UNIT 5

How Do You Stay True to Yourself?

"Be who you are and say what you feel, because those who mind don’t matter, and those who matter don’t mind."

—Dr. Seuss
pen name of Theodor Geisel (1904–1991), author of *The Cat in the Hat*
The skill lessons and readings in this unit will help you develop your own answer to the Big Question.

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UNIT 5 WRAP-UP • Answering the Big Question
Connecting to

To be true to yourself, you have to be true to your own values and beliefs. They affect what you do. Sometimes it’s hard to figure out what you should do, but as you gain more experience, strong beliefs and values can help you make good choices. In this unit you’ll explore how to stay true to yourself and to your values.

Real Kids and the Big Question

**RASHAD** was walking home from school when he found a wallet. He wants to return the wallet to the person who owns it, but his friends are trying to talk him into keeping the money. Rashad could use the money, but he doesn’t feel it’s right to keep it. What should Rashad do to be true to himself?

**SARA** has been invited to James’s party. She finds out later that James’s parents won’t be home during the get-together. She wants to go, but she knows that her parents won’t approve. What should Sara do to stay true to herself?

Warm-Up Activity

With a partner, make a list of different ways Rashad and Sara can solve their problems. Decide on a solution that best helps Rashad and Sara stay true to themselves.
You and the Big Question
Reading about how other people stayed true to themselves will help you work out your own answer to the Big Question.

Plan for the Unit Challenge
At the end of the unit, you’ll use notes from all your reading to complete the Unit Challenge.

You’ll choose one of the following activities:
A. Videotape a Soap Opera With a group you will role-play ways a teen can be true to herself, her friends, and her parents.
B. Values Chart Make a chart for help in ranking your own values.
   - As you read the selections, think about the problems faced by the characters and people you read about. How did the problems challenge the people? How did they manage to stay true to themselves?
   - In your Learner’s Notebook, you’ll write down what the characters and people did to stay true to themselves.
   - You’ll also comment on whether the people solved their problem, learned to live with it, or handled it in some other way.

Keep Track of Your Ideas
As you read, you’ll make notes about the Big Question. Later you’ll use these notes to complete the Unit Challenge. See pages R8–R9 for help with making Foldable 5. The diagram below shows how it should look.

1. Use this Foldable for all the selections in this unit. On the front cover, write the unit number and the Big Question.
2. Turn the page. Across the top, write the selection title. To the left of the crease, write My Purpose for Reading. To the right of the crease, write The Big Question.
3. Repeat step 2 until you have all the titles in your Foldable. (See page 543 for the titles.)
A short story is a brief fictional, or made-up, narrative about people, places, and events. Unlike a novel, or book-length story, a short story usually focuses on one incident and its effects on one or a few characters.

Why Read Short Stories?
Short stories are entertaining. Some stories make you laugh, and others stretch your imagination. Stories make you think about the challenges people face and ways that people stay true to themselves. When you read short stories, you’ll not only enjoy yourself but also discover things like these:

- how characters deal with problems similar to yours
- how characters find ways to stay true to themselves

How to Read Short Stories

Key Reading Skills
These reading skills are especially useful tools for reading and understanding short stories. You’ll see these skills modeled in the Active Reading Model on pages 547–557, and you’ll learn more about them later in this unit.

- Analyzing Looking at the separate parts of a selection to discover how they work together to express ideas. (See Reading Workshop 1.)
- Questioning Asking yourself 5 Ws and an H questions about the plot, characters, setting, and the point of view of a story to make sure you understand it. (See Reading Workshop 2.)
- Predicting Making educated guesses about the characters and events in a story as you learn more about them. (See Reading Workshop 3.)
- Making Inferences Using clues and “reading between the lines” to figure out ideas that an author has not directly stated. (See Reading Workshop 4.)

Key Literary Elements
Recognizing and thinking about the following literary elements will help you understand more fully what the writer is telling you.

- Characterization: methods authors use to show what characters are like, such as describing what they think and do (See “Cream Puff.”)
- Plot: the events in a story and the order in which they are arranged; main plot parts include exposition, rising action, climax, and falling action. (See “One Throw.”)
- Theme: the lesson in life the characters learn through experience, such as “honesty is the best policy” (See “The Medicine Bag.”)
- Setting: the time and place in which the events in a story happen, including the culture of that time and place (See “The Fire Pond.”)
They said that José was born with a ring of dirt around his neck, with grime under his fingernails, and skin calloused from the grainy twist of a shovel. They said his palms were already rough by the time he was three, and soon after he learned his primary colors, his squint was the squint of an aged laborer. They said he was a born worker. By seven he was drinking coffee slowly, his mouth pursed the way his mother sipped. He wore jeans, a shirt with sleeves rolled to his elbows. His eye could measure a length of board, and his knees genuflected over flower beds and leafy gutters.

They said lots of things about José, but almost nothing of his parents. His mother stitched at a machine all day, and his father, with a steady job at the telephone company, climbed splintered, sun-sucked poles, fixed wires and looked around the city at tree level. 1

“What do you see up there?” José once asked his father.

“Work,” he answered. “I see years of work, mi’jo.” 2

José took this as a truth, and though he did well in school, he felt destined to labor. His arms would pump, his legs would bend, his arms would carry a world of earth. He believed in hard work, believed that his strength was as ancient as a rock’s. 2

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1. To genuflect is to kneel respectfully, as in church.
2. The contraction mi’jo stands for the Spanish phrase mi hijo, which means “my son.”
“Life is hard,” his father repeated from the time José could first make out the meaning of words until he was stroking his fingers against the grain of his sandpaper beard.

His mother was an example to José. She would raise her hands, showing her fingers pierced from the sewing machines. She bled on her machine, bled because there was money to make, a child to raise, and a roof to stay under.

One day when José returned home from junior high, his cousin Arnie was sitting on the lawn sucking on a stalk of grass. José knew that grass didn’t come from his lawn. His was cut and pampered, clean.

“José!” Arnie shouted as he took off the earphones of his CD Walkman.

“Hi, Arnie,” José said without much enthusiasm. He didn’t like his cousin. He thought he was lazy and, worse, spoiled by the trappings of being middle class. His parents had good jobs in offices and showered him with clothes, shoes, CDs, vacations, almost anything he wanted. Arnie’s family had never climbed a telephone pole to size up the future.

Arnie rose to his feet, and José saw that his cousin was wearing a new pair of high-tops. He didn’t say anything.

“Got an idea,” Arnie said cheerfully. “Something that’ll make us money.”

José looked at his cousin, not a muscle of curiosity twitching in his face.

Still, Arnie explained that since he himself was so clever with words, and his best cousin in the whole world was good at working with his hands, that maybe they might start a company.

“What would you do?” José asked.

3. The trappings of middle class are the things Arnie’s family owns that show they have a comfortable life.
“Me?” he said brightly. “Shoot, I’ll round up all kinds of jobs for you. You won’t have to do anything.” He stopped, then started again. “Except—you know—do the work.”

“Get out of here,” José said.

“Don’t be that way,” Arnie begged. “Let me tell you how it works.”

The boys went inside the house, and while José stripped off his school clothes and put on his jeans and a T-shirt, Arnie told him that they could be rich.

“You ever hear of this guy named Bechtel?” Arnie asked.

José shook his head.

“Man, he started just like us,” Arnie said. “He started digging ditches and stuff, and the next thing you knew, he was sitting by his own swimming pool. You want to sit by your own pool, don’t you?” Arnie smiled, waiting for José to speak up.

“Never heard of this guy Bechtel,” José said after he rolled on two huge socks, worn at the heels. He opened up his chest of drawers and brought out a packet of Kleenex.

Arnie looked at the Kleenex.

“How come you don’t use your sleeve?” Arnie joked.

José thought for a moment and said, “I’m not like you.” He smiled at his retort.

“Listen, I’ll find the work, and then we can split it fifty-fifty.”

José knew fifty-fifty was a bad deal.

“How about sixty-forty?” Arnie suggested when he could see that José wasn’t going for it. “I know a lot of people from my dad’s job. They’re waiting for us.”

José sat on the edge of his bed and started to lace up his boots. He knew that there were agencies that would find you work, agencies that took a portion of your pay. They’re cheats, he thought, people who sit in air-conditioned offices while others work.

“You really know a lot of people?” José asked.

“Boatloads,” Arnie said. “My dad works with this millionaire—honest—who cooks a steak for his dog every day.”

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4. Bechtel is probably Stephen D. Bechtel (1900–1989), who was president of a large and famous construction and engineering company.
He’s a liar, José thought. No matter how he tried, he couldn’t picture a dog grubbing on steak. The world was too poor for that kind of silliness.

“Listen, I’ll go eighty-twenty,” José said.


José laughed.

“I mean, half the work is finding the jobs,” Arnie explained, his palms up as he begged José to be reasonable.

José knew this was true. He had had to go door-to-door, and he disliked asking for work. He assumed that it should automatically be his since he was a good worker, honest, and always on time.

“Where did you get this idea, anyhow?” José asked.

“I got a business mind,” Arnie said proudly.

“Just like that Bechtel guy,” José retorted.

“That’s right.”

José agreed to a seventy-thirty split, with the condition that Arnie had to help out. Arnie hollered, arguing that some people were meant to work and others to come up with brilliant ideas. He was one of the latter. Still, he agreed after José said it was that or nothing.

In the next two weeks, Arnie found an array of jobs. José peeled off shingles from a rickety garage roof, carried rocks down a path to where a pond would go, and spray-painted lawn furniture. And while Arnie accompanied him, most of the time he did nothing. He did help occasionally. He did shake the cans of spray paint and kick aside debris so that José didn’t trip while going down the path carrying the rocks. He did stack the piles of shingles, but almost cried when a nail bit his thumb. But mostly he told José what he had missed or where the work could be improved. José was bothered because he and his work had never been criticized before.

But soon José learned to ignore his cousin, ignore his comments about his spray painting, or about the way he luged rocks, two in each arm. He didn’t say anything, either, when they got paid and Arnie rubbed his hands like a fly, muttering, “It’s payday.”

5. Grub is slang for food, so grubbing is eating.

Key Reading Skill
Making Inferences José doesn’t like the way Arnie is trying to take advantage of him. But he knows that Arnie will save him the trouble of finding jobs, a kind of work he does not like to do.
Then Arnie found a job scrubbing a drained swimming pool. The two boys met early at José’s house. Arnie brought his bike. José’s own bike had a flat that grinned like a clown’s face.

“I’ll pedal,” José suggested when Arnie said that he didn’t have much leg strength. 7

With Arnie on the handlebars, José tore off, his pedaling so strong that tears of fear formed in Arnie’s eyes.

“Slow down!” Arnie cried.

José ignored him and within minutes they were riding the bike up a gravel driveway. Arnie hopped off at first chance.

“You’re scary,” Arnie said, picking a gnat from his eye.

José chuckled. 8

When Arnie knocked on the door, an old man still in pajamas appeared in the window. He motioned for the boys to come around to the back.

“Let me do the talking,” Arnie suggested to his cousin. “He knows my dad real good. They’re like this.” He pressed two fingers together.

José didn’t bother to say OK. He walked the bike into the backyard, which was lush with plants—roses in their last bloom, geraniums, hydrangeas, pansies with their skirts of bright colors. José could make out the splash of a fountain. Then he heard the hysterical yapping of a poodle. From all his noise, a person might have thought the dog was on fire. 9

“Hi, Mr. Clemens,” Arnie said, extending his hand. “I’m Arnie Sanchez. It’s nice to see you again.”

José had never seen a kid actually greet someone like this. Mr. Clemens said, hiking up his pajama bottoms, “I only wanted one kid to work.”

“Oh,” Arnie stuttered. “Actually, my cousin José really does the work and I kind of, you know, supervise.”

Mr. Clemens pinched up his wrinkled face. He seemed not to understand. He took out a pea-sized hearing aid, fiddled with its tiny dial, and fit it into his ear, which was surrounded with wiry gray hair.

“I’m only paying for one boy,” Mr. Clemens shouted. His poodle click-clicked and stood behind his legs. The dog bared its small crooked teeth.

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7 Key Reading Skill
Analyzing  It’s just like Arnie to say something to get out of doing the hard work of pedaling. That fits in with his other comments and actions. You can tell that he believes he shouldn’t have to work hard.

8 Key Reading Skill
Making Inferences  José rides fast because he’s disgusted with Arnie for pretending that his legs don’t have much strength. José laughs because he got back at Arnie.

9 Key Literary Element
Setting  This part of the story is set at a home where the family is well off. You can tell because the back yard is “lush with plants” and has a fountain. Also, the owner of the house has a poodle. Poodles are sometimes seen as dogs for rich people.
“That’s right,” Arnie said, smiling a strained smile. “We know that you’re going to compensate only one of us.”

Mr. Clemens muttered under his breath. He combed his hair with his fingers. He showed José the pool, which was shaped as round as an elephant. It was filthy with grime. Near the bottom some grayish water shimmered and leaves floated as limp as cornflakes.

“It’s got to be real clean,” Mr. Clemens said, “or it’s not worth it.”

“Oh, José’s a great worker,” Arnie said. He patted his cousin’s shoulders and said that he could lift a mule.

Mr. Clemens sized up José and squeezed his shoulders, too.

“How do I know you, anyhow?” Mr. Clemens asked Arnie, who was aiming a smile at the poodle.

“You know my dad,” Arnie answered, raising his smile to the old man. “He works at Interstate Insurance. You and he had some business deals.”

Mr. Clemens thought for a moment, a hand on his mouth, head shaking. He could have been thinking about the meaning of life, his face was so dark.

“Mexican fella?” he inquired.

“That’s him,” Arnie said happily.

José felt like hitting his cousin for his cheerful attitude. Instead, he walked over and picked up the white plastic bottle of bleach. Next to it were a wire brush, a pumice stone, and some rags. He set down the bottle and, like a surgeon, put on a pair of rubber gloves.

“You know what you’re doing, boy?” Mr. Clemens asked.

José nodded as he walked into the pool. If it had been filled with water, his chest would have been wet. The new hair on his chest would have been floating like the legs of a jellyfish.

6. To compensate is to pay someone for his or her work.
“Oh, yeah,” Arnie chimed, speaking for his cousin. “José was born to work.”
José would have drowned his cousin if there had been more water. Instead, he poured a bleach solution into a rag and swirled it over an area. He took the wire brush and scrubbed. The black algae came up like a foamy monster.

“We’re a team,” Arnie said to Mr. Clemens.
Arnie descended into the pool and took the bleach bottle from José. He held it for José and smiled up at Mr. Clemens, who, hands on hips, watched for a while, the poodle at his side. He cupped his ear, as if to pick up the sounds of José’s scrubbing.

“Nice day, huh?” Arnie sang.
“What?” Mr. Clemens said.

“Nice day,” Arnie repeated, this time louder. “So which ear can’t you hear in?” Grinning, Arnie wiggled his ear to make sure that Mr. Clemens knew what he was asking.
Mr. Clemens ignored Arnie. He watched José, whose arms worked back and forth like he was sawing logs.

“We’re not only a team,” Arnie shouted, “but we’re also cousins.”

Mr. Clemens shook his head at Arnie. When he left, the poodle leading the way, Arnie immediately climbed out of the pool and sat on the edge, legs dangling.

“It’s going to be blazing,” Arnie complained. He shaded his eyes with his hand and looked east, where the sun was rising over a sycamore, its leaves hanging like bats.

José scrubbed. He worked the wire brush over the black and green stains, the grime dripping like tears. He finished a large area. He hopped out of the pool and returned hauling a garden hose with an attached nozzle. He gave the cleaned area a blast. When the spray got too close, his cousin screamed, got up, and, searching for something to do, picked a loquat from a tree.

**Visual Vocabulary**
*A loquat* is a small, yellowish fruit that is juicy and tart. It grows in bunches.

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7. *Algae* are plants, such as pond scum, that grow in water.
“What’s your favorite fruit?” Arnie asked.
José ignored him.

Arnie stuffed a bunch of loquats into his mouth, then cursed himself for splattering juice on his new high-tops. He returned to the pool, his cheeks fat with the seeds, and once again sat at the edge. He started to tell José how he had first learned to swim. “We were on vacation in Mazatlán. You been there, ain’t you?”

José shook his head. He dabbed the bleach solution onto the sides of the pool with a rag and scrubbed a new area.

“Anyhow, my dad was on the beach and saw this drowned dead guy,” Arnie continued. “And right there, my dad got scared and realized I couldn’t swim.”

Arnie rattled on about how his father had taught him in the hotel pool and later showed him where the drowned man’s body had been.

“Be quiet,” José said.
“What?”
“I can’t concentrate,” José said, stepping back to look at the cleaned area.

Arnie shut his mouth but opened it to lick loquat juice from his fingers. He kicked his legs against the swimming pool, bored. He looked around the backyard and spotted a lounge chair. He got up, dusting off the back of his pants, and threw himself into the cushions. He raised and lowered the back of the lounge. Sighing, he snuggled in.

He stayed quiet for three minutes, during which time José scrubbed. His arms hurt but he kept working with long strokes. José knew that in an hour the sun would drench the pool with light. He hurried to get the job done.

Arnie then asked, “You ever peel before?”
José looked at his cousin. His nose burned from the bleach. He scrunched up his face.

“You know, like when you get sunburned.”

“I’m too dark to peel,” José said, his words echoing because he had advanced to the deep end. “Why don’t you be quiet and let me work?”

Arnie babbled on that he had peeled when on vacation in Hawaii. He explained that he was really more French

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8. Mazatlán is a seaport in western Mexico. It is popular with tourists who like beaches and fishing.
than Mexican, and that’s why his skin was sensitive. He said that when he lived in France, people thought that he could be Portuguese or maybe Armenian, never Mexican. 15

José felt like soaking his rag with bleach and pressing it over Arnie’s mouth to make him be quiet.

Then Mr. Clemens appeared. He was dressed in white pants and a flowery shirt. His thin hair was combed so that his scalp, as pink as a crab, showed.

“I’m just taking a little rest,” Arnie said.

Arnie leaped back into the pool. He took the bleach bottle and held it. He smiled at Mr. Clemens, who came to inspect their progress.

“José’s doing a good job,” Arnie said, then whistled a song.

Mr. Clemens peered into the pool, hands on knees, admiring the progress.

“Pretty good, huh?” Arnie asked.

Mr. Clemens nodded. Then his hearing aid fell out, and José turned in time to see it roll like a bottle cap toward the bottom of the pool. It leaped into the stagnant water with a plop. A single bubble went up, and it was gone.

“Dang,” Mr. Clemens swore. He took shuffling steps toward the deep end. He steadied his gaze on where the hearing aid had sunk. He leaned over and suddenly, arms waving, one leg kicking out, he tumbled into the pool. He landed standing up, then his legs buckled, and he crumbled, his head striking against the bottom. He rolled once, and half of his body settled in the water. 16

“Did you see that!” Arnie shouted, big-eyed.

José had already dropped his brushes on the side of the pool and hurried to the old man, who moaned, eyes closed, his false teeth jutting from his mouth. A ribbon of blood immediately began to flow from his scalp.

“We better get out of here!” Arnie suggested. “They’re going to blame us!”

José knelt on both knees at the old man’s side. He took the man’s teeth from his mouth and placed them in his shirt pocket. The old man groaned and opened his eyes, which were shiny wet. He appeared startled, like a newborn.
“Sir, you’ll be all right,” José cooed, then snapped at his cousin. “Arnie, get over here and help me!”

“I’m going home,” Arnie whined. “You punk!” José yelled. “Go inside and call 911.”

Arnie said that they should leave him there.

“Why should we get involved?” he cried as he started for his bike. “It’s his own fault.”

José laid the man’s head down and with giant steps leaped out of the pool, shoving his cousin as he passed. He went into the kitchen and punched in 911 on a telephone. He explained to the operator what had happened. When asked the address, José dropped the phone and went onto the front porch to look for it.

“It’s 940 East Brown,” José breathed. He hung up and looked wildly about the kitchen. He opened up the refrigerator and brought out a plastic tray of ice, which he twisted so that a few of the cubes popped out and slid across the floor. He wrapped some cubes in a dish towel. When he raced outside, Arnie was gone, the yapping poodle was doing laps around the edge of the pool, and Mr. Clemens was trying to stand up.

“No, sir,” José said as he jumped into the pool, his own knees almost buckling. “Please, sit down.”

Mr. Clemens staggered and collapsed. José caught him before he hit his head again. The towel of ice cubes dropped from his hands. With his legs spread to absorb the weight, José raised the man up in his arms, this fragile man. He picked him up and carefully stepped toward the shallow end, one slow elephant step at a time.

“You’ll be all right,” José said, more to himself than to Mr. Clemens, who moaned and struggled to be let free.

The sirens wailed in the distance. The poodle yapped, which started a dog barking in the neighbor’s yard.

“You’ll be OK,” José repeated, and in the shallow end of the pool, he edged up the steps. He lay the old man in the lounge chair and raced back inside for more ice and

**Key Reading Skill**

**Analyzing** It’s interesting that José lifts up the old man. José’s actions show just how grown-up José really is. Here he’s literally carrying a man’s weight, even though he is not yet a man.
another towel. He returned outside and placed the bundle of cubes on the man's head, where the blood flowed. Mr. Clemens was awake, looking about. When the old man felt his mouth, José reached into his shirt pocket and pulled out his false teeth. He fit the teeth into Mr. Clemens's mouth and a smile appeared, something bright at a difficult time. 18

"I hit my head," Mr. Clemens said after smacking his teeth so that the fit was right.

José looked up and his gaze floated to a telephone pole, one his father might have climbed. If he had been there, his father would have seen that José was more than just a good worker. He would have seen a good man. He held the towel to the old man's head. The poodle, now quiet, joined them on the lounge chair.

A fire truck pulled into the driveway and soon they were surrounded by firemen, one of whom brought out a first-aid kit. A fireman led José away and asked what had happened. He was starting to explain when his cousin reappeared, yapping like a poodle.

"I was scrubbing the pool," Arnie shouted, "and I said, 'Mr. Clemens, you shouldn't stand so close to the edge.' But did he listen? No, he leaned over and . . . Well, you can just imagine my horror."

José walked away from Arnie's jabbering. He walked away, and realized that there were people like his cousin, the liar, and people like himself, someone he was getting to know. 19 He walked away and in the midmorning heat boosted himself up a telephone pole. He climbed up and saw for himself what his father saw—miles and miles of trees and houses, and a future lost in the layers of yellowish haze. ❍

**Partner Talk** With a partner, take turns retelling parts of the story. Choose a particular event and give all the important details.

**Write to Learn** Answer these questions in your Learner's Notebook: Why does José walk away and let Arnie tell lies to the firemen? How was José being true to himself?

**Study Central** Visit [www.glencoe.com](http://www.glencoe.com) and click on Study Central to review short stories.
Skills Focus
You will practice using these skills when you read the following selections:

- “Cream Puff,” p. 562
- “The Question of Popularity,” p. 574

Reading
- Analyzing fiction and informational text

Literature
- Identifying character traits
- Analyzing characters
- Identifying and analyzing attention-getting devices

Vocabulary
- Recognizing and using base words to infer meaning
- Academic Vocabulary: significant

Writing/Grammar
- Identifying clauses and phrases

What Is It? You might remember from Unit 2 that when you analyze you take a close look at the significant elements that make up a story or a work of nonfiction. For example, you might look at plot, characters, point of view, text structure, and supporting details. You then figure out how these elements contribute to the meaning of a selection.

Learn It!

Academic Vocabulary

**significant** (sig NIH fīh kunt) adj. having meaning; having much importance
Why Is It Important? Analyzing helps you gain a deeper understanding of the selections you read and the ways that authors put the selections together.

How Do I Do It? To analyze fiction, determine which elements are significant and why. Some questions you can ask yourself are as follows:

- What is each character in the story like?
- How can you tell? Through dialogue? Action? The narrator’s descriptions?
- What, if anything, do the characters learn from their experiences?
- Which characters, if any, change as a result of their experiences?

When analyzing nonfiction, pay attention to text structure and the details that support the writer’s main idea.

- How does the organization of the text help make the writer’s points clear?
- What kinds of details does the writer include?

Here’s how a student analyzed a passage from a short story.

Tom and Maddy stared out the window of their log cabin. The blizzard had not let up for two days. Maddy shivered. A tear ran down her cheek. Tom looked grim. What if Maddy had their baby before the storm was over? His horse would never be able to make the ride to Dr. May’s in deep snow.

You can tell from Maddy’s actions that she is sad and worried. She shivers, and a tear runs down her cheek. Tom, on the other hand, is worried and grim. You can tell by the way he looks and also by the thoughts that are going through his head. The setting adds to Tom and Maddy’s problem. The location of their cabin makes it hard to get a doctor.

Practice It!

Analyze the setting of the passage. When and where do you think the story takes place? What details make you think so?

Use It!

As you read “Cream Puff,” analyze what the characters are like.
Meet the Author
Linnea Due is the author of many short stories, novels, and magazine articles. She began playing sports as a young child and quickly became a fan of basketball, baseball, and other sports. Her novel High and Outside is about a teen softball player. See page R1 of The Author Files in the back of the book for more on Linnea Due.

Vocabulary Preview

swaggered (SWAG urd) v. walked boldly or showed off; form of the verb swagger (p. 568) It was clear that Jinx had plenty of confidence when she swaggered onto the basketball court.

barreling (BAIR ul ing) v. running headlong; form of the verb barrel (p. 568) Jen stepped aside when Jinx came barreling toward her.

On Your Own In your Learner’s Notebook, answer these questions.
1. If a boy swaggered past you, would you think he was shy or bold?
2. Which is more likely to go barreling across a field, a horse or a fly?

English Language Coach

Word Analysis To understand the meaning of a word, it may help to look at its parts. For example, the word unhappy is formed by the prefix un and the word happy. Happy is called the base word. Letter combinations added to the front of a base word are called prefixes. Letter combinations added to the end of a base word are called suffixes. Sometimes there is a slight spelling change when a suffix is added.

You can sometimes figure out the meaning of an unfamiliar word by analyzing its parts. Look below at the word unsinkable.

What does unsinkable mean? If you know that un- means “not” and -able means “can be done,” you can guess unsinkable means “cannot be sunk.”

Partner Work For each word below, make a word web like the one above.

- disrespectful
- unbeatable
- preapproval
Skills Preview

Key Reading Skill: Analyzing
As you read “Cream Puff,” you’ll be asked to analyze the conflicts that Jen, the main character, has. You’ve already learned that there can be external conflict between the main character and
• another person
• nature, in the form of animals or floods and so forth
• a person and society
There can also be internal conflict, a struggle of emotions going on within the character. As you’re reading “Cream Puff,” watch for signs of both kinds of conflict.

Key Literary Element: Characterization
A character is an individual in a story or other literary work. The qualities that make up a character’s personality are character traits. A character might be greedy or generous, cowardly or courageous, kind or mean, and so on. The author reveals these traits through characterization. Methods of characterization include describing what a character looks like, says, thinks, and does and what other characters say about the character.
• Characters with several sides to their personalities are dynamic characters. They grow and change as a result of their experiences.
• Characters with only one or two traits are static characters. They don’t change during the course of the story.
The main character of a story is usually dynamic. Minor characters are usually static.

Small Group Discussion With a small group of classmates, make a list of main characters from recent movies or TV shows you’ve seen. Together, label each character on the list either “dynamic” or “static.” Give reasons for each label you use.

Get Ready to Read

Connect to the Reading
Think of a time when you had a problem and turned to others for advice. Did their suggestions help or did you have to figure out a solution on your own?

Write to Learn In a few sentences in your Learner’s Notebook, explain how you solved the problem.

Build Background
Women first played basketball at the college level in the 1890s. Both on the court and off, women wore long dresses because it was thought to be in bad taste for a woman to show more than her head, neck, and hands in public. Players sometimes tripped over the hems of their long skirts, hurting themselves. Uniforms changed in the late 1890s, when female players began wearing bloomers—baggy shorts gathered at the knee.

“Cream Puff” takes place at a fictional basketball camp for teens. At basketball camps, kids work to improve their playing skills.
The narrator in “Cream Puff” uses real basketball terms:
• drove for the basket (ran quickly and aggressively toward the basket)
• pump-faked (pretended to throw)
• possession (control of the ball)
• turnover (when one team loses the ball and the other team takes possession)

Set Purposes for Reading
Read “Cream Puff” to find out how the main character stays true to herself.

Set Your Own Purpose What else would you like to learn from the selection to help you answer the Big Question? Write your own purpose on the “Cream Puff” page of Foldable 5.

Keep Moving
Use these skills as you read “Cream Puff.”
Okay, I stepped aside. Wait a minute—step is too big a word. My big toe shifted a half inch to the left. Maybe my heel. I couldn't believe Coach Brandt could even notice, but she did, and she's been screaming at me ever since. Wuss. Cream puff. Scared of your own shadow. Things that make you laugh in real life or get up in someone's face just to show you can. In basketball, when the coach says those things, you're dead meat. The other kids stopped looking at me. I could smell the shame.

That huge girl was caroming down the court like a three-foot-wide brick wall on Rollerblades. Who wouldn't slide south? Only that's exactly what you can't do. You have to stand in there, take the hit. Dad's told me, over and over. "I'm small, Jen," he points out, and at six feet, he is, for basketball anyway. "These big guys'd come and bust me up. I had bruises up and down my arms, on my chest . . . even my neck! But you gotta take the hits if you're gonna play."

He was mad 'cause I'd told him I'd had it with basketball. When I used to play with the little kids, we didn't bust each other up on purpose. Then I got into the city league when I was eight and learned how real kids play. Rough. They muscle you out of the way and they stomp on your foot and they jab you with their elbows. Mom wanted me to quit the first day. I might have if I'd thought of it first. Every time I

1. Caroming is hitting and bouncing off like a ball. The big girl was pushing off the other players on her way down the court.
wanted to quit \textit{afterward}, what came up in my head was a picture of Mom saying, “I told you so,” or Dad with a really disappointed look on his face. Four years after that first day at city league, I still don’t like getting hit.

When the coach ran out of stuff to call me, I slunk off the court and sat on the bench. Nobody came near me; nobody wanted to catch what I had. I could see everybody on the floor tighten up and start popping each other good—it looked like the \textit{WWF} out there. Still, if you had to choose between getting smashed in the nose and having Coach Brandt call you a cream puff, what would you pick? There’s no shame in a broken nose.

Keisha swung down next to me. “Whatcha scared of her for?” she asked. “She’s just a big slow white girl.” Then she giggled. “You’re a big \textit{fast} white girl, and that gives you the edge.”

Keisha was one of my roommates back in the dorm at San Francisco State. All of us had been chosen by our schools or city leagues to come to Bay Eagles coach Katherine Brandt’s weeklong basketball camp. It was a huge honor, and now I was worried that Sharon Demming should have been picked instead of me. I felt like a pretend Rising Young Star, not a real one. And I sure didn’t like how that slow white girl—her name tag read JINX—kept catching my eye just so I wouldn’t miss her sneering at me. She reminded me of my uncle Robert, who can always find something mean to say about anybody.

\textbf{2.} The \textit{WWF} is the World Wrestling Federation.
By the time we got back to the dorm, my roommates had teased me so much, I felt better. Evelyn told me that Coach Brandt had a reputation for being really hard on people. I said I figured every coach has that reputation, but Evelyn said no, that her coach in Long Beach was really sweet and gave everybody candy. Keisha said she’d never heard of coaches giving out candy and was her coach a dirty old man? Evelyn laughed for a whole minute, and then Keisha turned to me and said, “That girl was big! I woulda got out of her way, too.”

But that night, when the others were asleep, I started worrying again. What if it turned out I was a fraidy-cat? What if being scared was something I couldn’t make go away? I love basketball. I love it more than eating and TV and video games and even swimming, which is what I love second best. I’m already five-seven, and like Keisha says, I’m fast and I can jump, too. I’ve got a chart on my wall at home that lists the top teams—the Tennessee Lady Vols, LSU, UConn, the Georgia Bulldogs, and closer to home, Stanford and Cal. The chart measures my height, so I can look at it and see I’ve gained two inches this year alone. I think about how everything’s coming together: my desire, my body, my ability. I can’t be afraid!

To get to sleep, I pictured myself shooting baskets, keeping my wrist loose and letting the ball trail off my fingers like I’m caressing a baby. I run it through my head so often, I can make it happen for real—it’s called visualizing. That doesn’t mean I don’t practice 24/7. I spend so much time shooting baskets that Mr. Ashton next door asked Mom to put up a sound wall. He was joking, I think.

The next day, Jinx was waiting near the basket, a slight smile on her face. Even though we’re the same height, she outweighs me by twenty pounds, and it was easy for her to muscle me aside. Keisha looked worried. “Stick it to her, Suburban. Make her back off.” I tried to stay in front of her when she drove for the basket, but I was concentrating so much on sticking to my spot that I forgot to defend. Coach Brandt was on me in a heartbeat. “You’re not in the game, Jennifer,” she warned. “If you didn’t come to play, you might as well get on the bus back to Sacramento.” I could feel my face turning red and my eyes going black, which they always do when I’m mad.
But a minute later I was back to chewing on my bottom lip. What could I do about Jinx? She was standing by the bench with a couple of other girls, and the three of them kept glancing over at me and rolling their eyes. Keisha stayed right on my shoulder, but I didn’t want her fighting my fights. What would Dad do? He wouldn’t let some big old player get up over his head every other minute, no matter how short he was. No answer came. Trying to figure out what my dad would do made me more nervous ‘cause I didn’t know, and that was even worse than not being able to handle Jinx in the first place.

All that practice, I kept trying to show her up, but instead everything I did played into her hands. If I stood still, she went up over me. When she pump-faked, I jumped, and then she shot as I was coming down. Every mistake made me more upset, and the more upset I got, the more mistakes I made.

### Key Reading Skill

**Analyzing** Jen’s internal conflict is getting more complicated. Why does thinking about her dad make her even more nervous?

### Analyzing the Photo

What aspect of Jennifer’s experience at basketball camp might this photo illustrate?
“She’s rattled you,” Evelyn said. She was the pretty one in our little group—her mother was Filipino and her dad African American. “Forget Keisha and her gang banging. Just play your own game.”

But that was the problem—I didn’t have one. I felt blank, like a window that opened onto nothing.

As we were leaving that afternoon, Coach Brandt called me over. “There will always be bullies, Jennifer,” she said quietly. “At some point you’ll have to learn to deal with them.”

As she walked away, my eyes went black again, and this time I couldn’t stop myself. “Wait a second,” I called to her, knowing I was stepping over the line and not caring. “You have to say more than that. You’re the coach!”

She turned back with a laugh. “You want me to motivate you? Okay, here’s the best advice I can give: Motivate yourself or get out. This game is too demanding to depend on a coach or your parents or your teammates to keep you in. You’ve got the ability to go all the way—and that’s not something I say to many kids. But you need more than ability to make it. You even need more than wanting it so badly you can taste it.”

She could see the surprise cross my face, and she nodded as if it confirmed something she already knew. She took a deep breath and said, “You need drive to make it work. You can have the best engine on the face of this planet, and if you don’t have a starter, you’ll never go an inch. That’s what drive is, and it’s what you’re missing, Jennifer. I hope you find it.”

That night I called my mother. “What’s wrong?” she asked. She could always tell when I had a problem. I said, “I keep thinking about Dad. He never gave up, and he was so small.”

She waited for me to go on, and when I didn’t, I could hear her sigh. “Jen, I know you won’t believe this, but basketball isn’t very important to your father. It never was.”

“But that can’t be true,” I sputtered. “All he ever does is talk about it.” I started to say more, but what was the point in arguing when I knew she was wrong? After a moment, she sighed again and asked me if I’d worn holes in any more socks and was my hair still in my eyes. Thanks, Mom.

3. The starter is the part of a car engine that turns it on.
But when I went back to the room, Evelyn started talking about how her dad always goes to the playground with her, and I suddenly felt like somebody had dumped a bucket of ice-cold water on my head. Dad was too busy to come to my games, much less play in the driveway with me. The couple of times I’d gotten him to play, I was surprised at how bad he was. He blustered about how he’d lost his edge and did a lot of shoving and jumping around, but now that I was looking close, I could see how maybe that edge had never been sharp.

I didn’t want to get out of bed the next morning. Here I was, at the statewide camp, finding out I’m a cream puff and my dad all talk and no help at all, and this girl Jinx was going to make me look even worse than I did yesterday, ‘cause yesterday I had Dad to help and today I didn’t. When I pulled the pillow over my head, Keisha told me she was going to jump on me, so I had to get up or risk broken ribs on top of a broken heart. How could my dad have pretended like that to me?

While I warmed up, I pictured my dad scrimmaging with the starters season after season, knowing he wouldn’t get into the games. I knew the other guys liked him, ‘cause they’d call when they came through Sacramento, and Dad would have them over to the house. Maybe what Dad really missed was being on a team.

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4. **Scrimmaging** is playing practice games.
When Jinx came pounding down the court at me during the drills, I stood in there and took hit after hit. I felt so bad, I didn't care if I got hurt. But here's the terrible part: all my blocking didn't stop her making the shots. Oh, a couple of times I tipped away the ball, but I could tell I wasn't playing good, and I just didn't know what else to do. My Rising Young Star was blinking out like a dying comet.

By the time Coach Brandt called lunch, I was so low, I could have crawled across the floor. Why was I even here? For Mom? She'd wanted me to quit the first day. For Dad? Mom was right; he really didn't care about basketball. He talked it all the time 'cause he wanted to connect with me, and he knew there was no better way to do that than talk basketball. Besides, now that I was seeing the awful truth, I realized that Dad couldn't have helped me much anyway—we were very different players. I was tall and he was short, I was fast and cagey, and he was more like a battering ram. I didn't have anybody's footsteps to walk in, except maybe my own. And that's when it really hit me—basketball was my game, not Dad's, not Mom's, not even Keisha's or Evelyn's. When Evelyn told me to play my own game, she meant to burrow deep under the surface of what basketball looked like and find out where I lived.

After lunch, when Jinx swaggered back onto the court for scrimmages, I was ready for her. On the first possession, when she came barreling toward me, I sidestepped her easily and snagged the ball as she came past. I could see Keisha’s eyes widen—would Coach Brandt yell at me 'cause I’d moved aside? But she didn’t say a word—she stood near the bench, her eyes narrowed in concentration. In the next five minutes, I trailed two shots over Jinx’s shoulder, and the coach made a note on her clipboard. Why challenge Jinx head-to-head? She

5. In the Middle Ages, a battering ram was a big, heavy log used to break down the gates of a castle.

Vocabulary

swaggered  (SWAG urd)  v. walked boldly or showed off
barreling  (BAIR ul ing)  v. running headlong
was heavier and slower, and that made her easy to beat. She tried to run right over me a few times, and I avoided her like a matador⁶ teases a bull. I could see the worry lines start in her forehead, and I felt sorry for her. A big smile was building on Evelyn’s face, and Keisha had begun to laugh. ¹³

The third time I forced a turnover, Keisha shouted, “Go-o-o, Cream Puff!” I could tell the name was going to stick, and it has, even after me and Evelyn and Keisha came back this year for our second camp. The kids that go to the camp all know each other, and word travels fast.

I still don’t like getting hit. Nobody does—it’s just part of the game. But I love being called Cream Puff. It reminds me of that summer I figured out who was missing from the court: me. ☺

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₆. In bullfighting, the *matador*, or bullfighter, teases the bull by making it chase after his cape.
After You Read

Cream Puff

Answering the BIG Question

1. Do you think Jen would have stayed true to herself if she had quit basketball? Why or why not?

2. Recall What advice does Coach Brandt give Jen about how to succeed at basketball?
   
   TIP Right There

3. Summarize What does Jen learn about her dad from her mother?
   Sum it up in a sentence.
   
   TIP Right There

Critical Thinking

4. Infer Why doesn’t Jen want Keisha to fight her fights?
   
   TIP Author and Me

5. Evaluate Do you think Coach Brandt is right to call Jen a “cream puff” in order to motivate her? Why or why not?
   
   TIP On My Own

Talk About Your Reading

Small Group Discussion What is Jen like? With a small group of classmates, discuss Jen’s character traits. Each person should name a different character trait, then name the method of characterization the author uses to reveal the trait. Record your group’s responses on a chart like the one pictured below. An example has been filled in to help you start.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character Trait</th>
<th>Method(s) of Characterization</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>insecure</td>
<td>what Jen says about feeling ashamed (p. 562) and what she thinks about late at night (p. 564)</td>
</tr>
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</tbody>
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Objectives (pp. 570–571)
Reading Analyze text
Literature Identify literary elements: character
Vocabulary Use structural analysis: roots, bases, prefixes, suffixes
Grammar Identify clauses and phrases
Skills Review

Key Reading Skill: Analyzing
6. Why does Jen fail several times before figuring out how to motivate herself? Support your answer with specific details from the story.

7. What do you think the story says about what it takes to succeed? Why do you say so? Use examples from the story to back up your answer.

Key Literary Element: Characterization
8. Which characters in the story are static? Which are dynamic? How can you tell? Using the list of characters that follows, label each character either “static” or “dynamic.” Explain each choice.

   Jen • Keisha • Coach Brandt • Jinx

9. Did you learn more about Jen from what she said or from what she did? Explain.

Vocabulary Check
Copy the following sentences on a separate sheet of paper. Then fill in each blank correctly with either swaggered or barreling.

10. The cart got loose and went _____ down the path.

11. In his new leather jacket, Manny _____ into the room.

Grammar Link: Clauses and Phrases
A clause is a group of words that work together to express meaning and that contain a subject and a predicate. A phrase is a group of words that work together but do not contain a subject and predicate.

Earlier, you learned that an independent clause can stand alone as a simple sentence. That’s because an independent clause expresses a complete thought. A dependent clause cannot stand alone as a complete sentence. It does not express a complete thought. It “depends on” an independent clause to make its meaning complete.

   Dependent Clause: when she is happy
   Independent Clause: Mom sings
   Dependent Clause + Independent Clause: When she is happy, Mom sings.

A phrase does not express a complete thought. Types of phrases include (a) modifying phrases, (b) noun phrases, and (c) verb phrases.

(a) Early Tuesday morning, we will leave.
(b) My brother, sister, and I have packed.
(c) For two weeks we will be traveling.

Grammar Practice
On a separate sheet of paper, identify whether the underlined words are a phrase or a clause.

17. The drama teacher watched the rehearsal.
18. I’m going to the school dance with my friends.
19. When the movie ends, we can go shopping.
20. If I get a part in the school play, I will be happy.

Academic Vocabulary
Are significant details in a story the most or least important ones?
Meet the Author
Tamara Eberlein has written many articles about mental and physical health as well as parenting. She is also the author of books on child development. Eberlein is the mother of twins.

Author Search  For more about Tamara Eberlein, go to www.glencoe.com.

Before You Read
The Question of Popularity

Vocabulary Preview
factor (FAK tur) n. something that produces or contributes to a certain result (p. 574) The amount of time people spend studying is very frequently a factor in their grades.

obnoxious (ub NOK shus) adj. very disagreeable or offensive (p. 574) The boys in that “in” crowd are obnoxious and often put others down.

majority (muh JOR ih tee) n. more than half; the greater part (p. 575) The majority of people are nice; only a few cause problems.

Think-Pair-Share  Use the three vocabulary words in a paragraph. Leave blanks where the vocabulary words go. Then pair up with a classmate and trade paragraphs. Fill in the blanks in the paragraph.

English Language Coach
Word Families  A word family is a group of words that have the same base word. For example, all the words on the web below are in the same family because they all have use as their base word. In each case, either a prefix (mis-, re-) or a suffix (-able, -less) has been added to the base word to form a new word. Take a few minutes to study the chart.

use
misuse
reuse
usable
useless

Whole Class Discussion  Brainstorm a list of words in the same word family as act. Come up with at least two words created with prefixes and two words created with suffixes. Record your list on a web.

act

Objectives (pp. 572–577)
Reading  Analyze text • Make connections from text to self
Informational text  Identify text elements: direct quotations
Vocabulary  Use structural analysis: word families

572  UNIT 5  How Do You Stay True to Yourself?
Skills Preview

Key Reading Skill: Analyzing
As you read “The Question of Popularity,” you’ll be asked to analyze the main idea and supporting details. To prepare for the analysis, look over the article.

Whole Class Discussion As a class, discuss which paragraphs on the first page of the article form the introduction and what you think the main idea of the article is. What details do you think the author might present to support that main idea?

Text Element: Direct Quotations
Direct quotations tell exactly what people said in their own words. Authors of nonfiction use direct quotations for many reasons:
• to develop a main idea
• to add vivid details to writing
• to analyze what someone said
• to persuade the reader to agree with them by quoting experts who share their opinion

As you read “The Question of Popularity,” notice when the author quotes someone. Then ask yourself these questions:
• Why does the author quote this person?
• What does this quotation add to the article?

Partner Talk Interview a classmate in order to write a one-paragraph biography of him or her. To add vivid detail to the biography, directly quote the person at least once. Be sure to put quotation marks both before (”) and after (””) the quotation.

Get Ready to Read

Connect to the Reading
Think about the importance of popularity in your school. How much does popularity matter to you and your friends? To most kids at your school?

Write to Learn In your Learner’s Notebook, list the advantages and disadvantages of being popular.

Build Background
People of all ages like to form social groups. Some groups are carefully organized; others are informal. Cliques are small, snobbish, informal associations. Clique members try to hang on to a special advantage—such as a leadership position—by refusing to let “non-members” join.

Studies show that most kids who make bad decisions are with their friends at the time. They’re giving in to peer pressure—pressure from members of their social group to act certain ways in order to “fit in.” Of course, peers can be good role models too. They can encourage good values, healthy behaviors, and teamwork—if kids choose the right peers to listen to.

Set Purposes for Reading
Big Question Read “The Question of Popularity” to find out what other kids in middle school think about popularity.

Set Your Own Purpose What else would you like to learn from the selection to help you answer the Big Question? Write your own purpose on “The Question of Popularity” page of Foldable 5.

Keep Moving
Use these skills as you read “The Question of Popularity.”
The Question of Popularity

How much does popularity matter?

By TAMARA EBERLEIN

Being popular means that other kids think you’re cool. It doesn’t mean (as many parents may think) that the cool kids are especially well liked or nice or admired for their smarts. Popular kids may be envied for their cool factor, but they may not have a lot of close friends.

If you’re like most middle schoolers, you’ve probably thought about how much (or perhaps how little) popularity matters to you. It’s not unusual to want to fit in. But it’s more important to have a few close friends, accept yourself for who you are, and be comfortable with the people you do hang out with.

The In Crowd

Kids know that in most schools there is an “in crowd” of kids who are the most popular. Emily Kaplan, a middle schooler in Larchmont, New York, describes her school’s in crowd this way: “The girls are kind of snobby, the boys obnoxious. If

Vocabulary

- factor (FAK tur) n. something that produces or contributes to a certain result
- obnoxious (ub NOK shus) adj. very disagreeable or offensive

Key Reading Skill

Analyzing What opinion is the writer stating in the final sentence of this paragraph? Does that opinion give you a clue about the article’s main idea? Explain.
you laugh at something, they just go, ‘That’s not funny.’ [But] when you’re alone together, the popular girls are really nice.” Emily’s friend Liana Diamond adds, “When they’re with their other friends, they don’t talk to you.”

Who is popular varies from place to place. And of course, not every popular kid is obnoxious or a snob or unfriendly. Believe it or not, for some kids who are popular, it’s hard work to stay that way. Trying to stay on top can cause stress and insecurity because who’s popular and who’s not can change daily.

The Middle Group

The majority of kids fall somewhere in between the top and the bottom—and many adults say that kids in the middle group may be happiest and best off. “These kids have several close friends and are also part of a larger group that explores their interests, like soccer or music. They aren’t overly caught up in the popularity game,” says Sandy Sheehy, who has written a book about friendships. “What’s important is not [if you get] invited to the ‘right’ sleepovers. It’s whether [you have] a few close friends.”

Margaret Sagarese, coauthor of a book about cliques, has a tip for kids who are trying to figure out where they belong. She suggests that you keep a list of what you like about yourself. “Social acceptance and personal acceptance are two very different things. [You] need to see that liking [yourself] is more important than being part of the in crowd,” she says. If being a part of the in group means acting in ways that you wouldn’t normally act or want to act, then stay true to yourself. Make decisions according to your own values. Don’t be afraid to be you.

Vocabulary

majority (muh JOR ih tee) n. more than half; the greater part
The Free Thinkers

What makes a kid less than popular? Sometimes it’s the “wrong” clothes. Sometimes it’s an embarrassing incident that a young person can’t live down. And sometimes there’s just no way of knowing.

“My friends and I are kind of the geeky group,” says Zach McGraw,* a middle schooler in South Bend, Indiana. “I’ve wished I could be popular millions of times. But I’ve managed to find a good group to hang out with.”

Kids like Zach might find a new friend or a group to hang out with outside of school—at church, synagogue, martial arts classes, book clubs, or summer camps. Seeking out others with similar interests is often a good place to start trying to fit in and to develop relationships.

Having one good friend whom you can connect with makes a world of difference. When you like who that person is and can trust that person—then you have a true friendship that will last. Good friends build us up and help us feel confident about ourselves. They will most likely be around long after the in crowd is just a memory.

IN THEIR OWN WORDS:

Kids Talk About Popularity

Want to know what other teens really think about cliques, geeks, and being cool? Read on for the innermost thoughts of middle schoolers.

BABYJOHN: “At my old school I didn’t have many friends. When I moved, I was suddenly accepted into the in crowd. But I have bad memories of being unpopular, and I sometimes worry that my closest friends will exclude me.”

RIVERRUNNER: “I had no real friends for about one-third of the year. When I finally thought I had found a true friend, she said to me that a different girl we hang out with was ‘popular,’ that she was ‘semipopular,’ and that ‘no offense, but you’re a total geek.’ Now we just don’t ever talk, and I am more happy with the not-so-popular group. And I have a few friends outside of school that I hang out with.”

* Name and location have been changed to protect privacy.

1. A synagogue is a Jewish house of worship.

Key Reading Skill

Analyzing In these two paragraphs the writer is giving advice. How does that advice support the idea that “it’s more important to have a few close friends . . . and be comfortable with the people you do hang out with”?

English Language Coach

Word Families The words unpopular and semipopular belong to the same word family. What is their base word?
CHERRY-COLA: “Lately, I have been feeling so unhip. I buy clothes and jewelry that make me seem more like everyone else. I feel as though I have to keep updating myself so that other people won’t think I’m a loser. How you dress has everything to do with who you are.”

TESTSCHIK182: “My best friend of five years was put in classes with all of the popular people. She’ll do anything to be in the in crowd. I am definitely not a dork, but I’m not popular. [My best friend] has started to ignore me in the hall. How can I talk to her without feeling like an idiot? Her new friends aren’t true friends at all.”

MARISSA: “At the beginning of this year, the most popular guy in school liked me. I had tons of friends. But toward the middle of the year, Mr. Popular dumped me. Now I’m really lonely, I get made fun of a lot, and most kids don’t like me.”

HAPPY DUDE: “I get teased, hit, punched. I don’t know if I should hit them back or just run away; I feel that rips apart my courage and self-confidence. I don’t know what to do.”

SHORTY11: “During the school year, I was rejected and not invited to parties, movies, etc. But once the summer began, I met new people who accepted me for who I was, not for the clothing I wore or for my looks. So my advice to other kids is to hang on to the friends you’ve got and make an effort to meet new people.”

—Updated 2005, from Family Life, August 2001
After You Read

The Question of Popularity

Answering the BIG Question

1. In your opinion, is staying true to yourself more important than being popular? Why or why not?

2. Recall According to the writer of the article, what three groups do middle school students fall into?
   TIP Think and Search

3. Summarize Sum up the article’s main idea and most important supporting details in a few sentences.
   TIP Think and Search

Critical Thinking

4. Infer What two or three qualities would the writer say make a good friend? Why?
   TIP Author and Me

5. Connect Review the quotations at the end of the article. Do they help you connect to the article? Give reasons for your answer.
   TIP Author and Me

6. Evaluate Did the writer succeed in convincing you of her opinion? Why or why not? Support your answer with details from the article.
   TIP Author and Me

Write About Your Reading

Essay Write a short essay to express your opinion about social groups in your school. Consider these questions before you begin to write.
- Are social groups important to most kids in middle school?
- Is there any advantage to belonging to a particular social group?
- What are the different social groups in your school?

Be sure to state your opinion clearly in your introduction. Give convincing supporting details to explain and elaborate on your opinion.
Skills Review

**Key Reading Skill: Analyzing**

7. When you analyzed the selection, what evidence did you find to support that main idea? Did your analysis make you think there should be more evidence? Explain your answer.

**Text Element: Direct Quotations**

8. What do the student quotations add to the article? Give examples from the article to support your answer.

Vocabulary Check

Answer each sentence true or false. Rewrite every false statement to make it true.

9. Watching too much TV can be a factor in the grades a student receives.
10. An obnoxious person is friendly and helpful.
11. A majority is always less than half of the total.
12. English Language Coach Find at least three words in the article that belong to the same word family as friend. Create a word web like the one below for this word family.

Grammar Link: Clauses and Phrases as Parts of Speech

A clause can take the place of a one-word part of speech in a sentence. A phrase also can take the place of a one-word part of speech.

**Noun clauses** take the place of nouns.
- Whoever scores the next point wins.

**Adjective clauses** take the place of adjectives.
- The ball, which he had hit hard, soared high.

**Adverb clauses** take the place of adverbs.
- When he hit it, the ball soared over our heads.

**Prepositional phrases** begin with a preposition and end with a noun or pronoun. They take the place of adjectives or adverbs.
- The chapter about the rescue was exciting.
  (The prepositional phrase about the rescue functions as an adjective to describe the noun chapter.)
- The rescue team pulled the dog from the river.
  (The prepositional phrase from the river functions as an adverb to describe the verb pulled.)

**Verbal phrases** act as nouns, adjectives, or adverbs.
- As Noun: Bicycling in the mountains is hard work.
- As Adjective: Staring outside, she saw rain.
- As Adverb: We will hike to exercise.

Grammar Practice

Copy the underlined phrases on a separate sheet of paper. Write which part of speech each one is.

14. We built a feeder to feed wild birds.
15. However, squirrels climbed into the feeder.
16. They ate all the seeds that we placed there.
17. Stopping the squirrels was hard.

Writing Application Underline two clauses or phrases you used as parts of speech in your essay.
ASSIGNMENT Write a short story
Purpose: To tell a story about a character who struggles to stay true to himself or herself
Audience: Your teacher and your classmates

Writing Rubric
As you write your short story, you should
• stay focused on the conflict in your story (how someone struggles to stay true to himself or herself)
• give readers details about the setting of the story
• create well-developed characters
• develop a plot with a clear beginning, conflict, and resolution
• use realistic dialogue

Get Ready to Write
The following guidelines can help you plan and write your story, but you don’t have to follow them word for word. Remember that you’re in charge of your own writing process. You already know your story will be about a character’s struggle to stay true to herself or himself, but you’ll need to think about the character and the conflict before you start writing.

Gather Ideas
At this stage, start picturing whom and what you want to write about. Character and conflict affect each other. For example, if your main character is a thirteen-year-old boy, the conflict should be something that someone his age would be likely to experience.

When you read a short story, you have the opportunity to connect to the characters, learn something about the world, and learn something about yourself. When you write a short story, you do the same thing, except you get to decide what happens in the story.

Writing about a character’s personal struggle, or conflict, will help you think about the Unit 5 Big Question: How do you stay true to yourself? As you write your short story, refer to the Writing Handbook, pp. R17–R27.

Your story should have the basic elements you find in short stories.
• Characters are the actors in the story. They are who the story is about.
• Conflict is the struggle or problem your main character must solve. It’s what the story is about. Conflict is developed through plot, which is the sequence of events that occurs in the story.
• Setting is the place and time in which the story happens. It’s where and when the events take place, and it is usually conveyed through descriptive details.
• Resolution is the story’s final outcome. It tells how the conflict is solved.
• Dialogue is conversation between characters. It helps readers understand what the characters are like and moves the plot forward.
Characters  Think about the people in your story, starting with the main character. Picture each character in detail. What does he or she look like? How does he or she act? What is important to him or her? Take notes in a format that you find helpful. For example, you might list each character’s traits, write a paragraph about each one, or make a word web for each one.

- My protagonist will be Marisol, a teenager with long black hair and gentle eyes. She is a great soccer player and plays for her school team. She is very close to her grandmother, who lives with the family.

Conflict  List the events of your story in the order they’ll happen. Or if you prefer, start by writing a scene that reveals the conflict.

- What causes the conflict?
- How will the main character stay true to himself or herself?
- How will the conflict be resolved?

If you don’t know what to write about, think about your own experiences with trying to stay true to yourself. Or think about people you know and their struggles. Then use your imagination to add fictional details. For example, your main character might not want to go to an event with his family, or friends might be pressuring her to do something, or a brother or sister might ask him to help cover up a mistake they made.

- Marisol didn’t know what to do. She didn’t want to quit the soccer team, but she wanted to spend more time with her grandmother because she knew her grandmother wouldn’t be around much longer.

Setting  Describe where and when your story will take place. Use sensory imagery, such as descriptions of sights, smells, and sounds.

- Part of the story will take place at Marisol’s school, and part will take place at her house, which will smell like her abuela’s wonderful cooking.
Drafting
Start Writing!

Now that you have ideas about the basic elements of your story, it’s time to start writing the first draft—your first version of your story.

Get It on Paper

To draft your short story, use the notes you made. Some of the decisions you made about your story may change as you write. That’s OK. Just keep writing. If you’re not sure how to begin your story, try these tips.

1. Reread your prewriting. Underline words, phrases, or sentences you like.
2. Start with dialogue. Have two characters start talking, and see what they have to say. Dialogue can tell you a lot about the characters as well as the conflict. Writing dialogue is a good way to get ideas flowing.

Develop Your Draft

Writers do a lot of different things to make their writing exciting to read. Look at the writing you’ve done so far. Use these tips to develop your draft.

1. Use details and descriptions to show your readers the characters, setting, and events. Specific and vivid details help to bring readers into the story and create a clear picture in their minds.

   Tears came into Marisol’s eyes. Her grandmother looked so small and weak. Marisol pushed back her hair, pulled her jean jacket tighter, and ran to catch the bus.

2. Short stories keep readers interested by building suspense—making the reader wonder what is going to happen next. Help readers understand the conflict so they are interested in how the conflict is resolved.

   What was she going to do? She loved playing soccer, but she loved her grandmother more. If she didn’t play, would she lose all her friends?
Grammar Link

You have learned that a simple sentence is an independent clause. Compound and complex sentences are made up of a combination of independent and dependent clauses.

What Are Compound and Complex Sentences?

A compound sentence contains two or more simple sentences (independent clauses) joined by a comma and a coordinating conjunction (and, but, or, nor, for, so, and yet). In the following compound sentence, the independent clauses are underlined.

- The pears were ripe, but the plum was rotten.

A complex sentence contains at least one independent clause and one dependent clause. In the following complex sentences, the independent clause is underlined.

- Though the pears were ripe, the plum was rotten.
- When I picked it up, I could see that the plum was rotten from sitting in the sun.

What Are Compound and Complex Sentences Important?

Using a variety of sentence types makes your writing more interesting. A series of simple sentences can be choppy and awkward to read. Combining different types of sentences creates a more natural flow. Compare the following:

Simple sentences only: I had so much fun at the zoo last Saturday. The panda bears were very playful. Tonya and I watched them for over an hour. The cub climbed on his mother. She sent him tumbling to the ground.

Simple, compound, and complex: I had so much fun at the zoo last Saturday. The panda bears were very playful, and Tonya and I watched them for over an hour. When the cub climbed on his mother, she sent him tumbling to the ground.

How Do I Use Compound and Complex Sentences?

Use a compound sentence to combine two ideas that are equally important.

- The music was great. + The cake was delicious. = The music was great, and the cake was delicious.

Use a complex sentence to combine ideas when one idea “depends on” another to make sense. Put the main idea in the independent clause. Put the idea that “depends on” the main idea in the dependent clause. The independent clause is underlined.

- I slept in. + My alarm didn’t go off. = Because my alarm didn’t go off, I slept in.

Write to Learn Reread your draft. Add variety and make your short story flow more smoothly by combining sentences to form compound and complex sentences.

Looking Ahead

Keep the writing you did here, and in Part 2 you’ll learn how to turn it into a short story that you’ll be proud of.
Skills Focus
You will practice using these skills when you read the following selections:
• "an african american," p. 588
• "One Throw," p. 596

Reading
• Questioning in order to improve comprehension

Literature
• Interpreting the effects of literary devices
• Analyzing features and styles of poetry
• Identifying and analyzing the plot elements in a story
• Explaining how conflict is related to the plot

Vocabulary
• Using suffixes to determine meaning
• Academic Vocabulary: conversation

Writing/Grammar
• Using commas in compound and complex sentences

What Is It? Questioning is asking yourself questions about what you are reading. By asking and answering your own questions, you keep a conversation with yourself—a conversation that helps you better understand what you read. You might ask about people or characters in a selection. You might ask about the importance of what you’re reading. Or you might ask about anything that puzzles you. Here are some sample questions.
• Who are the people or characters?
• How does one event relate to another?
• What is the main idea or theme?

Analyzing Cartoons
To find out about vultures, Barry questions his brother. To better understand the cartoon, you might ask yourself, How does Barry’s first question lead to his second question?

Academic Vocabulary
conversation (kon vur SAY shun) n. a talk between people
**Why Is It Important?** By asking questions, you make sure you understand what you are reading. As you answer your questions, you also keep track of important ideas and details.

**How Do I Do It?** As you read, stop from time to time and ask yourself questions. Many helpful questions begin with the 5Ws and an H: Who? What? When? Where? Why? How?

Look at how a student used questions to understand the following passage.

Dad pedaled like mad, flapped his paper wings, and . . . nothing happened. Unless, of course, riding into the pond counts.

As I ran to help him, I heard Grandma shout, “You’re going to break your fool head riding that contraption of yours, Sam McKenzie!”

She hates Dad’s inventions. I love them—and Dad. When he finally manages to build the first successful flying machine, we’ll be rich.

I can hardly wait for that day, because right now, to be perfectly honest, we’re poor. We might not have a roof over our head if it weren’t for Grandma.

Dad spends most of his time and money on his inventions. The old barn is filled with metal parts.

**Practice It!**

Who do you think is telling the story? When do you think it takes place? Write your answers in your Learner’s Notebook.

**Use It!**

As you read the selections, ask yourself 5Ws and an H questions. Answer your questions in your Learner’s Notebook.
Meet the Author
Meri Nana-Ama Danquah was born in Ghana, West Africa, and raised in Washington, D.C. In addition to being an accomplished actress, poet, playwright, and performance artist, she is the author of a memoir, Willow Weep for Me, and the editor of two anthologies: Becoming American and Shaking the Tree. She divides her time between Los Angeles, California, and Accra, Ghana.

Vocabulary Preview

mimicked (MIM ikt) v. copied; imitated; form of the verb mimic (p. 589) Keesha mimicked the girls’ laughter, hoping they would include her in their conversation.

unison (YOO nih sun) n. one voice (p. 590) The chorus sang in perfect unison at the school assembly.

anthem (AN thum) n. the official song of a country, school, or group (p. 590) The band plays its school’s anthem before every game.

Write to Learn Write a paragraph using all the vocabulary words.

English Language Coach

Introduction to Suffixes A suffix is a word part that is added to the end of a root or base word. If you think about the meaning of the root or base and the suffix, you may be able to figure out the meaning of the word. Suppose, for example, that you see the word flutist in the following sentence: Donna is an excellent flutist. If you know that the suffix -ist means “person who,” you can guess that a flutist is a person who plays the flute.

A suffix may change more than a word’s meaning. It may also change the word’s part of speech. For example, adding the suffix -er to the verb teach makes the word teacher, which is a noun. Look at the suffixes listed on the chart below. You’ll see some of them in “an african american.” When any of these suffixes is added to a word, the word usually becomes a noun.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Suffix</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Word Example</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>-an, -ian</td>
<td>“person who”</td>
<td>musician</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ance, -ence</td>
<td>“action or process of”</td>
<td>performance, existence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ation, -ion</td>
<td>“action of or result of”</td>
<td>invention</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ist</td>
<td>“person who”</td>
<td>artist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ness</td>
<td>“state, quality, or condition of”</td>
<td>sadness</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Write to Learn Make each word below a noun by adding one of the suffixes above to it. Use a dictionary if you need help.
dark • reflect • assist • special
Skills Preview

Key Reading Skill: Questioning
The selection you are about to read is a poem. Think about the questions you might have as you read a poem. Here are some examples:

• Who is the speaker?
• What is the speaker describing?

Write to Learn In your Learner’s Notebook, write three other questions you might ask about a poem.

Literary Element: Sensory Imagery
Artists use colors, shapes, and patterns to pull you into their paintings. One way that writers pull you into their work is by using sensory imagery, or descriptions that appeal to the five senses.

Sensory imagery helps readers imagine how something looks, sounds, feels, smells, and tastes. Poets use sensory imagery to make their poems come alive and help readers connect to people, places, events, and ideas. As you read poetry, use these tips to find and understand sensory imagery.

• Notice descriptions of sights, sounds, textures, odors, and tastes. Ask yourself, What do these details add to the selection?
• Think about the speaker in the poem who makes the descriptions. Ask yourself, What do the speaker’s descriptions tell me about him or her?

Partner Talk With a partner, discuss which senses the following sentences appeal to.

• When Ted bit into the shiny red apple, the fruit was so crisp that it snapped. With every crunchy bite he savored its sweetness.

Get Ready to Read

Connect to the Reading
Have you ever moved to a new neighborhood, city, or country? Think of what it would be like to adjust to life in a new place. How would you try to fit in? Would you act differently, or would you try to stay the same?

Partner Talk With a partner, list some things you might have to get used to if you moved someplace new.

Build Background
In the poem, the speaker mentions places in Africa and places in the United States.

• Washington, D.C., the capital of the United States, is on the east coast between Maryland and Virginia. The initials D.C. stand for District of Columbia. According to the last government census, or “head count,” more than 550,000 people live in Washington, D.C. More than half the population identify themselves as African American or black.
• Atlanta is the capital of Georgia, a southern U.S. state. States that border Georgia are North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, and Tennessee. About 400,000 people live in Atlanta. More than 60 percent of the population identify themselves as African American or black.

Set Purposes for Reading

BIG Question Read “an african american” to learn what values are important to the speaker in the poem and whether she is determined to stay true to herself.

Set Your Own Purpose What else would you like to learn from the poem to help you answer the Big Question? Write your own purpose on “an african american” page of Foldable 5.

Keep Moving
Use these skills as you read “an african american.”
i wanna tell you a story
of washington, dc
of atlanta, georgia
of addis ababa
of tangier, soweto and lagos
i wanna shed some light
on the dark continent
i wanna tell you a story
of me

i stand before you
dark and proud
asante princess
african queen
born and bred
on black soil
in a black nation
they call ghana

i spoke the language
of my ancestors
i ate the food
planted by our mothers’ hand
i danced the drumbeats
of our animist gods

---

Addis Abbaba is the capital of Ethiopia in East Africa. Tangier is a city in Morocco in North Africa. Soweto is a group of townships in the country of South Africa. Lagos is a city in Nigeria in West Africa.

Europeans called Africa the dark continent in the nineteenth century because parts of it were so difficult for them to explore that they didn’t know a lot about it.

An animist believes that all things in nature have a spirit or soul within them.
an asante princess
an african queen
who crossed the middle passage*
arrived in america
speaking very little english
with thick lips
and thick accent
unable to pronounce my name
people called me
the foreigner
the african girl
i went to school
with your daughters and sons
your cousins and friends
mimicked their speech
dressed their style
seemingly became one of them 2
i wove my blackness
my africanness 3
chameleon-like*
into the red, the white and the blue
which is the fabric of this nation
wanting desperately to belong
when i sleep
i snore with the lions and tigers
in the safari land
i snore with the sounds
of the noontime traffic on georgia avenue
in the district of columbia

26. The Middle Passage was the journey that many slave ships took from West Africa across the Atlantic Ocean to the Americas.
43. A chameleon is a type of lizard that changes the color of its skin to fit in with its surroundings.

Vocabulary

mimicked (MIM ikt) v. copied; imitated
when i dream
the voices of jomo kenyatta, patrice lumumba
and dr. martin luther king, jr.*
speak to me in **unison**
when i cry
rain falls on the sahara
and the potomac river overflows*

i sway to alpha blondy*
as easily as i do stevie wonder

open your ears
my children
and listen to this griot*
talk of history
being made
i wanna tell you this story
of my life

the blood which flows
through the left side of my body
is the mississippi river
every day i wake it croons
“lift every voice and sing”
the **anthem** of the american negro

the blood which flows
through the right side of my body
is the nile river
every day i rise it screams out loud
“africa, oh africa, cry freedom
for all your children”

55. Here, two African leaders are paired with an African American leader: Jomo Kenyatta was the first president of Kenya; Patrice Lumumba was the first prime minister of the Democratic Republic of the Congo; Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. led the civil rights movement in the United States during the 1950s and 1960s.

59. The **Sahara** is a desert in North Africa, and the **Potomac** is a river that runs through Washington, D.C.

60. Alpha Blondy is a popular reggae musician from Ivory Coast in Africa.

64. A **griot** is a West African storyteller and musician who shares the history of his or her people.

**Vocabulary**

* unison (YOO nih sun) n. one voice
* anthem (AN thum) n. the official song of a country, school, or group

---

Analyzing the Photo: In 1960 Patrice Lumumba became the first prime minister of the Democratic Republic of the Congo. He was assassinated in 1961. What do you learn about him in this photo?

**Practice the Skills**

**Literary Element**

**Sensory Imagery** A person crying doesn’t really create rain in the desert or make a river overflow. What idea is the author trying to get across here?

**Key Reading Skill**

**Questioning** To what does the speaker compare the blood flowing through her body? Reread lines 69–80 to help yourself answer this question.
don’t think me confused
because i don’t know
where home is anymore
i just know
that the veins
in the body from the right and the left
flow to the heart
and become one love

if i die on african soil
bury me in jeans and sneakers
let my tombstone read in english
“native washingtonian”
and sing an old negro spiritual for me please

if i die on american soil
pour libation* on the ground
lay a flag of red, green and gold
with a black star**
on my coffin
let the talking drums spread the news
let the words on my tombstone
be multi-lingual and let them scream
asante princess
african queen

let no one question my origin
let me live and die in peace
as who i am
because you see
i have broken all barriers
of love and unity

i am
in the truest sense of the word
an african american

---

6. **English Language Coach**

**Suffixes**
Washington is a place.
How does adding the suffix -ian change the meaning? What is a *Washingtonian*?

7. **Literary Element**

**Sensory Imagery**
What sound imagery is in lines 100–104?

---

8. **BIG Question**

In this poem, the speaker defines who she is. How does she stay true to herself? Write your answer on “an african american” page of Foldable 5. Your response will help you complete the Unit Challenge later.

---

95. To **pour libation** is to pour wine or oil on the ground as an offering to the gods in a religious ceremony.

97. The flag of Ghana has **red, green, and gold bands with a black star**.
After You Read

an african american

Answering the BIG Question

1. How does the speaker of this poem remain true to herself?

2. Recall What part of Africa is the speaker from?
   
   TIP Right There

3. Recall What does the speaker want if she dies on African soil?
   
   TIP Right There

Critical Thinking

4. Interpret To what does the speaker compare her journey to America, and how is that important?
   
   TIP Author and Me

5. Analyze In lines 41–44 the speaker compares herself to a chameleon, saying, “i wove my blackness / my africanness / chameleon-like / into the red, the white and the blue.” In what way or ways do you think that the speaker is like a chameleon?
   
   TIP Author and Me

6. Evaluate In your opinion, is the title “an african american” a good one for the poem? Back up your opinion with details from the poem.
   
   TIP On My Own

Talk About Your Reading

Whole Class Discussion Throughout the poem, the speaker describes the “African side” of her and the “American side” of her. As a class, reread the poem to find all the examples she gives of her “Africanness” and all the examples she give of her “Americanness.” Record your findings on a chart like the one pictured below. Then discuss how identifying the examples helps you understand the poem.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>African Side</th>
<th>American Side</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Skills Review

Key Reading Skill: Questioning

7. How did questioning help you understand the speaker and the poem? Write two questions that you wrote in your Learner’s Notebook and explain how they helped you.

Literary Element: Sensory Imagery

8. The poem contains a lot of imagery that appeals to the senses of sight and sound. List at least five examples of each. Include a line number for each image you list.

Vocabulary Check

Fill in each blank with the word that makes sense in the sentence.

mimicked • unison • anthem

9. The dancers performed in _______ and won first prize at the competition.
10. When the apes _______ human expressions, the people were amazed.
11. Many countries have their own national _______.

Academic Vocabulary If you are having a conversation, what are you doing?

English Language Coach For each noun below, write its base word and the suffix that makes it a noun.

13. flirtation
14. fairness
15. European
16. clearance

Grammar Link: Commas in Compound Sentences

The most basic kind of compound sentence contains two or more simple sentences (independent clauses) joined by a comma and a coordinating conjunction (and, but, for, nor, or and sometimes so and yet).

- Uma couldn’t come to our get-together, and Joanne missed it, too.
  (The first simple sentence is “Uma couldn’t come to our get-together.” The second simple sentence is “Joanne missed it, too.” The comma and conjunction and join the simple sentences.)
- I like watching martial arts like karate, but I do not want to learn them myself.
  (The first simple sentence is “I like watching martial arts like karate.” The second simple sentence is “I do not want to learn them myself.” The comma and conjunction but join the simple sentences.)

Look Out! If both simple sentences in a compound sentence are short—five words or less—you can omit the comma. In all other compound sentences, put a comma before the coordinating conjunction.

- Uma performs well and she enjoys learning.
  (Both simple sentences are three words long. Because they are short, the comma can be omitted.)
- Uma performs well in her karate class, and she enjoys learning new moves.
  (The comma is needed because the first simple sentence is more than five words long.)

Grammar Practice

Add a comma to each compound sentence that needs one.

17. I like to fly kites and I like to skateboard.
18. Ellie has had the chicken pox but she has never had the measles.
19. I finished cutting the grass so now I can go out.
Before You Read

W. C. Heinz worked as a reporter in Europe during World War II and afterward became a sports editor. Besides articles he has written fiction and nonfiction books about sports. He is also the coauthor of the novel MASH, which inspired a movie and a TV series. See page R2 of The Author Files in the back of the book for more on W. C. Heinz.

Meet the Author

Vocabulary Preview

genning (EG ing) v. urging; encouraging to take action; form of the verb egg (p. 600) The boys said, “Do it!” egging their brother on until he finally took the dare.

needle (NEE dul) v. cause to take action by repeated stinging comments (p. 601) Your teasing remarks will not needle me into doing anything.

English Language Coach

Other Common Suffixes You’ve already learned that adding a suffix to a word can change the word’s meaning and part of speech. Remember that learning what common suffixes mean can help you unlock the meaning of unfamiliar words—especially in conjunction with context.

Study the common suffixes and their meanings below. You’ll see some of these suffixes in the selection you are about to read, “One Throw.”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Suffix</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Word Example</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>-er, -or</td>
<td>“that which” or “person who”</td>
<td>baker, sailor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-hood</td>
<td>“state, condition, or quality of”</td>
<td>neighborhood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ment</td>
<td>“action or process of” or “result of”</td>
<td>arrangement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ship</td>
<td>“state, condition, or quality of”</td>
<td>friendship</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Partner Talk Which suffixes from the chart above could be added to the words below? With a classmate, find the suffix that goes with each word. Use a dictionary if necessary. Discuss how adding the suffix changes the word’s meaning.

1. enjoy
2. child
3. speak
4. citizen
Skills Preview

Key Reading Skill: Questioning
Before you read “One Throw,” think about questions you might ask yourself to understand the plot, characters, and theme of the short story. Here are some sample questions you might ask:
- Who are the main characters?
- What causes a character to act a certain way?
- How does one event lead to another?

Partner Talk  With a partner, add questions to the list that you could ask yourself as you read. Write your questions in your Learner’s Notebook. Refer to them as you read the story, and jot down answers to them.

Key Literary Element: Plot
Plot is the sequence of events in a fictional story in which a problem is explored and then solved. Plot is created through conflict—a struggle within or between people or forces. A plot has these parts:
1. exposition—the beginning that introduces the characters, setting, and conflict
2. rising action—the complications that arise as the protagonist faces the conflict
3. climax—the most emotional or suspenseful point in the story
4. falling action—the events that show how the conflict will probably work out
5. resolution—the outcome of the conflict

Whole Class Discussion “One Throw” is about a young baseball player who plays in the minor leagues. From this situation, what conflicts do you think you might find in the story? Make a list. Then read the story to see whether you guessed right.

Get Ready to Read

Connect to the Reading
Recall a time when a friend gave you advice that you thought was bad. Did you follow the advice?

Write to Learn  In your Learner’s Notebook, jot down a few sentences describing what the advice was, whether you followed it, and why.

Build Background
To understand “One Throw,” you need to know a little about baseball’s minor leagues and major leagues. Here is some background on those subjects.
- A league is a group of teams that play each other.
- The different minor leagues have groups of teams that play at different levels. Players who have good skills and who show promise are often moved up to a higher-level minor-league team.
- The best minor-league players are asked to join major-league teams. There, the players are the most skilled, and the competition is tough.
- These are the highest levels of the minor leagues:
  - Class AAA, sometimes called the “parking lot” because so many good players are “parked,” or held on reserve, there
  - Class AA, home to many experienced players hoping to enter U.S. baseball from foreign leagues
  - Class A, where many promising young players work on improving their skills

Set Purposes for Reading
BIG Question Read “One Throw” to discover how a ballplayer stays true to himself.

Set Your Own Purpose What else would you like to learn from the story to help you answer the Big Question? Write your own purpose on the “One Throw” page of Foldable 5.

Keep Moving
Use these skills as you read “One Throw.”
I checked into a hotel called the Olympia, which is right on the main street and the only hotel in the town. After lunch I was hanging around the lobby, and I got to talking to the guy at the desk. I asked him if this wasn’t the town where that kid named Maneri played ball.

“That’s right,” the guy said. “He’s a pretty good ballplayer.”

“He should be,” I said. “I read that he was the new Phil Rizzuto.”

“That’s what they said,” the guy said. “What’s the matter with him?” I said. “I mean if he’s such a good ballplayer what’s he doing in this league?”

“I don’t know,” the guy said. “I guess the Yankees know what they’re doing.”

“He’s a nice kid,” the guy said. “He plays good ball, but I feel sorry for him. He thought he’d be playing for the Yankees soon, and here he is in this town. You can see it’s got him down.”

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1. **Phil Rizzuto** was the star shortstop for the New York Yankees in the 1940s.
2. The **Yankees** were the dominant baseball team in the major leagues in the 1940s and 1950s.
“He lives here in this hotel?”
“That’s right,” the guy said. “Most of the older ballplayers stay in rooming houses,³ but Pete and a couple other kids live here.”

He was leaning on the desk, talking to me and looking across the hotel lobby. He nodded his head. “This is a funny thing,” he said. “Here he comes now.”

The kid had come through the door from the street. He had on a light gray sport shirt and a pair of gray flannel slacks.

I could see why, when he showed up with the Yankees in spring training,⁴ he made them all think of Rizzuto. He isn’t any bigger than Rizzuto, and he looks just like him.

“Hello, Nick,” he said to the guy at the desk.
“Hello, Pete,” the guy at the desk said. “How goes it today?”
“All right,” the kid said but you could see he was exaggerating.
“I’m sorry, Pete,” the guy at the desk said, “but no mail today.” ³

“That’s all right, Nick,” the kid said. “I’m used to it.”
“Excuse me,” I said, “but you’re Pete Maneri?”
“That’s right,” the kid said, turning and looking at me.
“Excuse me,” the guy at the desk said, introducing us.
“Pete, this is Mr. Franklin.”
“Harry Franklin,” I said.
“I’m glad to know you,” the kid said, shaking my hand.
“I recognize you from your pictures,” I said.
“Pete’s a good ballplayer,” the guy at the desk said.
“Not very,” the kid said.
“Don’t take his word for it, Mr. Franklin,” the guy said.
“I’m a great ball fan,” I said to the kid. “Do you people play tonight?”
“We play two games,” the kid said.
“The first game’s at six o’clock,” the guy at the desk said.
“They play pretty good ball.”
“I’ll be there,” I said. “I used to play a little ball myself.”
“You did?” the kid said.
“With Columbus,” I said. “That’s twenty years ago.”
“That’s right?” the kid said. . . .

³ Rooming houses are private houses where the owners rent out rooms.
⁴ Spring training is a period in late winter and early spring when baseball players prepare for the regular playing season.
That’s the way I got to talking with the kid. They had one of those pine-paneled taprooms in the basement of the hotel, and we went down there. I had a couple and the kid had a Coke, and I told him a few stories and he turned out to be a real good listener. 4

“But what do you do now, Mr. Franklin?” he said after a while.

“I sell hardware,” I said. “I can think of some things I’d like better, but I was going to ask you how you like playing in this league.”

“Well,” the kid said, “I suppose it’s all right. I guess I’ve got no kick coming.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” I said. “I understand you’re too good for this league. What are they trying to do to you?”

“I don’t know,” the kid said. “I can’t understand it.”

“What’s the trouble?”

“Well,” the kid said, “I don’t get along very well here. I mean there’s nothing wrong with my playing. I’m hitting .365 right now. I lead the league in stolen bases. There’s nobody can field with me, but who cares?”

“Who manages this ball club?”

“Al Dall,” the kid said. “You remember, he played in the outfield for the Yankees for about four years.”

4 A pine-paneled taproom is a bar with pinewood paneling on the walls.

6. In this context, hardware is tools and equipment made from metal.
“I remember.”
“Maybe he is all right,” the kid said, “but I don’t get along with him. He’s on my neck all the time.”
“Well,” I said, “that’s the way they are in the minors sometimes. You have to remember the guy is looking out for himself and his ball club first. He’s not worried about you.”
“I know that,” the kid said. “If I get the big hit or make the play he never says anything. The other night I tried to take second on a loose ball and I got caught in the run-down. He bawls me out in front of everybody. There’s nothing I can do.”
“Oh, I don’t know,” I said. “This is probably a guy who knows he’s got a good thing in you, and he’s looking to keep you around. You people lead the league, and that makes him look good. He doesn’t want to lose you to Kansas City or the Yankees.”
“That’s what I mean,” the kid said. “When the Yankees sent me down here they said, ‘Don’t worry. We’ll keep an eye on you.’ So Dall never sends a good report on me. Nobody ever comes down to look me over. What chance is there for a guy like Eddie Brown or somebody like that coming down to see me in this town?”
“You have to remember that Eddie Brown’s the big shot,” I said, “the great Yankee scout.”
“Sure,” the kid said. “I never even saw him, and I’ll never see him in this place. I have an idea that if they ever ask Dall about me he keeps knocking me down.”
“Why don’t you go after Dall?” I said. “I had trouble like that once myself, but I figured out a way to get attention.”
“You did?” the kid said.
“I threw a couple of balls over the first baseman’s head,” I said. “I threw a couple of games away, and that really got the manager sore. I was lousing up his ball club and his record. So what does he do? He blows the whistle on me, and what happens? That gets the brass curious, and they send down to see what’s wrong.”
“Is that so?” the kid said. “What happened?”
“Two weeks later,” I said, “I was up with Columbus.”
“Is that right?” the kid said.

7. A **scout** is someone who looks for new, talented sports players.
8. To **blow the whistle** is to give information about wrongdoing to someone in charge.
9. Here, **brass** means people in high positions.
“Sure,” I said, egging him on. “What have you got to lose?”
“Nothing,” the kid said. “I haven’t got anything to lose.”
“I’d try it,” I said.
“I might try it,” the kid said. “I might try it tonight if the spot comes up.”

I could see from the way he said it that he was madder than he’d said. Maybe you think this is mean to steam a kid up like this, but I do some strange things.

“Take over,” I said. “Don’t let this guy ruin your career.”
“I’ll try it,” the kid said. “Are you coming out to the park tonight?”
“I wouldn’t miss it,” I said. “This will be better than making out route sheets and sales orders.”

It’s not much ballpark in this town—old wooden bleachers and an old wooden fence and about four hundred people in the stands. The first game wasn’t much either, with the home club winning something like 8 to 1.

The kid didn’t have any hard chances, but I could see he was a ballplayer, with a double and a couple of walks and a lot of speed.

The second game was different, though. The other club got a couple of runs and then the home club picked up three runs in one, and they were in the top of the ninth with a 3–2 lead and two outs when the pitching began to fall apart and they loaded the bases.

I was trying to wish the ball down to the kid, just to see what he’d do with it, when the batter drives one on one big bounce to the kid’s right.

The kid was off for it when the ball started. He made a backhand stab and grabbed it. He was deep now, and he turned in the air and fired. If it goes over the first baseman’s head, it’s two runs in and a panic—but it’s the prettiest throw you’d want to see. It’s right on a line, and the runner is out by a step, and it’s the ball game.

Visual Vocabulary
A backhand catch is very difficult because the player’s arm is twisted and the body is turned away from the ball.

Vocabulary
egging (EG ing) v. urging; encouraging to take action

Practice the Skills

9 Key Reading Skill
Questioning
What does Pete actually have to lose?

10 Key Reading Skill
Questioning
What is the “it” that Pete says he will try?

11 Key Literary Element
Plot
This is the climax, or moment of highest tension, when Pete makes an important decision. Did he decide to follow the narrator’s advice? Explain.
I walked back to the hotel, thinking about the kid. I sat around the lobby until I saw him come in, and then I walked toward the elevator like I was going to my room, but so I'd meet him. And I could see he didn’t want to talk.

“How about a Coke?” I said.
“No,” he said. “Thanks, but I’m going to bed.”


We were sitting in the taproom again. The kid wasn’t saying anything.

“Why didn't you throw that ball away?” I said.
“I don’t know,” the kid said. “I had it in my mind before he hit it, but I couldn’t.”

“Why?”
“I don’t know why.”
“I know why,” I said.

The kid didn’t say anything. He just sat looking down.

“Do you know why you couldn't throw that ball away?” I said.

“No,” the kid said.

“You couldn't throw that ball away,” I said, “because you’re going to be a major-league ballplayer someday.”

The kid just looked at me. He had that same sore expression.

“Do you know why you’re going to be a major-league ballplayer?” I said.

The kid was just looking down again, shaking his head. I never got more of a kick out of anything in my life.

“You’re going to be a major-league ballplayer,” I said, “because you couldn’t throw that ball away, and because I’m not a hardware salesman and my name’s not Harry Franklin.”

“What do you mean?” the kid said.

“I mean,” I explained to him, “that I tried to needle you into throwing that ball away because I’m Eddie Brown.”

### Vocabulary

- **needle** (NEE dul) v. cause to take action by repeated stinging comments

### Key Literary Element

**Plot** This is the falling action of the plot, when you begin to see how the resolution to the conflict will probably work out. The resolution is that Pete couldn’t throw the ball away. Why couldn’t Pete do it?

**BIG Question** What do Pete’s actions tell you about how he stays true to himself? Write your answer on the “One Throw” page of Foldable 5. Your response will help you complete the Unit Challenge later.
One Throw

**Answering the **BIG** Question**

1. How did Pete stay true to himself?
2. Recall Whom does the narrator pretend to be?
   - Tip Right There
3. Recall What is the narrator’s real name and job?
   - Tip Right There

**Critical Thinking**

4. Infer Why does the narrator keep his real identity a secret until his last conversation with Pete?
   - Tip Author and Me
5. Infer Why does the narrator try to get Pete to throw a game?
   - Tip Author and Me
6. Interpret The title “One Throw” has a double meaning. What are the two meanings of “throw” in this context?
   - Tip Author and Me
7. Analyze Think about how Pete resolves his conflict and what happens to him at the end of the story. What theme, or message, do you think the story is trying to get across?
   - Tip Author and Me

**Write About Your Reading**

**Press Release**  Imagine that you work in the New York Yankees publicity office. You want to announce that Pete Maneri has just been signed by the team. In a small group, discuss how you would introduce the new player.

- Identify who Pete is. Include his age, the position he plays, and other personal information. Use facts from the story and your imagination.
- Describe his experience. Mention where he played before, what his statistics are as a player, and what his abilities are.
- Explain what the team’s expectations are for his future.

When you are finished, write your press release and share it with the class.
Skills Review

Key Reading Skill: Questioning

8. Think back to the questions that you asked yourself while you were reading “One Throw.” Did any of them prepare you for the surprise ending? Explain your answer.

Key Literary Element: Plot

9. What happens in each part of the plot of “One Throw”? Copy the graphic organizer below. Under each heading, list the events from the story that make up that part.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>exposition</th>
<th>rising action</th>
<th>climax</th>
<th>falling action</th>
<th>resolution</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>


Vocabulary Check

10. The verbs egg and needle are similar in meaning as slang words. Write a sentence using one of them. Then replace it with the other. Did you have to change anything else in the sentence?

Grammar Link: Commas in Complex Sentences

A complex sentence contains at least one independent clause and one dependent clause. The clauses are joined by a subordinating conjunction, such as after, although, because, before, if, since, unless, until, when, and while.

When a complex sentence begins with an independent clause, it does not need a comma.

- We will have dinner when Curtis arrives.

When a complex sentence begins with a dependent clause, put a comma after the dependent clause.

- When Curtis arrives, we will have dinner.

Look Out! Do not put a comma after a subordinating conjunction. Put the comma after the whole dependent clause.

Wrong: Although, I studied I didn’t do well on the quiz.

Right: Although I studied, I didn’t do well on the quiz.

Grammar Practice

On a separate sheet of paper, copy the complex sentences below. Add commas where needed.

15. Eduardo has loved camping since he was a child.
16. When he was little he always pretended to camp out.
17. Once he is older he will save to buy a camper.
Skills Focus
You will practice using these skills when you read the following selections:
• “The Medicine Bag,” p. 608
• “A Year of Living Bravely,” p. 622

Reading
• Predicting future events and behaviors in a story
• Predicting the content of a nonfiction selection

Literature
• Identifying and interpreting theme
• Identifying attention-getting devices

Vocabulary
• Using prefixes to determine meaning
• Academic Vocabulary: relevant

Writing/Grammar
• Combining sentences

Learn It!
Predicting is making an educated guess about what will happen in a story or what a nonfiction text will be about. Use your knowledge, your experience, and relevant information in a selection to predict things like these:
• what events will happen next in a story
• how characters will behave
• how conflicts will be resolved
• what you will find in a nonfiction text

Analyzing Cartoons
Hobbes makes a prediction based on what he knows he is going to do to Calvin. Do you think he is going to push Calvin into the mud? Your answer will be a prediction.

Academic Vocabulary
relevant (REH luh vunt) adj. important to the subject at hand; significant; pertinent
Why Is It Important? Making predictions keeps you involved in a selection because it’s fun to guess and see whether your guesses are right. Predicting also helps you think critically about the selection. As you predict, you are actually analyzing the events, the characters, and the content.

How Do I Do It? Combine your knowledge of people and the world with the information in the story to predict what will happen. Make guesses that fit the characters’ personalities, their situation, and their surroundings. Don’t worry if a prediction is wrong. Analyze where you went wrong. (For example, did you misunderstand why a character was acting a particular way?) Then read on and revise your predictions to fit new information. Here’s what a student predicted while reading a story about a family that has a dog and gets a new kitten.

Holding the kitten in her arms, Josie knelt down in front of the big brown dog. “Rover, this is Andy,” she said. Rover sniffed Andy and began to growl.

I don’t think Rover will welcome the new kitten. In fact, I think he’s seconds away from biting Andy. Most dogs I know don’t growl when they are being friendly.

Practice It!
In your Learner’s Notebook, write your own prediction about what Andy will do. Then read the next paragraph of the story:

Andy began licking the dog’s head. Rover looked surprised and stopped growling. Soon he was licking back. It looked as if the two were becoming friends.

Was your prediction right? Why or why not? Do you think the author was trying to surprise you?

Use It!
As you read the selections in this workshop—“The Medicine Bag” and “A Year of Living Bravely”—make predictions about how the main characters will handle the problems they face.
Before You Read

The Medicine Bag

Vocabulary Preview

authentic (aw THEN tik) adj. real; genuine (p. 608) Martin and his sister got authentic Sioux gifts from their great-grandfather.

stately (STAYT lee) adj. grand; impressive; dignified (p. 608) The banquet was held at a stately mansion.

commotion (kuh MOH shun) n. noisy, confused activity (p. 609) There was so much commotion in the lunchroom she couldn’t hear herself think.

descendants (dih SEN dunts) n. blood relatives of an earlier generation (p. 611) Martin and his sister are the descendants of their grandfather.

sacred (SAY krid) adj. holy; having to do with religion (p. 615) Sage is part of a sacred ritual.

Partner Talk With a classmate, talk about the vocabulary words and their definitions. Based on them, what do you think might happen in the story?

English Language Coach

Prefixes That Mean “Not” Breaking a word down into its parts can help you understand its meaning. A prefix is a syllable added to the beginning of a base word or root word. Just like suffixes, prefixes change or add to the meaning of the base word or root word. Here are some common prefixes that turn words into their opposites. You will see several of the prefixes in “The Medicine Bag.” Look for them as you read.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prefix</th>
<th>Word Examples</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>dis-</td>
<td>disbelieve</td>
<td>“not believe”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>il-</td>
<td>illegal</td>
<td>“not legal”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>im-</td>
<td>imperfect</td>
<td>“not perfect”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>in-</td>
<td>invisible</td>
<td>“not visible”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ir-</td>
<td>irregular</td>
<td>“not regular”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>un-</td>
<td>unhappy</td>
<td>“not happy”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

On Your Own Write a sentence using each of these words from the chart.

1. disbelieve
2. imperfect
3. invisible
4. unhappy
Skills Preview

Key Reading Skill: Predicting
When you read fiction, start making predictions early in the story. Look at the following elements:
• title
• Meet the Author and Build Background
• illustrations and captions
• first paragraph

Whole Class Discussion  Before you read “The Medicine Bag,” look at all the elements listed above. Then make these predictions:
• who the main characters will be
• what the subject of the story will be
• what the title means

Key Literary Element: Theme
The main message of a short story or other work of fiction is its theme. Themes are usually lessons in life about right (or wrong) ways to solve problems, such as “Violence only brings more violence.” Themes may also be comments about human nature, such as “Everybody makes mistakes.”

The theme of the “The Medicine Bag” is implied, which means it is not directly stated. You have to figure out what it is. To do so, think about the conflicts in the story. As you read, ask yourself:
• What internal and external conflicts do the characters experience?
• How are the conflicts resolved?
• What life lesson does the main character learn from his experiences?

Write to Learn  Think about a conflict you and a friend resolved in the past. How did you resolve the conflict? What did you learn from it? If you wrote a story about your experience, what would the theme be? Answer in your Learner’s Notebook.

Get Ready to Read

Connect to the Reading
In this selection, Martin’s great-grandfather gives Martin a family treasure. Think of an object you would like to pass down to your children someday. Pick something that you think represents your family.

Write to Learn  In your Learner’s Notebook, write a few sentences about the family treasure you would pick. Explain its history and why it is important to your family. How does it represent who you are?

Build Background
In this selection Martin, the narrator, calls his great-grandfather “Grandpa.” Grandpa is Sioux, a Native American who belongs to a group made up of seven tribes of the Great Plains. The plains are prairie land that covers the area from North Dakota to Wisconsin, south through Iowa and Missouri, and west into Wyoming.

Grandpa lives on a reservation—a limited area which the U.S. government set aside for Native Americans to live on after they were forced from their land.

Set Purposes for Reading

BIG Question  Read “The Medicine Bag” to find out how Martin learns to appreciate the values of the Sioux side of his family and bring them into his suburban life.

Set Your Own Purpose  What else would you like to learn from the story to help you answer the Big Question? Write your own purpose on “The Medicine Bag” page of Foldable 5.

Keep Moving

Use these skills as you read “The Medicine Bag.”
My kid sister Cheryl and I always bragged about our Sioux grandpa, Joe Iron Shell. Our friends, who had always lived in the city and only knew about Indians from movies and TV, were impressed by our stories. Maybe we exaggerated and made Grandpa and the reservation sound glamorous, but when we’d return home to Iowa after our yearly summer visit to Grandpa we always had some exciting tale to tell.

We always had some authentic Sioux article to show our listeners. One year Cheryl had new moccasins that Grandpa had made. On another visit he gave me a small, round, flat, rawhide drum which was decorated with a painting of a warrior riding a horse. He taught me a real Sioux chant¹ to sing while I beat the drum with a leather-covered stick that had a feather on the end. Man, that really made an impression.

We never showed our friends Grandpa’s picture. Not that we were ashamed of him, but because we knew that the glamorous tales we told didn’t go with the real thing. Our friends would have laughed at the picture, because Grandpa wasn’t tall and stately like TV Indians. His hair wasn’t in braids, but hung in stringy, gray strands on his neck and he

1. A chant is a simple song that has several syllables or words sung to the same note.

Vocabulary

authentic (aw THEN tik) adj. real; genuine
stately (STAYT lee) adj. grand; impressive; dignified
was old. He was our great-grandfather, and he didn’t live in a tipi, but all by himself in a part log, part tar-paper shack on the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota. So when Grandpa came to visit us, I was so ashamed and embarrassed I could’ve died.

There are a lot of yippy poodles and other fancy little dogs in our neighborhood, but they usually barked singly at the mailman from the safety of their own yards. Now it sounded as if a whole pack of mutts were barking together in one place.

I got up and walked to the curb to see what the commotion was. About a block away I saw a crowd of little kids yelling, with the dogs yipping and growling around someone who was walking down the middle of the street.

I watched the group as it slowly came closer and saw that in the center of the strange procession was a man wearing a tall black hat. He’d pause now and then to peer at something in his hand and then at the houses on either side of the street. I felt cold and hot at the same time as I recognized the man. “Oh, no!” I whispered. “It’s Grandpa!”

I stood on the curb, unable to move even though I wanted to run and hide. Then I got mad when I saw how the yippy dogs were growling and nipping at the old man’s baggy pant legs and how wearily he poked them away with his cane. “Stupid mutts,” I said as I ran to rescue Grandpa.

When I kicked and hollered at the dogs to get away, they put their tails between their legs and scattered. The kids ran to the curb where they watched me and the old man. “Grandpa,” I said and felt pretty dumb when my voice cracked. I reached for his beat-up old tin suitcase, which was tied shut with a rope. But he set it down right in the street and shook my hand.

“Hau, Takoza, Grandchild,” he greeted me formally in Sioux.

All I could do was stand there with the whole neighborhood watching and shake the hand of the leather-brown old man. I saw how his gray hair straggled from under his big

**Vocabulary**

- commotion (kum OH shun) n. noisy, confused activity

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**Practice the Skills**

**Key Reading Skill**

**Predicting** This is a good point in the story to guess what will happen next. Think about what you’ve learned so far. Who do you think is walking down the street?

**English Language Coach**

**Prefixes That Mean “Not”**

Break the word unable into its parts. The prefix un- means “not.” The base word able means “can do.” From this, you can see unable means “cannot do.”
black hat, which had a drooping feather in its crown. His rumpled black suit hung like a sack over his stooped frame. As he shook my hand, his coat fell open to expose a bright-red, satin shirt with a beaded bolo tie under the collar. His getup wasn’t out of place on the reservation, but it sure was here, and I wanted to sink right through the pavement.

“Hi,” I muttered with my head down. I tried to pull my hand away when I felt his bony hand trembling, and looked up to see fatigue in his face. I felt like crying. I couldn’t think of anything to say so I picked up Grandpa’s suitcase, took his arm, and guided him up the driveway to our house.

Mom was standing on the steps. I don’t know how long she’d been watching, but her hand was over her mouth and she looked as if she couldn’t believe what she saw. Then she ran to us.

“Grandpa,” she gasped. “How in the world did you get here?”

She checked her move to embrace Grandpa and I remembered that such a display of affection is unseemly to the Sioux and would embarrass him.

“Hau, Marie,” he said as he shook Mom’s hand. She smiled and took his other arm.

As we supported him up the steps the door banged open and Cheryl came bursting out of the house. She was all smiles and was so obviously glad to see Grandpa that I was ashamed of how I felt.

“Grandpa!” she yelled happily. “You came to see us!”

Grandpa smiled and Mom and I let go of him as he stretched out his arms to my ten-year-old sister, who was still young enough to be hugged.

“Wicincala, little girl,” he greeted her and then collapsed.

He had fainted. Mom and I carried him into her sewing room, where we had a spare bed.

After we had Grandpa on the bed Mom stood there helplessly patting his shoulder.

“Shouldn’t we call the doctor, Mom?” I suggested, since she didn’t seem to know what to do.

“Yes,” she agreed with a sigh. “You make Grandpa comfortable, Martin.”

I reluctantly moved to the bed. I knew Grandpa wouldn’t want to have Mom undress him, but I didn’t want to, either.
He was so skinny and frail that his coat slipped off easily. When I loosened his tie and opened his shirt collar, I felt a small leather pouch that hung from a thong\(^2\) around his neck. I left it alone and moved to remove his boots. The scuffed old cowboy boots were tight and he moaned as I put pressure on his legs to jerk them off.

I put the boots on the floor and saw why they fit so tight. Each one was stuffed with money. I looked at the bills that lined the boots and started to ask about them, but Grandpa's eyes were closed again.  

Mom came back with a basin of water. “The doctor thinks Grandpa is suffering from heat exhaustion,”\(^3\) she explained as she bathed Grandpa's face. Mom gave a big sigh, “Oh hinh, Martin. How do you suppose he got here?”

We found out after the doctor’s visit. Grandpa was angrily sitting up in bed while Mom tried to feed him some soup. “Tonight you let Marie feed you, Grandpa,” spoke my dad, who had gotten home from work just as the doctor was leaving. “You’re not really sick,” he said as he gently pushed Grandpa back against the pillows. “The doctor said you just got too tired and hot after your long trip.”

Grandpa relaxed, and between sips of soup he told us of his journey. Soon after our visit to him Grandpa decided that he would like to see where his only living descendants lived and what our home was like. Besides, he admitted sheepishly, he was lonesome after we left.

I knew everybody felt as guilty as I did—especially Mom. Mom was all Grandpa had left. So even after she married my dad, who’s a white man and teaches in the college in our city, and after Cheryl and I were born, Mom made sure that every summer we spent a week with Grandpa.

I never thought that Grandpa would be lonely after our visits, and none of us noticed how old and weak he had become. But Grandpa knew and so he came to us. He had ridden on buses for two and a half days. When he arrived

\(^2\) A thong is a narrow strap of leather or similar material.

\(^3\) Heat exhaustion is dizziness and faintness from being in the sun too long.

**Vocabulary**

- **descendants** (dih SEN dunts) *n.* blood relatives of an earlier generation
in the city, tired and stiff from sitting for so long, he set out, walking, to find us.

He had stopped to rest on the steps of some building downtown and a policeman found him. The cop, according to Grandpa, was a good man who took him to the bus stop and waited until the bus came and told the driver to let Grandpa out at Bell View Drive. After Grandpa got off the bus, he started walking again. But he couldn’t see the house numbers on the other side when he walked on the sidewalk so he walked in the middle of the street. That’s when all the little kids and dogs followed him.

I knew everybody felt as bad as I did. Yet I was proud of this 86-year-old man, who had never been away from the reservation, having the courage to travel so far alone.

“You found the money in my boots?” he asked Mom.

“Martin did,” she answered, and roused herself to scold.

“Grandpa, you shouldn’t have carried so much money. What if someone had stolen it from you?”

Grandpa laughed. “I would’ve known if anyone tried to take the boots off my feet. The money is what I’ve saved for a long time—a hundred dollars—for my funeral. But you take it now to buy groceries so that I won’t be a burden to you while I am here.”

“That won’t be necessary, Grandpa,” Dad said. “We are honored to have you with us and you will never be a burden. I am only sorry that we never thought to bring you home with us this summer and spare you the discomfort of a long trip.”

Grandpa was pleased. “Thank you,” he answered. “But do not feel bad that you didn’t bring me with you for I would not have come then. It was not time.” He said this in such a way that no one could argue with him. To Grandpa and the Sioux, he once told me, a thing would be done when it was the right time to do it and that’s the way it was.

“Also,” Grandpa went on, looking at me, “I have come because it is soon time for Martin to have the medicine bag.”

We all knew what that meant. Grandpa thought he was going to die and he had to follow the tradition of his family to pass the medicine bag, along with its history, to the oldest male child.
“Even though the boy,” he said still looking at me, “bears a white man’s name, the medicine bag will be his.”

I didn’t know what to say. I had the same hot and cold feeling that I had when I first saw Grandpa in the street. The medicine bag was the dirty leather pouch I had found around his neck. “I could never wear such a thing,” I almost said aloud. I thought of having my friends see it in gym class, at the swimming pool, and could imagine the smart things they would say. But I just swallowed hard and took a step toward the bed. I knew I would have to take it.

But Grandpa was tired. “Not now, Martin,” he said, waving his hand in dismissal, “it is not time. Now I will sleep.”

So that’s how Grandpa came to be with us for two months. My friends kept asking to come see the old man, but I put them off. I told myself that I didn’t want them laughing at Grandpa. But even as I made excuses I knew it wasn’t Grandpa that I was afraid they’d laugh at.

Nothing bothered Cheryl about bringing her friends to see Grandpa. Every day after school started there’d be a crew of giggling little girls or round-eyed little boys crowded around the old man on the patio, where he’d gotten in the habit of sitting every afternoon.

Grandpa would smile in his gentle way and patiently answer their questions, or he’d tell them stories of brave warriors, ghosts, animals, and the kids listened in awed silence. Those little guys thought Grandpa was great.

Finally, one day after school, my friends came home with me because nothing I said stopped them. “We’re going to see the great Indian of Bell View Drive,” said Hank, who was supposed to be my best friend. “My brother has seen him three times so he oughta be well enough to see us.”

When we got to my house Grandpa was sitting on the patio. He had on his red shirt, but today he also wore a fringed leather vest that was decorated with beads. Instead of his usual cowboy boots he had solidly beaded moccasins on his feet that stuck out of his black trousers. Of course, he had his old black

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**Key Literary Element**

**Theme** To understand the theme of this story, think about the conflicts in it.
- Martin is afraid of being embarrassed by his grandfather and the medicine bag.
- Martin doesn’t want to hurt his grandfather’s feelings.
- Martin has mixed feelings about his grandfather and his Sioux heritage.

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*A Singing Indian*. W. Ufer. Oil on canvas, 30 x 25 1/4 in.

**Analyzing the Painting** What items in this painting reflect the man’s Native American heritage? What details about Grandpa reveal his identity as a Sioux?
hat on—he was seldom without it. But it had been brushed and the feather in the beaded headband was proudly erect, its tip a brighter white. His hair lay in silver strands over the red shirt collar.

I stared just as my friends did and I heard one of them murmur, “Wow!”

Grandpa looked up and when his eyes met mine they twinkled as if he were laughing inside. He nodded to me and my face got all hot. I could tell that he had known all along I was afraid he’d embarrass me in front of my friends.

“Hau, hoksilas, boys,” he greeted and held out his hand.

My buddies passed in a single file and shook his hand as I introduced them. They were so polite I almost laughed. “How, there, Grandpa,” and even a “How-do-you-do, sir.”

“You look fine, Grandpa,” I said as the guys sat on the lawn chairs or on the patio floor.

“Hanh, yes,” he agreed. “When I woke up this morning it seemed the right time to dress in the good clothes. I knew that my grandson would be bringing his friends.”

“You guys want some lemonade or something?” I offered. No one answered. They were listening to Grandpa as he started telling how he’d killed the deer from which his vest was made.

Grandpa did most of the talking while my friends were there. I was so proud of him and amazed at how respectfully quiet my buddies were. Mom had to chase them home at supper time. As they left they shook Grandpa’s hand again and said to me:

“Martin, he’s really great!”

“Yeah, man! Don’t blame you for keeping him to yourself.”

“Can we come back?”

But after they left, Mom said, “No more visitors for a while, Martin. Grandpa won’t admit it, but his strength hasn’t returned. He likes having company, but it tires him.”

That evening Grandpa called me to his room before he went to sleep. “Tomorrow,” he said, “when you come home, it will be time to give you the medicine bag.”

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Analyzing the Photo How is the vest in this photograph like the one Martin describes?

Practice the Skills

9 Key Reading Skill

Predicting Do you think Martin will be embarrassed in front of his friends by his grandfather? Why or why not?

10 Key Reading Skill

Predicting Did you correctly predict how Martin’s friends would react to his grandfather? If not, why not?
I felt a hard squeeze from where my heart is supposed to be and was scared, but I answered, “OK, Grandpa.”

All night I had weird dreams about thunder and lightning on a high hill. From a distance I heard the slow beat of a drum. When I woke up in the morning I felt as if I hadn’t slept at all. At school it seemed as if the day would never end and, when it finally did, I ran home.

Grandpa was in his room, sitting on the bed. The shades were down and the place was dim and cool. I sat on the floor in front of Grandpa, but he didn’t even look at me. After what seemed a long time he spoke.

“I sent your mother and sister away. What you will hear today is only for a man’s ears. What you will receive is only for a man’s hands.” He fell silent and I felt shivers down my back.

“My father in his early manhood,” Grandpa began, “made a vision quest to find a spirit guide for his life. You cannot understand how it was in that time, when the great Teton Sioux were first made to stay on the reservation. There was a strong need for guidance from Wakantanka, the Great Spirit. But too many of the young men were filled with despair and hatred. They thought it was hopeless to search for a vision when the glorious life was gone and only the hated confines of a reservation lay ahead. But my father held to the old ways.

“He carefully prepared for his quest with a purifying sweat bath and then he went alone to a high butte top to fast and pray. After three days he received his sacred dream—in which he found, after long searching, the white man’s iron. He did not understand his vision of finding something belonging to the white people, for in that time they were the enemy. When he came down from the butte to cleanse himself at the stream below, he found the remains of a campfire and the broken shell of an iron kettle. This was a sign which

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4. A **vision quest** was a special trip made by young Sioux men to receive a dream that gave them a song or an object that protected and guided them in life.

5. The **Teton Sioux** are the largest Sioux tribe. They were traditionally buffalo hunters.

**Vocabulary**

- **sacred** (SAY krid) adj. holy; having to do with religion
reinforced his dream. He took a piece of the iron for his medicine bag, which he had made of elk skin years before, to prepare for his quest.

“He returned to his village, where he told his dream to the wise old men of the tribe. They gave him the name Iron Shell, but neither did they understand the meaning of the dream. This first Iron Shell kept the piece of iron with him at all times and believed it gave him protection from the evils of those unhappy days.

“Then a terrible thing happened to Iron Shell. He and several other young men were taken from their homes by the soldiers and sent far away to a white man’s boarding school. He was angry and lonesome for his parents and the young girl he had wed before he was taken away. At first Iron Shell resisted the teachers’ attempts to change him and he did not try to learn. One day it was his turn to work in the school’s blacksmith shop. As he walked into the place he knew that his medicine had brought him there to learn and work with the white man’s iron.

“Iron Shell became a blacksmith and worked at the trade when he returned to the reservation. All of his life he treasured the medicine bag. When he was old, and I was a man, he gave it to me, for no one made the vision quest any more.”

Grandpa quit talking and I stared in disbelief as he covered his face with his hands. His shoulders were shaking with quiet sobs and I looked away until he began to speak again.

“I kept the bag until my son, your mother’s father, was a man and had to leave us to fight in the war across the ocean. I gave him the bag, for I believed it would protect him in battle, but he did not take it with him. He was afraid that he would lose it. He died in a faraway place.”

Again Grandpa was still and I felt his grief around me.

“My son,” he went on after clearing his throat, “had only a daughter and it is not proper for her to know of these things.”

He unbuttoned his shirt, pulled out the leather pouch, and lifted it over his head. He held it in his hand, turning it over and over as if memorizing how it looked.

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6. An elk is a very large type of deer with broad antlers.
7. A boarding school is a school where students live together as well as go to school.
8. A blacksmith makes iron objects, such as horseshoes, kettles, and door hinges.
“In the bag,” he said as he opened it and removed two objects, “is the broken shell of the iron kettle, a pebble from the butte, and a piece of the sacred sage.” He held the pouch upside down and dust drifted down.

“After the bag is yours you must put a piece of prairie sage within and never open it again until you pass it on to your son.” He replaced the pebble and the piece of iron, and tied the bag.

I stood up, somehow knowing I should. Grandpa slowly rose from the bed and stood upright in front of me holding the bag before my face. I closed my eyes and waited for him to slip it over my head. But he spoke.

“No, you need not wear it.” He placed the soft leather bag in my right hand and closed my other hand over it. “It would not be right to wear it in this time and place where no one will understand. Put it safely away until you are again on the reservation. Wear it then, when you replace the sacred sage.”

Grandpa turned and sat again on the bed. Wearily he leaned his head against the pillow. “Go,” he said, “I will sleep now.”

“Thank you, Grandpa,” I said softly and left with the bag in my hands.

That night Mom and Dad took Grandpa to the hospital. Two weeks later I stood alone on the lonely prairie of the reservation and put the sacred sage in my medicine bag.

9. **Sage** is a sweet-smelling plant. Different varieties are used as medicine or spice.

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**Practice the Skills**

**Key Literary Element**

**Theme**  Martin’s internal conflict about his grandfather is resolved. What did Martin learn from the experience? The answer to that question is the theme of the story.

14. **BIG Question**  How does accepting the medicine bag help Martin stay true to himself? Write your answer on “The Medicine Bag” page of Foldable 5. Your response will help you complete the Unit Challenge later.
After You Read

The Medicine Bag

Answering the BIG Question

1. What do you think is Martin’s true self, the way he is with his friends or with his family—or both? Explain.

2. Recall How does Martin feel about his Sioux background at the start of the story, when his grandfather first comes to visit?

   Tip Right There

3. Summarize In a sentence or two, sum up the reasons that Grandpa has come to visit Martin and his family.

   Tip Think and Search

Critical Thinking

4. Infer Why do you think Grandpa cries after he tells Martin how Iron Shell gave him the medicine bag?

   Tip Author and Me

5. Interpret A symbol is a person, place, or thing that stands for something more than what it is. For example, a red rose can represent, or symbolize, love. What do you think the medicine bag symbolizes in the story? Give details from the story to support your answer.

   Tip Author and Me

6. Analyze The story is told in the first-person from Martin’s point of view. How might your feelings toward Martin change if the story were told in the third-person by an outsider watching what happens?

   Tip On My Own

Write About Your Reading

Diary Entry Imagine that you are Martin. Write a diary entry about the day Grandpa gave you the medicine bag. Be sure to include the following ideas:

- your feelings about the history of the medicine bag
- your feelings about owning the medicine bag
- how owning the medicine bag has changed you
Skills Review

Key Reading Skill: Predicting
7. Explain how making predictions as you read helped you understand the story. Discuss the predictions you made about the characters and the plot.

Key Literary Element: Theme
8. In a sentence or two, state the theme of “The Medicine Bag.”
9. How did understanding the conflicts in the story help you figure out the theme?

Vocabulary Check
Write T for each true statement and F for each false one.
10. An authentic medicine bag is made of plastic.
11. A group of government officials on their way to an important meeting would probably walk in a stately fashion.
12. A quiet, orderly exit from school is a commotion.
13. Your children will be your descendants.
14. A sacred object is likely to be holy to people.
15. Academic Vocabulary Why is an understanding of Martin’s Sioux heritage relevant to a discussion of “The Medicine Bag”?

English Language Coach On a separate sheet of paper, write the prefix and the base word that make up the listed word. Then write a definition of the word. If you need help, use a dictionary.
16. disappear
17. unclean
18. immaterial
19. disbelieve
20. disinfect
21. unafraid

Grammar Link: Combining Sentences
Too many short, simple sentences can make writing sound choppy. Vary the lengths and kinds of sentences you use by combining simple sentences.

Method A: Compound Sentences Combine two simple sentences (independent clauses) to form a compound sentence. Form it with a comma and a coordinating conjunction (and, but, nor, or, for, so, yet).
• The sky darkened. It started to rain big drops.
• The sky darkened, and it started to rain big drops.

Method B: Complex Sentences Combine two simple sentences (independent clauses) to form a complex sentence. Add a subordinating conjunction to one of the independent clauses to make it a dependent clause.
Common subordinating conjunctions include after, although, as, because, before, if, since, though, unless, until, when, whether, and while.
• After the sky darkened, it started to rain big drops.

Grammar Practice
Combine sentences to vary the sentence patterns in the paragraph below. Include at least one compound sentence and one complex sentence. (There’s more than one right way to revise the paragraph.)

Spring is here. The weather is warm. The beach will reopen soon. Baseball is back. You and your family will visit. We can catch up on old times.

Writing Application Review the diary entry you wrote for the Write About Your Reading activity. Make sure it contains at least one compound sentence and one complex sentence.

Web Activities For eFlashcards, Selection Quick Checks, and other Web activities, go to www.glencoe.com.
Meet the Author
Emily Costello was born in 1966. She has written many books and articles for young adults, including fiction and biography, and articles on science topics. Costello tells young people who want to write, “Keep a diary. Record what’s happening in your life and practice explaining how you’re feeling each day.”

Before You Read
A Year of Living Bravely

Vocabulary Preview

confesses (kun FES ses) v. tells a truth that one rarely talks about; form of the verb confess (p. 623) Bethany confesses to being afraid sometimes.

exotic (eg ZOT ik) adj. strangely beautiful and foreign (p. 624) Bethany goes to exotic places to surf with her family and friends.

hardships (HARD ships) n. things that cause pain or suffering; misfortunes (p. 625) In spite of the hardships the fire caused, the family was happy because no one was hurt.

Partner Talk With a partner, look over the vocabulary words. Then write down a synonym and an antonym for each word. (Remember that synonyms share almost the same meaning; antonyms have opposite meanings.)

English Language Coach

Prefixes That Show Relationships A prefix is a syllable added to the beginning of a word to change the word’s meaning. If you know the meaning of common prefixes, you can unlock the meaning of words that begin with prefixes. The chart below lists prefixes that show relationships.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prefix</th>
<th>Word Example</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>co-</td>
<td>coworker</td>
<td>“one who works with another person”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>coexist</td>
<td>“to exist together”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>coauthor</td>
<td>“an author who writes as a partner of another”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pre-</td>
<td>preseason</td>
<td>“before the regular season”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>post-</td>
<td>postseason</td>
<td>“after the regular season”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Think-Pair-Share Use a dictionary to find three words that begin with the prefixes co-, pre-, or post-. Make a two-column chart in your Learner’s Notebook, and write the words in the first column. In the second column, write a sentence using the word. Challenge a classmate to guess the meanings of the words by using word analysis and context clues.

Objectives (pp. 620–625)
Reading Make predictions • Make connections from text to self
Informational text Identify literary device: attention-getting
Vocabulary Use structural analysis: prefixes
Skills Preview

Key Reading Skill: Predicting
“A Year of Living Bravely” is about Bethany Hamilton, a teenaged surfer who was badly hurt in a shark attack in 2003. From this information and the title of the article, predict what the article will say about Bethany.

Whole Class Discussion As a class, guess what kinds of facts and details you will find in the article. To get started, think about the 5Ws and an H.

Text Element: Attention-Getting Device
Many nonfiction writers begin their articles with a statement intended to capture readers’ attention and make them want to read on. This kind of beginning is an attention-getting device. Types of attention-getting devices include the following:
- a statement that presents interesting information
  Example: Bees have been producing honey for more than 100 million years.
- a rhetorical (reh TOR ih kul) question—a question that readers are not expected to answer
  Example: Did you know that bees have been producing honey for more than 100 million years?
- a surprising fact
  Example: A single bee colony has a lot of worker bees—in fact, more than 50,000!

Partner Talk With a classmate, read the first paragraph of a magazine or newspaper feature article. What type of attention-getting device does the writer use? Discuss whether it makes you want to read on.

Get Ready to Read

Connect to the Reading
Bethany Hamilton loves to surf. Being a surfer is a big part of who she is. What is your favorite activity or hobby? What would you do if an injury stopped you from doing it? Would you substitute a different activity?

Write to Learn In your Learner’s Notebook, jot down a few sentences describing what your hobby is. Tell what you think you might do if you couldn’t enjoy it anymore and why you think you would do that.

Build Background
Surfing dates back to prehistoric times. It is believed to have originated in the South Pacific among Polynesian sailors. During the 1800s, missionaries banned surfing in the South Pacific. Hawaiian Duke Kahanamoku revived the sport of surfing in the early 1900s. He started Waikiki’s first surf club and introduced surfing to Australia. Today surfing is a popular sport in many parts of the world.
- The surfboards of the early 1900s were made of wood. They were eight to ten feet long. They were also heavy, weighing in at 100 pounds.
- Modern boards are made of plastic and are only about six feet long. They weigh five or six pounds and have fins on the bottom so the rider can steer.

Set Purposes for Reading
Read “A Year of Living Bravely” to learn how Bethany stays true to herself in spite of her injury.

Set Your Own Purpose What would you like to learn from the selection to help you answer the Big Question? Write your own purpose on the “A Year of Living Bravely” page of Foldable 5.

Keep Moving
Use these skills as you read “A Year of Living Bravely.”
Bethany Hamilton had a horrifying experience last Halloween. A tiger shark attacked her while she was surfing off the coast of Hawaii. The shark chewed off Bethany’s left arm just below the shoulder. By the time she reached the hospital, she’d lost half the blood in her body. She was near death. Bethany had two surgeries to close the wound. She spent eight days in the hospital.

Nobody would have blamed Bethany if she’d never surfed again. Instead, she recovered with surprising speed. Less than a month after the attack, she was surfing again. On January 10, she entered a major competition. She took fifth place out of 24.

What helped Bethany recover so quickly? She loves to surf, and she wanted to start again. “Desire is the answer,” she says, “and I had that.”
Cool Accessories

Bethany isn’t self-conscious about her missing arm. She calls what’s left of her left arm “Stumpy.” She rarely covers Stumpy with long-sleeved shirts. Instead, she wears what she’s always liked to wear—tank tops and bathing suits.

Her new arm, which is made of plastic and metal, has a nickname too. She calls it “Haole Girl.” Haole (HOWLee) means “white.” It’s a word Hawaiians use for non-natives. The name fits. Originally the arm was much paler than Bethany’s own skin. It was recently dyed darker.

The arm was a gift from the manufacturer. It cost $45,000 to make! Still, the arm is mostly for looks. Bethany has to move it with her good arm. She confesses that she rarely takes it out of the closet.

“I’m complete without it,” Bethany says. “I can paddle and balance on a surfboard. I can cut an orange by holding it between my feet. And I like my new look.”

Suddenly Famous

Bethany has adjusted to a one-armed life without much trouble. But other parts of her new life have been challenging. “I’m learning how to balance my life—schooling, surfing, and my career,” Bethany says.

Bethany is in the eighth grade. She’s homeschooled—although “on-the-road-schooled” might be more accurate.

During the past year, Bethany has had little time at home. She appeared on the TV news-magazine show 20/20. She was on the cover of

Vocabulary

confesses (kun FES ses) v. tells a truth that one rarely talks about

1. Someone who is homeschooled is taught school subjects outside of school by a parent or a tutor rather than in school by a teacher.

Analyzing the Photo Hamilton smiles on arriving for the 2004 premier of the film Open Water. How does this photograph convey her confidence?
People and Teen Vogue. She co-wrote a book called Soul Surfer. She has a movie in the works. The ESPN sports network gave her an Espy Award. She made an appearance at the Teen Choice Awards. She threw out the first pitch at the Oakland A’s season opener. She has done hundreds of interviews for magazines.

Of course, being famous isn’t all hard work. For Bethany, one of the perks is going to exotic places to surf. Bethany traveled to Nicaragua and Portugal earlier this year, and loved it. “She wakes me up at 5 a.m. and screams, ‘Let’s go

**Vocabulary**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
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<td>exotic</td>
<td>(eg ZOT ik) adj. strangely beautiful and foreign</td>
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</table>

**Practice the Skills**

**4. English Language Coach**

**Prefixes That Show Relationships** The prefix co- means “with,” “together,” or “partner.” What does co-wrote mean?

2. **Perks** is short for perquisites, which are special privileges.
surfing!” her best friend, Alana Blanchard, told USA Today. “She just always wants to surf.”

**The Hard Part**

Bethany is always training to become a better surfer. She plans to surf for the rest of her life.

But she admits that sometimes being in the ocean feels weird. She gets a little scared. When that happens, she calls to friends surfing nearby. Or she sings a song to herself.

“I have nightmares,” Bethany confesses. When the nightmares come, she says it helps to think about other people’s problems. This summer, Bethany hopes to raise $50,000 for disabled kids through a charity called World Vision.

Bethany notes that there are 120 million disabled kids worldwide. Landmines\(^3\) injured many of them. In poor countries, few disabled kids get to go to school. Some poor families abandon disabled kids. Thinking about such hardships, Bethany knows how lucky she really is.

“Why shouldn’t I be happy?” she asks. “I’m surfing and traveling and really doing all I ever wanted.”

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3. **Landmines** are explosive devices that are placed on or beneath the ground.

**Vocabulary**

- **hardships** (HARD ships) *n.* things that cause pain or suffering; misfortunes
A Year of Living Bravely

Answering the BIG Question

1. From reading “A Year of Living Bravely,” what have you learned about how someone stays true to himself or herself?
2. Recall How did Bethany lose her left arm?  
   Tip Right There

3. Recall What does Bethany say she does to get over her nightmares?  
   Tip Right There

Critical Thinking

4. Interpret What does Bethany mean when she says, “I am complete without [the plastic arm]”?  
   Tip Author and Me

5. Analyze What is the main idea of the article? Write it in your own words. Then explain which facts, details, and other clues in the article helped you find the main idea.  
   Tip Author and Me

6. Evaluate Would you recommend this article to other eighth-graders? Why or why not? Use details from the article to support your answer.  
   Tip On My Own

Talk About Your Reading

Whole Class Discussion Bethany Hamilton has been in the news a lot. She has been interviewed by TV, magazine, and newspaper reporters. She has won awards. She has written a book, and she is working on a movie about her life. As a class, discuss why Bethany has gotten so much publicity, or news coverage, and what more you’d like to know about her.
- Why do you think people are interested in her story?
- Why do you think she wants to tell others her story?
- If you could meet Bethany, what would you like to ask her? Why?

Objectives (pp. 626–627)
Reading Make predictions • Make connections from text to self
Informational text Identify literary device: attention-getting
Vocabulary Use structural analysis: prefixes
Grammar Combine sentences
**Skills Review**

**Key Reading Skill: Predicting**

7. Look back at the predictions you made before you read “A Year of Living Bravely” and while you read it. Which of your predictions were correct? Did anything in the story surprise you? Explain.

**Text Element: Attention-Getting Device**

8. The author begins her article with interesting statements about Bethany’s accident. Use a different attention-getting device, such as a rhetorical question or surprising facts, to write a new first paragraph for the selection. Then tell which introduction you think is better and why.

**Vocabulary Check**

Answer **true** or **false** to each statement. If a statement is false, rewrite it to make it true.

9. Someone who **confesses** to a crime admits to doing an illegal act.
10. An **exotic** place is a familiar location.
11. **Hardships** often cause unhappiness.
12. **Academic Vocabulary** If your teacher tells you to pick relevant details, what kind of details will you look for as you read?

**English Language Coach** On a separate sheet of paper, write the prefix and the base word that make up each of the words below. Then write a definition of the word. If you need help, use a dictionary.

13. cohost
14. preview
15. copilot
16. postgame
17. prerecorded

**Grammar Link: More Sentence Combining**

Combining sentences is a useful way to avoid repeating ideas. Notice the repetition in the following paragraph. Repeated words and ideas are underlined.

- I often have to babysit my twin brothers. My twin brothers are Sam and Danny. They never sit still. They like to run around the house. They like to chase the dog. They like to throw baseballs at each other.

To fix repeated words and phrases, try combining sentences by using one or more of the following methods.

**Method A: Explanatory Phrase** Make the repeated idea into an explanatory phrase.

- Repetitious: I often have to babysit my twin brothers. My twin brothers are Sam and Danny. They never sit still. They like to run around the house. They like to chase the dog. They like to throw baseballs at each other.
- Better: I often have to babysit my twin brothers, Sam and Danny.

**Method B: Series of Items** Combine the repeated ideas in a series.

- Repetitious: They like to run around the house. They like to chase the dog. They like to throw baseballs at each other.
- Better: They like to run around the house, chase the dog, and throw baseballs at each other.

**Grammar Practice**

Use a method described above to combine each pair of repetitious sentences below. Write your sentences on a separate sheet of paper.

18. We like to visit Middletown Ocean View. Middletown Ocean View is a beautiful aquarium.
19. On our vacation we went swimming. We went boating. We also went hiking.
21. The Tucks are the family described in the book. The Tucks have found the secret of eternal life.
22. They go into the forest. They drink water from a magic fountain. They never grow old.
In Writing Workshop Part 1 you wrote a draft of your short story. Now it’s time to improve it. Keep a copy of your story in your writing portfolio so that you and your teacher can evaluate your writing progress over time.

**Revising**

**Make It Better**

Take a fresh look at your draft. This is your chance to improve it.

1. Read your draft quickly and put it aside. Then think about the general impression you get from your story. Ask yourself these questions.
   - Does my writing tell the story I want to tell? Does everything in it contribute to one overall effect without wandering away from the point?
   - Are there any parts that are awkward or confusing?
   - Do my characters seem like real people? (See the next section for help in developing your characters.)
   - Is the conflict understandable?
   - Is the resolution satisfying?
   - Do I describe the setting well enough that readers can picture it?
   - Does my story have a consistent point of view? Is everything seen through the same character’s eyes?

2. Reread the draft slowly. Mark places where you want to rewrite.

**Develop Believable Characters**

Good characters are lifelike people your readers can care about. Characterization is how you bring them to life. You can develop characters by describing how they look, how they talk, how they act, and how they feel. You can also reveal what other characters say about them. Dialogue is another good way to develop your characters. Reread your story, looking for opportunities to further develop your characters.
Applying Good Writing Traits

Organization

Good short stories are well organized and focused. They have a point. They move clearly from the beginning to the middle to the end. The writing is smooth, and the conclusion makes sense.

What Is Organization?

Organization is the inner structure of a piece of writing—the order in which the ideas are arranged. The organization of a story guides readers through a sequence of events.

Why Is Organization Important in My Writing?

- Organizing your ideas can help you get them down on paper more quickly and easily.
- Clear organization guides readers through your ideas and makes your writing easier to follow.
- Strong organization gives readers a sense of direction while they read.

How Do I Organize My Writing?

Different types of writing are organized in different ways. The following guidelines will help you strengthen the organization of narratives, or stories.

- Organize the events of your story in a logical order. Set up the conflict clearly before you try to resolve it. Use transition words (then, next, finally) to link ideas and events.

- Write a satisfying end to your story. Show how the conflict is resolved and what the main character learns. Don’t leave readers feeling as if you got up to answer the door and forgot to come back. Also avoid overused endings such as “and then I woke up” or “we lived happily ever after.”

Organization Practice

Check the organization of your story by making a story map like this one. Do the three stages of your story do their jobs?

Beginning
Introduce characters, conflict, setting.

Middle
Develop characters and conflict.

End
Resolve conflict. Tell what protagonist learned.

Analyzing Cartoons

This boy could sure use some help getting organized! If you wrote to a friend about your opinion of this cartoon, how would you organize your writing?
**Editing**

**Finish It Up**

When you are satisfied with your story, look carefully to see whether there are any errors in grammar, usage, and mechanics.

Use the Editing Checklist to spot and correct errors. Get rid of any words that aren’t needed. If you have trouble recognizing your mistakes, try reading your story aloud. Hearing the words may help you catch mistakes that you miss when you only see the words on the page.

**Editing Checklist**

- ✅ Pronouns agree with their antecedents.
- ✅ The writing is free of sentence fragments and run-ons.
- ✅ All verbs agree with their subjects.
- ✅ Punctuation is correct.
- ✅ Spelling and capitalization are correct.

Take one last quick look through your short story before you hand it in. Ask yourself, *Is this as good as I can make it? Did I miss anything?*

**Presenting**

**Show It Off**

Stories are meant to be read! With your classmates, make a book of short stories that you can share with other classes. Your character’s struggle to stay true may help readers handle something they are going through.

1. Neatly copy your story or, if possible, use a word-processing program to enter and print out a final copy of your story.

2. If you want to, add pictures to your story to help readers visualize a character, setting, or mood (the general feeling of your story). You can draw an illustration, find a picture in a magazine or newspaper, or search the Internet for an image you can use. Be sure that the image you choose captures an event or mood from your story.

3. Put all of the stories and pictures together in a binder. Now you have a collection of short stories about many different characters and situations but about the same theme (staying true to oneself in a difficult situation).

4. Finally, work together as a class to brainstorm possible titles for your collection. Vote to choose one of them.

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**Writing Tip**

**Spelling** If you are using a computer, you can use the Spell Check feature, but the only way to be 100 percent sure of a word’s spelling is to look it up in a dictionary.

**Writing Tip**

**Read Aloud** Another way to present your story is to read it to your class. You can act out scenes, use different voices for different characters—whatever you feel like doing. Have fun performing!
Marisol finished getting ready for school. She went into the kitchen and grabbed her lunch, tuna fish and wheat bread, from the counter. She walked into the living room, where her grandmother sat on the couch knitting a blue sweater. “Abuela, how are you feeling today?”

“I am feeling better, Marisol. Are you leaving for school?” her grandmother asked.

“Yes, I have a math test. I will see you after school.”

“Good, I will make us some asopao for dinner. I know it’s your favorite.”

Marisol walked out of the house into the cold morning. The tears came into her eyes. Her grandmother looked so small and weak. Marisol pushed back her hair and pulled her jean jacket more tightly together. She ran to catch the bus.

All day in school she thought about her grandmother. They had all moved so far to get to the United States. Her mom, dad, and brother were doing great. But her grandmother was dying. She was really old, and she did less and less every day. Marisol loved her so much. The thought of losing her broke Marisol’s heart. She tried to finish writing her essay in English class, the last period of the day, but she couldn’t concentrate. Finally, the bell rang, and she was free to go home.

Marisol went to her locker to get her books for homework. Her three best friends were there waiting for her. Julie, Tracy, and Sam had been there for Marisol since she moved to the new school. They were all on the soccer team and hung out together.

“Hey, Marisol, you ready for practice?” Julie yelled down the hallway.

“I can’t go today.” Marisol yelled back as she ran to her locker. “I have to get home and see my grandmother. She’s not doing so well.”
“Coach isn’t going to like it. That’s three practices you’ve missed, and we have a game tomorrow,” said Sam.

“I know, but I can’t help it.” Marisol got her books and shut her locker door. “See you later,” she said to her friends. They all looked at her.

Tracy smiled. “Tell your grandma we hope she feels better. See you tomorrow.” The three of them turned and walked away toward the soccer field. Marisol walked down the other hall.

When she got home, she could smell the garlic from the asopao. She ran into the kitchen to see her grandmother, who stood at the stove. Her grandmother turned and smiled at her. Marisol knew then that not going to soccer practice was the right decision.

“Just in time,” said her grandmother as she ladled the meat and vegetables into a bowl and placed it on the table. “Sit and eat.”

Marisol sat down and put her books on the floor. Her grandmother sat across from her, straightening her red dress around her as she got comfortable. “Tell me about your day,” she said, and Marisol began to talk. They sat there for hours as the sun went down and the rest of the family came home from work and school.

After dinner, Marisol went into her room. She sat on her bed and spread her books out. What should she do? She loved playing soccer, but she loved her grandmother more. If she didn’t play, would she lose all her friends? What about college? Without a soccer scholarship, she didn’t think she would be able to go. Marisol sat in her room and thought about her grandmother dying. How long did she have? Marisol knew it wasn’t long.

As Marisol started her homework, she made her decision. She would quit the soccer team this year. She could always play next year, but her grandmother might not be here then. With her decision made, Marisol finished her homework with no problem. Her mom came in to say good night. Marisol went to bed and slept better than ever.
Listening, Speaking, and Viewing

**Group Discussion**

Do you enjoy a good talk with your friends? In a group discussion you can try to persuade classmates to share your opinions.

**What Is Group Discussion?**

A group discussion is a gathering of three or more students to talk about a piece of writing. You might discuss one specific question (for example, What is the main conflict? Is the protagonist’s behavior believable?), or you might cover several elements of a story. It’s usually a good idea to take notes on the group’s ideas so you can share them with the entire class.

**Why Is Group Discussion Important?**

In a group discussion students help each other learn. You voice and support your own opinions and listen to other people’s. You develop skills in listening, dealing with conflict, and making decisions. When you share information and debate its meaning, you can learn new ideas and teach them. You also get a chance to see things from other people’s perspectives and appreciate their different ways of communicating.

**How Do I Take Part in Group Discussion?**

Use the tips that follow to participate effectively in group discussion.

- Think before you speak, but then speak up. Volunteer your ideas and opinions.
- Use the skills of inferring and drawing conclusions in your discussion. Bring your own prior knowledge and experience to the conversation.
- Listen to what others have to say. Give everyone a chance to talk. Be encouraging.
- If you don’t understand the point someone is making, ask for more information.
- It’s okay to disagree with a classmate, but be polite. You might say, “But have you considered . . .” not “That doesn’t make any sense.”
- Build on other group members’ comments.
- Help the group summarize its progress. Stop every few minutes and say, “This is what we’ve figured out so far. What else do we need to know or figure out?”
- Identify missing information in the group’s answer. Help the other members fill in blanks.

**Try It Out**

Use the guidelines on conducting a group discussion when you discuss these questions: (1) Did Marisol do the right thing to resolve her conflict? (2) Is there some way she could have handled it better? Be prepared to support your opinions with examples from the text and from life.

**Analyzing Cartoons**

Would Calvin have found Tommy’s story funny if he had read it in a book?
RNAED WORKSHOP 4

Skills Focus
You will practice using these skills when you read the following selections:
• “The Fire Pond,” p. 638
• from Savion!: My Life in Tap, p. 654

Reading
• Inferring unstated ideas in text

Literature
• Analyzing the setting of a story
• Recognizing how setting affects characters and conflicts
• Analyzing tone

Vocabulary
• Using prefixes to infer word meaning
• Academic Vocabulary: imply

Writing/Grammar
• Avoiding run-on sentences

Making Inferences

Learn It!
What Is It? Inferring is like being a detective. It’s using your knowledge and information you gather from a text to make a good guess. Writers often imply, or hint at, an idea without stating it outright. To make inferences, you “read between the lines” and use what you know to figure out what the hints mean. For instance, while reading fiction you might make inferences about the following:
• why a character does something
• what a character is feeling
• how setting affects conflicts and characters

Objectives (pp. 634–635)
Reading Make inferences
Why Is It Important? In life you often do not have complete information about people or situations. You must use the information you do have to make inferences. Likewise, texts you read may not spell out every idea for you. You must use the information authors do give you.

How Do I Do It? As you read, pay attention to details. They are clues that will help you make inferences. Combine the clues with your own knowledge and experience. Then make inferences to figure out implied ideas. Read the following passage from a story. Then read to see how a student inferred what a character was like.

My brother is eight years older than I am. But he seems to be twenty years wiser. Though I wouldn’t say I’m jealous of him, exactly, I do sort of feel as if I live in the shadow of a giant. He seems to have it all—brains, looks, a great sense of humor, kindness. He’s quarterback of his college football team, and girls are continually e-mailing and calling him. My aunt calls him Mr. Amourica because *amour* means “love” in French. I’ll never get that kind of attention.

I think the narrator has mixed feelings about his brother. On the one hand, he seems to admire “Mr. Amourica,” because he talks about all his great qualities. On the other hand, the narrator seems to want to be his own person. He may feel pressured to be like his brother. I’ve seen situations like that. I have a friend whose older sister did well in everything—school, sports, work, you name it. My friend had trouble in school. She hated being compared to her sister. She just wanted to be liked for who she was.

Practice It! Do you agree with the student’s inferences? List positive things the narrator says about his brother. Then jot down notes about anything negative about their relationship. Think about similar brother or sister relationships you’ve seen or experienced. Write a few sentences describing the relationship between the narrator and his brother.

Use It! As you read “The Fire Pond” and from *Savion!: My Life in Tap*, make inferences based on details and descriptions in the texts.
Before You Read

The Fire Pond

Vocabulary Preview

fortune (FOR chun) n. luck; riches (p. 639) When he won the lottery, the old man could not believe his good fortune.

recedes (ree SEEDS) v. moves or pulls back; form of the verb recede (p. 641) Whenever we have hot, dry weather for several days, the water in the pond recedes.

salvaged (SAL Vanderbilt) v. saved from ruin; rescued; form of the verb salvage (p. 641) We salvaged a few pieces of furniture and some pictures from our home after the flood.

calculating (KAL kyoo lay ting) v. using math or logic to figure out something; form of the verb calculate (p. 646) My sister is calculating how long it will take her to save for a new bicycle.

On Your Own In your Learner’s Notebook, write a sentence for each of the vocabulary words. Be sure to use each word correctly.

English Language Coach

Prefixes That Show Position Knowing what common prefixes mean will help you unlock the meaning of many words. Look at the chart below. All the prefixes on the chart show position. As you read “The Fire Pond,” look for words that begin with these and other prefixes that show position.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prefix</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Word Examples</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>out-</td>
<td>“outside” or “beyond”</td>
<td>outfield, outbuilding</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sub-</td>
<td>“beneath”</td>
<td>submarine, subway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>under-</td>
<td>“less than” or “below”</td>
<td>underpay, underground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>over-</td>
<td>“on top of” or “too much”</td>
<td>overcoat, overshoot</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Partner Work For each prefix, write a word that begins with the prefix. (Do not repeat the words on the chart.) Then use the word in a sentence. Work with a classmate, and use a dictionary if you need to.
Skills Preview

Key Reading Skill: Making Inferences

Authors rarely say exactly what a character values or believes. But you can usually infer what a character values. While you are reading “The Fire Pond,” make inferences about the characters’ values. Pay special attention to these points:

- what or whom the characters respect
- what the characters do
- how the characters treat each other

Whole Class Discussion How can you tell what a person values? List ideas.

Key Literary Element: Setting

Setting is the time and the place in which the events of a story occur. Setting includes the ideas, customs, values, and beliefs of the people who live in a particular time and place. For example, suppose that a story takes place now, in your neighborhood. The values and beliefs of the characters may be different from those of people in a story set in ancient Greece.

Setting may also influence the conflicts developed in a story. For example, if a story is set in a place often hit by tornadoes, then an external conflict—people against a force of nature—may arise from that setting.

To understand the setting and its effects on “The Fire Pond,” ask yourself questions like these as you read: When and where does the action take place? What is the relationship between the characters and their setting? Does conflict arise from the setting? If so, how does that affect the characters?

Small Group Discussion “The Fire Pond” is set in the country. Before you read the story, get together with a small group of classmates and discuss possible similarities and differences between country life and city life. Take notes on a Venn diagram.

Get Ready to Read

Connect to the Reading

What makes you happy? Your idea of happiness may be different from that of your parents, your classmates, or your friends.

Write to Learn In a few sentences describe what makes you happy and why. Then briefly describe how you act when you’re happy.

Build Background

People who live in the country may not have access to public water pipes and fire hydrants as people in cities do. So how do farm people find water to put out a fire?

- Many farms have ponds that can supply the thousands of gallons of water needed to put out a fire. Rural fire departments have special pumps that move the water from a pond into the hoses.
- Many rural fire departments are staffed by volunteer firefighters. They train together but do not stay at the fire station. When a fire is reported, the firefighters must rush to the fire station from their homes or jobs to pick up the equipment and fire trucks before they can get to the fire to extinguish it.

Set Purposes for Reading

BIG Question Read “The Fire Pond” to discover how the narrator of the story learns by example to stay true to himself.

Set Your Own Purpose What else would you like to learn from the story to help you answer the Big Question? Write your purpose on “The Fire Pond” page of Foldable 5.

The Fire Pond
We stock the fire pond with rainbows. “Fire pond’s” a thing I’ve said for fourteen years and never once thinking what it means besides this lake that Grandpa and friends dug behind the barn before I was born—before Dad was born. It’s perfect for swimming, if you’re not afraid of snakes (which you shouldn’t be since snakes are more scared of you), and it’s clear, so you can see your legs treading water underneath. The pond’s large enough to row around in a boat, and good for skating, too, unless you’re hotdogging and trying those Olympic-medal spins. It’s a place the cows and horses will drink—deer, too, though we’d rather they hang out at another farm and leave our crops alone.

The rainbows are Grandpa’s. A few times a summer, we fish out half a dozen for supper. Sometimes we’ll catch them on these hooks that don’t have barbs, so we can measure the trout and release them again. But the rainbows aren’t really for eating, just like the pond’s not really for raising fish.

On the ride back from school, I stop and pick up loaves of two-day-old bread that Angela at the bakery holds for Grandpa (her mom was Grandpa’s girlfriend before he met Grandma) and, every now and then, a piece of lung the butcher saves. Then Grandpa chops it all up and showers

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1. **Treading water** is staying upright in the water by moving the feet up and down, as if walking.

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**Practice the Skills**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Literary Element</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Setting</strong> The following details in the story tell you that it takes place in the country.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• There’s a lake behind a barn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• There are snakes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• Cows, horses, and deer drink from the lake.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• There’s a farm and crops.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key Reading Skill</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Making Inferences</strong> What are rainbows in the context of the story? The narrator says several things about them. Here are some clues:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• “We stock the pond with rainbows.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• “We fish out half a dozen for supper.”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
handfuls around the dock so the rainbows surface, blurring
Grandpa’s reflection until it’s gone and, looking down, the
fish are all you can see.

He talks to the fish whether I’m there or not. Tells them
stuff the way I guess I talk to the cats when they follow me
around the barn.

“I do all the talking,” Grandpa says. “I’m not expecting
them to answer.”

We have two farm cats—and also this Lab-shepherd mix
that’s owned by Mrs. Collins, except he spends all day across
the road at our place following whoever of us is on the
tractor. Grandpa never takes much notice of them. The
rainbows are what he’s got instead of pets—instead of lots
of things. He walks the edge of the fire pond every day, just
looking, just admiring what he’s got there. It’s like the story
about the king—or was it the thief?—who has to count his
riches every day because,

well, I guess he can’t believe

his **fortune** or his luck. Not

that Grandpa’s really lucky

or fortunate. Not that a

bunch of fish swimming

around a fire pond is

something you count on.

“That one’s big as a

railroad tie!” he’ll shout to

me, if I’m walking with him,

which I do, especially since

Grandma died.

“At least,” I answer.

“I don’t go in for

exaggerating and you know

that. Don’t need to when

they’re this beautiful big.

But you’re my witness, just

in case someone doubts.”

2. A **railroad tie** is a piece of wood that joins the two rails on which trains run and
holds them in place.

**Vocabulary**

- **fortune** (FOR chun) n. luck; riches

**Analyzing the Photo** The
narrator’s grandpa spends a lot of
time at the pond. Why might this
be? What is it about the pond that
he seems to love most?
Rainbow’s the only fish that Grandpa will eat. “No other fish worth catching, neither,” he says. Me, I like tuna fish better. (Only fish Mom and Dad love is the perch on those all-you-can-eat nights at the lodge.) I like trawling for bluefish, too, which I’ve done twice, on visits with Mom’s family in Maryland. So I think I like what all the fish mean to Grandpa more than what the fish mean to me. Mainly, it’s cool to watch their shiny bodies darting like the sun’s shine on the water, only under.

The day the Allegheny floods, all hell breaks loose. That’s how Grandpa calls it: “See, even that devil creature is loose.” And he means the rattlers, which take to moving from the riverbanks toward higher ground near Salamanca. They’re hanging from the elderberries along the road. Who even knew snakes could drown.

3. **Trawling** is fishing from the side of a boat by using a bag-shaped net.
4. The **Allegheny** is a large river in western Pennsylvania.
5. **Elderberries** are large shrubs that have white flowers and purple berries used in cooking.
Every house I visit is filled with rainwater to the doors—inside and outside. Creek water. Pond water. Lots of farms are worse than ours, but to see our place, it looks like another country, like you’re looking down from an airplane and seeing these islands in an ocean—like Hawaii—except it’s all just our two hundred acres. Our whole farm is all pond except for the stables across the road, and the highest spots in the meadow, and the animal buildings, which were built on higher ground just for a time like now that was never supposed to happen. The fire pond connects with the creeks, and it’s deep enough for powerboats, and there are some, too, trying to save the washed-away things—ours, and stuff from nearby houses—that float or bob to the surface. So much lost and stranded livestock, too, that take weeks to return to their farms. And drowned ones, too.

Over and over Mom says things like, “No matter what we lost, we’re still blessed.”

As for the rainbows, they’re spilled like oil spots down the highway.

It’s hard to know if any are left in our pond when the water recedes—when the banks of the fire pond are where I remember them, when the rain stops long enough to pump the water from the buildings. We start two lists: what’s been ruined or lost, and what can be salvaged. It’s months, really, before the house feels dry, and then the winter cold seeps in, freezing all that extra water into frost and ice—at least, that’s how it feels.

It’s more months before the check arrives from the insurance people, which doesn’t pay for hardly anything, and the check from the state and federal governments on account of our being declared a disaster area. Almost every day I remember some little thing I used to have and didn’t realize the flood had swept it away. But our damages are minor compared with some people we meet, compared with families in Knapp Creek, or nearer the Allegheny.

6. Livestock are farm animals, such as cows and sheep, which farmers raise for profit.

Vocabulary

- recedes (ree SEEDS) v. moves or pulls back
- salvaged (SAL vujd) v. saved from ruin; rescued
With the start of winter, the fire pond’s dark gets lighter and lighter as ice heals over the surface like a scar. No one goes there much. We just stare at the pond and it stares back—that is, when it isn’t covered with fresh snow. I hardly skate at all. A few times at my friend Troy’s pond. But it’s like I’ve lost my appetite for skating or for the pond, but I don’t know if that’s possible. As for Grandpa, he has no reason to trudge through the drifts and walk to the pond. He heads to North Carolina for a month to visit his sister. And he spends two weeks in Atlanta, staying with Uncle Miles and his family. And the other thing is, Grandpa comes back tired, though vacations are supposed to be for rest.

Around about Mother’s Day, it’s finally warm enough for Grandpa to stock the pond again, even though Dad tries to suggest in a nice way that maybe the pond’s better left on its own. Grandpa won’t hear of that. A truck arrives with fingerlings I can’t believe will grow as large as the rainbows we lost. Same day, Grandpa calls Angela and the butcher to start saving up treats for his fish. And that night, after dinner, out of the clear blue, Grandpa reaches into his shirt pocket as he leaves the table, and places his driver’s license beside the centerpiece like he’s presenting us with the check. “I’m done driving,” he says, and then he points to me: “You’ll need a car soon anyway.”

He’s already out of the room when Mom and Dad are saying things like, don’t be silly, and why on earth, and Pop, come back in here.

Come to find out from Uncle Miles, Grandpa’s had an accident—just a fender bender—in Atlanta. Afterward, he insisted on going to an optometrist or ophthalmologist—whatever—who told him he had the eyes of a teenager. He did suggest glasses to help reduce the glare at night. But as soon as he got home, Grandpa decided he wasn’t going out on the road. “First and last accident in my life,” he said, when we tried to talk some sense into him, which is something

7. A fingerling is a small fish about as long as a person’s finger.
8. A centerpiece is a decoration that goes in the center of the dinner table.
9. An optometrist examines the eyes and prescribes glasses to correct eyesight problems. An ophthalmologist treats diseases of the eyes.
only Grandma could do—and once in a blue moon, she could actually succeed. It’s a year before I can get my license.

Early summer’s one of the driest on record, but the pond’s its normal size. Except for sleeping later than six o’clock, which is when I get up for morning chores during school, I do what work everyone else does: putting in the crops, mowing, moving the animals out to pasture and back in, repairing the grain auger and the tractors with Dad. Most of my school friends do the same at their farms, and after supper, we meet at the quarry to swim or bike over to DeWitt’s for ice cream.

In no time flat it’s halfway through summer vacation, August first. Grandpa is reading after the rest of us are in bed. He reads more than he sleeps at night. “Don’t much like closing my eyes,” he says. “At my age, seeing’s a kind of being proud.” So Grandpa goes to make some tea, and he sees smoke rising near the barn. If he’d been asleep—if it hadn’t been a clear night with an almost full moon—I don’t see how any one of us would be alive now.

Grandpa shouts as he runs up the stairs. He pounds on our bedroom doors. He’s the one who phones the head firefighter from Hinsdale—they’re the closest, still about twelve minutes away—and they start the chain of calls to rally the volunteers and summon Mr. Tyler at the general store to sound the siren, which we can’t hear from here, but I know is blaring from when I bike near town.

Until they come, there’s just the four of us, and Mrs. Collins and her son, Dean, who live across the road. We all know what to do through, as if we’ve had fire drills every month, like at school. We start moving the animals, and then the machines. It’s like a parade marching out into the middle of the field, but jumbled and scattered and in the dark. The cows and pigs are so frightened, they’d trample a person without even knowing it.

When the volunteers from Hinsdale arrive, it’s no one but Grandpa who drags the fire truck’s pump hose to the pond and lowers it, hand over hand, like an anchor. Even these

10. A grain auger is a farm machine with a long tube that lifts grain from a truck to the top of a tall storage building.
new fish have learned the sound of his boots on the dock, the scattering of food on the water that follows. From faraway as the front yard, I can see how the glassy surface of the moonlight shatters into ripples by the dock where the rainbows are chomping at the empty air.

I help strap the Indian fire pumps on a few of the volunteers, and they join the truck at the barn to do what they can. The fire’s already spread to the corn crib, where Grandpa’s stationed himself.

Now, after a whole year, Grandpa will laugh if someone makes a joke about the fire. “If only we’d have grown popping corn, the fire would have popped enough corn to serve all the whole crowd! It looked like a drive-in movie with all those cars.” But that night, the dried field-corn burns so fast and hot that the sweat steams beneath Grandpa’s rubber coat—but he won’t turn away except until he passes out from the heat, and the smoke, too.

A man I don’t know carries Grandpa to the house, where he checks his breathing, his eyes, and his pulse. (All the volunteers—Dad’s one, too—take first-aid courses.) “Your grandpa’s fine. Long as he stays inside and rests,” he tells me, and I believe him, though Grandpa won’t: He is going to catch his breath and head back out. I learn the man’s name is Hawkins when he phones to tell some doctor that he’s needed here.

Mom makes me stay with Grandpa. Her voice is so serious, I think even Grandpa might listen for once.

“Tell them to let the barn burn!” he orders Hawkins before he leaves the house. “No barn’s going to stand on a half-burnt frame. And move the horses.”

“But the stables are across the road . . .” I start to say, and then answer my own question. The twelve horses have got to be spooked. And even if they’re safe for now, they’ll get to panicking and kick through their stalls, break a bone or tear themselves up on the wire.

Grandpa gives me a reason I hadn’t thought of. “Look out there. Too much wind.”

Even though the fire’s around the other side, from the back door that faces the stables and the corral, I see them outlined like by moonlight, only it’s orange because of the flames. I see Mom shove the gates free. She slides open the stable’s door,
jumping clear since the horses charge out instantly and all at once. The horses are pitch-black, but the fire’s light gives them even darker shadows, however that’s possible. A few horses bolt along the fence to the entrance of the meadow, and some of them leap the rails as though it weren’t the fence at all that kept them here every day, but something else. We’ve lost a horse before, accidentally, but never all of them at once, and never in a panicking herd. But now isn’t the time for asking how we’ll find them. We will. People around here know us even if we are spread out far from one another.

Then there’s a new sound, louder, closer than the fire. Before I can turn to ask Grandpa the question, he tells me, “It’s all right,” which suddenly makes me think it’s not. A spray of water bursts on the picture window. The jet runs across the wall and back, back and forth, across and back, as though it were erasing something.

“That means the house’s caught fire?” I ask.

“No, no. Just preventing it,” he says, but his voice is too faint; it’s a whisper like a part of the farm already gone up in smoke.

Which makes me say and ask at the same time (that has to be possible): “Grandpa, we’re going to be okay.”

His nodding means yes and at the same time I don’t know. The one hose pounds the roof and wall and doesn’t stop. It’s like our own storm: one thunderbolt rumbling right against the house, but more like heat lightning since it’s bright in all the windows. Water pours down the panes in sheets, and the view is blurred and wobbly, like looking through the sheer curtains when the window’s cracked open in Grandpa’s room. But even so, I know what’s out there: I watch the embers float, slower than pennies in a wishing well, from the barn to the stables, to the milk house, to the grain elevator that’s thirty-six feet tall—the tallest thing for miles—and over to one and then the other silo.

Behind me, from the couch where Grandpa’s supposed to be lying still, I hear him talking like he’s talking to the rainbows, or like he’s giving directions and he’s still out there fighting the flames. I can see the fire outside in his eyes, which must mean it’s reflected in my eyes, too, if Grandpa looks up to see it.

**Key Literary Element**

**Setting** The narrator and his family don’t stop to look for the horses because they believe the animals will be returned to them. What does that tell you about the community where the story takes place?
“The pond’s not deep enough,” Grandpa tells me, as if he’d just remembered how deep they’d dug it. I bring him some juice from the fridge. I don’t know why I can’t be doing something more than watching Grandpa—though if I weren’t here, he wouldn’t be either.

There’s so much light, I keep forgetting it’s night. Besides the flames, there’s the white flash of cameras: someone from the insurance company and a photographer for the Journal. And probably people just wanting to shoot some cool pictures. And then, even at the farther-away dark edges, there are yellower lights, and red ones—new ones: headlights and taillights of cars pulling in. (The Journal, which only comes out once a week, will say that two thousand people attended the fire—drove from nearby towns like we were some kind of county fair that opened after midnight. There should have been another story to say how people kept coming for days—not thousands, but more than just people we know by name—strangers coming to drop off things they had extra of, like a milking machine or a bridle, and, of course, things to eat, as though the fire had burned the kitchen, too, but it didn’t—only whatever it is inside a person that’s supposed to make us want to eat or want to wake up.)

When I crack the front door just to see something clearly, a burst of smoke slips in before my eyes can really make out much.

“Seems like maybe there’s even more firemen now, Grandpa,” I tell him, and he nods, as though he’d been calculating how long it’d take the volunteers from each of the neighboring villages to make their way here.

“Probably. Probably be at least three fire trucks by now.” And then, after too long a pause, he finishes. “Look at it go. Fire’s just like trout heading upstream: slow and certain of where it’s going.”

That’s when Mom comes in again with one of the cats, bringing not only the smell but also the heat of the fire in her clothes and hair. She confirms what Grandpa guessed: “There’s three trucks pumping water now. And so many other people wanting to help, they’ve got two men just

**Vocabulary**

- **calculating** (KAL kyoo lay ting) v. using math or logic to figure out something

**Practice the Skills**

**14 Key Reading Skill**

**Making Inferences** Grandpa says that the pond “isn’t deep enough.” What isn’t it deep enough for?

**15 Reviewing Skills**

**Connecting** Sometimes disasters bring out the best in people. Strangers go out of their way to help others in need. What real-life examples of this can you give?
keeping the crowd back.” Her eyes leak tears down her cheek—maybe it’s just from the smoke—her talk has more important things to do than sob. We fill bottles and jugs of water at the sink to take to the firefighters.

The seven thousand hay bales blaze all night, glowing right alongside the dawn, when all that’s left of the barn is an arch that frames the sunrise. It’s quiet, then, suddenly, like an alarm clock went off, but one that wakes you with silence since the night was so loud. The firemen coil their hoses half-filled with pond sludge, and the last of the crowds drive home to Portville, Ischua, and Knapp Creek.

Friends in Olean, and farther south than Hinsdale, smell the smoke at sunup, the dead fish at dusk. The phone is always ringing. One call is from the Luthers, who have managed to pen the four horses that escaped. They’ll hold them as long as we need them to.

It’s three days before the coals lose heat, before Mom and Dad are done meeting the insurance people and the county agents. Grandpa and I comb the property after supper. The machines are still clustered in the pasture like cows, as though the only job they had was to wait. Since nothing else stands but the house and the woods—and the stables across the road, which were unharmed, after all—we watch the ground as if something were left here and we had to come to look. Instead of grass or dirt it’s ashes, wet wherever we step. Across the meadow where the fire pond was, there’s a mud valley now that’s like a mirage of water, shimmering the way a highway in the summer heat looks wet until you get closer and see it’s not. The pond shimmers, but closer up, it’s the silt rippling where the tails are flaring beneath.

Practice the Skills

Key Reading Skill

Making Inferences

How do you think Grandpa feels about having all the water drained from the pond? Why do you think so?

Analyzing the Photo

How does this picture illustrate changes in the pond?
When Grandpa takes off his shoes and socks, I take off mine. We set them on the dock and climb down to the muck of the bottom. Forty years ago, I think to myself, Grandpa stood on the bottom like this.

We start off walking, our feet sinking into the clay, then popping free with a suction sound.

“It’s raining,” Grandpa announces to me, or maybe he’s just used to talking to himself at the pond. He’s smiling, even though no amount of water—not from clouds, not from our springs or our well, not from tanker trucks with nothing better to do than to cart water here—nothing will save the rainbows. The ones at the shallow end are dead. These last few that move have already drowned in the air.

Grandpa says, “I already hear them talking.”

“Who, Grandpa?” I ask. I know he doesn’t mean the fish.

“Just people. I hear them. ‘You’d think that old fool’d have learnt that first time never to stock a fire pond.’”

“No, they’re not, Grandpa,” I answer him, “they won’t,” though this is just another thing I don’t know. I don’t know if Grandpa’s thinking about restocking the pond, or if I should plead with him not to if only so he’ll slap me hard enough to let me cry. I don’t know even why I think this, because he’d never do that.
“I’m going to tell you something,” he says, “and I don’t care if you’re old enough to think you should start ignoring advice.”

I do know I should tell him I’m not, that I’m listening, to go ahead, to keep walking—something. So I take a step forward. Grandpa’s planted there like he’s a boot that just slipped off your foot and stuck there. So I have to step back.

“You stock your life with what all makes you happy, you hear me? You put rainbows anyplace you like, not excepting your young heart.”

And then it’s Grandpa who turns, ready to complete our tour, if that’s what we’re doing, drawing a circle with footstep dashes around the fire pond like it’s something you could cut out. But before I can say anything like I’m sorry or I believe you, he adds: “I’m not expecting you to answer.”

Grandpa’s footprints are the size of mine (the size of the fingerlings—grown a lot, of course, since May): They’re little ponds the coming rain will fill, then flood, then wash away. 19

Analyzing the Photo  Look closely at the water. How does the photo help you picture what the rainbows in the fire pond look like?

19 How does Grandpa stay true to himself? Write your answer on “The Fire Pond” page of Foldable 5. Your response will help you answer the Unit Challenge later.
**After You Read**

**The Fire Pond**

**Answering the **BIG Question**

1. What did you learn about staying true to yourself from reading the story?

2. **Recall** What is the first natural disaster in the story?
   - **Tip** Right There

3. **Summarize** In two or three sentences, sum up what happens to the fire pond during the course of the story.
   - **Tip** Think and Search

**Critical Thinking**

4. **Analyze** How does the narrator feel about Grandpa at the end of the story? Give evidence from the story to back up your answer.
   - **Tip** Author and Me

5. **Analyze** What do you think the narrator learns from his experiences? Support your answer with evidence from the story.
   - **Tip** Author and Me

6. **Evaluate** Do you think Grandpa would be foolish to restock the pond with rainbows? Explain why or why not.
   - **Tip** On My Own

**Write About Your Reading**

**Letter** What do you think happens next? Write a letter from the narrator to a friend telling what happens during the year after the story ends. Use your imagination to “fill in the blanks,” but make the characters behave in ways that are consistent with the story. Use the questions below to get started.

- What does the family do about the farm?
- What happens to Grandpa? Does he restock the pond?
- What happens to the narrator? Does he change? If so, how?

**Objectives** (pp. 650–651)

- **Reading** Make inferences • Make connections from text to self
- **Literature** Identify literary elements: setting
- **Vocabulary** Use structural analysis: prefixes
- **Writing** Respond to literature: letter
- **Grammar** Identify and correct run-on sentences

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Skills Review

Key Reading Skill: Making Inferences
7. At the beginning of the story, Grandpa says he talks to the trout even though he doesn’t expect them to answer. When he talks to the narrator at the end of the story, why doesn’t Grandpa expect the narrator to answer him either?

Key Literary Element: Setting
8. Grandpa dug the fire pond years before the story begins. How else has he influenced the setting?
9. How might the story change if it were set in a big city? Identify at least two events that would turn out differently, and explain the differences.

Reviewing Skills: Connecting
10. What part of the story could you most easily relate to, or connect with? Why?
11. How did making the connection help you better understand or enjoy the story?

Reviewing Skills: Interpreting
12. What does Grandpa mean when he says, “You put rainbows anyplace you like, not excepting your young heart”? Support your answer with details from the story.

Vocabulary Check
Match each word with the word or phrase that means the opposite.
13. salvaged a. destroyed
14. recedes b. using instincts
15. fortune c. advances
16. calculating d. poverty

English Language Coach: Copy the following words on another sheet of paper. Circle the prefix on each word. Then define the word. Check your definitions in a dictionary.

outpatient • subtitle • undersea • overreach

Academic Vocabulary: If a theme is implied, is it directly stated? Explain why or why not.

Grammar Link: Run-on Sentences
A run-on sentence is two or more independent clauses run together without correct punctuation or conjunctions. Run-on sentences are mistakes that make it hard for readers to understand where one thought ends and the next begins.

Run-On: Estela loves to play the piano it relaxes her.

To fix a run-on sentence, put a period between the two independent clauses, or simple sentences. The period shows readers where one thought ends and the next begins.

Correct: Estela loves to play the piano. It relaxes her.

Another way to fix a run-on sentence is to separate the independent clauses with a comma and a coordinating conjunction.

Correct: Estela loves to play the piano, and it relaxes her.

You can also correct a run-on sentence by adding a subordinating conjunction to one of the clauses.

Correct: Estela loves to play the piano because it relaxes her.

Grammar Practice
On another sheet of paper, copy and fix the following run-on sentences, using each of the ways listed above.
19. She practices every day she doesn’t mind.
20. She wants to be a music teacher someday she must learn to play different instruments.

Writing Application
Review your Write About Your Reading activity. Find and fix any run-on sentences.

Web Activities For eFlashcards, Selection Quick Checks, and other Web activities, go to www.glencoe.com.
Meet the Authors

Savion Glover was born in 1973. He is an award-winning dancer and actor who has performed on stage and in the movies. He also choreographs, or works out dance moves, for other dancers. He says, “My class . . . is an opportunity to pick up some of the knowledge and experience that I learned from the people who taught me.”

Bruce Weber reports on culture and the arts for The New York Times. He also writes for many magazines.

Vocabulary Preview

askew (uh SKYOO) adv. turned or twisted to one side (p. 654) He wore his baseball cap askew as a fashion statement.

hygiene (HY jeen) n. cleanliness; habits that lead to good health (p. 655) To maintain good personal hygiene, he takes a shower every day.

translates (TRANZ laytz) v. changes successfully into another form or language; form of the verb translate (p. 658) Savion feels his dancing translates into life lessons.

Partner Talk Without saying the definitions, give clues to help your partner guess what each vocabulary word is. Give ideas and activities associated with the words. Then switch and have your partner give you clues.

English Language Coach

Adjective and Adverb Suffixes Knowing what common suffixes mean can help you figure out the meaning of many unfamiliar words. Recall that a suffix is a combination of letters added to the end of a word. Adding a suffix may change the word’s meaning and part of speech. For example, adding the suffix -ous to the noun glamor makes the adjective glamorous. Look at the suffixes on the chart below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Suffix</th>
<th>Part of Speech</th>
<th>Word Example</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>-ly</td>
<td>adverb</td>
<td>quickly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ic</td>
<td>adjective</td>
<td>poetic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ive</td>
<td>adjective</td>
<td>selective</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ful</td>
<td>adjective</td>
<td>playful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ous</td>
<td>adjective</td>
<td>marvelous</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Partner Work With a classmate, look at each word below and decide what part of speech it is. Then separate the word into its base word and suffix. Decide what part of speech the base word is. Then use both the word and suffix in a sentence.

- gruffly
- heroic
- protective
- sorrowful
**Skills Preview**

**Key Reading Skill: Making Inferences**

In *Savion!: My Life in Tap*, Savion Glover talks about his experiences as a youngster and an adult working on stage. What inferences can you make about the content of the article? What do you think he might talk about in the article?

**Whole Class Discussion** As a class, discuss what kinds of information you think you might find.

**Literary Element: Tone**

*Tone* is an author’s attitude toward a subject as shown in the language he or she uses. The tone of a selection may be admiring, sarcastic, angry, joyous, funny, ironic, neutral—any word that you can use to describe an attitude can be used to describe tone. To identify the tone of *Savion!: My Life in Tap*, ask yourself the following questions:

- How does Savion feel about the person, place, or thing he is describing? How can I tell?
- If I were reading this aloud with expression, what feelings would I try to show in my voice? Why?

**Partner Talk** Read the following passage from *Savion!: My Life in Tap*. With a classmate, identify the tone. Give reasons for your ideas.

“[J]ust a few years ago, in *Tap*, I was hangin’ with Sammy Davis, Jr., and he was on the set drinking Kool-Aid and wearing a do-rag. It was red Kool-Aid, I remember, and he drank it in a big mug. Like regular folks. Sammy Davis, man! And then I was on *Sesame Street*, which was also cool, a nice vibe. That’s when people started recognizing me on the street . . .”

**Get Ready to Read**

**Connect to the Reading**

Savion Glover talks about older people whom he admired as he was growing up. Are there people in your life you feel that way about? It could be your parents, teachers, or coaches. Perhaps it’s a neighbor. Think about how you feel when that person pays attention to you and helps you.

**Partner Talk** With a partner, discuss someone you admire.

**Build Background**

- Tap dancing developed in the nineteenth century. It mixed steps from jigs and reels danced by Irish and Scottish immigrants with African steps danced by African Americans. Irish dancers contributed the use of shoes with wooden soles that increased the sound. African Americans contributed the stress on rhythm, contrasting beats, and improvisation.
- By the 1920s, metal taps under the heels and toes began replacing wooden soles.
- Challenges are contests between dancers during jam sessions. Each dancer tries to outdo the previous one by using trickier or faster steps.

**Set Purposes for Reading**

**BIG Question** Read the selection from *Savion!: My Life in Tap* to find out how Savion learned to be true to himself as a dancer and as a human being.

**Set Your Own Purpose** What else would you like to learn from the selection to help you answer the Big Question? Write your purpose on the *Savion!: My Life in Tap* page of Foldable 5.

**Keep Moving**

Use these skills as you read from *Savion!: My Life in Tap*. from Savion!: My Life in Tap 653
I look back on it now, and it seems like everything happened so fast. It’s hard to believe all that has happened since I was twelve years old and getting ready to go onstage for the first time in *Tap Dance Kid*. I mean, just a few years ago, in *Tap*, I was hangin’ with Sammy Davis, Jr., and he was on the set drinking Kool-Aid and wearing a do-rag. It was red Kool-Aid, I remember, and he drank it in a big mug. Like regular folks. Sammy Davis, man!

And then I was on *Sesame Street*, which was also cool, a nice vibe. That’s when people started recognizing me on the street. Kids. And I noticed a lot of them were wearing their hats *askew*, like I did on the show. I liked Elmo; he was my favorite, so innocent even when he was doing wrong stuff.  

Anyway, looking back to *Tap Dance Kid*, I can see I knew nothing, nothing. I went through all the rehearsals, all the

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1. *Sammy Davis Jr.* became a big star in the 1950s. He was an all-around performer, working in theater, movies, and television as a singer, dancer, and actor.

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**Vocabulary**

*askew* (uh SKYOO) adv. turned or twisted to one side
understudy’s rehearsals, and what did I know about scripts and scenes and blocking and upstaging and cues\(^2\) and exit lines and all that? I had no idea how to change clothes between scenes in time to get back on. Someone’s going to change me? Whoa! Hinton Battle,\(^3\) the star, he was always on us kids about warming up, getting ready. And other stuff too, like **hygiene**. I can remember him pulling me aside and saying, “Yo, man, I don’t know if you’re using any deodorant, but you better get some.” And he was right. I **was** funky that day.

My opening night I was **nervous**, out of my mind nervous. \(^2\) Butterflies in my stomach and everywhere else. I’m not that great a singer to begin with, but that night my voice was shaky as milk. The only thing that saved me was my family. There was a scene in the show on the Roosevelt Island tram, and I rode across the stage on this tram, and while I was riding it, I saw my mom for the first time, and this relaxing feeling came over me. I saw her face, and it was, like, relief. I was comfortable from then on.

What I learned from *The Tap Dance Kid* was the basics, really the basics. The basic basics. Familiarity with the stage. How to position myself. How to prepare. How to listen. How to react to the audience. I took it on myself to learn the theater, walked around it as if I were working there, went up on the catwalks\(^4\) to see what the guys do up there, backstage, all that. It was, like, I’m here to perform, but I’m also interested in what’s behind the secret door. I guess I was ready for it to be real, not so magical anymore. You know, I was part of it. The magician has to know what the explanation for his magic is.

Anyway, that was why *Tap Dance Kid* was important for me. As for my performance, I didn’t really feel like I was

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2. An **understudy** is an actor who knows another performer’s part and can substitute if needed. **Blocking** is working out the places on stage where the actors should stand during the different scenes. **Upstaging** is drawing attention to oneself and taking it away from another actor. A **cue** is the action or line that tells an actor to enter the stage or give a speech.

3. **Hinton Battle** won a Tony award for Best Actor for *Tap Dance Kid*. He learned to tap to play the role and has been known as a dancer ever since.

4. A **catwalk** is a narrow bridge above a stage from where the stage crew works the sets and lights.

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**Vocabulary**

- **hygiene** (HY jeen) *n.* cleanliness; habits that lead to good health
performing. That was my life up there, and being onstage was just like sitting around the kitchen table telling a story about what happened to me that day. And every night, when we’d take our solo bow, I felt like: These people aren’t clapping for me, for Savion; they’re clapping for Willie, the Tap Dance Kid. I never felt like Savion was taking that bow.

It was after I got started on Black and Blue that I began to understand it didn’t have to be that way. During the show I’d go out and do double times,5 big steps, trying to please the audience, and then afterward I was hanging out with Slyde and Chaney, and just by watching them, I saw it wasn’t about pleasing the audience; it was about expressing yourself. It didn’t happen right away. You don’t just wake up and find your voice, your style. It has to develop. But during Black and Blue

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5. Dancing double time is dancing very fast by doing twice the number of steps that the beat calls for.

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**Practice the Skills**

**Key Reading Skill**

Making Inferences What do you think the difference is between pleasing the audience and expressing oneself?
Blue was when I started realizing I could create my own kind of dance. Up to that point all I was doing was dancing.

It wasn’t anything they told me, not really. It was just being there every day. During rehearsals in New York I’d just be looking—at Slyde, at Chaney,6 at Chuck, even at the women, like Dianne7—and I’d be watching them, saying to myself: This is nothing like what I was taught in dance class. The sounds, their bodies, the way they handled themselves. Once we got over to Paris, I’m in the wings watching them, I’m in Chaney’s back pocket when he comes offstage. I was like that with all of them. I just wanted to follow them around. I don’t know why; they were interesting, is all. This was a club I wanted to join.

I was learning how to hang out, to enjoy. People think I hung out with them and only learned dance. But remember, I had no father image in my life. And these cats were men, and they were accepting me, and I was just this little kid running around, and they let me hang out with them everywhere. We went out. We went to clubs. You ask what they taught me? Everything. About life. About being a man. About how to be. The point is I still spend time conversating with myself about these men. It doesn’t matter where I am, something one of them said’ll hit me, mad things, like footnotes—“Make sure you put the right foot first, even if it’s the left one,” or “If you can’t flow with it, don’t go with it”—and I’ll have to ask myself: Are you talking about the dance or life? 4

Slyde would drop info on me. He’s such a wise man. Through the dance he’d tell me, “Swing a little, sing the song.” I would always come out and do double time, all the time fast, fast, and Slyde told me, “You should try swinging.” And the first time I tried it, I danced for seven minutes, and my breathing was different. I was relaxed, not tense, not holding my breath. I felt like I was singing what I was dancing. So that was something he told me that helped my dancing. But he was always telling me, “Stay comfortable.” Now is that about just dancing?

4. Jimmy Slyde has been a tap dancer since the 1940s. His stage name comes from his style of dancing that makes him appear to slide across the stage. Lon Chaney is part of Slyde’s generation of tap dancers and has influenced many younger artists.

7. Chuck Green began dancing as a child in the 1920s. Audiences loved him for his graceful style. Dianne Walker is known as an elegant dancer. Her dance students call her “Aunt Dianne.”
And Chaney would tell me, “Hit it! Put it down, young man!” and I understand that as a dancer and as a man. I can take that information about the dance and use it in my everyday life. It translates. You see what I’m saying? And I remember Chuck telling me, “Keep on the cardboard.” What does that mean? I have no idea. “Keep on the cardboard.” But I remember it, and I know, like twenty years from now, it’ll come to me. That’s what Chuck meant!

When we came back to Broadway, I was really trying to find myself as a tap dancer. My performance began to change, and even my mom noticed. I wasn’t smiling as much, not trying to please so much. It wasn’t, like, Hey, I’m here, it’s show time! anymore. It was more, like, Hey, let’s go out and dance! Forget what they think they want to see. Chaney, Slyde, those cats—they saw my progress. It was real. I was finally asking, Why am I performing?

And then came Jelly’s, which was really the turning point, the first time I ever performed in a show and felt like it was me. Savion, up there, getting the applause and not the character I was pretending to be. But mostly Jelly’s was important to me because of Gregory. He took me under his wing after Tap, and it was Gregory who made sure I got cast in Jelly’s.

He wasn’t like Slyde, who’s more a grandfather type, with all the mysterious wisdom he lays on me. For me, knowing Gregory is like knowing you have a pops but not meeting him until you’re twenty years old, and it turns out he’s been very cool all this time. We met in Paris when he came to see Black and Blue, and little did I know he was setting up this audition for Tap. Right away he was calling me Save, which only my brothers call me. After that we just started hanging out. We’d go to Knicks games; he’d come over to family barbecues.

**Literary Element**

**Tone** Describe Savion’s tone.
What words and sentences does he use to describe Slyde and Gregory Hines?

---

8. The full name of the musical is *Jelly’s Last Jam*.
9. Gregory Hines began dancing as a child in the 1950s. He was also an actor, and many of his movies included dancing.

**Vocabulary**

*translates* (TRANZ laytz) v. changes successfully into another form or language
Anyway, that relationship made it easy for me to, like, complete my education as a tap dancer, putting the finishing touches on all the stuff that Slyde and them had begun to teach me. And in Jelly’s, I was playing the kid and he was playing the adult, and it seemed perfect to me that we were just there being two sides of the same person. And that number in the second act, Jelly’s Isolation Dance, that was the highlight. I would do everything he did, right away, right away, keep spitting back to him what he was handing me, and we’d really be laying it down some nights. It was supposed to be a five-minute number, but it went on longer and longer and longer, we’d go on and on, jamming, and some nights people would just gather in the wings and watch. It was six, seven, eight minutes of joy every performance. And yeah, it felt like he was passing the torch down to me every night.

It was humbling. Still is. 6

How does Savion stay true to himself? Write your answer on the Savion!: My Life in Tap page of Foldable 5. Your response will help you answer the Unit Challenge later.
After You Read
from Savion!: My Life in Tap

Answering the BIG Question

1. What did Savion learn from his mentors about dance?
   
2. Summarize What was Savion’s life like as a child?
   TIP Think and Search

3. Recall Why did Savion need mentors to help him figure out how to dance and live?
   TIP Right There

Critical Thinking

4. Evaluate Do you think Savion had the right attitude and work ethic to become successful as a tap dancer?
   TIP Author and Me

5. Analyze In what ways did Savion’s role models set positive examples for him? Give details from the article to support your answer.
   TIP Author and Me

6. Analyze Savion says that when he watched older performers he thought, “This is nothing like what I was taught in dance class.” Do you think Savion feels his classes were not useful? How is what he learned from the performers different from what he learned in his classes?
   TIP On My Own

Talk About Your Reading

Small Group Discussion Savion uses a lot of slang, or informal language that is specific to a particular group of people. With a small group of classmates, find and list at least ten examples of slang in the selection. You may include single words or whole expressions. Then discuss how the slang affects your understanding of Savion and the selection. Use the following questions to guide your discussion.

- What does Savion’s use of slang tell you about him?
- How would the selection change if the author had translated Savion’s slang into standard English?
- Is the slang Savion uses still in fashion? Explain.
Skills Review

Key Reading Skill: Making Inferences
7. We know what Savion thought about working with the men who were his role models, but what do you think these men thought about him? What makes you say so?

Literary Element: Tone
8. How would you describe the overall tone of the article? Why? Quote specific words or phrases that illustrate the tone.

Vocabulary Check
Copy the sentences below on another sheet of paper. Then fill in the blank in each sentence with the correct vocabulary word from the list below.

- askew • hygiene • translates
9. To avoid infecting patients, the doctors and nurses practiced good _______.
10. After the toddler slept on the rug, he left it lying _______ on the floor.
11. Studying hard often _______ into good grades.

English Language Coach Use one of the suffixes below to make each word listed either an adjective or an adverb. You may use a dictionary if you need to.

- ly • -ic • -ive • -ful • -ous
12. Change the verb thank into an adjective.
13. Change the verb ponder into an adjective.
14. Change the noun electron into an adjective.
15. Change the adjective sincere into an adverb.
16. Change the verb obsess into an adjective.

Grammar Link: More Run-on Sentences
In the last Grammar Link you saw one kind of run-on sentence—two independent clauses that run together.

Run-on: I like soccer I like hockey even more.

A second kind of run-on sentence occurs when two independent clauses are separated by just a comma.

Run-on: I like soccer, I like hockey even more.

A comma alone is not strong enough to separate independent clauses, or simple sentences. Fix this type of run-on, which is sometimes called a comma splice, by using any of these methods:
A. Separate the sentences with a period.
  • I like soccer. I like hockey even more.
B. Put a comma and a coordinating conjunction between the independent clauses.
  • I like soccer, but I like hockey even more.
C. Add a subordinating conjunction to one of the clauses to make it a dependent clause.
  • Though I like soccer, I like hockey even more.

Grammar Practice
Copy the following paragraph on another sheet of paper. Then find and fix the three run-on sentences. Use any of the methods shown above.

Last fall my family and I went to the beach. I had never seen the ocean before, it was quite an experience. At first my little brother was a little nervous about getting in the water the waves were big and noisy. Everyone else was having fun, so he finally decided to try going in. He went in the water up to his knees, a wave knocked him over. Instead of being afraid, he started laughing. After that, we had so much fun! I can hardly wait to go back to the beach.
Skills Focus
You will use these skills as you read and compare the following selections:
• “A Retrieved Reformation,” p. 665
• Adaptation of “A Retrieved Reformation,” p. 675

Reading
• Comparing and contrasting literary elements in texts

Literature
• Comparing and contrasting characterization in stories

Vocabulary
• Using word analysis
• Academic Vocabulary: reveal

Have you ever watched a movie that was based on a book? If so, you’ve seen an adaptation. The word adapt means “change.” An adaptation is a changed, or new, version of an existing literary work.

Adaptations tell the same story in different ways. In this workshop, you will read a short story and its illustrated, graphic story adaptation. As you read, pay attention to the similarities and differences between the two versions of the story. Notice what things you are told in words in the print version of the story and what things you are told in pictures in the graphic story version.

How to Compare Literature: Characterization
Characterization refers to the methods that an author uses to show what characters are like. An author may reveal what a character does, says, and thinks as well as what other characters or the narrator says. In print stories authors often reveal character through descriptions of actions and thoughts. In graphic stories authors often reveal character through dialogue and pictures.

As you read, think about how the author reveals character in each selection. What does O. Henry tell you about the main character? What does Gary Gianni show you?
Get Ready to Compare

In your Learner’s Notebook, make a chart like the one below. Use your chart to record details that characterize—tell you about—Jimmy Valentine. Pay attention to the differences between the two versions. When you’re finished reading, you will use your chart to compare Jimmy's characterization in the original story and in the graphic story adaptation.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Jimmy Valentine’s character is revealed through . . .</th>
<th>Examples from the original story</th>
<th>Examples from the graphic story</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>his speech</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>his actions</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>his thoughts</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>his appearance</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>other characters’ reactions to him</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Use Your Comparison

Who are the characters in your life? Perhaps you have a cousin who is just as funny as your best friend, or a teacher who has a lot of the same caring qualities as a favorite aunt. Choose two people you know or that you’ve read about and tell about each of them in a few paragraphs. Discuss how each person is alike and different.

You also may decide to illustrate a storyboard about the characters you’ve chosen. (A storyboard is a panel of drawings that shows a story’s action.) For example, one frame may show the mother from a story you’ve read talking with her child, and the other may show your mother talking with you. Keep it brief—use four to six frames.
Meet the Author

O. Henry’s real name was William Sydney Porter. He was born in 1862. He began writing stories while serving a short prison sentence for stealing money from a bank where he had worked. When he left prison in 1901, Porter began writing under the pen name O. Henry, partly to hide his past. Porter lived in New York City until his death in 1910.

Vocabulary Preview

compulsory (kum PUL suh ree) adj. required (p. 666) The final exam was compulsory for everyone in the course.

retribution (re trih BYOO shun) n. punishment for past deeds (p. 668) The judge believed that all crimes deserved stiff retribution.

simultaneously (sy mul TAY nee lee) adv. at the same time (p. 671) Both doors slammed simultaneously, creating a loud noise.

English Language Coach

Multiple Affixes Did you know that more than one prefix and suffix can be added to the same base word? Look at the words villainously and immovable on the chart below. Then complete the chart by jotting down, in the last column, what you think the words mean. Use the chart to understand some of the prefixes and suffixes in “A Retrieved Reformation.”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Base Word</th>
<th>Prefixes or Suffixes</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>villainously</td>
<td>villain</td>
<td>-ous = full of</td>
<td>in a particular way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>an evil person</td>
<td>-ly = in a particular way</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>immovable</td>
<td>move</td>
<td>-able = capable</td>
<td>im- = not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>to change places</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Get Ready to Read

Connect to the Reading
Think of a time when you did the wrong thing. How did you feel afterward?

Build Background

O. Henry is known for his plots—and plot twists. A plot twist is an unexpected turn of events in a story.

Set Purposes for Reading

BIG Question Read to find out what Jimmy Valentine, the main character of “A Retrieved Reformation,” risks to stay true to himself.

Set Your Own Purpose What else would you like to learn from the selection to help you answer the Big Question? Write your own purpose on the “A Retrieved Reformation” page of Foldable 5.
A guard came to the prison shoe shop, where Jimmy Valentine was assiduously stitching uppers, and escorted him to the front office. There the warden handed Jimmy his pardon, which had been signed that morning by the governor. Jimmy took it in a tired kind of way. He had served nearly ten months of a four-year sentence. He had expected to stay only about three months, at the longest. When a man with as many friends on the outside as Jimmy Valentine had is received in the “stir” it is hardly worthwhile to cut his hair.

“Now, Valentine,” said the warden, “you’ll go out in the morning. Brace up, and make a man of yourself. You’re not a bad fellow at heart. Stop cracking safes, and live straight.”


“Oh, no,” laughed the warden. “Of course not. Let’s see, now. How was it you happened to get sent up on that Springfield job? Was it because you wouldn’t prove an alibi for fear of compromising somebody in extremely high-toned society? Or was it simply a case of a mean old jury that had it in for you? It’s always one or the other with you innocent victims.”

“Me?” said Jimmy, still blankly virtuous. “Why, warden, I never was in Springfield in my life!”

1. If you do something assiduously, you do it steadily and with care. Jimmy was busy sewing the uppers—the top part of shoes—onto the soles.
2. The “stir” is another name for prison.
“Take him back, Cronin,” smiled the warden, “and fix him up with outgoing clothes. Unlock him at seven in the morning, and let him come to the bull-pen. Better think over my advice, Valentine.”

At a quarter past seven on the next morning Jimmy stood in the warden’s outer office. He had on a suit of the villainously fitting, ready-made clothes and a pair of stiff, squeaky shoes that the state furnishes to its discharged compulsory guests.

The clerk handed him a railroad ticket and the five-dollar bill with which the law expected him to rehabilitate himself into good citizenship and prosperity. The warden gave him a cigar, and shook hands. Valentine, 9762, was chronicled on the books “Pardoned by Governor,” and Mr. James Valentine walked out into the sunshine.

Disregarding the song of the birds, the waving green trees, and the smell of the flowers, Jimmy headed straight for a restaurant. There he tasted the first sweet joys of liberty in the shape of a broiled chicken and a bottle of white wine—followed by a cigar a grade better than the one the warden had given him. From there he proceeded leisurely to the depot. He tossed a quarter into the hat of a blind man sitting by the door, and boarded his train. Three hours set him down in a little town near the state line. He went to the café of one Mike Dolan and shook hands with Mike, who was alone behind the bar.

“Sorry we couldn’t make it sooner, Jimmy, me boy,” said Mike. “But we had that protest from Springfield to buck against, and the governor nearly balked. Feeling all right?”

“Fine,” said Jimmy. “Got my key?”

He got his key and went upstairs, unlocking the door of a room at the rear. Everything was just as he had left it. There on the floor was still Ben Price’s collar-button that had been torn from that eminent detective’s shirt-band when they hadOverview

**Practice the Skills**

**Comparing Literature**

**Characterization** What does Jimmy’s behavior reveal about his character? Keep in mind the time of the story. With only five dollars, Jimmy was able to buy a broiled chicken, a bottle of wine, and a good cigar. But he wouldn’t have much more left than the quarter he gave the blind man.

**Comparing Literature**

**Characterization** In this one sentence, the author introduces a new character. How much does that sentence tell you about Ben Price?

**Vocabulary**

**compulsory** (kum PUL suh ree) adj. required

666 UNIT 5 How Do You Stay True to Yourself?
tools in the East. It was a complete set, made of specially tempered steel, the latest designs in drills, punches, braces and bits, jimmies, clamps, and augers, with two or three novelties invented by Jimmy himself, in which he took pride. Over nine hundred dollars they had cost him to have made at _____, a place where they make such things for the profession.

In half an hour Jimmy went downstairs and through the café. He was now dressed in tasteful and well-fitting clothes, and carried his dusted and cleaned suitcase in his hand.

“Got anything on?” asked Mike Dolan, genially.


This statement delighted Mike to such an extent that Jimmy had to take a seltzer-and-milk on the spot. He never touched “hard” drinks.

A week after the release of Valentine, 9762, there was a neat job of safe-burglary done in Richmond, Indiana, with no clue to the author. A scant eight hundred dollars was all that was secured. Two weeks after that a patented, improved, burglar-proof safe in Logansport was opened like a cheese to the tune of fifteen hundred dollars, currency, securities and silver untouched. That began to interest the rogue catchers. Then an old-fashioned bank safe in Jefferson City became active and threw out of its crater an eruption of banknotes amounting to five thousand dollars. The losses were now high enough to bring the matter up into Ben Price’s class of work. By comparing notes, a remarkable similarity in the methods of the burglaries was noticed. Ben Price investigated the scenes of the robberies, and was heard to remark: “That’s Dandy Jim Valentine’s autograph. He’s resumed business. Look at that combination knob—jerked out as easy as pulling up a radish in wet weather. He’s got the only clamps that can do it. And look how clean those tumblers were punched out! Jimmy never has to drill but one hole. Yes, I guess I want Mr. Valentine. He’ll do his bit next time without any short-time or clemency foolishness.”

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3. **Currency** is paper money, **securities** are stocks and bonds, and **silver** is silver coins. Valentine is careful not to steal securities that could be difficult to sell or silver that could be heavy and attention-getting. He doesn’t want to get caught.
Ben Price knew Jimmy’s habits. He had learned them while working up the Springfield case. Long jumps, quick getaways, no confederates, and a taste for good society—these ways had helped Mr. Valentine to become noted as a successful dodger of retribution. It was given out that Ben Price had taken up the trail of the elusive cracksman, and other people with burglar-proof safes felt more at ease.

One afternoon Jimmy Valentine and his suitcase climbed out of the mailhack in Elmore, a little town five miles off the railroad down in the blackjack country of Arkansas. Jimmy, looking like an athletic young senior just home from college, went down the board sidewalk toward the hotel.

A young lady crossed the street, passed him at the corner, and entered a door over which was the sign “The Elmore Bank.” Jimmy Valentine looked into her eyes, forgot what he was, and became another man. She lowered her eyes and colored slightly. Young men of Jimmy’s style and looks were scarce in Elmore.

Jimmy collared a boy that was loaﬁ ng on the steps of the bank as if he were one of the stockholders, and began to ask him questions about the town, feeding him dimes at intervals. By and by the young lady came out, looking royally unconscious of the young man with the suitcase, and went her way.

“Isn’t that young lady Miss Polly Simpson?” asked Jimmy, with specious guile.

“Naw,” said the boy. “She’s Annabel Adams. Her pa owns this bank. What’d you come to Elmore for? Is that a gold watch-chain? I’m going to get a bulldog. Got any more dimes?”

Jimmy went to the Planters’ Hotel, registered as Ralph D. Spencer, and engaged a room. He leaned on the desk and declared his platform to the clerk. He said he had come to

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4. Confederates, here, are friends or accomplices.
5. The mailhack was a horse-drawn carriage that delivered mail and carried passengers.
6. Guile is deceit. If something is specious, it seems true but isn’t. Jimmy wants to look as if he’s asking an innocent question, even though he’s not.

Vocabulary

retribution (re trih BYOO shun) n. punishment for past deeds
Elmore to look for a location to go into business. How was the shoe business, now, in the town? He had thought of the shoe business. Was there an opening?

The clerk was impressed by the clothes and manner of Jimmy. He, himself, was something of a pattern of fashion to the thinly gilded youth of Elmore, but he now perceived his shortcomings. While trying to figure out Jimmy’s manner of tying his four-in-hand he cordially gave information.

Yes, there ought to be a good opening in the shoe line. There wasn’t an exclusive shoe store in the place. The dry-goods and general stores handled them. Business in all lines was fairly good. Hoped Mr. Spencer would decide to locate in Elmore. He would find it a pleasant town to live in, and the people very sociable.

Mr. Spencer thought he would stop over in the town a few days and look over the situation. No, the clerk needn’t call the boy. He would carry up his suitcase, himself; it was rather heavy.

Mr. Ralph Spencer, the phoenix that arose from Jimmy Valentine’s ashes—ashes left by the flame of a sudden and \textit{alterative} attack of love—remained in Elmore, and prospered. He opened a shoe store and secured a good run of trade.

Socially he was also a success and made many friends. And he accomplished the wish of his heart. He met Miss Annabel Adams, and became more and more captivated by her charms.

At the end of a year the situation of Mr. Ralph Spencer was this: he had won the respect of the community, his shoe store was flourishing, and he and Annabel were engaged to be married in two weeks. Mr. Adams, the typical, plodding, country banker, approved of Spencer. Annabel’s pride in him almost equaled her affection. He was as much at home in the family of Mr. Adams and that of Annabel’s married sister as if he were already a member.

\textit{Comparing Literature}

Characterization

Do most people respond positively or negatively to Jimmy? How can you tell? Write your answer on your chart.

\textit{English Language Coach}

\textit{Multiple Affixes}

If you alter something, you change it. The suffix \textit{-ive} means “having the quality of.” What do you think the word \textit{alterative} means?

7. A \textit{four-in-hand} is a necktie.
One day Jimmy sat down in his room and wrote this letter, which he mailed to the safe address of one of his old friends in St. Louis:

DEAR OLD PAL:

I want you to be at Sullivan’s place, in Little Rock, next Wednesday night, at nine o’clock. I want you to wind up some little matters for me. And, also, I want to make you a present of my kit of tools. I know you’ll be glad to get them—you couldn’t duplicate the lot for a thousand dollars. Say, Billy, I’ve quit the old business—a year ago. I’ve got a nice store. I’m making an honest living, and I’m going to marry the finest girl on earth two weeks from now. It’s the only life, Billy—the straight one. I wouldn’t touch a dollar of another man’s money now for a million. After I get married I’m going to sell out and go West, where there won’t be so much danger of having old scores brought up against me. I tell you, Billy, she’s an angel. She believes in me; and I wouldn’t do another crooked thing for the whole world. Be sure to be at Sally’s, for I must see you. I’ll bring along the tools with me.

Your old friend,

JIMMY

On the Monday night after Jimmy wrote this letter, Ben Price jogged unobtrusively into Elmore in a livery buggy. He lounged about town in his quiet way until he found out what he wanted to know. From the drugstore across the street from Spencer’s shoe store he got a good look at Ralph D. Spencer.

“Going to marry the banker’s daughter are you, Jimmy?” said Ben to himself, softly. “Well, I don’t know!”

The next morning Jimmy took breakfast at the Adamses. He was going to Little Rock that day to order his wedding suit and buy something nice for Annabel. That would be the first time he had left town since he came to Elmore. It had been more than a year now since those last professional “jobs,” and he thought he could safely venture out.

After breakfast quite a family party went down together—Mr. Adams, Annabel, Jimmy, and Annabel’s married sister with her two little girls, aged five and nine. They came by the
hotel where Jimmy still boarded, and he ran up to his room and brought along his suitcase. Then they went on to the bank. There stood Jimmy’s horse and buggy and Dolph Gibson, who was going to drive him over to the railroad station.

All went well inside the high, carved oak railings into the banking room—Jimmy included, for Mr. Adams’s future son-in-law was welcome anywhere. The clerks were pleased to be greeted by the good-looking, agreeable young man who was going to marry Miss Annabel. Jimmy set his suitcase down. Annabel, whose heart was bubbling with happiness and lively youth, put on Jimmy’s hat and picked up the suitcase. “Wouldn’t I make a nice drummer?” said Annabel. “My! Ralph, how heavy it is. Feels like it was full of gold bricks.”

“Lot of nickel-plated shoehorns in there,” said Jimmy, coolly, “that I’m going to return. Thought I’d save express charges by taking them up. I’m getting awfully economical.”

The Elmore Bank had just put in a new safe and vault. Mr. Adams was very proud of it, and insisted on an inspection by everyone. The vault was a small one, but it had a new patented door. It fastened with three solid steel bolts thrown simultaneously with a single handle, and had a time lock. Mr. Adams beamingly explained its workings to Mr. Spencer, who showed a courteous but not too intelligent interest. The two children, May and Agatha, were delighted by the shining metal and funny clock and knobs.

**Vocabulary**

*simultaneously* (sy mul TAY nee us lee) adv. at the same time
While they were thus engaged Ben Price sauntered in and leaned on his elbow, looking casually inside between the railings. He told the teller that he didn’t want anything; he was just waiting for a man he knew.

Suddenly there was a scream or two from the women, and a commotion. Unperceived by the elders, May, the nine-year-old girl, in a spirit of play, had shut Agatha in the vault. She had then shot the bolts and turned the knob of the combination as she had seen Mr. Adams do.

The old banker sprang to the handle and tugged at it for a moment. “The door can’t be opened,” he groaned. “The clock hasn’t been wound nor the combination set.”

Agatha’s mother screamed again, hysterically.

“Hush!” said Mr. Adams, raising his trembling hand. “All be quiet for a moment. Agatha!” he called as loudly as he could. “Listen to me.” During the following silence they could just hear the faint sound of the child wildly shrieking in the dark vault in a panic of terror.

“My precious darling!” wailed the mother. “She will die of fright! Open the door! Oh, break it open! Can’t you men do something?”

“There isn’t a man nearer than Little Rock who can open that door,” said Mr. Adams, in a shaky voice. “My God! Spencer, what shall we do? That child—she can’t stand it long in there. There isn’t enough air, and, besides, she’ll go into convulsions from fright.”

Agatha’s mother, frantic now, beat the door of the vault with her hands. Somebody wildly suggested dynamite.

Annabel turned to Jimmy, her large eyes full of anguish, but not yet despairing. To a woman nothing seems quite impossible to the powers of the man she worships.

“Can’t you do something, Ralph—try, won’t you?”

He looked at her with a queer, soft smile on his lips and in his keen eyes. [12]

“Annabel,” he said, “give me that rose you are wearing, will you?”

Hardly believing that she had heard him aright, she unpinned the bud from the bosom of her dress, and placed it in his hand. Jimmy stuffed it into his vest pocket, threw off his coat and pulled up his shirt sleeves. With that act...
Ralph D. Spencer passed away and Jimmy Valentine took his place.

“Get away from the door, all of you,” he commanded, shortly.

He set his suitcase on the table, and opened it out flat. From that time on he seemed to be unconscious of the presence of anyone else. He laid out the shining, queer implements swiftly and orderly, whistling softly to himself as he always did when at work. In a deep silence and immovable, the others watched him as if under a spell.

In a minute Jimmy’s pet drill was biting smoothly into the steel door. In ten minutes—breaking his own burglarious record—he threw back the bolts and opened the door. 13

Agatha, almost collapsed, but safe, was gathered into her mother’s arms.

Jimmy Valentine put on his coat, and walked outside the railings toward the front door. As he went he thought he heard a faraway voice that he once knew call “Ralph!” But he never hesitated. At the door a big man stood somewhat in his way.

“Hello, Ben!” said Jimmy, still with his strange smile.

“Got around at last, have you? Well, let’s go. I don’t know that it makes much difference, now.”

And then Ben Price acted rather strangely.

“Guess you’re mistaken, Mr. Spencer,” he said. “Don’t believe I recognize you. Your buggy’s waiting for you, ain’t it?”

And Ben Price turned and strolled down the street. 14

This postcard image shows a typical main street around the year 1900.

Analyzing the Image  In what ways is the town shown here similar to the town in the story?
Meet the Author
Gary Gianni spends months—and sometimes years—creating all the pen and ink drawings and oil paintings needed to illustrate a book. The work is often painstaking. In addition to his two graphic novel adaptations, Gianni has written and drawn for Dark Horse Comics. Gary Gianni is also the creator of The Monstermen Mysteries.

Author Search
For more about Gary Gianni, go to www.glencoe.com.

A Retrieved Reformation
adapted by Gary Gianni

Vocabulary Preview

**eminent** (EM uh nunt) adj. of outstanding rank or quality (p. 676) *In an effort to fully understand her condition, the patient consulted several eminent physicians.*

**flourishing** (FLUR ish ing) v. thriving; doing extremely well; form of the verb *flourish* (p. 680) *The flowers Sharma planted were flourishing in the summer sun.*

**sauntered** (SAWN turd) v. walked leisurely; form of the verb *saunter* (p. 682) *Looking cool and relaxed, Julio sauntered into the library.*

English Language Coach

**Multiple Affixes** Some words have both prefixes and suffixes. Study the chart below. Look for words in “A Retrieved Reformation” that follow a pattern similar to the word *unperceived*.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Base Word</th>
<th>Prefix</th>
<th>Suffix</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>unperceived</td>
<td>perceive</td>
<td>un</td>
<td>-ed</td>
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Get Ready to Read

**Connect to the Reading**
Jimmy Valentine’s life changed for the better when he fell in love with Annabel. What other forces can change people’s lives in a positive way? Think of the people and things that influence you.

**Set Purposes for Reading**

Read Gary Gianni’s version to help you think further about what Jimmy Valentine risked to stay true to himself.

**Set Your Own Purpose** What would you like to learn from the selection to help you answer the Big Question? Write your own purpose on the “A Retrieved Reformation” page of Foldable 5.
Comparing Literature

Characterization  Notice Jimmy’s facial expressions and posture in the first nine frames. Look at the warden’s gestures toward Jimmy. Make notes on your chart about your impression of Jimmy in this story so far. Did you have the same impression of him at the beginning of the print version? Why or why not?
Practice the Skills

Comparing Literature

Characterization What do you think Jimmy feels when he looks at the button?

Characterization How does this picture make Jimmy—and his profession—seem more menacing?

Vocabulary

eminent (EM uh nunt) adj. of outstanding rank or quality
Practice the Skills

4 Comparing Literature

Characterization Notice Jimmy’s height and size compared to Mike Dolan’s. Who appears to be the more powerful person? How does this drawing add to or change your perception of Jimmy Valentine?

5 Comparing Literature

Characterization In your opinion, does this illustrated version of the story leave out important parts of the original? Do you think this version is true to O. Henry’s descriptions? Explain your answers on your chart.

1. Clemency is mercy or forgiveness for wrongdoing.
Practice the Skills

6 Comparing Literature
Characterization  How does Gianni illustrate Jimmy's change? On your chart, list the items in this frame that stand for feelings of peace and love.

7 Comparing Literature
Characterization  On your chart describe Jimmy's posture. Does he seem confident or uncertain? Serious or relaxed? How does this picture affect what you know or think about Jimmy?
Practice the Skills

Comparing Literature

Characterization In these two frames Gianni leaves out several sentences from the original story. He also changes Jimmy’s dialogue with the hotel clerk. How might this shortened scene affect your understanding of Jimmy’s character? What is gained or lost in this adaptation? Make notes on your chart about the way Gianni reveals Jimmy’s character here.

Comparing Literature

Characterization Notice Jimmy’s facial expression and gesture. How does this Jimmy Valentine seem different from the one who arrived in Elmore? How do the other drawings in this frame show other people’s views of Jimmy?

2. A *phoenix* is a bird in Greek mythology that burns up when it dies and is reborn from its own ashes.
Practice the Skills

Comparing Literature

Characterization  Imagine that this page of the story did not include words. From the sketches in this frame, what would you say Jimmy values most now?

Vocabulary

flourishing (FLUR ish ing) adj. thriving; doing extremely well
Multiple Affixes  The word *unobtrusively* contains one prefix and two suffixes. The prefix -*un* means “not.” The suffix -*ive* changes words into adjectives. The suffix -*ly* means “in the manner of.” If something obtrudes, it becomes noticeable. Ben Price jogged into Elmore *unobtrusively*, or in a way that was not noticeable.

Comparing Literature  Characterization  Does this version of the story show that Jimmy is trying to look uninterested in the safe? Do the sketches create a strong sense of danger about the vault? If so, how? Write your answers in your chart.
Practice the Skills

Comparing Literature

Characterization How does Gianni show Jimmy’s transformation? Look at Jimmy’s posture, gestures, and facial expression. Also, pay attention to the shape of Jimmy’s face. Does it seem harder or more angular than in previous frames? Why might this be? Make notes in your chart.

Vocabulary

sauntered (SAWN turd) v. walked leisurely
Practice the Skills

14 Comparing Literature

Characterization Jimmy hangs his head in shame or sorrow in this version, but not in the original. Why might Gianni have added this gesture? How could it affect your impression of Jimmy?

What did Jimmy have to do to stay true to himself? What did he risk? Do you think he’s glad that he stayed true to himself? Write your answer on the second “A Retrieved Reformation” page of Foldable 5. Your response will help you complete the Unit Challenge later.
After You Read

**A Retrieved Reformation**
adapted by Gary Gianni

**Vocabulary Check**

In your Learner’s Notebook, answer questions 1–3 below.

**O. Henry’s A RETRIEVED REFORMATION**

1. Give an example of something that is **compulsory**.
2. How might being grounded be a form of **retribution**?
3. If two things happen **simultaneously**, do they happen a) at the same time, b) at different times, or c) in the same way?

Copy the sentences below. Draw a line through the italicized word or phrase; then replace it with the vocabulary word that fits.

**Gary Gianni’s A RETRIEVED REFORMATION**

eminent flourishing sauntered

4. The reception honored a group of **distinguished** scientists.
5. Mel **strolled** in ten minutes late.
6. Students were **doing well** under the new teacher’s instruction.

**7. English Language Coach**

What does the word *burglarious* mean?

Use what you have learned to fill in the chart below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Base Word</th>
<th>Suffix</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>burglarius</td>
<td>burgle = to thief</td>
<td>-ous = full of</td>
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**8. Academic Vocabulary**

Which of the following comes closest to the meaning of **reveal**?

- complain
- show
- listen

**Objectives (pp. 684–685)**

**Reading** Compare and contrast:
characterization

**Vocabulary** Use structural analysis: affixes

**Writing** Create a chart: compare and contrast
Reading/Critical Thinking

On a separate sheet of paper, answer the following questions.

0. **Henry’s A RETRIEVED REFORMATION**

9. **BIG Question** How does Jimmy stay true to himself by saving Agatha?
   
   **Tip** Author and Me

10. **Recall** How does Ben Price know that Jimmy has “resumed business”?
   
   **Tip** Right There

11. **List** Jimmy gained several things when he moved to Elmore. List three of them.
   
   **Tip** Right There

Gary Gianni’s **A RETRIEVED REFORMATION**

12. **Analyze** When Agatha gets locked in the vault, Jimmy must make a choice. Explain that choice and its possible consequences.
   
   **Tip** Author and Me

13. **Interpret** Look at the picture of a keyhole on the first page of the graphic story. What could it symbolize, or mean?
   
   **Tip** Think and Search

14. **Evaluate** How does Jimmy change by the end of the story?
   
   **Tip** Author and Me

Writing: Compare the Literature

**Use Your Notes**

15. Follow these steps to compare Jimmy Valentine’s characterization in the original and graphic versions of “A Retrieved Reformation.”

   **Step 1:** Look at the first column of your Comparison Chart. Underline examples of O. Henry’s narrative description.

   **Step 2:** Look at the second column of your chart. When does Gianni choose to draw, or show, details that O. Henry describes, or tells? Underline examples.

   **Step 3:** Compare both columns of your chart. What important dialogue or description (from O. Henry’s version) does Gianni change or leave out? Underline these differences.

   **Step 4:** Circle the stories’ similarities that you noted on your chart. Think about why Gianni left original dialogue and description in some parts, but did not choose to leave them in others.

Get It On Paper

Answer these questions on a separate sheet of paper. Use examples from the chart and the notes you just made to explain your answers.

16. After reading O. Henry’s story, how did you picture Jimmy Valentine in your mind?

17. Did your mental picture of Jimmy change after you read Gianni’s version? If so, how?

18. Do you think Gianni’s version of Jimmy is accurate? Would you have drawn Jimmy the same way? Why or why not?

19. Which version is more descriptive? Which version is more interesting? Did you learn more about Jimmy Valentine from O. Henry’s description or Gianni’s drawings?

20. Why might someone read a graphic story instead of a text story? What did O. Henry’s story gain in graphic form? Lose in graphic form?

21. Jimmy stays true to himself by helping someone else. What does this tell you about the “self” to whom he stays true? Think about the change Jimmy undergoes in Elmore.
Answering How Do You Stay True to Yourself?

You have read about people who worked to figure out how to stay true to themselves. Now, use what you learned to do the Unit Challenge.

The Unit Challenge

Choose Activity A or Activity B and follow the directions for that activity.

A. Group Activity: Videotape a Soap Opera

With a group of students, read the following situation. Prepare to turn it into a TV show.

It’s Friday, and Chris has a big test on Monday in English. English is the hardest subject for her. Chris started studying on Wednesday but still doesn’t feel ready to take the test. Chris will need to study all weekend if she wants to do well on the test, which she needs to do to pass English this year. Late Friday afternoon, Chris learns that one of her friends, Steve, is having a party Saturday night. Steve really wants Chris to come to his party. Chris should stay home and study, but she really wants to go to the party too. Chris’s parents have left it up to her to decide about Saturday night. What should Chris do?

1. **Role Play the Situation** Have group members take the parts of Chris, Chris’s friends, and Chris’s parents. Act out the situation several times, making sure everyone has a turn. Each time the group role plays, come up with a different way of handling the situation. Look at your Foldable for ideas about how characters in similar situations stayed true to themselves.

2. **Discuss the Different Role Plays** As a group, talk about which parts of the different role plays worked best. Decide which of Chris’s values are being challenged in each situation. Figure out how Chris can deal with her dilemma in a way that (1) does not upset her parents, or (2) jeopardize her future, yet (3) allows Chris to be true to herself.

3. **Write a Script** Use your role plays to write a script for your soap opera. End your script with the best solution you came up with for Chris. Show why this course of action is best.

4. **Videotape and Present Your Soap** Have each group member, except the camera person, take a role and rehearse. Then videotape your show. Afterward, show your soap to the class.
B. Solo Activity: Values Chart

It’s important to think clearly when making major decisions. Sometimes it’s helpful to put things on paper to clarify your thoughts. Make a chart like this one to figure out the things you need to keep in mind to stay true to yourself.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Very Important</th>
<th>Less Important</th>
<th>Rank</th>
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1. **Determine Your Values** On the chart list the things that are very important to you and those that are less important. You might include such things as having time alone, respecting your parents’ opinions, and figuring out solutions to problems for yourself.
   - Look over your notes in your Foldable and your Learner’s Notebook to get ideas for your chart. Think about what was important to each main character.

2. **Consider Your Values** After you fill in your values, review them. Think about why you listed the different items in each column. You may want to make changes.

3. **Rank Your Values** Rank your values. Put a number next to each value in the “very important” column. Make number 1 the most important. You may want to give the same number to more than one value. Then do the same for the “less important” column.

4. **Write a Reflection** Think about what your values say about you. Write a paper describing yourself and your values. Consider the following questions:
   - What do your values show about you?
   - What do you value most and why?
   - What do you value least and why?
   - Where do you think your values come from? Parents? Family? Friends?
   - Are there values you would change? Are there values you would like to have that you don’t right now?
   Finish your paper by discussing how you think your values will shape the way you live.

5. **Revise and Present Your Values** Review your chart and your paper. Make sure there are no mistakes in grammar, usage, or mechanics. Then share your work with a partner. Do you have values that are the same? What values do you have that are different? When you are done sharing, hand in your chart and reflection paper.

[Big Question](www.glencoe.com) Link to Web resources to further explore the Big Question at www.glencoe.com.
Soon after my mother discovered my brother had been pitching his vitamin C tablets behind the stove for years, we left the country. Her sharp alert, “Now the truth be known!” startled us at the breakfast table as she poked into the dim crevice with the nozzle of her vacuum. We could hear the pills go click, click, up the long tube.

My brother, an obedient child, a bright-eyed, dark-skinned charmer who scored high on all his tests and trilled a boy’s sweet soprano, stared down at his oatmeal. Four years younger than I, he was also the youngest and smallest in his class. Somehow he maintained an intelligence and dignity more notable than those of his older, larger companions, and the pills episode was really a pleasant surprise to me.

Companions in mischief are not to be underestimated, especially when everything else in your life is about to change.
We sold everything we had and left the country. The move had been brewing for months. We took a few suitcases each. My mother cried when the piano went. I wished we could have saved it. My brother and I had sung so many classics over its keyboard—“Look for the Silver Lining” and “Angels We Have Heard on High”—that it would have been nice to return to a year later, when we came straggling back. I sold my life-size doll and my toy sewing machine. I begged my mother to save her red stove for me, so I could have it when I grew up—no one else we knew had a red stove. So my mother asked some friends to save it for me in their barn.

Our parents had closed their imported-gifts stores. Our mother ran a little shop in our neighborhood in St. Louis and our father ran a bigger one in a Sheraton Hotel downtown. For years my brother and I had been sitting with them behind the counters after school, guessing if people who walked through the door would buy something or only browse. We curled up with our library books on Moroccan hassocks\(^1\) and Egyptian camel saddles. I loved the stacks of waiting white paper bags as they lay together, and the reams of new tissue. I’d crease the folds as our smooth father in dark suit and daily

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\(^1\) **Moroccan hassocks** are large, tightly stuffed cushions made in Morocco, an Arab country in North Africa.
YOUR TURN: READ AND APPLY SKILLS

drench of cologne counted change. Our mother rearranged shelves and penned the perfect tags with calligrapher’s ink. My brother and I helped unpack the crates: nested Russian dolls, glossy mother-of-pearl earrings from Bethlehem, a family of sandalwood fans nestled in shredded packaging. Something wonderful was always on its way.

But there were problems too. Sometimes whole days passed and nobody came in. It seemed so strange to wait for people to give you money for what you had. But that’s what stores did everywhere. Then the stockroom filled with pre-Christmas inventory caught on fire and burned up, right when our father was between insurance policies. We could hear our parents in the living room, worrying and debating after we went to bed at night. Finally they had to give the business up. What seemed like such a good idea in the beginning—presents from around the world—turned into the sad sound of a broom sweeping out an empty space.

Our father had also been attending the Unity School for Christianity for a few years, but decided not to become a minister after all. We were relieved, having felt like imposters the whole time he was enrolled. He wasn’t even a Christian, to begin with, but a gently nonpracticing Muslim. He didn’t do anything like fasting or getting down on his knees five times a day. Our mother had given up the stern glare of her Lutheran ancestors, raising my brother and me in the Vedanta Society of St. Louis. When anyone asked what we were, I said, “Hindu.” We had a swami, and sandalwood incense. It was over our heads, but we liked it and didn’t feel very attracted to the idea of churches and collection baskets and chatty parish good will.

Now and then, just to keep things balanced, we attended the Unity Sunday School. My teacher said I was lucky my father came from the same place Jesus came from. It was a passport to notoriety. She invited me to bring artifacts for Show and Tell. I wrapped a red and white keffiyah around my friend Jimmy’s curly blond head while the girls in lacy socks giggled behind their hands. I told about my father coming to America from Palestine on the boat and throwing his old country clothes overboard before docking at Ellis Island. I felt relieved he’d kept a few things, like the keffiyah and its black braided band. Secretly it made me mad to have lost the blue pants from Jericho with the wide cuffs he told us about.

I liked standing in front of the group, talking about my father’s homeland. Stories felt like elastic bands that could stretch and stretch. Big fans purred inside their metal shells. I held up a string of olivewood camels. I didn’t tell our teacher about the Vedanta Society. We were growing up ecumenical, though I wouldn’t know that word till a long time later in college. One night I heard my father say to my mother in the next room, “Do you think they’ll be confused when they grow up?” and knew he was talking about us. My mother, bless

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2. Sandalwood is the wood of several trees that grow in Asia. It has a sweet, perfumed smell.

3. Vedanta is a branch of the Hindu religion that studies several holy books called the Vedas. A Hindu teacher is called a swami.

4. A keffiyah is a cloth headdress for a man that is held in place by a rope.

5. Ellis Island in New York City was the station where immigrants entered the United States on the East Coast from 1892 until the mid-twentieth century.

6. Olivewood is the wood of the olive tree.
her, knew we wouldn’t be. She said, “At least we’re giving them a choice.” I didn’t know then that more clearly than all the stories of Jesus, I’d remember the way our Hindu swami said a single word three times, “Shantih, shantih, shantih”—peace, peace, peace.

Our father was an excellent speaker—he stood behind pulpits and podiums easily, delivering gracious lectures on “The Holy Land” and “The Palestinian Question.” He was much in demand during the Christmas season. I think that’s how he had fallen into the ministerial swoon.8 While he spoke, my brother and I moved toward the backs of gathering halls, hovering over and eyeing the tables of canapes and tiny tarts, slipping a few into our mouths or pockets.

What next? Our lives were entering a new chapter, but I didn’t know its title yet.

We had never met our Palestinian grandmother, Sitti9 Khadra, or seen Jerusalem, where our father had grown up, or followed the rocky, narrow alleyways of the Via Dolorosa,10 or eaten an olive in its own neighborhood. Our mother hadn’t either. The Arabic customs we knew had been filtered through the fine net of folktales. We did not speak Arabic, though the lilt of the language was familiar to us—our father’s endearments, his musical blessings before meals. But that language had never lived in our mouths.

And that’s where we were going, to Jerusalem. We shipped our car, a wide golden Impala, over on a boat. We would meet up with it later.

The first plane flight of my whole life was the night flight out of New York City across the ocean. I was fourteen years old. Every glittering light in every skyscraper looked like a period at the end of the sentence. Good-bye, our lives.

We stopped in Portugal for a few weeks. We were making a gradual transition. We stopped in Spain and Italy and Egypt, where the pyramids shocked me by sitting right on the edge of the giant city of Cairo,11 not way out in the desert as I had imagined them. While we waited for our baggage to clear customs, I stared at six tall African men in brilliantly patterned dashikis12 negotiating with an Egyptian customs agent and realized I did not even know how to say “thank you” in Arabic. How was this possible? The most elemental and important of human phrases in my father’s own tongue had evaded me till now. I tugged on his sleeve, but he was busy with visas and passports. “Daddy,” I said. “Daddy, I have to know. Daddy, tell me. Daddy, why didn’t we ever learn?” An African man adjusted his turban. Always thereafter, the word shookrun, so simple, with a little roll in the middle, would conjure up the vast African baggage, the brown boxes looped and looped in African twine.

We stayed one or two nights at the old Shepheard’s Hotel downtown but couldn’t sleep due to the heat and honking traffic beneath our windows. So our father moved

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7. A **pulpit** is the stand inside a church from which a preacher delivers a sermon. A **podium** is a raised platform used by a speaker or music conductor.

8. To **fall into the ministerial swoon** is to get enthusiastic about becoming a minister.

9. **Sitti** means grandmother.

10. The **Via Dolorosa** is the Way of Sorrow, the streets Jesus walked on the way to his death.

11. **Cairo** is the capital of Egypt.

12. A **dashiki** is a loose-fitting, colorful African shirt.
Guests of Egypt’s Mena House Hotel get a bird’s-eye view of the Great Pyramid of Khufu.

Analyzing the Photo  How does this photo help you better understand Nye’s overseas experience?

us to the famous Mena House Hotel next to the pyramids. We rode camels for the first time, and our mother received a dozen blood-red roses at her hotel room from a rug vendor who apparently liked her pale brown ponytail. The belly dancer at the hotel restaurant twined a gauzy pink scarf around my brother’s astonished ten-year-old head as he tapped his knee in time to her music.

Back in our rooms, we laughed until we fell asleep. Later that night, my brother and I both awakened burning with fever and deeply nauseated, though nobody ever threw up. We were so sick that a doctor hung a Quarantine sign in Arabic and English on our hotel room door the next day. Did he know something we didn’t know? I kept waiting to hear that we had malaria or typhoid, but no dramatic disease was ever mentioned. We lay in bed for a week. The aged doctor tripped over my suitcase every time he entered to take our temperatures. We smothered our laughter. “Shookrun,” I would say. But as soon as he left, to my brother, “I feel bad. How do you feel?”

“I feel really, really bad.”

“I think I’m dying.”

“I think I’m already dead.”

At night we heard the sound and lights show from the pyramids drifting across the desert air to our windows. We felt our lives stretching out across a thousand miles. The pharaohs stomped noisily through my head and churning belly. We had eaten spaghetti in the restaurant. I would not be able to eat spaghetti again for years.

Finally, finally, we appeared in the restaurant, thin and weakly smiling, and ordered the famous Mena House shorraba.

13. To quarantine is to separate people from everyone else to keep them from spreading diseases. Malaria is a disease that causes fever and chills. Typhoid causes intestinal problems.

14. A sound and lights show is a narrated presentation that uses sound effects and lighting effects.
lentil soup, as my brother nervously scanned the room for the belly dancer. Maybe she wouldn’t recognize him now.

In those days Jerusalem, which was then a divided city, had an operating airport on the Jordanian side. My brother and I remember flying in upside down, or in a plane dramatically tipped, but it may have been the effect of our medicine. The land reminded us of a dropped canvas, graceful brown hillocks and green patches. Small and provincial, the airport had just two runways, and the first thing I observed as we climbed down slowly from the stuffy plane was all my underwear strewn across one of them. There were my flowered cotton briefs and my pink panties and my slightly embarrassing raggedy ones and my extra training bra, alive and visible in the breeze. Somehow my suitcase had popped open in the hold and dropped its contents the minute the men pried open the cargo door. So the first thing I did on the home soil of my father was re-collect my underwear, down on my knees, the posture of prayer over that ancient holy land.

Our relatives came to see us at a hotel. 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.”

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15. A **guttural** laugh is a throaty laugh.

16. Ramallah is a town north of Jerusalem. The majority of the population is Christian.
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—otherwise 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?”

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**Analyzing the Photo** What can you learn about Jerusalem’s climate and architecture from this photo?

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17. *Armenia* is a Christian country north of Turkey and Iran. The Armenian community in Jerusalem is very old. The Armenian Apostolic Church first set up churches there in the sixth century.
“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, 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—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 bee-hive-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.

18. A bellows is an accordion-like tool that pumps air through a tube. It is used to blow oxygen into a fire to make it burn hotter.
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 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?”

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

19. Falafel are fried chickpea patties.
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.

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.

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20. To emigrate is to leave one's country to go live somewhere else.

Analyzing the Photo  Sheep graze on a hillside near Jerusalem's Old City. How does Jerusalem seem similar to or different from the cities you know?

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.

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 all these old stones that everybody keeps kissing. I’m sick of pilgrims. They act so pious and pure. And 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 hoard 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.

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

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21. In war, a *skirmish* is a short fight.

22. An *oud* is a stringed instrument that is plucked like a guitar.
newspaper that would soon grow into the infamous Six Day War\textsuperscript{23} 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. \textit{Home} had grown different forever. \textit{Home} had doubled. Back \textit{home} again in my own country, it seemed impossible to forget the place we had just left: the piercing call of the \textit{muezzin}\textsuperscript{24} 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\textsuperscript{25} 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.

\textsuperscript{23} The \textit{Six Day War} was fought in June 1967 between Israel on one side and Egypt, Syria, and Jordan on the other. Israel won and took control of the Old City of Jerusalem as well as territory from the other three countries.

\textsuperscript{24} The \textit{muezzin} calls Muslims to prayer five times a day.

\textsuperscript{25} Meteors and \textit{shooting stars} are the same thing: small heavenly bodies that burn up as they enter the earth’s atmosphere from outer space.
To read more about the Big Question, choose one of these books from your school or local library. Work on your reading skills by choosing books that are challenging to you.

**Fiction**

**A House for Mr. Biswas**  
by V. S. Naipaul

A Hindu man tries to find a house of his own in the British colony of Trinidad in the Caribbean. In this humorous story he is forced to overcome people's prejudices against his culture to discover who he is inside and stick up for himself.

**Slap Your Sides**  
by M.E. Kerr

This World War II-era story deals with issues of aggression and pacifism in the thirteen-year-old Jubal Shoemaker's Pennsylvania Quaker community. Are there times when it is wrong to fight? Are there times when it is wrong not to? Read this piece of fiction and then decide.

**Of Sound Mind**  
by Jean Ferris

The only member of his family who can hear, Theo is frustrated by the silence in his household and by the individual demands of his high-maintenance relatives. Read this book to find out about the special friendship that helps Theo cope with the stress he has at home.

**The Glory Field**  
by Walter Dean Myers

This novel traces the lives of an African American family, beginning with the capture and enslavement of the first member in 1753. Each generation struggles against poverty and racism. But their love for one another and for their land keeps the members of the Lewis family strong.
Nonfiction

No Body’s Perfect
by Kimberly Kirberger

A collection of poems, essays, and stories written by teenagers that look at the issues surrounding body image, food, and self-esteem. The author offers insight as well as hope and helps young people think about how to stay true to themselves.

The Rose That Grew from Concrete
by Tupac Shakur

Written by Tupac when he was 19 and not yet a star, these poems bring passion to the experience of staying true to yourself.

Counting Coup: A True Story of Basketball and Honor on the Little Big Horn
by Larry Colton

Battling racism, alcoholism, and domestic violence, the girls on the Hardin High School basketball team learn how to be winners on and off the court.

And Still We Rise: The Trials and Triumphs of Twelve Gifted Inner-City High School Students
by Miles Corwin

Twelve seniors from an Advanced Placement English class in Los Angeles dream of going to college. This book deals with the hard realities of their lives and their struggle to achieve their dreams.
**Test Practice**

**Part 1: Literary Elements**

Read the passage. Then write the numbers 1–7 on a separate sheet of paper. Next to each number, write the letter of the right answer for that question.

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*from A Safe Space*

by Joyce Hansen

1. “Concentrate! Only one hour before showtime, people,” Mr. Walker yells. “You’re out of sync, son. Stand still. Don’t move.” A few people giggle. We know who he’s shouting at as he taps his baton on the podium.

2. Poor Tommy. His voice wasn’t bad, deep bass like mine. But he couldn’t move in time to the music. I knew he shouldn’t have joined our high school gospel chorus. I tried to talk him out of it. But like my girlfriend Deidre always says, “Tommy’s been around us so long he don’t know he’s white anymore.”

3. Walker is springing up and down and waving his arms. Tommy stands next to me and I feel him twitch when the altos and sopranos begin to sing “I’ll Fly Away,” his favorite. And I know that by the time the tenors and the bass join in he will move even though Walker told him not to because Tommy is a feeling person. And the music moves you. It was just that Tommy didn’t move the way the rest of us did. For some of our songs we sway from side to side as we sing. Walker is a perfectionist. I call him Perfect Pitch. “We move as one body. We sing with one voice, people,” he’d shout at us.

4. It’s our turn. As the tenors and bass sing I can’t look at Tommy and he can’t keep still. If I look at him I’ll get out of whack too.

5. “Concentrate,” Walker shouted again. “We move as one body.” I wish I could help Tommy.

6. “I’ll fly away, oh glory, I’ll fly away.” Tommy sings with all of his heart. Happy. He breaks loose and moves to his own time.
1. In the passage, Tommy’s character is revealed through
   A. Tommy’s dialogue.
   B. Deidre’s dialogue.
   C. Mr. Walker’s descriptions of Tommy.
   D. the narrator’s descriptions of Tommy.

2. Which of the following best describes the narrator’s main internal conflict?
   A. He does not get along with Mr. Walker.
   B. He wants to help Tommy but does not think that he can.
   C. If he looks at Tommy, the narrator will “get out of whack too.”
   D. He did not want Tommy to join the chorus, but Tommy wouldn’t listen.

3. Which of the following character traits best describes Tommy?
   A. eager
   B. greedy
   C. frustrated
   D. embarrassed

4. The passage does not specifically state the setting, but based on clues in the text you can determine that it is set
   A. outdoors.
   B. far in the past.
   C. in a classroom early in the morning.
   D. shortly before a school chorus concert.

5. The first two paragraphs introduce the characters, setting, and situation. This part of the plot is called the
   A. climax.
   B. resolution.
   C. exposition.
   D. falling action.

6. This passage suggests that the plot will be centered around the external conflict between
   A. Tommy and Mr. Walker.
   B. Tommy’s body and his mind.
   C. the narrator and Mr. Walker’s perfectionism.
   D. the narrator’s friendship with Tommy and Deidre.

7. The main idea or message of a story is called the
   A. plot.
   B. tone.
   C. theme.
   D. point of view.
Part 2: Reading Skills

Read the passage. Then write the numbers 1–6 on a separate sheet of paper. For the first five questions, write the letter of the right answer next to the number for that question. Then next to number 6 write your answer to the final question.

from *The Cub*

by Lois Dykeman Kleihauer

1. One of the boy’s first memories was of his father bending down from a great height to sweep him into the air. Up the boy went, laughing with delight. He could look down on his mother’s upturned face as she watched, laughing, and at his father’s thick brown hair and white teeth.

2. Then down he came, shrieking happily. He was never afraid, not with his father’s hands holding him. No one in the world was as strong, or as wise, as his father.

3. He remembered a time when his father moved the piano across the room for his mother. He watched while she guided it into its new position. He saw the difference in his parents’ hands as they rested side by side upon the gleaming wood. His mother’s hands were small and slim and delicate, his father’s large and square and strong.

4. As he grew, he learned to play bear. When it was time for his father to come home at night, he would hide behind the kitchen door. When he heard the closing of the garage doors, he would hold his breath and squeeze himself further into the crack behind the door. Then he would be quiet.

5. It was always the same. His father would open the door and stand there, the backs of his long legs close enough to touch. “Where’s the boy?” his father would ask loudly.

6. The boy would glance at the knowing smile on his mother’s face. Then he would leap out and grab his father about the knees. His father would look down and shout, “Hey, what’s this? A bear—a young cub!”

Objectives

Reading
- Analyze texts • Make inferences
- Ask questions • Make predictions
1. In the first and second paragraphs the author shows
   A. what the father looked like
   B. the boy’s affection for his father
   C. how much the boy liked to laugh
   D. how far back the boy can remember

2. The first paragraph contains a lot of action and movement. In order to understand the paragraph, it is most important to ask:
   A. How much do I like it?
   B. How does the paragraph begin?
   C. What is happening in the scene?
   D. Where does the story take place?

3. Which of these sentences from the passage shows that the narrator trusted his father?
   A. As he grew, he learned to play bear.
   B. Then down he came, shrieking happily.
   C. No one in the world was as strong, or as wise, as his father.
   D. He saw the difference in his parents’ hands as they rested side by side upon the gleaming wood.

4. After reading paragraph 6, readers can infer that the mother
   A. can’t wait to see the father
   B. wishes she could play bear
   C. needs the piano moved again
   D. enjoys it when her son plays bear

5. If the story continued, what would most likely happen next?
   A. The family would order pizza.
   B. The mother would close the garage.
   C. The father would pick up the boy.
   D. The father would tell the boy to stop playing bear.

6. Based on the passage, what can you infer about the father’s feelings toward the boy? Briefly explain.
Part 3: Vocabulary Skills
On a separate sheet of paper, write the numbers 1–10. Next to each number, write the letter of the right answer for that question.

Write the letter of the word or phrase that means about the same as the underlined word.

1. recedes quickly
   A. speaks  
   B. opens up  
   C. pulls back  
   D. remembers

2. her authentic diamond
   A. real  
   B. bright  
   C. fake  
   D. giant

3. she mimicked
   A. copied  
   B. moved  
   C. laughed  
   D. invented

4. he confesses
   A. studies  
   B. interrupts  
   C. teaches  
   D. admits

5. her significant decision
   A. bad  
   B. important  
   C. easy  
   D. successful

Choose the right answer for each question.

6. What is the base word of disappearing?
   A. ing  
   B. sap  
   C. appear  
   D. dis

7. Which word belongs in the same word family as unfold?
   A. folder  
   B. unfair  
   C. open  
   D. follow

8. In which word are the letters -est a suffix?
   A. establish  
   B. restful  
   C. tallest  
   D. festival

9. In which word are the letters re- a prefix?
   A. read  
   B. recall  
   C. dare  
   D. unreal

Use what you know about prefixes to complete the statement.

10. An unlucky person is one who is ___.
    A. very lucky  
    B. always lucky  
    C. not lucky  
    D. sometimes lucky

Objectives
Vocabulary Use structural analysis: roots, bases, prefixes, suffixes
Grammar Identify clauses and phrases
• Combine sentences
Part 4: Grammar and Writing Skills

Write the numbers 1–6 on a sheet of paper. Then write the letter of the right answer next to the number for that question.

1. Which of the following is a clause?
   A. the cute kitten
   B. Tasha laughed
   C. before Sunday evening
   D. skipping down the sidewalk

2. Which of the following is a complex sentence?
   A. I didn’t watch TV last night.
   B. I didn’t watch TV last night I had social studies homework.
   C. I had social studies homework, and I didn’t watch TV last night.
   D. Since I had social studies homework, I didn’t watch TV last night.

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Read the paragraph. Then answer the questions that follow.

1 Nina had been at a dance competition all morning. 2 She raced to catch up to her friends. 3 Her skates barely touched the floor of the rink, as she sped around the corner. 4 Since, she was already warmed up it only took her a minute to join the group. 5 Dancing that morning had been hard work now Nina could skate and have fun.

3. Which of the following correctly combines sentences 1 and 2?
   A. Nina had been at a dance competition all morning and she raced to catch up to her friends.
   B. Nina had been at a dance competition all morning, so she raced to catch up to her friends.
   C. Nina raced to catch up to her friends she had been in a dance competition all morning.
   D. Because Nina raced to catch up to her friends, she had been in a dance competition all morning.

4. Which correction should be made to sentence 3?
   A. Remove the comma after rink.
   B. Insert a comma after touched.
   C. Change the comma to a period and capitalize as.
   D. Remove the comma after rink and insert a comma after sped.

5. Which correction should be made to sentence 4?
   A. Insert a comma after up.
   B. Remove the comma after Since.
   C. Remove the comma after Since and insert a comma after up.
   D. No change is needed.

6. Which correction should be made to sentence 5?
   A. Remove the word now.
   B. Insert a comma after work.
   C. Insert a comma after morning.
   D. Insert a period after work and capitalize now.