas are alike. Try *however, though, or on the other hand* to show differences. Placing some transitions at the beginning of your sentences will help give your writing variety.

See page 430: Add Transitions

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**What Does It Look Like?**

### Subject-by-Subject Organization

| Subject A: "Drummer Boy" |
| Setting: U.S. during Civil War |
| Main character: Joby, a frightened teen |
| Challenge: to face a battle |

| Subject B: "Hallucination" |
| Setting: on Energy Planet in future |
| Main character: Sam, a confident teen |
| Challenge: to solve a mystery |

### Point-by-Point Organization

| Point 1: Setting |
| "Drummer Boy": U.S. during Civil War |

| "Hallucination": Energy Planet, the future |

| Point 2: Main Character |
| "Drummer Boy": teen Joby at war, afraid |

| "Hallucination": teen Sam away from Earth, confident |

| Point 3: Challenge |
| "Drummer Boy": a battle |

| "Hallucination": a mystery |

---

**What Should I Do?**

Sam uses his intuition and almost superhuman intelligence to solve the mystery. He quickly learns to communicate with the planet’s insect-like creatures and realizes that “previous attempts at communication had failed because the people... had been frightened.”

The way these two characters handle their challenges is very different, though. Joby seems weak and frightened. He’s afraid to die and lies crying in the dark. There’s not much he can do except worry and wait for morning to come and the battle to begin. In sharp contrast, Sam is confident and determined.
### What Should I Do?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1. Create a thought-provoking introduction.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• Reread the first sentence of your introduction. Ask yourself if it makes you want to read on.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• If not, add a question, an interesting detail, or a surprising quotation.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2. Clarify your thesis.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• <em>Bracket</em> the statement that explains the main similarities and differences of your subjects.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• Revise it if necessary so that it clearly and concisely states the key points of your essay.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>3. Think about word choice.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• <strong>Underline</strong> any vague words, such as <em>nice, really, bad,</em> and <em>thing.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• Replace those words with specific terms that tell your reader exactly what you mean.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**TIP** Try replacing boring verbs (*ran* and *talk*) with precise ones (*fled* and *chatter*). |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>4. Make your conclusion memorable.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• Ask a peer reader to read your conclusion and tell you why you chose those two subjects to compare and contrast.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• If the reason isn’t clear, add details to make sure readers understand the subjects’ importance to you.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**See page 430: Ask a Peer Reader**

### What Does It Look Like?

**Nobody** ever said life was easy. In fact, it’s really about proving that you can face challenges. This is clear in **I am comparing the short stories “The Drummer Boy of Shiloh” by Ray Bradbury and “Hallucination” by Isaac Asimov.**

**The stories seem totally different at first, but it turns out that both main characters have to face bad situations.**

Although the main characters of these stories live on different planets during different centuries, both successfully face tremendous challenges.

He ignores the thing he’s been sent to work on and does the research on his own. He investigates the hallucinations.

The settings of the short stories “The Drummer Boy of Shiloh” and “Hallucination” span history and the universe. The main characters in the stories are very much alike, however. Both of them learn to face the challenges in their lives. Their courage inspires us and encourages us to face our own challenges.
### Consider the Criteria

Use this checklist to make sure your essay is on track.

**Ideas**
- ✓ clearly identifies a subject
- ✓ includes a thesis that makes a comparison or contrast
- ✓ provides supporting examples

**Organization**
- ✓ has a clear organizational pattern
- ✓ uses transitions effectively
- ✓ concludes with a summary and an explanation of the subjects’ significance

**Voice**
- ✓ uses appropriate language

**Word Choice**
- ✓ consistently uses precise words

**Sentence Fluency**
- ✓ varies sentence beginnings

**Conventions**
- ✓ uses correct grammar, spelling, and punctuation

### Ask a Peer Reader

- What is the strongest and clearest point that I made?
- Do any points need more explanation? If so, which ones?
- Why do you think I chose these subjects?

### Add Transitions

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>To Compare</th>
<th>To Contrast</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>also</td>
<td>although</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by comparison</td>
<td>in contrast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>in addition to</td>
<td>nevertheless</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>likewise</td>
<td>on the other hand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>similarly</td>
<td>unlike</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Check Your Grammar

- To correct a sentence fragment, add whatever the sentence is missing—a subject, a verb, or both.

  He discovers how these beings create the hallucinations.

See page R64: Correcting Fragments

- Add punctuation to separate run-ons into individual sentences.

  Joby seems weak and frightened; he’s afraid to die and lies crying in the dark.

See pages R64–R65: Correcting Run-on Sentences

### 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.
Delivering an Oral Response to Literature

Giving a brief speech about a work of literature will improve your speaking skills. You may adapt the comparison-contrast essay you just wrote or focus on a single work of literature.

Planning the Response

1. **Decide what you will cover.** Your teacher will tell you how long your presentation should be, and that will affect how much detail you will include. Audience members will notice your level of enthusiasm, so choose literature that truly interests you.

2. **Write down your insights and interpretations.** Explain what your understanding of the work is and how you arrived at that conclusion. Make **supported inferences**—logical assumptions backed up by examples or other evidence—about the effects this work of literature has on readers. Be specific about why you reacted the way you did; describe the writer’s techniques and quote from the work to support your judgments. You may also refer to other literary works, other authors, or your own knowledge.

3. **Prepare a speech outline.** Like a written essay, an oral response to literature needs an intriguing introduction, a logically developed body, and an effective conclusion. However, audience members can’t go back and reread. Help them by including clear transitions, previewing new ideas, and summarizing material that you have already covered. See page R4 to learn more about outlines.

4. **Try it out.** Perform your speech for friends or relatives. Find out which parts (if any) are confusing and which parts work well.

Delivering the Response

1. **Talk, don’t read.** Instead of reading your speech aloud, use the points in your outline as reminders.

2. **Listen and learn.** Your classmates will analyze your interpretation, evaluating it based on content, purpose, delivery, language choice, and overall effect on the listener. Use what you learn to improve your next speech. When it is time to listen to classmates’ presentations, pay attention so you can restate their purpose and point of view in your own words.

See page R83: Evaluate an Oral Response to Literature
Assessment Practice

Reading Comprehension

DIRECTIONS Read these selections and answer the questions that follow.

from The Apprentice

Dorothy Canfield Fisher

And now, this afternoon, when he was six months old, tall, rangy, powerful, standing up far above her knee, nearly to her waist, she didn’t know where he was. But of course he must be somewhere around. He always was. She composed her face to look natural and went downstairs to search the house. He was probably asleep somewhere. She looked every room over carefully. Her mother was nowhere visible. It was safe to call him again, to give the special piercing whistle which always brought him racing to her, the white-feathered plume of his tail waving in elation that she wanted him.

But he did not answer. She stood still on the front porch to think.

Could he have gone up to their special place in the edge of the field where the three young pines, their branches growing close to the ground, made a triangular, walled-in space, completely hidden from the world? Sometimes he went up there with her. When she lay down on the dried grass to dream, he too lay down quietly, his head on his paws, his beautiful eyes fixed adoringly on her. He entered into her every mood. If she wanted to be quiet, all right, he did too.

It didn’t seem as though he would have gone alone there. Still—She loped up the steep slope of the field rather fast, beginning to be anxious.

No, he was not there. She stood, irresolutely, in the roofless, green-walled triangular hide-out, wondering what to do next.

Then, before she knew what thought had come into her mind, its emotional impact knocked her down. At least her knees crumpled under her. Last Wednesday the Wilsons had brought their sheep down to the home farm from the upper pasture! She herself had seen them on the way to school, and like an idiot had not thought of Rollie. She had seen them grazing on the river meadow.

She was off like a racer at the crack of the starting pistol, her long, strong legs stretched in great leaps, her pigtails flying. She took the short cut down to the upper edge of the meadow, regardless of the brambles. Their thorn-spiked, wiry stems tore at her flesh, but she did not care. She welcomed the pain. It was something she was doing for Rollie, for her Rollie.

She was tearing through the pine woods now, rushing down the steep, stony path, tripping over roots, half-falling, catching herself just in time, not slackening her speed. She burst out on the open knoll above the river meadow, calling wildly, “Rollie, here, Rollie, here, boy! here! here!” She tried to whistle,
but she was crying too hard to pucker her lips. She had not, till then, known she was crying.

There was nobody to see or hear her. Twilight was falling over the bare knoll. The sunless evening wind slid down the mountain like an invisible river, engulfing her in cold. Her teeth began to chatter. “Here, Rollie, here, boy, here!” She strained her eyes to look down into the meadow to see if the sheep were there. She could not be sure. She stopped calling him as if he were a dog, and called out his name despairingly, as if he were her child, “Rollie! oh, Rollie, where are you!”

from Year of the Black Pony

Walt Morey

I was late. I took off from the house running fast as I could. I rounded the barn, crossed the pasture, and started up the long slope that led to the top of Christmas Ridge. I ran until my throat was dry and my heart felt like it was about to jump from my rib cage. Then the slope turned steep. I quit running and climbed the rest of the way.

The spine of Christmas Ridge is about fifty feet wide. It stretches for miles splitting the valley almost down the middle. There’s an odd nest of big rocks up there about thirty feet high. I climbed to the topmost one and stretched out on my stomach. The valley rolled away beneath me, a spring-green carpet of new grass speckled with clumps of trees and brush. In the middle stood our typical homesteader’s board-and-bat cabin, the two outbuildings, and the pattern of fences and gates.

My breathing gradually settled back to normal and my heart stopped pounding. I kept listening and looking. There was nothing. I was too late. I was about to get up and leave when I heard it. A faint rumble rode the morning silence like the roll of distant thunder. It swelled in volume. I got to my knees in excitement. My heart was hammering again.

They burst around a shoulder of the ridge a hundred yards away—fifteen or twenty horses running hard. They were Sam Fletcher’s young stock that he let run loose on the open range. They followed the ridge every morning to feed in some distant part of the valley. At night a hired hand rode out and drove them home.

I had eyes for only one. The black pony in the lead. He ran like he loved being free. His head was up, sharp ears forward, black mane and tail flying in the wind. The sun made his black coat glisten like satin. The big muscles
across shoulders and legs rippled like light flashes on water. They pounded past right under the rock where I crouched. I watched until they were out of sight. The whole thing took maybe two minutes.

Every Saturday since the winter weather had broken I’d climbed up here to watch that pony pass. The sight of him did something to me I’ve never quite been able to explain. He was more than tremendous strength and speed and beauty of motion. He set me dreaming.

Comprehension

DIRECTIONS Answer these questions about the excerpt from “The Apprentice.”

1. From the descriptive details used in this excerpt, you can tell that the story’s setting is a
   A landscaped suburban community with grassy yards
   B large city park with trees and meadows
   C tropical forest with dense undergrowth
   D mountainous area of fields, forests, and farms

2. Which phrases contribute to the tense mood in the excerpt?
   A “probably asleep somewhere”; “completely hidden from the world”
   B “safe to call him”; “special piercing whistle”
   C “beginning to be anxious”; “She stood, irresolutely”
   D “on the way to school”; “grazing on the river”

3. Which phrase helps you visualize the girl running frantically in search of Rollie?
   A “the special piercing whistle” (lines 6–7)
   B “wondering what to do next” (line 20)
   C “tripping over roots, half-falling” (line 33)
   D “strained her eyes to look down” (line 41)

4. Reread lines 10–16. The description of the special place where the girl and Rollie like to go helps create a mood of
   A eeriness
   B peacefulness
   C nervousness
   D tenderness

5. Which image appeals to the reader’s sense of touch?
   A “steep slope of the field” (line 18)
   B “crack of the starting pistol” (line 27)
   C “thorn-spiked wiry stems” (lines 29–30)
   D “the open knoll” (line 34)

6. The description of the setting in lines 38–42 creates a mood that is
   A calm
   B fearful
   C weary
   D lighthearted

DIRECTIONS Answer these questions about the excerpt from Year of the Black Pony.

7. The setting for this excerpt is
   A the top of Christmas Ridge
   B a valley far from Christmas Ridge
   C a pasture near Christmas Ridge
   D the barn at the foot of Christmas Ridge
8. The event described in the excerpt takes place on a
   A fall afternoon
   B summer night
   C winter evening
   D spring morning

9. In line 1, the narrator says, “I was late. I took off from the house running fast as I could.” These statements create a mood of
   A playfulness
   B suspense
   C despair
   D confidence

10. The imagery in lines 15–17 appeals to the reader’s sense of
    A hearing
    B sight
    C smell
    D taste

11. Which description helps you visualize the black pony running with the herd?
    A “Sam Fletcher’s young stock” (line 19)
    B “mane and tail flying in the wind” (lines 24–25)
    C “big muscles across shoulders and legs” (lines 25–26)
    D “more than tremendous strength” (line 31)

12. The words burst, flashes, and pounded are used in the excerpt to help create feelings of
    A confusion
    B excitement
    C panic
    D terror

DIRECTIONS  Answer these questions about both selections.

13. Imagery in both excerpts helps you visualize
    A untamed animals
    B mysterious characters
    C hilly, countryside settings
    D destructive forces in nature

14. The authors help you picture the characters mainly through
    A detailed descriptions of their actions
    B conversations between characters
    C words that name the characters’ feelings
    D the animals’ awareness of the characters

Written Response

SHORT RESPONSE  Write two or three sentences to answer these questions.

15. Identify two sensory details in lines 6–12 in the excerpt from Year of the Black Pony that help you visualize the setting. To which of your senses do they appeal?

16. Which sensory details in the excerpt help you visualize Rollie’s appearance in “The Apprentice”? Give two quotations from the excerpt to support your answer.

EXTENDED RESPONSE  Write a paragraph to answer this question.

17. Describe how the mood of the excerpt from “The Apprentice” changes as the girl looks for Rollie.
Vocabulary

**DIRECTIONS** Use context clues and your knowledge of idioms to answer the following questions.

1. In line 5 of “The Apprentice,” the girl “looked every room over carefully.” The idiom *looked over* means
   A tried to remember
   B failed to notice
   C described
   D examined

2. In line 1 of *Year of the Black Pony*, the idiom *took off* means
   A subtracted from
   B became popular
   C moved quickly
   D imitated humorously

3. In line 21 of *Year of the Black Pony*, the idiom *hired hand* refers to a
   A family member
   B young horse
   C manager
   D paid laborer

4. In line 23 of *Year of the Black Pony*, the narrator says, “I had eyes for only one.” The idiom *had eyes for* means that the narrator
   A could afford to buy just one horse
   B was interested in one particular horse
   C needed glasses to see the herd
   D watched the horses every day

**DIRECTIONS** Use context clues and your knowledge of homographs to answer the following questions.

She was tearing though the pine woods now, rushing down the steep, stony path, tripping over roots, half-falling, catching herself just in time, not slackening her speed.

5. Which sentence uses *tearing* as it is used in line 32 of “The Apprentice”?
   A Jake began tearing the wrapping paper from his birthday gift.
   B Nora was tearing around her room in a great hurry.
   C Jealousy was tearing their friendship apart.
   D Madison blinked her eyes to stop them from tearing.

6. Which sentence uses *steep* as it is used in line 32 of “The Apprentice”?
   A Raising a child is a steep undertaking.
   B The price of those sneakers seems steep.
   C Steep the tea bag in boiling water.
   D The steep cliffs were impossible to climb.

The sunless evening wind slid down the mountain like an invisible river, engulfing her in cold.

7. Which sentence uses *wind* as it is used in line 39 of “The Apprentice”?
   A She had to wind a path through the dense forest.
   B The plunge into icy water knocked the wind out of him.
   C As he stepped outside, the gentle wind lingered on his face.
   D Trumpets and saxophones are wind instruments.
Writing & Grammar

DIRECTIONS Read the passage and answer the questions that follow.

(1) Ancient Egyptians regarded the cat as a sacred animal. (2) Cats were the protectors of grain, killing any rats or other animals that might eat this staple of the Egyptian diet. (3) Anyone who either purposely or accidentally killed a cat were put to death. (4) Egyptians so revered the animal that many Egyptian goddesses took the form of a cat. (5) Mafdet, Sekhmet, and Bastet are examples of ancient Egyptian cat goddesses. (6) Neither Mafdet nor Sekhmet was quite as celebrated as Bastet, though. (7) Beauty, fertility, and motherhood was three of the qualities for which Egyptians worshipped Bastet. (8) In the city of Bubastis, Egyptians would hold a yearly festival to celebrate her. (9) There and in Memphis, large cemeteries were devoted to the burial of mummified cats.

1. To maintain subject-verb agreement in sentence 2, change the underlined verb to
   A were
   B has been
   C am
   D is

2. To maintain subject-verb agreement in sentence 3, change the underlined verb to
   A are
   B was
   C have been
   D am

3. To maintain subject-verb agreement in sentence 5, change the underlined verb to
   A was
   B am
   C are
   D has been

4. To maintain subject-verb agreement in sentence 6, change the underlined verb to
   A was
   B am
   C are
   D have been

5. To maintain subject-verb agreement in sentence 7, change the underlined verb to
   A were
   B is
   C has been
   D am

6. To maintain subject-verb agreement in sentence 9, change the underlined verb to
   A am
   B is
   C has been
   D were
Ideas for Independent Reading
Which questions from Unit 3 made an impression on you? Continue exploring them with these books.

How do you find your purpose?

The Boxer  
by Kathleen Karr  
In 1880s New York, 15-year-old Johnny is the one who has to work to feed his family. One night he sees a sign promising five dollars to anyone willing to fight, and suddenly he’s a boxer. Will he win enough to get his family out of the tenements?

Full Tilt  
by Neal Shusterman  
Focused, steady Blake has had one purpose his whole life: to keep his impulsive brother Quinn out of trouble. When Quinn steals Blake’s ticket for a mysterious carnival, Blake goes to save his brother—again. But maybe Blake is the one who needs help.

Olive’s Ocean  
by Kevin Henkes  
Soon after Olive’s death, Martha is given a page from Olive’s journal. The two girls were never friends, but when Martha realizes they had a lot in common, she begins to see life differently. She spends the summer at the ocean, trying to fulfill Olive’s dream.

What is the role of a witness?

Run, Boy, Run  
by Uri Orlev  
Srulik is only eight when he manages to escape from the Nazi-controlled ghetto into the Polish countryside. His father tells him he must forget who he is and do anything necessary to fit in and survive. But forgetting comes at a cost.

Iqbal  
by Francesco D’Adamo  
Everything changes at the carpet factory when 13-year-old Iqbal is chained to a loom next to Fatima. Iqbal tells the children their owner will never release them, but he promises to escape. If Iqbal does get free, should he try to help his friends and risk recapture?

Fish  
by L. S. Matthews  
Tiger’s family moved from their home country to a drought-stricken village to run a clinic. They stay until the civil war forces them to leave, but the borders have closed, and only a treacherous trip over the mountains will bring them to safety.

What gifts does the earth provide?

Four Wings and a Prayer  
by Sue Halpern  
Every fall, millions of butterflies form an orange and black wave that rolls down from Canada or New York all the way to Mexico. Every spring a new generation of butterflies returns to their parents’ homes. How do the butterflies know where to go?

Saving the Planet and Stuff  
by Gail Gauthier  
As an intern at an environmental magazine in Vermont, Michael must live without a car, TV, or air conditioning. He thinks about quitting, but instead he stays and learns about business, composting, and himself.

Tofu and T. rex  
by Greg Leitich Smith  
Freddie was protesting the treatment of her new school’s mascot, a live bull, when the football field caught fire. She’s been sent back to Chicago to live with her cousin and grandfather. Can a vegetarian survive life with two meat-eaters?