NORTH DAKOTA ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS & LITERACY CONTENT STANDARDS

APPENDIX B: TEXT EXEMPLARS AND SAMPLE PERFORMANCE TASKS

Common Core State Standards for English Language Arts

& Literacy in History/Social Studies, Science,

and Technical Subjects

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Exemplars of Reading Text Complexity, Quality, and Range & Sample Performance Tasks Related to Core Standards

Selecting Text Exemplars

The following text samples primarily serve to exemplify the level of complexity and quality that the Standards require all students in a given grade band to engage with. Additionally, they are suggestive of the breadth of texts that students should encounter in the text types required by the Standards. The choices should serve as useful guideposts in helping educators select texts of similar complexity, quality, and range for their own classrooms. They expressly do not represent a partial or complete reading list.

The process of text selection was guided by the following criteria:

- Complexity. Appendix A describes in detail a three-part model of measuring text complexity based on qualitative and quantitative indices of inherent text difficulty balanced with educators' professional judgment in matching readers and texts in light of particular tasks. In selecting texts to serve as exemplars, the work group began by soliciting contributions from teachers, educational leaders, and researchers who have experience working with students in the grades for which the texts have been selected. These contributors were asked to recommend texts that they or their colleagues have used successfully with students in a given grade band. The work group made final selections based in part on whether qualitative and quantitative measures indicated that the recommended texts were of sufficient complexity for the grade band. For those types of texts—particularly poetry and multimedia sources—for which these measures are not as well suited, professional judgment necessarily played a greater role in selection.

- Quality. While it is possible to have high-complexity texts of low inherent quality, the work group solicited only texts of recognized value. From the pool of submissions gathered from outside contributors, the work group selected classic or historically significant texts as well as contemporary works of comparable literary merit, cultural significance, and rich content.

- Range. After identifying texts of appropriate complexity and quality, the work group applied other criteria to ensure that the samples presented in each band represented as broad a range of sufficiently complex, high-quality texts as possible. Among the factors considered were initial publication date, authorship, and subject matter.

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When excerpts appear, they serve only as stand-ins for the full text. The Standards require that students engage with appropriately complex literary and informational works; such complexity is best found in whole texts rather than passages from such texts.

Please note that these texts are included solely as exemplars in support of the Standards. Any additional use of those texts that are not in the public domain, such as for classroom use or curriculum development, requires independent permission from the rights holders. The texts may not be copied or distributed in any way other than as part of the overall Common Core State Standards Initiative documents.

Sample Performance Tasks

The text exemplars are supplemented by brief performance tasks that further clarify the meaning of the Standards. These sample tasks illustrate specifically the application of the Standards to texts of sufficient complexity, quality, and range. Relevant Reading standards are noted in brackets following each task, and the words in italics in the task reflect the wording of the Reading standard itself. (Individual grade-specific Reading standards are identified by their strand, grade, and number, so that RI.4.3, for example, stands for Reading, Informational Text, grade 4, standard 3.)

How to Read This Document

The materials that follow are divided into text complexity grade bands as defined by the Standards: K–1, 2–3, 4–5, 6–8, 9–10, and 11–CCR. Each band's exemplars are divided into text types matching those required in the Standards for a given grade. K–5 exemplars are separated into stories, poetry, and informational texts (as well as read-aloud texts in kindergarten through grade 3). The 6–CCR exemplars are divided into English language arts (ELA), history/social studies, and science, mathematics, and technical subjects, with the ELA texts further subdivided into stories, drama, poetry, and informational texts. (The history/social studies texts also include some arts-related texts.) Citations introduce each excerpt, and additional citations are included for texts not excerpted in the appendix. Within each grade band and after each text type, sample performance tasks are included for select texts.

Media Texts

Selected excerpts are accompanied by annotated links to related media texts freely available online at the time of the publication of this document.

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K–1 Text Exemplars

Stories

Minarik, Else Holmelund. *Little Bear*. Illustrated by Maurice Sendak. New York: HarperCollins, 1957. (1957)
From "Birthday Soup"

"Mother Bear, Mother Bear, Where are you?" calls Little Bear.

"Oh, dear, Mother Bear is not here, and today is my birthday.

"I think my friends will come, but I do not see a birthday cake. My goodness – no birthday cake. What can I do?

The pot is by the fire. The water in the pot is hot. If I put something in the water, I can make Birthday Soup. All my friends like soup.

Let me see what we have. We have carrots and potatoes, peas and tomatoes; I can make soup with carrots, potatoes, peas and tomatoes."

So Little Bear begins to make soup in the big black pot. First, Hen comes in. "Happy Birthday, Little Bear," she says. "Thank you, Hen," says Little Bear.

Hen says, "My! Something smells good here. Is it in the big black pot?"

"Yes," says Little Bear, "I am making Birthday Soup. Will you stay and have some?"

"Oh, yes, thank you," says Hen. And she sits down to wait.

Next, Duck comes in. "Happy Birthday, Little bear," says Duck. "My, something smells good. Is it in the big black pot?"

"Thank you, Duck," says Little Bear. "Yes, I am making Birthday Soup. Will you stay and have some with us?"

"Thank you, yes, thank you," says Duck. And she sits down to wait.

Next, Cat comes in.

"Happy Birthday, Little Bear," he says.

"Thank you, Cat," says Little Bear. "I hope you like Birthday Soup. I am making Birthday Soup.

Cat says, "Can you really cook? If you can really make it, I will eat it."

"Good," says Little Bear. "The Birthday Soup is hot, so we must eat it now. We cannot wait for Mother Bear. I do not know where she is."

"Now, here is some soup for you, Hen," says Little Bear. "And here is some soup for you, Duck, and here is some soup for you, Cat, and here is some soup for me. Now we can all have some Birthday Soup."

Cat sees Mother Bear at the door, and says, "Wait, Little Bear. Do not eat yet. Shut your eyes, and say one, two, three."

Little Bear shuts his eyes and says, "One, two, three."

Mother Bear comes in with a big cake.

"Now, look," says Cat.

"Oh, Mother Bear," says Little Bear, "what a big beautiful Birthday Cake! Birthday Soup is good to eat, but not as good as Birthday Cake. I am so happy you did not forget."

"Yes, Happy Birthday, Little Bear!" says Mother Bear. "This Birthday Cake is a surprise for you. I never did forget your birthday, and I never will."

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Eastman, P. D. *Are You My Mother?* New York: Random House, 1960. (1960)

A mother bird sat on her egg.

The egg jumped.

"Oh oh!" said the mother bird. "My baby will be here! He will want to eat."

"I must get something for my baby bird to eat!" she said. "I will be back!"

So away she went.

From ARE YOU MY MOTHER? by P. D. Eastman, copyright © 1960 by P. D. Eastman. Copyright renewed 1988 by Mary L. Eastman. Used by permission of Random House Children's Books, a division of Random House, Inc.

Seuss, Dr. *Green Eggs and Ham*. New York: Random House, 1960. (1960)

Lopshire, Robert. *Put Me in the Zoo*. New York: Random House, 1960. (1960)

I will go into the zoo.
I want to see it.
Yes, I do.

I would like to live this way.
This is where I want to stay.

Will you keep me in the zoo?
I want to stay in here with you.

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Mayer, Mercer. *A Boy, a Dog and a Frog.* New York: Dial, 2003. (1967)

This is a wordless book appropriate for kindergarten.

Lobel, Arnold. *Frog and Toad Together.* New York: HarperCollins, 1971. (1971)
From "The Garden"

Frog was in his garden. Toad came walking by.

"What a fine garden you have, Frog," he said.

"Yes," said Frog. "It is very nice, but it was hard work."

"I wish I had a garden," said Toad.

"Here are some flower seeds. Plant them in the ground," said Frog, "and soon you will have a garden."

"How soon?" asked Toad.

"Quite soon," said Frog.

Toad ran home. He planted the flower seeds.

"Now seeds," said Toad, "start growing."

Toad walked up and down a few times. The seeds did not start to grow. Toad put his head close to the ground and said loudly, "Now seeds, start growing!" Toad looked at the ground again. The seeds did not start to grow.

Toad put his head very close to the ground and shouted, "NOW SEEDS, START GROWING!"

Frog came running up the path. "What is all this noise?" he asked. "My seeds will not grow," said Toad. "You are shouting too much," said Frog. "These poor seeds are afraid to grow."

"My seeds are afraid to grow?" asked Toad.

"Of course," said Frog. "Leave them alone for a few days. Let the sun shine on them, let the rain fall on them. Soon your seeds will start to grow."

That night, Toad looked out of his window. "Drat!" said Toad. "My seeds have not started to grow. They must be afraid of the dark."

Toad went out to his garden with some candles. "I will read the seeds a story," said Toad. "Then they will not be afraid." Toad read a long story to his seeds.

All the next day Toad sang songs to his seeds.

And all the next day Toad read poems to his seeds.

And all the next day Toad played music for his seeds.

Toad looked at the ground. The seeds still did not start to grow. "What shall I do?" cried Toad. "These must be the most frightened seeds in the whole world!"

Then Toad felt very tired and he fell asleep.

"Toad, Toad, wake up," said Frog. "Look at your garden!"

Toad looked at his garden. Little green plants were coming up out of the ground.

"At last," shouted Toad, "my seeds have stopped being afraid to grow!"

"And now you will have a nice garden too," said Frog.

"Yes," said Toad, "but you were right, Frog. It was very hard work."

TEXT COPYRIGHT © 1971, 1972 BY ARNOLD LOBEL. Used by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.

Lobel, Arnold. *Owl at Home*. New York: HarperCollins, 1975. (1975)
From "Owl and the Moon"

One night Owl went down to the seashore. He sat on a large rock and looked out at the waves. Everything was dark. Then a small tip of the moon came up over the edge of the sea.

Owl watched the moon. It climbed higher and higher into the sky. Soon the whole, round moon was shining. Owl sat on the rock and looked up at the moon for a long time. "If I am looking at you, moon, then you must be looking back at me. We must be very good friends."

The moon did not answer, but Owl said, "I will come back and see you again, moon. But now I must go home." Owl walked down the path. He looked up at the sky. The moon was still there. It was following him.

"No, no, moon," said Owl. "It is kind of you to light my way. But you must stay up over the sea where you look so fine." Owl walked on a little farther. He looked at the sky again. There was the moon coming right along with him. "Dear moon," said Owl, "you really must not come home with me. My house is small. You would not fit through the door. And I have nothing to give you for supper."

Owl kept on walking. The moon sailed after him over the tops of the trees. "Moon," said Owl, "I think that you do not hear me." Owl climbed to the top of a hill. He shouted as loudly as he could, "Good-bye, moon!"

The moon went behind some clouds. Owl looked and looked. The moon was gone. "It is always a little sad to say good-bye to a friend," said Owl.

Owl came home. He put on his pajamas and went to bed. The room was very dark. Owl was still feeling sad. All at once, Owl's bedroom was filled with silver light. Owl looked out of the window. The moon was coming from behind the clouds. "Moon, you have followed me all the way home. What a good, round friend you are!" said Owl.

Then Owl put his head on the pillow and closed his eyes. The moon was shining down through the window. Owl did not feel sad at all.

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DePaola, Tomie. *Pancakes for Breakfast*. New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1978. (1978)

This is a wordless book appropriate for kindergarten.

Arnold, Tedd. *Hi! Fly Guy*. New York: Scholastic, 2006. (2006)
From Chapter 1

A fly went flying.
He was looking for something to eat—something tasty, something slimy.
A boy went walking
He was looking for something to catch—something smart, something for The Amazing Pet Show.
They met.
The boy caught the fly in a jar.
"A pet!" He said.
The fly was mad.
He wanted to be free.
He stomped his foot and said—Buzz!
The boy was surprised.
He said, "You know my name! You are the smartest pet in the world!"

From HI! FLY GUY by Tedd Arnold. Scholastic Inc./Cartwheel Books. Copyright © 2005 by Tedd Arnold. Used by permission.

Poetry

Anonymous. "As I Was Going to St. Ives." *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes.* Edited by Iona and Peter Opie. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1997. (c1800, traditional)

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

Rossetti, Christina. "Mix a Pancake." *Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Marc Brown. New York: Knopf, 1986. (1893)

Mix a pancake,
Stir a pancake,
Pop it in the pan;
Fry the pancake,
Toss the pancake—
Catch it if you can.

Fyleman, Rose. "Singing-Time." ***Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*****. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Marc Brown. New York: Knopf, 1986. (1919)**

I wake in the morning early
And always, the very first thing,
I poke out my head and I sit up in bed
And I sing and I sing and I sing.

Milne, A. A. "Halfway Down." ***When We Were Very Young*****. Illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. New York: Dutton, 1988. (1924)**

Chute, Marchette. "Drinking Fountain." ***Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*****. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Marc Brown. New York: Knopf, 1986. (1957)**

When I climb up
To get a drink,
It doesn't work
The way you'd think.

I turn it up,
The water goes
And hits me right
Upon the nose.

I turn it down
To make it small
And don't get any
Drink at all.

From Around and About by Marchette Chute, published 1957 by E.P. Dutton. Copyright renewed by Marchette Chute, 1985. Reprinted by permission of Elizabeth Hauser.

Hughes, Langston. "Poem." ***The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes*****. New York: Knopf, 1994. (1958)**

Ciardi, John. "Wouldn't You?" ***Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*****. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Marc Brown. New York: Knopf, 1986. (1961)**

If I
Could go
As high
And low
As the wind
As the wind
As the wind
Can blow—

I'd go!

COPYRIGHT © 1962 BY JOHN CIARDI. Used by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.

Wright, Richard. "Laughing Boy." ***Winter Poems*****. Selected by Barbara Rogasky. Illustrated by Trina Schart Hyman. New York: Scholastic, 1994. (1973) [Note: This poem was originally titled "In the Falling Snow."]**

Greenfield, Eloise. "By Myself." ***Honey, I Love, and Other Love Poems*****. Illustrated by Leo and Diane Dillon. New York: Crowell, 1978. (1978)**

Giovanni, Nikki. "Covers." ***The 20th Century Children's Poetry Treasury*****. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Meilo So. New York: Knopf, 1999. (1980)**

Glass covers windows
  to keep the cold away
Clouds cover the sky
  to make a rainy day

Nighttime covers
all the things that creep
Blankets cover me
when I'm asleep

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Merriam, Eve. "It Fell in the City." *Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Marc Brown. New York: Knopf, 1986. (1985)

Lopez, Alonzo. "Celebration." *Song and Dance*. Selected by Lee Bennett Hopkins. Illustrated by Cheryl Munro Taylor. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1997. (1993)

I shall dance tonight.
When the dusk comes crawling,
There will be dancing
and feasting.
I shall dance with the others
in circles,
in leaps,
in stomps.
Laughter and talk
Will weave into the night,
Among the fires
of my people.
Games will be played
And I shall be
a part of it.

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Agee, Jon. "Two Tree Toads." *Orangutan Tongs*. New York: Hyperion, 2009. (2009)

A three-toed tree toad tried to tie
A two-toed tree toad's shoe.
But tying two-toed shoes is hard
For three-toed toads to do,
Since three-toed shoes each have three toes,
And two-toed shoes have two.

"Please tie my two-toed tree toad shoe!"
The two-toed tree toad cried.
"I tried my best. Now I must go,"
The three-toed tree toad sighed.
The two-toed tree toad's two-toed shoe,
Alas, remained untied.

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Read-Aloud Stories

Baum, L. Frank. *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. Illustrated by W. W. Denslow. New York: HarperCollins, 2000. (1900)
From Chapter 1: "The Cyclone"

Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife. Their house was small, for the lumber to build it had to be carried by wagon many miles. There were four walls, a floor and a roof, which made one room; and this room contained a rusty looking cookstove, a cupboard for the dishes, a table, three or four chairs, and the beds. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had a big bed in one corner, and Dorothy a little bed in another corner. There was no garret at all, and no cellar—except a small hole dug in the ground, called a cyclone cellar, where the family could go in case one of those great whirlwinds arose, mighty enough to crush any building in its path. It was reached by a trap door in the middle of the floor, from which a ladder led down into the small, dark hole.

When Dorothy stood in the doorway and looked around, she could see nothing but the great gray prairie on every side. Not a tree nor a house broke the broad sweep of flat country that reached to the edge of the sky in all directions. The sun had baked the plowed land into a gray mass, with little cracks running through it. Even the grass was not green, for the sun had burned the tops of the long blades until they were the same gray color to be seen everywhere. Once the house had been painted, but the sun blistered the paint and the rains washed it away, and now the house was as dull and gray as everything else.

When Aunt Em came there to live she was a young, pretty wife. The sun and wind had changed her, too. They had taken the sparkle from her eyes and left them a sober gray; they had taken the red from her cheeks and lips, and they were gray also. She was thin and gaunt, and never smiled now. When Dorothy, who was an orphan, first came to her, Aunt Em had been so startled by the child's laughter that she would scream and press her hand upon her heart whenever Dorothy's merry voice reached her ears; and she still looked at the little girl with wonder that she could find anything to laugh at.

Uncle Henry never laughed. He worked hard from morning till night and did not know what joy was. He was gray also, from his long beard to his rough boots, and he looked stern and solemn, and rarely spoke.

It was Toto that made Dorothy laugh, and saved her from growing as gray as her other surroundings. Toto was not gray; he was a little black dog, with long silky hair and small black eyes that twinkled merrily on either side of his funny, wee nose. Toto played all day long, and Dorothy played with him, and loved him dearly.

Today, however, they were not playing. Uncle Henry sat upon the doorstep and looked anxiously at the sky, which was even grayer than usual. Dorothy stood in the door with Toto in her arms, and looked at the sky too. Aunt Em was washing the dishes.

Wilder, Laura Ingalls. *Little House in the Big Woods*. Illustrated by Garth Williams. New York: HarperCollins, 2007. (1932)
From "Two Big Bears"

The Story of Pa and the Bear in the Way

When I went to town yesterday with the furs I found it hard walking in the soft snow. It took me a long time to get to town, and other men with furs had come in earlier to do their trading. The storekeeper was busy, and I had to wait until he could look at my furs.

Then we had to bargain about the price of each one, and then I had to pick out the things I wanted to take in trade.

So it was nearly sundown before I could start home.

I tried to hurry, but the walking was hard and I was tired, so I had not gone far before night came. And I was alone in the Big Woods without my gun.

There were still six miles to walk, and I came along as fast as I could. The night grew darker and darker, and I wished for my gun, because I knew that some of the bears had come out of their winter dens. I had seen their tracks when I went to town in the morning.

Bears are hungry and cross at this time of year; you know they have been sleeping in their dens all winter long with nothing to eat, and that makes them thin and angry when they wake up. I did not want to meet one.

I hurried along as quick as I could in the dark. By and by the stars gave a little light. It was still black as pitch where the woods were thick, but in the open places I could see, dimly. I could see the snowy road ahead a little way, and I could see the dark woods standing all around me. I was glad when I came into an open place where the stars gave me this faint light.

All the time I was watching, as well as I could, for bears. I was listening for the sounds they make when they go carelessly through the bushes.

Then I came again into an open place, and there, right in the middle of my road, I saw a big black bear.

Atwater, Richard and Florence. *Mr. Popper's Penguins*. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. New York: Little, Brown, 1988. (1938)
From Chapter 1: "Stillwater"

It was an afternoon in late September. In the pleasant little city of Stillwater, Mr. Popper, the house painter was going home from work.

He was carrying his buckets, his ladders, and his boards so that he had rather a hard time moving along. He was spattered here and there with paint and calcimine, and there were bits of wallpaper clinging to his hair and whiskers, for he was rather an untidy man.

The children looked up from their play to smile at him as he passed, and the housewives, seeing him, said, "Oh dear, there goes Mr. Popper. I must remember to ask John to have the house painted over in the spring."

No one knew what went on inside of Mr.Popper's head, and no one guessed that he would one day be the most famous person in Stillwater.

He was a dreamer. Even when he was busiest smoothing down the paste on the wallpaper, or painting the outside of other people's houses, he would forget what he was doing. Once he had painted three sides of a kitchen green, and the other side yellow. The housewife, instead of being angry and making him do it over, had liked it so well that she had made him leave it that way. And all the other housewives, when they saw it, admired it too, so that pretty soon everybody in Stillwater had two-colored kitchens.

The reason Mr. Popper was so absent-minded was that he was always dreaming about far-away countries. He had never been out of Stillwater. Not that he was unhappy. He had a nice little house of his own, a wife whom he loved dearly, and two children, named Janie and Bill. Still, it would have been nice, he often thought, if he could have seen something of the world before he met Mrs. Popper and settled down. He had never hunted tigers in India, or climbed the peaks of the Himalayas, or dived for pearls in the South Seas. Above all, he had never seen the Poles.

Jansson, Tove. *Finn Family Moomintroll*. Translated by Elizabeth Portch. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1990. (1948)
From "Preface"

One grey morning the first snow began to fall in the Valley of the Moomins. It fell softly and quietly, and in a few hours everything was white.

Moomintroll stood on his doorstep and watched the valley nestle beneath its winter blanket. "Tonight," he thought, "we shall settle down for our long winter's sleep." (All Moomintrolls go to sleep about November. This is a good idea, too if you don't like the cold and the long winter darkness.) Shutting the door behind him, Moomintroll stole in to his mother and said:

"The snow has come!"

"I know," said Moominmamma. "I have already made up all your beds with the warmest blankets. You're to sleep in the little room under the eaves with Sniff."

"But Sniff snores so horribly," said Moomintroll. "Couldn't I sleep with Snufkin instead?"

"As you like, dear," said Moominmamma. "Sniff can sleep in the room that faces east."

So the Moomin family, their friends, and all their acquaintances began solemnly and with great ceremony to prepare for the long winter. Moominmamma laid the table for them on the verandah but they only had pine-needles for supper. (It's important to have your tummy full of pine if you intend to sleep all the winter.) When the meal was over, and I'm afraid it didn't taste very nice, they all said good-night to each other, rather more cheerfully than usual, and Moominmamma encouraged them to clean their teeth.

Haley, Gail E. *A Story, A Story*. New York: Atheneum, 1970. (1970)

Once, oh small children round my knee, there were no stories on earth to hear. All the stories belonged to Nyame, the

Sky God. He kept them in a golden box next to his royal stool.

Ananse, the Spider Man, wanted to buy the Sky God's stories. So he spun a web up to the sky.

When the Sky God heard what Ananse wanted, he laughed: "Twe, twe, twe. The price of my stories is that you bring me Osebo the leopard of-the-terrible-teeth, Mmboro the hornet who-stings-like-fire, and Mmoatia the fairy whom-men-never-see."

Ananse bowed and answered: "I shall gladly pay the price."

"Twe, twe, twe," chuckled the Sky God. "How can a weak old man like you, so small, so small, so small, pay my price?"

But Ananse merely climbed down to earth to find the things that the Sky God demanded.

Ananse ran along the jungle path – yiridi, yiridi, yiridi – till he came to Osebo the leopard-of-the-terrible-teeth.

"Oho, Ananse," said the leopard, "you are just in time to be my lunch."

Ananse replied: "As for that, what will happen will happen. But first let us play the binding binding game."

The leopard, who was fond of games, asked: "How is it played?"

"With vine creepers," explained Ananse. "I will bind you by your foot and foot. Then I will untie you, and you can tie me up."

"Very well," growled the leopard, who planned to eat Ananse as soon as it was his turn to bind him.

So Ananse tied the leopard

by his foot

by his foot

by his foot

by his foot, with the vine creeper.

Then he said: "Now, Osebo, you are ready to meet the Sky God." And he hung the tied leopard in a tree in the jungle.

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Bang, Molly. *The Paper Crane*. New York: Greenwillow, 1987. (1985)

A man once owned a restaurant on a busy road. He loved to cook good food and he loved to serve it. He worked from morning until night, and he was happy.

But a new highway was built close by. Travelers drove straight from one place to another and no longer stopped at the restaurant. Many days went by when no guests came at all. The man became very poor, and had nothing to do but dust and polish his empty plates and tables.

One evening a stranger came into the restaurant. His clothes were old and worn, but he had an unusual, gentle manner.

Though he said he had not money to pay for food, the owner invited him to sit down. He cooked the best meal he could make and served him like a king. When the stranger had finished, he said to his host, "I cannot pay you with money, but I would like to thank you in my own way."

He picked up a paper napkin from the table and folded it into the shape of a crane. "You have only to clap your hands," he said, "and this bird will come to life and dance for you. Take it, and enjoy it while it is with you." With these words the stranger left.

It happened just as the stranger had said. The owner had only to clap his hands and the paper crane became a living bird, flew down to the floor, and danced.

Soon word of the dancing crane spread, and people came from far and near to see the magic bird perform.

The owner was happy again, for his restaurant was always full of guests. He cooked and served and had company from morning until night.

The weeks passed. And the months.

One evening a man came into the restaurant. His clothes were old and worn, but had an unusual, gentle manner. The owner knew him at once and was overjoyed.

The stranger, however, said nothing. He took a flute from his pocket, raised it to his lips, and began to play.

The crane flew down from its place on the shelf and danced as it had never danced before.

The stranger finished playing, lowered the flute from his lips, and returned it to his pocket. He climbed on the back of the crane, and they flew out of the door and away.

The restaurant still stands by the side of the road, and guests still come to eat the good food and hear the story of the gentle stranger and the magic crane made from a paper napkin. But neither the stranger nor the dancing crane has ever been seen again.

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Young, Ed. *Lon Po Po: A Red-Riding Hood Story from China*. New York: Putnam, 1989. (1989)

"Po Po," Shang shouted, but there was no answer.

"Po Po," Tao shouted, but there was no answer.

"Po Po," Paotze shouted. There was still no answer. The children climbed to the branches just above the wolf and saw that he was truly dead. Then they climbed down, went into the house, closed the door, locked the door with the latch and fell peacefully asleep.

On the next day their mother returned with baskets of food from their real Po Po, and the three sisters told her the story of the Po Po who had come.

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Garza, Carmen Lomas. *Family Pictures*. San Francisco: Children's Book Press, 1990. (1990)
From "The Fair in Reynosa"

My friends and I once went to a very big fair across the border in Reynosa, Mexico. The fair lasted a whole week. Artisans and entertainers came from all over Mexico. There were lots of booths with food and crafts. This is one little section where everybody is ordering and eating tacos.

I painted a father buying tacos and the rest of the family sitting down at the table. The little girl is the father's favorite and that's why she gets to tag along with him. I can always recognize little girls who are their fathers' favorites.

From "Birthday Party"

That's me hitting the piñata at my sixth birthday party. It was also my brother's fourth birthday. My mother made a big birthday party for us and invited all kinds of friends, cousins and neighborhood kids.

You can't see the piñata when you're trying to hit it, because your eyes are covered with a handkerchief. My father is pulling the rope that makes the piñata go up and down. He will make sure that everybody has a chance to hit it at least once. Somebody will end up breaking it, and that's when all the candies will fall out and all the kids will run and try to grab them.

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Mora, Pat. *Tomás and the Library Lady*. Illustrated by Raúl Colón. New York: Knopf, 1997. (1997)

When they got hot, they sat under a tree with Papá Grande. "Tell us the story about the man in the forest," said Tomás.

Tomás liked to listen to Papá Grande tell stories in Spanish. Papá Grande was the best storyteller in the family.

"*En un tiempo pasado*," Papá Grande began. "Once upon a time…on a windy night a man was riding a horse through a forest. The wind was howling, whoooooooo, and the leaves were blowing, whish, whish…

"All of a sudden something grabbed the man. He couldn't move. He was too scared to look around. All night long he wanted to ride away. But he couldn't.

"How the wind howled, *whoooooooo*. How the leaves blew. How his teeth chattered!

"Finally the sun came up. Slowly the man turned around. And who do you think was holding him?

Tomás smiled and said, "A thorny tree."

Papá Grande laughed. "Tomás, you know all my stories," he said. "There are many more in the library. You are big enough to go by yourself. Then you can teach us new stories."

The next morning Tomás walked downtown. He looked at the big library. Its tall windows were like eyes glaring at him. Tomás walked all around the big building. He saw children coming out carrying books. Slowly he started climbing up, up the steps. He counted them to himself in Spanish. *Uno, dos, tres, cuatro*…His mouth felt full of cotton.

Tomás stood in front of the library doors. He pressed his nose against the glass and peeked in. The library was huge!

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Henkes, Kevin. *Kitten's First Full Moon*. New York: Greenwillow, 2004. (2004)

It was Kitten's first full moon.
When she saw it, she thought.
There's a little bowl of milk in the sky.
And she wanted it.

So she closed her eyes
and stretched her neck
and opened her mouth and licked.

But Kitten only ended up
with a bug on her tongue.
Poor Kitten!

Still, there was the little bowl of milk, just waiting.

So she pulled herself together
and wiggled her bottom
and sprang from the top step of the porch.

But Kitten only tumbled—
bumping her nose and banging her ear
and pinching her tail.
Poor Kitten!

Still, there was the little bowl of milk, just waiting.

So she chased it—
down the sidewalk,
through the garden,
past the field,
and by the pond.
But Kitten never seemed to get closer.
Poor Kitten!

Still, there was the little bowl of milk, just waiting.

So she ran
to the tallest tree
she could find,
and she climbed
and climbed
and climbed
to the very top.

But Kitten
still couldn't reach
the bowl of milk,
and now she was
scared.
Poor Kitten!
What could she do?

Then, in the pond, Kitten saw
another bowl of milk.
And it was bigger.
What a night!

So she raced down the tree
and raced through the grass

and raced to the edge of the pond.
She leaped with all her might—

Poor Kitten!
She was wet and sad and tired
and hungry.

So she went
back home—

and there was
a great big
bowl of milk
on the porch,

just waiting for her.

Lucky Kitten!
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Read-Aloud Poetry

Anonymous. "The Fox's Foray." *The Oxford Nursery Rhyme Book*. Edited by Peter and Iona Opie. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1955. (c1800, traditional)

A fox jumped out one winter's night,
And begged the moon to give him light.
For he'd many miles to trot that night
Before he reached his den O!
Den O! Den O!
For he'd many miles to trot that night before he reached his den O!

The first place he came to was a farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and the geese declared it hard
That their nerves should be shaken and their rest so marred
By a visit from Mr. Fox O!
Fox O! Fox O!

That their nerves should be shaken and their rest so marred
By a visit from Mr. Fox O!

He took the grey goose by the neck,
And swung him right across his back;
The grey goose cried out, Quack, quack, quack,
With his legs hanging dangling down O!
Down O! Down O!
The grey goose cried out, Quack, quack, quack,
With his legs hanging dangling down O!

Old Mother Slipper Slopper jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head:
Oh, John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is off to his den O!
Den O! Den O!
Oh, John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is off to his den O!

John ran up to the top of the hill.
And blew his whistle loud and shrill;
Said the fox, That is very pretty music still –
I'd rather be in my den O!
Den O! Den O!
Said the fox, That is very pretty music still –
I'd rather be in my den O!

The fox went back to his hungry den,
And his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten;
Quoth they, Good daddy, you must go there again,
If you bring such god cheer from the farm O!
Farm O! Farm O!
Quoth they, Good daddy, you must go there again,
If you bring such god cheer from the farm O!

The fox and his wife, without any strife,
Said they never ate a better goose in all their life:
They did very well without fork or knife,
And the little ones chewed on the bones O!
Bones O! Bones O!
They did very well without fork or knife,
And the little ones chewed on the bones O!

Langstaff, John. *Over in the Meadow*. Illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. Orlando: Houghton Mifflin, 1973. (c1800, traditional)

Over in the meadow in a new little hive
Lived an old mother queen bee and her honeybees five.
"Hum," said the mother,
"We hum," said the five;
So they hummed and were glad in their new little hive.

Over in the meadow in a dam built of sticks
Lived an old mother beaver and her little beavers six.
"Build," said the mother,
"We build," said the six;
So they built and were glad in the dam built of sticks.

Over in the meadow in the green wet bogs
Lived an old mother froggie and her seven polliwogs.
"Swim," said the mother.
"We swim," said the 'wogs;
So they swam and were glad in the green wet bogs.

Over in the meadow as the day grew late
Lived an old mother owl and her little owls eight.

"Wink," said the mother,
"We wink," said the eight;
So they winked and were glad as the day grew late.

Excerpt from OVER IN THE MEADOW by John Langstaff. Text and music copyright © 1957, and renewed 1985 by John Langstaff. Used by Permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Lear, Edward. "The Owl and the Pussycat." (1871)

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
  In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
  Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
  And sang to a small guitar,
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
  What a beautiful Pussy you are,
            You are,
            You are!
  What a beautiful Pussy are!'

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl!
  How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried:
  But what shall we do for a ring?'
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
  To the land where the Bong-tree grows
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
  With a ring at the end of his nose,
            His nose,
            His nose,
  With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
  Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'
So they took it away, and were married next day
  By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
  Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
  They danced by the light of the moon,
            The moon,
            The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Hughes, Langston. "April Rain Song." *The 20th Century Children's Poetry Treasury*. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Meilo So. New York: Knopf, 1999. (1932)

Moss, Lloyd. *Zin! Zin! Zin! a Violin*. Illustrated by Marjorie Priceman. New York: Simon & Schuster, 2000. (1995)

With mournful moan and silken tone,
Itself alone comes ONE TROMBONE.
Gliding, sliding, high notes go low;
ONE TROMBONE is playing SOLO.

Next a TRUMPET comes along,
And sings and stings its swinging song.
It joins TROMBONE, no more alone,
And ONE and TWO-O, they're a DUO.

The STRINGS all soar, the REEDS implore,
The BRASSES roar with notes galore.
It's music that we all adore.

It's what we go to concerts for.

The minutes fly, the music ends,
And so, good-bye to our new friends.
But when they've bowed and left the floor,
If we clap loud and shout, "Encore!"
They may come out and play once more.

And that would give us great delight
Before we say a late good night.
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Sample Performance Tasks for Stories and Poetry

- Students (*with prompting and support from the teacher*) *describe the relationship between* key events *of the overall story* of *Little Bear* by Else Holmelund Minarik to the corresponding scenes illustrated by Maurice Sendak. [RL.K.7]
- Students *retell* Arnold Lobel's *Frog and Toad Together* while *demonstrating* their *understanding of a central message or lesson of the story* (e.g., how friends are able to solve problems together or how hard work pays off). [RL.1.2]
- Students (*with prompting and support from the teacher*) *compare and contrast the adventures and experiences* of the owl in Arnold Lobel's *Owl at Home* to those of the owl in Edward Lear's poem "The Owl and the Pussycat." [RL.K.9]
- Students read two texts on the topic of pancakes (Tomie DePaola's *Pancakes for Breakfast* and Christina Rossetti's "Mix a Pancake") and distinguish between the text that is a *storybook* and the text that is a *poem*. [RL.K.5]
- After listening to L. Frank Baum's *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, students *describe* the *characters* of Dorothy, Auntie Em, and Uncle Henry, the *setting* of Kansan prairie, and *major events* such as the arrival of the cyclone. [RL.1.3]
- Students (*with prompting and support from the teacher*) when listening to Laura Ingalls Wilder's *Little House in the Big Woods ask questions about* the events that occur (such as the encounter with the bear) and *answer* by offering *key details* drawn from the *text*. [RL.1.1]
- Students *identify* the *points* at which different characters are *telling the story* in the *Finn Family Moomintroll* by Tove Jansson. [RL.1.6]
- Students *identify words and phrases* within Molly Bang's *The Paper Crane* that *appeal to the senses* and *suggest the feelings* of happiness experienced by the owner of the restaurant (e.g., clapped, played, loved, overjoyed). [RL.1.4]

Informational Texts

Bulla, Clyde Robert. *A Tree Is a Plant*. Illustrated by Stacey Schuett. New York: HarperCollins, 2001. (1960)

A tree is a plant. A tree is the biggest plant that grows. Most kinds of trees grow from seeds the way most small plants do. There are many kinds of trees. Here are a few of them. How many do you know? [illustration is labeled with Maple, Conifer, Persimmon, Palms, Lemon, Willow]

This tree grows in the country. It might grow in your yard, too. Do you know what kind it is? This is an apple tree.

This apple tree came from a seed. The seed was small. It grew inside an apple. Have you ever seen an apple seed? Ask an adult to help you cut an apple in two. The seeds are in the center. They look like this.

Most apple trees come from seeds that are planted. Sometimes an apple tree grows from a seed that falls to the ground. The wind blows leaves over the seed. The wind blows soil over the seed.

All winter the seed lies under the leaves and the soil. All winter the seed lies under the ice and snow and is pushed into the ground. Spring comes. Rain falls. The sun comes out and warms the earth. The seed begins to grow.

At first the young plant does not look like a tree. The tree is very small. It is only a stem with two leaves. It has no apples on it. A tree must grow up before it has apples on it. Each year the tree grows. It grows tall. In seven years it is so tall that you can stand under its branches. In the spring there are blossoms on the tree. Spring is apple-blossom time.

[...]

We cannot see the roots. They are under the ground. Some of the roots are large. Some of them are as small as hairs. The roots grow like branches under the ground. A tree could not live without roots.

Roots hold the trunk in the ground. Roots keep the tree from falling when the wind blows. Roots keep the rain from washing the tree out of the ground.

Roots do something more. They take water from the ground. They carry the water into the trunk of the tree. The trunk carries the water to the branches. The branches carry the water to the leaves.

Hundreds and hundreds of leaves grow on the branches. The leaves make food from water and air. They make food when the sun shines. The food goes into the branches. It goes into the trunk and roots. It goes to every part of the tree.

Fall comes and winter is near. The work of the leaves is over. The leaves turn yellow and brown. The leaves die and fall to the ground.

Now the tree is bare. All winter it looks dead. But the tree is not dead. Under its coat of bark, the tree is alive.

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Aliki. *My Five Senses*. New York: HarperCollins, 1989. (1962)

I can see! I see with my eyes.

I can hear! I hear with my ears.

I can smell! I smell with my nose.

I can taste! I taste with my tongue.

I can touch! I touch with my fingers.

I do all this with my senses.
I have five senses.

When I see the sun or a frog or my baby sister, I use my sense of sight. I am seeing.

When I hear a drum or a fire engine or a bird, I use my sense of hearing. I am hearing.

When I smell soap or a pine tree or cookies just out of the oven, I use my sense of smell. I am smelling.

When I drink my milk and eat my food, I use my sense of taste. I am tasting.

When I touch a kitten or a balloon or water, I use my sense of touch. I am touching.

Sometimes I use all my senses at once.
Sometimes I use only one.
I often play a game with myself.
I guess how many senses I am using at that time.

When I look at the moon and the stars, I use one sense. I am seeing.

When I laugh and play with my puppy, I use four senses. I see, hear, smell, and touch.

When I bounce a ball, I use three senses. I see, hear, touch.

Sometimes I use more of one sense and less of another.

But each sense is very important to me, because it makes me aware.

To be aware is to see all there is to see...
hear all there is to hear...
smell all there is to smell...
taste all there is to taste...
touch all there is to touch.

Wherever I go, whatever I do, every minute of the day, my senses are working.
They make me aware.

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Hurd, Edith Thacher. *Starfish*. Illustrated by Robin Brickman. New York: HarperCollins, 2000. (1962)

Starfish live in the sea. Starfish live deep down in the sea. Starfish live in pools by the sea.

Some starfish are purple. Some starfish are pink.

This is the sunflower starfish. It is the biggest of all. Starfish have many arms. The arms are called rays. Starfish have arms, but no legs.

Starfish have feet, but no toes. They glide and slide on tiny tube feet. They move as slowly as a snail.

The basket star looks like a starfish, but it is a little different. It doesn't have tube feet. It moves with its rays. It has rays that go up and rays that go down.

Tiny brittle stars are like the basket star. They hide under rocks in pools by the sea.

The mud star hides in the mud. It is a starfish. It has tiny tube feet.

A starfish has no eyes. A starfish has no ears or nose. Its tiny mouth is on its underside. When a starfish is hungry, it slides and it glides on its tiny tube feet.

It hunts for mussels and oysters and clams. It feels for the mussels, It feels for the oysters. It feels for the clams. It feels for something to eat.

The starfish crawls over a clam. Its rays go over it. Its rays go under it. Its rays go all over the clam. The starfish pulls and pulls. It pulls the shells open. It eats the clam inside.

Sometimes a starfish loses a ray. A crab may pull it off. A rock may fall on it. But this does not hurt. It does not bother the starfish. The starfish just grows another ray.

In the spring when the sun shines warm, and the sea grows warm, starfish lay eggs. Starfish lay eggs in the water. They lay many, many, many tiny eggs. The eggs look like sand in the sea. The tiny eggs float in the water. They float up and down. They move with the waves and the tide, up and down, up and down.

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Aliki. *A Weed is a Flower: The Life of George Washington Carver*. New York: Prentice Hall, 1965. (1965)

Crews, Donald. *Truck*. New York: HarperCollins, 1980. (1980)

This is a largely wordless book appropriate for kindergarten.

Hoban, Tana. *I Read Signs*. New York: HarperCollins, 1987 (1987)

This is a largely wordless book appropriate for kindergarten.

Reid, Mary Ebeltoft. *Let's Find Out About Ice Cream*. Photographs by John Williams. New York: Scholastic, 1996. (1996)

"Garden Helpers." *National Geographic Young Explorers* September 2009. (2009)

Not all bugs and worms are pests.
Some help your garden grow.

Earthworms make soil rich and healthy.
This helps plants grow strong!

A ladybug eats small bugs.
The bugs can't eat the plants.
This keeps your garden safe.

A praying mantis eats any bug it can catch.
Not many bugs can get past this quick hunter!

This spider catches bugs in its sticky web.
It keeps bugs away from your garden.

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"Wind Power." *National Geographic Young Explorers* November/December 2009. (2009)

Wind is air on the move.
See what wind can do.

Wind can whip up some fun!

Wind starts with the sun.
The sun warms land and water.
The air above warms up too.

Warm air rises.
Cooler air rushes in.
That moving air is wind.

Wind is energy.
It can push a sailboat.

Look at the windmills spin!
They turn wind energy into electricity.
What else can wind do?

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Read-Aloud Informational Texts

Provensen, Alice and Martin. *The Year at Maple Hill Farm*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 2001. (1978)

Gibbons, Gail. *Fire! Fire!* New York: HarperCollins, 1987. (1984)
From "Fire! Fire! In the city..."

In an apartment house, a breeze has blown a towel up into the flame of a hot stove. A fire begins. The smoke alarm screams.

A phone call alerts the fire-dispatch center. Instantly, a dispatcher calls the firehouse nearest the fire.

A loudspeaker blares out the address of the fire, and the firefighters go into action. They slide down brass poles to the ground floor, where the fire engines are, and hurry into their fire-fighting gear. Then they take their positions on their engines.

The big trucks roar out of the firehouse. Sirens scream and lights flash.

The fire engines arrive at the scene. The fire is bigger now. The fire chief is in charge. He decides the best way to fight this fire.

Hoses are pulled from the trucks. Each separate fire truck is called a "company." Each separate company has an officer in charge. The fire chief tells each officer in charge what he wants the firefighters to do.

Firefighters are ordered to search the building to make sure no one is still inside. A man is trapped. A ladder tower is swung into action. The man is rescued quickly.

At the same time, an aerial ladder is taking other firefighters to the floor above the fire. Inside, the firefighters attach a hose to the building's standpipe. Water is sprayed onto the fire to keep it from moving up through the apartment house.

Now the aerial ladder is swung over to the roof of the burning building. Firefighters break holes in the roof and windows to let out poisonous gases, heat, and smoke before they can cause a bad explosion. There's less danger now for the firefighters working inside the building.

Firefighters are battling the blaze from the outside of the building, too. Fire hoses carry water from the fire hydrants to the trucks.

Pumps in the fire trucks control the water pressure and push the water up through the discharge hoses. Streams of water hit the burning building and buildings next door to keep the fire from spreading.

The fire is under control.

The fire is out. The firefighters clean up the rubble. Back at the firehouse, they clean their equipment and make an official report on the fire.

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Dorros, Arthur. *Follow the Water from Brook to Ocean*. New York: HarperCollins, 1993. (1991)

After the next big rain storm, put your boots on and go outside. Look at the water dripping from your roof. Watch it gush out of the drainpipes. You can see water flowing down your street too.

Water is always flowing. It trickles in the brook near your house.

Sometimes you see water rushing along in a stream or in a big river.

Water always flows downhill. It flows from high places to low places, just the way you and your skateboard move down a hill.

Sometimes water collects in a low spot in the land – a puddle, a pond, or a lake. The water's downhill journey may end there. Most of the time, though, the water will find a way to keep flowing downhill. Because water flows downhill, it will keep flowing until it can't go any lower. The lowest parts of the earth are the oceans. Water will keep flowing until it reaches an ocean.

Where does the water start? Where does the water in a brook or a stream or a river come from? The water comes from rain. And it comes from melting snow. The water from rain and melting snow runs over the ground. Some of it soaks into the ground, and some water is soaked up by trees and other plants. But a lot of the water keeps traveling over the ground, flowing downhill.

The water runs along, flowing over the ground. Trickles of water flow together to form a brook. A brook isn't very deep or wide. You could easily step across a brook to get to the other side.

The brook flows over small stones covered with algae. Algae are tiny plants. They can be green, red, or brown. Green algae make the water look green. Plop! A frog jumps into the brook. A salamander wiggles through leafy

water plants. Slap! A trout's tail hits the water. Lots of creatures live in the moving water.

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Rauzon, Mark, and Cynthia Overbeck Bix. *Water, Water Everywhere*. San Francisco: Sierra Club, 1994. (1994)

Llewellyn, Claire. *Earthworms*. New York: Franklin Watts, 2002. (2002)

Jenkins, Steve, and Robin Page. *What Do You Do With a Tail Like This?* Orlando: Houghton Mifflin, 2003. (2003)

What do you do with a nose like this?
If you're a platypus, you use your nose to dig in the mud.
If you're a hyena, you find your next meal with your nose.
If you're an elephant, you use your nose to give yourself a bath.
If you're a mole, you use your nose to find your way underground.
If you're an alligator, you breathe through your nose while hiding in the water.
What do you do with ears like these?
If you're a jackrabbit, you use your ears to keep cool.
If you're a bat you "see" with your ears.
If you're a cricket, you hear with ears that are on your knees.
If you're a humpback whale, you hear sounds hundreds of miles away.
If you're a hippopotamus, you close your ears when you're under water.
What do you do with a tail like this?
If you're a giraffe, you brush off pesky flies with your tail.
If you're a skunk, you lift your tail to warn that a stinky spray is on the way.
If you're a lizard, you break off your tail to get away.
If you're a scorpion, your tail can give a nasty sting.
If you're a monkey, you hang from a tree by your tail.
What do you do with eyes like these?
If you're an eagle, you spot tiny animals from high in the air.
If you're a chameleon, you look two ways at once.
If you're a four-eye fish, you look above and below the water at the same time.
If you're a bush baby, you use your large eyes to see clearly at night.
If you're a horned lizard, you squirt blood out of your eyes.
What do you do with feet like these?
If you're a chimpanzee, you feed yourself with your feet.
If you're a water strider, you walk on water.
If you're a blue-footed booby, you do a dance.
If you're a gecko, you use your sticky feet to walk on the ceiling.
If you're a mountain goat, you leap from ledge to ledge.
What do you do with a mouth like this?
If you're a pelican, you use your mouth as a net to scoop up fish.
If you're an egg-eating snake, you use your mouth to swallow eggs larger than your head.
If you're a mosquito, you use your mouth to suck blood.
If you're an anteater, you capture termites with your long tongue.
If you're an archerfish, you catch insects by shooting them down with a stream of water.

Excerpted from WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A TAIL LIKE THIS? By Steve Jenkins and Robin Page. Copyright © 2003 by Steve Jenkins and Robin Page. Used by Permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Pfeffer, Wendy. *From Seed to Pumpkin*. Illustrated by James Graham Hale. New York: HarperCollins, 2004. (2004)

When spring winds warm the earth, a farmer plants hundreds of pumpkin seeds.

Every pumpkin seed can become a baby pumpkin plant. Underground, covered with dark, moist soil, the baby plants begin to grow.

As the plants get bigger, the seeds crack open. Stems sprout up. Roots dig down. Inside the roots are tubes. Water travels up these tubes the way juice goes up a straw.

In less than two weeks from planting time, green shoots poke up through the earth.

These shoots grow into tiny seedlings. Two leaves, called seed leaves, uncurl on each stem. They reach up toward the sun.

Sunlight gives these leaves energy to make food. Like us, plants need food to grow. But green plants do not eat food as we do. Their leaves make it.

To make food, plants need light, water, and air. Leaves catch the sunlight. Roots soak up rainwater. And little openings in the leaves let air in. Using energy from the sun, the leaves mix the air with water from the soil to make sugar. This feeds the plant.

Soon broad, prickly leaves with jagged edges unfold on the stems.

The seed leaves dry up. Now the new leaves make food for the pumpkin plant.

Each pumpkin stem has many sets of tubes. One tube in each set takes water from the soil up to the leaves so they can make sugar. The other tube in each set sends food back down so the pumpkin can grow.

The days grow warmer. The farmer tends the pumpkin patch to keep weeds out. Weeds take water from the soil. Pumpkin plants need that water to grow.

Text copyright © 2004 by Wendy Pfeffer. Used by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.

Thomson, Sarah L. *Amazing Whales!* New York: HarperCollins, 2006. (2005)

A blue whale is as long as a basketball court. Its eyes are as big as softballs. Its tongue weighs as much as an elephant.

It is the biggest animal that has ever lived on Earth – bigger than any dinosaur.

But not all whales are this big. A killer whale is about as long as a fire truck. Dolphins and porpoises are whales too, very small whales. The smallest dolphin is only five feet long. That's probably shorter than your mom.

There are about 80 kinds of whales. All of them are mammals. Dogs and monkeys and people are mammals, too. They are warm-blooded. This means that their blood stays at the same temperature even if the air or water around them gets hot or cold.

Mammal babies drink milk from their mothers. Whale babies are called calves.

And mammals breathe air. A whale must swim to the ocean's surface to breathe or it will drown. After a whale calf is born, its mother may lift it up for its first breath of air.

A whale uses its blowholes to breathe. It can have one blowhole or two. The blowholes are on the top of its head. When a whale breathes out, the warm breath makes a cloud called a blow. Then the whale breathes in. Its blowholes squeeze shut. The whale dives under the water. It holds its breath until it comes back up.

When sperm whales hunt, they dive deeper than any other whale. They can hold their breath for longer than an hour and dive down more than a mile.

Deep in the ocean, where the water is dark and cold, sperm whales hunt for giant squid and other animals.

Some whales, like sperm whales, have teeth to catch their food. They are called toothed whales. Other whales have no teeth. They are called baleen whales. (Say it like this: bay-LEEN.) Blue whales and humpback whales are baleen whales. They have strips of baleen in their mouths. Baleen is made of the same stuff as your fingernails. It is strong but it can bend.

A baleen whale fills its mouth with water. In the water there might be fish or krill. Krill are tiny animals like shrimp. The whale closes its mouth. The water flows back out between the strips of baleen.

The fish or krill are trapped inside its mouth for the whale to eat.

Some whales, like killer whales, hunt in groups to catch their food. These groups are called pods. A whale mother and her children, and even her grandchildren sometimes live in one pod.

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Hodgkins, Fran, and True Kelley. *How People Learned to Fly*. New York: HarperCollins, 2007. (2007)

When you see a bird flying, do you dream about flying too?

Do you run with your arms out, imagining that you're soaring among the clouds? Do you make paper airplanes? Do you fly kites?

If you do, you aren't alone. For thousands of years, people have dreamed of being able to fly.

They watched birds and bats soar.

They imagined people and other animals that could fly and told stories about them.

They designed machines that they thought would be able to fly.

They had many ideas. As they tried each new idea, they learned a lot.

They learned about gravity. Gravity is the force that keeps everything on the Earth's surface. Because of gravity, things have weight.

If there were no gravity, people, dogs, cats, and everything else would go floating off into space. Gravity keeps us on the ground, even if we would rather be flying.

People also learned about air. Air is made of tiny particles called molecules. When you walk or run, you push through air molecules. They push back on you, too, even though you don't really feel the push unless the wind blows.

People learned that wind could push a kite into the sky.

When air molecules push back on a moving object, that is a force called drag. You can feel drag for yourself. Hold out your arms. Now spin around. Feel the push of air on your arms and hands? That's drag. Like gravity, drag works against objects that are trying to fly.

Kites were useful and fun, but people wanted more. They wanted to fly like birds.

Birds had something that kites didn't: Birds had wings.

People made wings and strapped them to their arms. They flapped their arms but couldn't fly.

They built gliders, light aircraft with wings. Some didn't work, but some did.

The gliders that worked best had special wings. These wings were arched on both the top and the bottom. The air pulled the wings from above and pushed the wings from below. When the wings went up, so did the glider! Arched wings help create a force called lift. Lift is the force that keeps birds and gliders in the air.

Most gliders have long, thin wings. The wings create enough lift to carry the aircraft and its passengers. Gliders usually ride currents of air the same way a hawk soars.

Gliders are very light, and long wings and air currents can give them enough lift to fly. But to carry more than just a passenger or two, an aircraft needs a lot more lift. The question is: How do you create more lift?

The engine is the answer!

The engine is a machine that changes energy into movement. The forward movement that an airplane needs to fly is called thrust. More thrust makes an airplane move forward faster. Moving faster creates more lift. And with more lift, an airplane can carry more weight. So an aircraft with an engine can carry passengers or cargo.

In 1903 the Wright brothers figured out how to get wings and an engine to work together in order to give an airplane enough thrust to fly. They made the first powered flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

Since then, people have made airplanes that can fly faster than sound can travel. They have made airplanes that can fly all the way around the world without stopping.

Today, thousands of people travel in airplanes every day. People really have learned how to fly!

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Nivola, Claire A. Planting the trees of Kenya: the story of Wangari Maathai. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 2008. (2008)

Sample Performance Tasks for Informational Texts

- Students *identify* the reasons Clyde Robert Bulla gives in his book *A Tree Is a Plant* in *support* of his *point* about the function of roots in germination. [RI.1.8]
- Students identify Edith Thacher Hurd as the *author* of *Starfish* and Robin Brickman as the *illustrator* of the text and *define* the role and materials *each* contributes to the *text*. [RI.K.6]
- Students (*with prompting and support from the teacher*) read "Garden Helpers" in *National Geographic Young Explorers* and demonstrate their understanding of *the main idea of the text*—not all bugs are bad—by *retelling key details*. [RI.K.2]
- After listening to Gail Gibbons' *Fire! Fire!*, students *ask questions about* how firefighters respond to a fire and *answer* using *key details* from the *text*. [RI.1.1]
- Students *locate key facts or information in* Claire Llewellyn's *Earthworms* by *using various text features (headings, table of contents, glossary)* found in the text. [RI.1.5]
- Students *ask and answer questions about* animals (e.g., hyena, alligator, platypus, scorpion) they encounter in Steve Jenkins and Robin Page's *What Do You Do With a Tail Like This?* [RI.K.4]
- Students use the *illustrations* along with *textual details* in Wendy Pfeffer's *From Seed to Pumpkin* to *describe* the *key idea* of how a pumpkin grows. [RI.1.7]
- Students (*with prompting and support from the teacher*) *describe the connection between* drag and flying in Fran Hodgkins and True Kelley's *How People Learned to Fly* by performing the "arm spinning" experiment described in the text. [RI.K.3]

Grades 2–3 Text Exemplars

Stories

Gannett, Ruth Stiles. *My Father's Dragon*. Illustrated by Ruth Chrisman Gannett. New York: Random House, 1948. (1948).

From Chapter Seven "My Father Meets a Lion"

"Who are you?" the lion yelled at my father.

"My name is Elmer Elevator."

"Where do you think you are going?"

"I'm going home," said my father.

"That's what you think!" said the lion. "Ordinarily I'd save you for afternoon tea, but I happen to be upset enough and hungry enough to eat you right now." And he picked up my father in his front paws to feel how fat he was.

My father said, "Oh, please, Lion, before you eat me, tell me why you are so particularly upset today."

"It's my mane," said the lion, as he was figuring out how many bites a little boy would make. "You see what a dreadful mess it is, and I don't seem to be able to do anything about it. My mother is coming over on the dragon this afternoon, and if she sees me this way I'm afraid she'll stop my allowance. She can't stand messy manes! But I'm going to eat you now, so it won't make any difference to you."

"Oh, wait a minute," said my father, "and I'll give you just the things you need to make your mane a tidy and beautiful. I have them here in my pack."

"You do?" said the lion, "Well, give them to me, and perhaps I'll save you for afternoon tea after all," and he put my father down on the ground."

My father opened the pack and took out the comb and the brush and the seven hair ribbons of different colors. "Look," he said, "I'll show you what to do on your forelock, where you can watch me. First you brush a while, and then you comb, and then you brush again until all the twigs and snarls are gone. Then you divide it up into three and braid it like this and tie a ribbon around the end."

Ad my father was doing this, the lion watched very carefully and began to look much happier. When my father tied the ribbon he was all smiles. "Oh, that's wonderful, really wonderful!" said the lion. "Let me have the comb and brush and see if I can do it." So my father gave him the comb and brush and the lion began busily grooming his mane. As a matter of fact, he was so busy that he didn't even know when my father left.

From MY FATHER'S DRAGON by Ruth Stiles Gannett, copyright 1948 by Random House, Inc. Used by permission of Random House Children's Books, a division of Random House, Inc. All rights reserved. Any additional use of this text, such as for classroom use or curriculum development, requires independent permission from Random House, Inc.

Averill, Esther. *The Fire Cat*. New York: HarperCollins, 1960. (1960)
From "The Fire Cat"

Joe took Pickles to the Chief, who was sitting at his desk.

"Oh!" said the Chief. "I know this young cat. He is the one who chases little cats."

"How do you know?" asked Joe.

The Chief answered, "A Fire Chief knows many things."

Just then the telephone began to ring. "Hello," said the Chief. "Oh, hello, Mrs. Goodkind. Yes, Pickles is here. He came with Joe. What did you say? You think Pickles would like to live in our firehouse? Well, we shall see. Thank you, Mrs. Goodkind. Good-bye."

The Chief looked at Pickles and said, "Mrs. Goodkind says you are not a bad cat. And Joe likes you. I will let you live here IF you will learn to be a good firehouse cat."

Pickles walked quietly up the stairs after Joe. Joe and Pickles went into a room where the firemen lived.

The men were pleased to have a cat. They wanted to play with Pickles. But suddenly the fire bell rang. All the firemen ran to a big pole and down they went. The pole was the fast way to get to their trucks. Pickles could hear the trucks start up and rush off to the fire.

Pickles said to himself, "I must learn to do what the firemen do, I must learn to slide down the pole."

He jumped and put his paws around the pole. Down he fell with a BUMP.

"Bumps or no bumps, I must try again," said Pickles. Up the stairs he ran. Down the pole he came – and bumped. But by the time the firemen came back from the fire, Pickles could slide down the pole.

"What a wonderful cat you are!" said the firemen. The Chief did not say anything.

Pickles said to himself, "I must keep learning everything I can." So he learned to jump up on one of the big trucks. And he learned to sit up straight on the seat while the truck raced to a fire.

"What a wonderful cat you are!" said the firemen. The Chief did not say anything.

Pickles said to himself, "Now I must learn to help the firemen with their work."

At the next fire, he jumped down from the truck. He ran to a big hose, put his paws around it, and tried to help a fireman shoot water at the flames.

"What a wonderful cat you are!" said the firemen. The Chief did not say anything.

The next day the Chief called all the firemen to his desk. Then he called for Pickles. Pickles did not know what was going to happen. He said to himself, "Maybe the Chief does not like the way I work. Maybe he wants to send me back to my old yard." But Pickles went to the Chief.

At the Chief's desk stood all the firemen – and Mrs. Goodkind! The Chief said to Pickles, "I have asked Mrs. Goodkind to come because she was your first friend. Pickles, jump up on my desk. I have something to say to you."

Pickles jumped up on the desk and looked at the Chief. Out of the desk the Chief took – a little fire hat!

"Pickles," said the Chief, "I have watched you at your work. You have worked hard. The time has come for you to know that you are now our Fire Cat."

And with these words, the Chief put the little hat on Pickles' head.

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Steig, William. *Amos & Boris*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1971. (1971)

Shulevitz, Uri. *The Treasure*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1978. (1978)

Cameron, Ann. *The Stories Julian Tells*. New York: Random House, 1981. (1981)

MacLachlan, Patricia. *Sarah, Plain and Tall*. New York: HarperCollins, 1985. (1985)
From Chapter I

"Did Mama sing every day?" asked Caleb. "Every-single-day?" He sat close to the fire, his chin in his hand. It was dusk, and the dogs lay beside him on the warm hearthstones.

"Every-single-day," I told him for the second time this week. For the twentieth time this month. The hundredth time this year? And the past few years?

"And did Papa sing, too?"

"Yes. Papa sang, too. Don't get so close, Caleb. You'll heat up."

He pushed his chair back. It made a hollow scraping sound on the hearthstones. And the dogs stirred. Lottie, small and black, wagged her tail and lifted her head. Nick slept on.

I turned the bread dough over and over on the marble slab on the kitchen table.

"Well, Papa doesn't sing anymore," said Caleb very softly. A log broke apart and crackled in the fireplace. He looked up at me. "What did I look like when I was born?"

"You didn't have any clothes on," I told him.

"I know that," he said.

"You looked like this." I held the bread dough up in a round pale ball.

"I had hair," said Caleb seriously.

"Not enough to talk about," I said.

"And she named me Caleb," he went on, filling in the old familiar story.

"I would have named you Troublesome," I said, making Caleb smile.

"And Mama handed me to you in the yellow blanket and said..." He waited for me to finish the story. "And said...?"

I sighed. "And Mama said. 'Isn't he beautiful, Anna?'"

"And I was," Caleb finished.

Caleb thought the story was over, and I didn't tell him what I had really thought. He was homely and plain, and he had a terrible holler and a horrid smell. But these were not the worst of him. Mama died the next morning. That was the worst thing about Caleb.

"Isn't he beautiful, Anna?" her last words to me. I had gone to bed thinking how wretched he looked. And I forgot to say good night.

I wiped my hands on my apron and went to the window. Outside, the prairie reached out and touched the places where the sky came down. Though the winter was nearly over, there were patches of snow everywhere. I looked at the long dirt road that crawled across the plains, remembering the morning that Mama had died, cruel and sunny. They had come for her in a wagon and taken her away to be buried. And then the cousins and aunts and uncles had come and tried to fill up the house. But they couldn't.

Slowly, one by one, they left. And then the days seemed long and dark like winter days, even though it wasn't winter. And Papa didn't sing.

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Rylant, Cynthia. *Henry and Mudge: The First Book of Their Adventures*. Illustrated by Suçie Stevenson. New York: Atheneum, 1996. (1987)
From "Henry and Mudge"

Every day when Henry woke up, he saw Mudge's big head. And every day when Mudge woke up, he saw Henry's small face.

They ate breakfast at the same time; they ate supper at the same time.

And when Henry was at school, Mudge just lay around and waited. Mudge never went for a walk without Henry again. And Henry never worried that Mudge would leave.

Because sometimes, in their dreams, they saw long silent roads, big wide fields, deep streams, and pine trees.

In those dreams, Mudge was alone and Henry was alone. So when Mudge woke up and knew Henry was with him, he remembered the dream and stayed closer.

And when Henry woke up and knew Mudge was with him, he remembered the dream

and the looking
and the calling
and the fear
and he knew he would never lose Mudge again.

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Stevens, Janet. *Tops and Bottoms*. New York: Harcourt, 1985. (1995)

Once upon a time there lived a very lazy bear who had lots of money and lots of land. His father had been a hard worker and a smart business bear, and he had given all of his wealth to his son.

But all Bear wanted to do was sleep.

Not far down the road lived a hare. Although Hare was clever, he sometimes got into trouble. He had once owned land, too, but now he had nothing. He had lost a risky bet with a tortoise and had sold off all of his land to Bear to pay off the debt.

Hare and his family were in very bad shape.

"The children are so hungry Father Hare! We must think of something!" Mrs. Hare cried one day. So Hare and Mrs. Hare put their heads together and cooked up a plan.

[...]

Bear stared at his pile. "But, Hare, all the best parts are in your half!"

"You chose the tops, Bear," Hare said.

"Now, Hare, you've tricked me. You plant this field again—and this season I want the bottoms!"

Hare agreed. "It's a done deal, Bear."

LaMarche, Jim. *The Raft*. New York: HarperCollins, 2000. (2000)

Somehow, on the river, it seemed like summer would never end. But of course it did.

On my last day, I got up extra early and crept down to the dock. The air was cool and a low pearly fog hung over the river. I untied the raft and quietly drifted downstream.

Ahead of me, through the fog, I saw two deer moving across the river, a doe and a fawn. When they reached the shore, the doe leaped easily up the steep bank, then turned to wait for her baby. But the fawn was in trouble. It kept slipping down the muddy bank, The doe returned to the water to help, but the more the fawn struggled, the deeper it got stuck in the mud.

I pushed off the river bottom and drove the raft hard onto the muddy bank, startling the doe. Then I dropped into the water. I was ankle-deep in mud.

You're okay," I whispered to the fawn, praying that the raft would calm it. "I won't hurt you."

Gradually the fawn stopped struggling, as if it understood that I was there to help. I put my arms around it and pulled. It barely moved. I pulled again, then again. Slowly the fawn eased out of the mud, and finally it was free. Carefully I carried the fawn up the bank to its mother.

Then, quietly, I returned to the raft. From there I watched the doe nuzzle and clean her baby, and I knew what I had to do. I pulled the stub of a crayon from my pocket, and drew the fawn, in all its wildness, onto the old gray boards of the raft. When I had finished, I knew it was just right.

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Rylant, Cynthia. *Poppleton in Winter*. Illustrated by Mark Teague. New York: Scholastic, 2001. (2001)
From "The Sleigh Ride"

It was a very snowy day and Poppleton felt like a sleigh ride. He called his friend Cherry Sue.

"Would you like to go for a sleigh ride?" Poppleton asked.

"Sorry, Poppleton, I'm making cookies," said Cherry Sue.

Poppleton called his friend Hudson.

"Would you like to go for a sleigh ride?" Poppleton asked.

"Sorry," said Hudson, "I'm baking a cake."

Poppleton called his friend Fillmore.

"Would you like to go for a sleigh ride?" Poppleton asked.

"Sorry," said Fillmore. "I'm stirring some fudge."

Poppleton was disappointed. He couldn't find one friend for a sleigh ride. And besides that, they were all making such good things to eat!

He sat in front of his window, feeling very sorry for himself. Suddenly the doorbell rang.

"SURPRISE!"

There stood all of Poppleton's friends! With cookies and cake and fudge and presents! "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, POPPLETON!"

He had forgotten his own birthday! Everyone ate and laughed and played games with Poppleton.

Then, just before midnight, they all took him on a sleigh ride.

The moon was full and white. The stars twinkled. The owls hooted in the trees. Over the snow went the sleigh filled with Poppleton and all of his friends.

Poppleton didn't even make a birthday wish. He had everything already.

From POPPLETON IN WINTER by Cynthia Rylant. Scholastic Inc./Blue Sky Press. Copyright © 2001 by Cynthia Rylant. Used by permission.

Rylant, Cynthia. *The Lighthouse Family: The Storm*. Illustrated by Preston McDaniels. New York: Simon & Schuster, 2002. (2002)

In a lonely lighthouse, far from city and town, far from the comfort of friends, lived a kindhearted cat named Pandora.

She had been living in this lighthouse all alone for four long years, and it was beginning to wear. She found herself sighing long, deep, lonely sighs. She sat on the rocks overlooking the waves far too long. Sometimes her nose got a sunburn.

And at night, when she tried to read by the lantern light, her mind wandered and she would think for hours on her childhood when she had friends and company.

Why did Pandora accept this lonely lighthouse life?

Because a lighthouse had once saved her.

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Osborne, Mary Pope. *The One-Eyed Giant (Book One of Tales from the Odyssey)*. New York: Disney Hyperion, 2002. (2002)
From Chapter Five: "The One-Eyed Giant"

A hideous giant lumbered into the clearing. He carried nearly half a forest's worth of wood on his back. His monstrous head jutted from his body like a shaggy mountain peak. A single eye bulged in the center of his forehead.

The monster was Polyphemus. He was the most savage of all the Cyclopes, a race of fierce one-eyed giants who lived without laws or leader. The Cyclopes were ruthless creatures who were known to capture and devour any sailors who happened near their shores.

Polyphemus threw down his pile of wood. As it crashed to the ground, Odysseus and his men fled to the darkest corners of the cave.

Unaware that the Greeks were hiding inside, Polyphemus drove his animals into the cave. Then he rolled a huge boulder over its mouth to block out the light of day and imprison his flock inside.

Twenty-four wagons could not haul that rock away, Odysseus thought desperately. How will we escape this monster?

Odysseus' men trembled with terror as the giant made a small fire and milked his goats in the shadowy light. His milking done, he threw more wood on his fire. The flame blazed brightly, lighting up the corners of the cave where Odysseus and his men were hiding.

"What's this? Who are you? From where do you come?" the giant boomed. He glared at the Greeks with his single eye. "Are you pirates who steal the treasure of others?"

Odysseus' men were frozen with terror. But Odysseus hid his own fear and stepped toward the monster.

"We are not pirates," he said, "We are Greeks blown off course by storm winds. Will you offer us the gift of hospitality like a good host? If you do, mighty Zeus, king of the gods, will be pleased. Zeus is the guardian of all strangers."

"Fool!" the giant growled. "Who are you to tell me to please Zeus? I am a son of Poseidon, god of the seas! I am not afraid of Zeus!"

Odysseus men cowered in fear.

Polyphemus moved closer to Odysseus. He spoke in a soft, terrible voice. "But tell me, stranger, where is your ship? Near or far from shore?"

Odysseus knew Polyphemus was trying to trap him. "Our ship was destroyed in the storm," he lied. "It was dashed against the rocks. With these good men I escaped, I ask you again, will you welcome us?"

From Mary Pope Osborne's the One Eyed Giant © 2002 by Mary Pope Osborne. Reprinted by permission of Disney·Hyperion, an imprint of Disney Book Group LLC, All Rights Reserved.

Silverman, Erica. *Cowgirl Kate and Cocoa*. Illustrated by Betsy Lewin. Orlando: Harcourt, 2005. (2005)
From Chapter 1: "A Story for Cocoa"

Cowgirl Kate rode her horse, Cocoa, out to the pasture.

"It's time to herd cows," said Cowgirl Kate.

"I am thirsty," said Cocoa.

He stopped at the creek and took a drink.

"Are you ready now?" asked Cowgirl Kate.

"No," said Cocoa. "Now I am hungry."

Cowgirl Kate gave him an apple. He ate it in one bite. Then he sniffed the saddlebag.

Cowgirl Kate gave him another apple. He ate that in one bite, too. He sniffed the saddlebag again.

"You are a pig," said Cowgirl Kate.

"No," said Cocoa. "I am a horse."

"A cowhorse?" she asked.

"Of course," he said.

"But a cowhorse herds cows," she said.

"Just now, I am too full," he said.

Cowgirl Kate smiled. "Then I will tell you a story."

"Once there was a cowgirl who needed a cowhorse. She went to a ranch and saw lots and lots of horses. Then she saw a horse whose coat was the color of chocolate. His tail and mane were the color of caramel. 'Yum,' said the cowgirl, 'you are the colors of my favorite candy.' The horse looked at her. He sniffed her."

"'Are you a real cowgirl?' he asked. 'I am a cowgirl from the boots up,' she said. 'Well, I am a cowhorse from the mane down,' he said. 'Will you work hard every day?' the cowgirl asked.. The horse raised his head high. 'Of course,' he said, 'a cowhorse always does his job.' 'At last,' said the cowgirl, 'I have found my horse.'"

"That was a good story," said Cocoa. He raised his head high. "And now I am ready to herd cows."

Excerpted from COWGIRL KATE AND COCOA By Erica Silverman. Text copyright © 2005 by Erica Silverman. Used by Permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Poetry

Dickinson, Emily. "Autumn." ***The Compete Poems of Emily Dickinson*****. Boston: Little, Brown, 1960. (1893)**

The morns are meeker than they were.
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

Rossetti, Christina. "Who Has Seen the Wind?" ***Sing a Song of Popcorn: Every Child's Book of Poems*****. Selected by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers et al. Illustrated by Marcia Brown et al. New York: Scholastic, 1988. (1893)**

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
  The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
  The wind is passing by.

Millay, Edna St. Vincent. "Afternoon on a Hill." ***The Selected Poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay*****. Edited by Nancy Milford. New York: Modern Library, 2001. (1917)**

I will be the gladdest thing
  Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers
  And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
  With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
  And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
  Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
  And then start down!

Frost, Robert. "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." ***The Poetry of Robert Frost: The Collected Poems*****. Edited by Edward Connery Lathem. New York: Henry Holt, 1979. (1923)**

Field, Rachel. "Something Told the Wild Geese." ***Branches Green*****. New York: Macmillan, 1934. (1934)**

Hughes, Langston. "Grandpa's Stories." ***The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes*****. New York: Knopf, 1994. (1958)**

Jarrell, Randall. "A Bat Is Born." ***The Bat Poet*****. New York: HarperCollins, 1964. (1964)**

A bat is born
Naked and blind and pale.
His mother makes a pocket of her tail
And catches him. He clings to her long fur
By his thumbs and toes and teeth.
And them the mother dances through the night
Doubling and looping, soaring, somersaulting—
Her baby hangs on underneath.
All night, in happiness, she hunts and flies
Her sharp cries
Like shining needlepoints of sound
Go out into the night and, echoing back,
Tell her what they have touched.
She hears how far it is, how big it is,
Which way it's going:
She lives by hearing.
The mother eats the moths and gnats she catches
In full flight; in full flight

The mother drinks the water of the pond
She skims across. Her baby hangs on tight.
Her baby drinks the milk she makes him
In moonlight or starlight, in mid-air.
Their single shadow, printed on the moon
Or fluttering across the stars,
Whirls on all night; at daybreak
The tired mother flaps home to her rafter.
The others are all there.
They hang themselves up by their toes,
They wrap themselves in their brown wings.
Bunched upside down, they sleep in air.
Their sharp ears, their sharp teeth, their
quick sharp faces
Are dull and slow and mild.
All the bright day, as the mother sleeps,
She folds her wings about her sleeping child.

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Giovanni, Nikki. "Knoxville, Tennessee." ***Sing a Song of Popcorn: Every Child's Book of Poems*****. Selected by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers et al. Illustrated by Marcia Brown et al. New York: Scholastic, 1988. (1968)**

I always like summer
best
you can eat fresh corn
from daddy's garden
and okra
and greens
and cabbage
and lots of
barbecue
and buttermilk

and homemade ice-cream
at the church picnic

and listen to
gospel music
outside
at the church
homecoming
and you go to the mountains
with
your grandmother
and go barefooted
and be warm
all the time
not only when you go to bed
and sleep

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Merriam, Eve. "Weather." *Sing a Song of Popcorn: Every Child's Book of Poems*. Selected by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers et al. Illustrated by Marcia Brown et al. New York: Scholastic, 1988. (1969)

Soto, Gary. "Eating While Reading." *The 20th Century Children's Poetry Treasury*. Selected by Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Meilo So. New York: Knopf, 1999. (1995)

What is better
Than this book
And the churn of candy
In your mouth,
Or the balloon of bubble gum,
Or the crack of sunflower seeds,
Or the swig of soda,
Or the twist of beef jerky,
Or the slow slither
Of snow cone syrup
Running down your arms?

What is better than
This sweet dance
On the tongue,
And this book
That pulls you in?
It yells, "Over here!"
And you hurry along
With a red, sticky face.

"Eating While Reading" from CANTO FAMILIAR by Gary Soto. Copyright © 1995 by Gary Soto. Used by Permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Read-Aloud Stories

Kipling, Rudyard. "How the Camel Got His Hump." *Just So Stories*. New York: Puffin, 2008. (1902)

Now this is the next tale, and it tells how the Camel got his big hump.

In the beginning of years, when the world was so new and all, and the Animals were just beginning to work for Man, there was a Camel, and he lived in the middle of a Howling Desert because he did not want to work; and besides, he was a Howler himself. So he ate sticks and thorns and tamarisks and milkweed and prickles, most 'scruciating idle; and when anybody spoke to him he said "Humph!" Just "Humph!" and no more.

Presently the Horse came to him on Monday morning, with a saddle on his back and a bit in his mouth, and said, "Camel, O Camel, come out and trot like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Horse went away and told the Man.

Presently the Dog came to him, with a stick in his mouth, and said, "Camel, O Camel, come and fetch and carry like the rest of us."

"Humph !" said the Camel; and the Dog went away and told the Man.

Presently the Ox came to him, with the yoke on his neck and said, "Camel, O Camel, come and plough like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Ox went away and told the Man.

At the end of the day the Man called the Horse and the Dog and the Ox together, and said, "Three, O Three, I'm very sorry for you (with the world so new-and-all); but that Humph-thing in the Desert can't work, or he would have been here by now, so I am going to leave him alone, and you must work double-time to make up for it."

That made the Three very angry (with the world so new-and-all), and they held a palaver, and an indaba, and a punchayet, and a pow-wow on the edge of the Desert; and the Camel came chewing milkweed most 'scruciating idle, and laughed at them. Then he said "Humph!" and went away again.

Presently there came along the Djinn in charge of All Deserts, rolling in a cloud of dust (Djinns always travel that way because it is Magic), and he stopped to palaver and pow-wow with the Three.

"Djinn of All Deserts," said the Horse, "is it right for any one to be idle, with the world so new-and-all?"

"Certainly not," said the Djinn.

"Well," said the Horse, "there's a thing in the middle of your Howling Desert (and he's a Howler himself) with a long neck and long legs, and he hasn't done a stroke of work since Monday morning. He won't trot."

"Whew!" said the Djinn, whistling, "that's my Camel, for all the gold in Arabia! What does he say about it?"

"He says 'Humph!'" said the Dog; "and he won't fetch and carry."

"Does he say anything else?"

"Only 'Humph!'; and he won't plough," said the Ox.

"Very good," said the Djinn. "I'll humph him if you will kindly wait a minute."

Thurber, James. *The Thirteen Clocks*. Illustrated by Marc Simont. New York: New York Review Children's Collection, 2008. (1950)
From Chapter 1

Once upon a time, in a gloomy castle on a lonely hill, where there were thirteen clocks that wouldn't go, there lived a cold aggressive Duke, and his niece, the Princess Saralinda. She was warm in every wind and weather, but he was always cold. His hands were as cold as his smile and almost as cold as his heart. He wore gloves when he was asleep, and he wore gloves when he was awake, which made it difficult for him to pick up pins or coins or kernels of nuts, or to tear the wings from nightingales. He was six feet four, and forty-six, and even colder than he thought he was. One eye wore a velvet patch; the other glittered through a monocle, which made half of his body seem closer to you than the other half. He had lost one eye when he was twelve, for he was fond of peering into nests and lairs in search of birds and animals to maul. One afternoon, a mother shrike had mauled him first. His nights were spent in evil dreams, and his days were given to wicked schemes.

Wickedly scheming, he would limp and cackle through the cold corridors of the castle, planning new impossible feats for the suitors of Saralinda to perform. He did not wish to give her hand in marriage, since her hand was the only warm hand in the castle. Even the hands of his watch and the hands of all the thirteen clocks were frozen. They had all frozen at the same time, on a snowy night, seven years before, and after that it was always ten to five in the castle. Travelers and mariners would look up at the gloomy castle on the lonely hill and say, "Time lies frozen there. It's always Then. It's never Now."

White, E. B. *Charlotte's Web*. Illustrated by Garth Williams. New York: HarperCollins, 2001. (1952)
From Chapter 1: "Before Breakfast"

"Where's Papa going with that ax?" said Fern to her mother as they were setting the table for breakfast.

"Out to the hoghouse," replied Mrs. Arable. "Some pigs were born last night."

"I don't see why he needs an ax," continued Fern, who was only eight.

"Well," said her mother, "one of the pigs is a runt. It's very small and weak, and it will never amount to anything. So your father has decided to do away with it."

"Do away with it?" shrieked Fern. "You mean kill it? Just because it's smaller than the others?"

Mrs. Arable put a pitcher of cream on the table. "Don't yell, Fern!" she said. "Your father is right. The pig would probably die anyway."

Fern pushed a chair out of the way and ran outdoors. The grass was wet and the earth smelled of springtime. Fern's sneakers were sopping by the time she caught up with her father.

"Please don't kill it!" she sobbed. "It's unfair." Mr. Arable stopped walking.

"Fern," he said gently, "you will have to learn to control yourself."

"Control myself?" yelled Fern. "This is a matter of life and death, and you talk about controlling myself."

Tears ran down her cheeks and she took hold of the ax and tried to pull it out of her father's hand.

"Fern," said Mr. Arable, "I know more about raising a litter of pigs than you do. A weakling makes trouble. Now run along!"

"But it's unfair," cried Fern. "The pig couldn't help being born small, could it? If I had been very small at birth, would you have killed me?"

Mr. Arable smiled. "Certainly not," he said, looking down at his daughter with love. "But this is different. A little girl is one thing, a little runty pig is another."

"I see no difference," replied Fern, still hanging on to the ax. "This is the most terrible case of injustice I ever heard of."

Selden, George. *The Cricket in Times Square*. Illustrated by Garth Williams. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1960. (1960)
From Chapter Three: "Chester"

Tucker Mouse had been watching the Bellinis and listening to what they said. Next to scrounging, eaves-dropping on human beings was what he enjoyed most. That was one of the reasons he lived in the Times Square subway station. As soon as the family disappeared, he darted out across the floor and scooted up to the newsstand. At one side the boards had separated and there was a wide space he could jump through. He'd been in a few times before—just exploring. For a moment he stood under the three-legged stool, letting his eyes get used to the darkness. Then he jumped up on it.

"Psst!" he whispered. "Hey, you up there—are you awake?"

There was no answer.

"Psst! Psst! Hey!" Tucker whispered again, louder this time.

From the shelf above came a scuffling, like little feet feeling their way to the edge. "Who is that going 'psst'?" said a voice.

"It's me," said Tucker. "Down here on the stool."

A black head, with two shiny black eyes, peered down at him. "Who are you?"

"A mouse," said Tucker. "Who are you?"

"I'm Chester Cricket, said the cricket. He had a high, musical voice. Everything he said seemed spoken in an unheard melody.

"My name's Tucker," said Tucker Mouse. "Can I come up?"

"I guess so," said Chester Cricket. "This isn't my house anyway."

Tucker jumped up beside the cricket and looked him all over. "A cricket," he said admiringly. "So you're a cricket. I never saw one before."

I've seen mice before," the cricket said. "I knew quite a few back in Connecticut."

"Is that where you're from?" asked Tucker.

"Yes," said Chester. "I guess I'll never see it again," he added wistfully.

Babbitt, Natalie. *The Search for Delicious*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1969. (1969)
From the Prologue

There was a time once when the earth was still very young, a time some call the oldest days. This was long before there were any people about to dig parts of it up and cut parts of it off. People came along much later, building their towns and castles (which nearly always fell down after a while) and plaguing each other with quarrels and supper parties. The creatures who lived on earth in that early time stayed each in his own place and kept it beautiful. There were dwarfs in the mountains, woldwellers in the forests, mermaids in the lakes, and, of course, winds in the air.

There was one particular spot on the earth where a ring of mountains enclosed a very dry and dusty place. There were winds and dwarfs there, but no mermaids because there weren't any lakes, and there were no woldwellers either because forests couldn't grow in so dry a place.

Then a remarkable thing happened. Up in the mountains one day a dwarf was poking about with a sharp tool, looking for a good spot to begin mining. He poked and poked until he had made a very deep hole in the earth. Then he poked again and clear spring water came spurting up in the hole. He hurried in great excitement to tell the other dwarfs and they all came running to see the water. They were so pleased that they built over it a fine house of heavy stones and they made a special door out of a flat rock and balanced it in its place very carefully on carved hinges. Then one of them made a whistle out of a small stone which blew a certain very high note tuned to just the right warble so that when you blew it, the door of the rock house would open, and when you blew it again, the door would shut. They took turns being in charge of the whistle and they worked hard to keep the spring clean and beautiful.

Curtis, Christopher Paul. *Bud, Not Buddy*. New York: Random House, 1999. (1999)
(Also listed as a narrative for grades 4–5)
From Chapter 1

Here we go again. We were all standing in line waiting for breakfast when one of the caseworkers came in and tap-tap-taped down the line. Uh-oh, this meant bad news, either they'd found a foster home for somebody or somebody was about to get paddled. All the kids watched the woman as she moved along the line, her high-heeled shoes sounding like little fire-crackers going off on the wooden floor.

Shoot! She stopped at me and said, "Are you Buddy Caldwell?"

I said, "It's Bud, not Buddy, ma'am."

She put her hand on my shoulder and took me out of the line. Then she pulled Jerry, one of the littler boys, over. "Aren't you Jerry Clark?" He nodded.

"Boys, good news! Now that the school year has ended, you both have been accepted in new temporary-care homes starting this afternoon!"

Jerry asked the same thing I was thinking, "Together?"

She said, "Why no, Jerry, you'll be in a family with three little girls..."

Jerry looked like he'd just found out they were going to dip him in a pot of boiling milk.

"...and Bud..." She looked at some papers she was holding. "Oh, yes, the Amoses, you'll be with Mr. and Mrs. Amos and their son, who's twelve years old, that makes him just two years older than you, doesn't it, Bud?"

Yes, ma'am."

She said, "I'm sure you'll both be very happy."

Me and Jerry looked at each other.

The woman said, "Now, now, boys, no need to look so glum, I know you don't understand what it means, but there's a depression going on all over this country. People can't find jobs and these are very, very difficult times for everybody. We've been lucky enough to find two wonderful families who've opened their doors for you. I think it's best that we show our new foster families that we're very..."

She dragged out the word very, waiting for us to finish her sentence for her.

Jerry said, "Cheerful, helpful and grateful." I moved my lips and mumbled.

She smiled and said, "Unfortunately, you won't have time for breakfast. I'll have a couple of pieces of fruit put in a bag. In the meantime go to the sleep room and strip your beds and gather all of your things."

Here we go again. I felt like I was walking in my sleep as I followed Jerry back to the room where all the boys' beds were jim-jammed together. This was the third foster home I was going to and I'm used to packing up and leaving, but it still surprises me that there are always a few seconds, right after they tell you you've got to go, when my nose gets all runny and my throat gets all choky and my eyes get all sting-y. But the tears coming out doesn't happen to me anymore, I don't know when it first happened, but is seems like my eyes don't cry anymore.

Say, Allen. *The Sign Painter*. New York: Houghton Mifflin, 2000. (2000)

"Are you lost, son?" the man asked.

"Yes . . . I mean no. I need a job," the young man stammered looking not much more than a boy.

"Tell me what you can do."

"I can paint."

"Ah, an artist. Are you good at faces?"

"I think so."

"Can you paint them big?"

"Yes."

"All right, I'm interested." The man put down the brush, and said, "Come with me."

Excerpt from THE SIGN PAINTER by Allen Say. Copyright © 2000 by Allen Say. Used by Permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Read-Aloud Poetry

Lear, Edward. "The Jumblies." *Sing a Song of Popcorn: Every Child's Book of Poems*. Selected by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers et al. Illustrated by Marcia Brown et al. New York: Scholastic, 1988. (1871)

They went to sea in a sieve, they did;
In a sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve turned round and round,
And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"

They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;
But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig:
In a sieve we'll go to sea!"

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And every one said who saw them go,
"Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve.

The water it soon came in, it did;
The water it soon came in:
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat;
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve.

And all night long they sailed away;
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown."
O Timballoo! How happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar!
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,—
To a land all covered with trees:
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,
And a hive of silvery bees;
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese.

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve.

And in twenty years they all came back,—
In twenty years or more;
And every one said, "How tall they've grown!
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Torrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore.
"And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And every one said, "If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore.

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve.

Browning, Robert. *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. New York: Knopf, 1993. (1888)

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats.
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

Johnson, Georgia Douglas. "Your World." ***Words with Wings: A Treasury of African-American Poetry and Art*****. Selected by Belinda Rochelle. New York: HarperCollins, 2001. (1918)**

Your world is as big as you make it.
I know, for I used to abide
In the narrowest nest in a corner,
My wings pressing close to my side.

But I sighted the distant horizon
Where the skyline encircled the sea
And I throbbed with a burning desire
To travel this immensity.

I battered the cordons around me
And cradled my wings on the breeze,
Then soared to the uttermost reaches
With rapture, with power, with ease!

Eliot, T. S. "The Song of the Jellicles." ***Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*****. Illustrated by Edward Gorey. Orlando: Harcourt, 1982. (1939)**

Fleischman, Paul. "Fireflies." ***Joyful Noise: Poems for Two Voices*****. Illustrated by Eric Beddows. New York: HarperCollins, 1988. (1988)**

Light
Night
is our parchment

fireflies
flitting

fireflies
glimmering

glowing
Insect calligraphers
practicing penmanship

Six-legged scribblers
of vanishing messages,

Fine artists in flight
adding dabs of light

Signing the June nights
as if they were paintings

flickering
fireflies
fireflies.

Light
is the ink we use
Night

We're
fireflies
flickering

flashing

fireflies
gleaming

Insect calligraphers

copying sentences
Six-legged scribblers

fleeting graffiti
Fine artists in flight

bright brush strokes
Signing the June nights
as if they were paintings
We're
fireflies
flickering
fireflies.

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Sample Performance Tasks for Stories and Poetry

- Students *ask and answer questions* regarding the plot of Patricia MacLachlan's *Sarah, Plain and Tall*, *explicitly referring to the book* to form the *basis for their* answers. [RL.3.1]

- Students *explain* how Mark Teague's *illustrations* contribute to what is conveyed in Cynthia Rylant's *Poppleton in Winter* to *create the mood and emphasize aspects of characters and setting* in the story. [RL.3.7]
- Students read *fables* and *folktales from diverse cultures* that represent various origin tales, such as Rudyard Kipling's "How the Camel Got His Hump" and Natalie Babbitt's *The Search for Delicious*, and paraphrase *their central message, lesson, or moral*. [RL.2.2]
- Students *describe the overall story structure* of *The Thirteen Clocks* by James Thurber, *describing how* the interactions of the characters of the Duke and Princess Saralinda *introduce the beginning of the story* and how the suspenseful plot comes to an *end*. [RL.2.5]
- When discussing E. B. White's book *Charlotte's Web*, students *distinguish their own point of view* regarding Wilbur the Pig *from* that of Fern Arable as well as *from* that of *the narrator*. [RL.3.6]
- Students *describe how the character* of Bud in Christopher Paul Curtis' story *Bud, Not Buddy responds* to a *major event* in his life of being placed in a foster home. [RL.2.3]
- Students read Paul Fleischman's poem "Fireflies," determining the meaning of *words and phrases in* the poem, particularly focusing on identifying his use of *nonliteral language* (e.g., "light is the ink we use") and talking about how it suggests meaning. [RL.3.4]

Informational Texts

Aliki. *A Medieval Feast*. New York: HarperCollins, 1986. (1983)

It was announced from the palace that the King would soon make a long journey.

On the way to his destination, the King and his party would spend a few nights at Camdenton Manor. The lord of the manor knew what this meant. The king traveled with his Queen, his knights, squires, and other members of his court. There could be a hundred mouths to feed!

Preparations for the visit began at once. The lord and lady of the manor had their serfs to help them. The serfs lived in huts provided for them on the lord's estate, each with its own plot of land. In return, they were bound to serve the lord. They farmed his land, managed his manor house, and if there was a war, they had to go to battle with the lord and the King.

But now they prepared.

The manor had its own church, which was attended by everyone on the estate.

The manor house had to be cleaned, the rooms readied, tents set up for the horsemen, fields fenced for the horses. And above all, provisions had to be gathered for the great feast.

The Royal Suite was redecorated.

Silk was spun, new fabric was woven.

The Royal Crest was embroidered on linen and painted on the King's chair.

The lord and his party went hunting and hawking for fresh meat.

Hunting was a sport for the rich only. The wild animals that lived on the lord's estate belonged to him. Anyone caught poaching—hunting illegally—was severely punished.

Falcons and hawks were prizeds pets. They were trained to attack birds for their masters to capture.

They trapped rabbits and birds of all kinds, and fished for salmon and eels and trout.

Serfs hid in bushes and caught birds in traps. They set ferrets in burrows to chase out rabbits.

There were fruits and vegetables growing in the garden, herbs and flowers for sauces and salads, and bees made honey for sweetening.

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Gibbons, Gail. *From Seed to Plant*. New York: Holiday House, 1993. (1991)
From "A 'From Seed to Plant' Project"

How to raise bean plants

1. Find a clean glass jar. Take a piece of black construction paper and roll it up.
2. Slide the paper into the jar. Fill the jar with water.
3. Wedge the bean seeds between the black paper and the glass. Put the jar in a warm place.
4. In a few days the seeds will begin to sprout. Watch the roots grow down. The shoots will grow up.
5. Put dirt into a big clay pot.
6. Carefully remove the small plants from the glass jar. Place them in the soil, covering them up to the base of their shoots.
7. Water them...and watched them grow.

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Milton, Joyce. *Bats: Creatures of the Night*. Illustrated by Joyce Moffatt. New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1993. (1993)

No one has lived on this farm for years.
The barn looks empty.
But it isn't!
Strange creatures are sleeping in the loft.
As the sun goes down, they take to the air.

From BATS: CREATURES OF THE NIGHT by Joyce Milton. Text © 1993 by Joyce Milton. Illustrations © 1993 by Judith Moffatt. Used by permission of Grosset & Dunlap, A Division of Penguin Young Readers Group, A Member of Penguin Group (USA) Inc. All rights reserved.

Beeler, Selby. *Throw Your Tooth on the Roof: Tooth Traditions Around the World*. Illustrated by G. Brian Karas. New York: Houghton Mifflin, 2001. (1998)

Has this ever happened to you?
You find a loose tooth in your mouth.
Yikes! You can wiggle it with your finger.
You can push it back and forth with your tongue.
Then one day it falls out.
There you are with your old baby tooth in your hand and a big hole in your mouth.
It happens to everyone, everywhere, all over the world.
"Look! Look! My tooth fell out! My tooth fell out!"
But what happens next?
What in the world do you do with your tooth?

North America

United States
I put my tooth under my pillow. While I'm sound asleep, the Tooth Fairy will come into my room, take my tooth, and leave some money in its place.

Mexico
When I go to sleep, I leave my tooth in a box on the bedside table. I hope El Ratón, the magic mouse, will take my tooth and bring me some money. He leaves more money for a front tooth.

Yupik
My mother wraps my tooth in a food, like meat or bread. Then I feed it to a female dog and say, "Replace this tooth with a better one."

Yellowknife Déné
My mother or grandmother takes my tooth and puts it in a tree and then my family dances around it. This makes certain that my new tooth will grow in as straight as a tree.

Navajo
My mother saves my tooth until my mouth stops hurting. Then we take my tooth to the southeast, away from our house. We bury the tooth on the east side of a healthy young sagebrush, rabbit bush, or pinyon tree because we believe that east is the direction associated with childhood.

Excerpted from THROW YOUR TOOTH ON THE ROOF: Tooth Traditions From Around the World. Text Copyright © 1998 by Selby B. Beeler. Used by Permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Leonard, Heather. *Art Around the World*. New York: Rigby, 1998. (1998)

Ruffin, Frances E. *Martin Luther King and the March on Washington*. Illustrated by Stephen Marchesi. New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 2000. (2000)

August 28, 1963

It is a hot summer day in Washington, D.C.
More than 250,000 people are pouring into the city.
They have come by plane, by train, by car, and by bus.

From MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. AND THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON: ALL ABOARD READING by Frances E. Ruffin, illustrated by Stephen Marchesi. Text © 2001 by Frances E. Ruffin. Illustrations © 2001 by Stephen Marchesi. Used by permission of Grosset & Dunlap, A Division of Penguin Young Readers Group, A Member of Penguin Group (USA) Inc. All rights reserved.

St. George, Judith. *So You Want to Be President?* Illustrated by David Small. New York: Philomel, 2000. (2000)

Every single President has taken this oath: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Only thirty-five words! But it's a big order if you're President of this country. Abraham Lincoln was tops at filling that order. "I know very well that many others might in this matter or as in others, do better than I can," he said. "But…I am here. I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."

That's the bottom line. Tall, short, fat, thin, talkative, quiet, vain, humble, lawyer, teacher, or soldier—this is what most of our Presidents have tried to do, each in his own way. Some succeeded. Some failed. If you want to be President—a good President—pattern your self after the best. Our best have asked more of themselves than they thought they could give. They have had the courage, spirit, and will to do what they knew was right. Most of all, their first priority has always been the people and the country they served.

From SO YOU WANT TO BE PRESIDENT? By Judith St. George, illustrated by David Small. Text © 2000 by Judith St. George. Illustrations © 2000 by David Small. Used by permission of Philomel Books, A Division of Penguin Young Readers Group, A Member of Penguin Group (USA) Inc, all rights reserved.

Einspruch, Andrew. *Crittercam*. National Geographic Windows on Literacy Series. Washington, D.C.: National Geographic, 2004. (2004)

Kudlinski, Kathleen V. *Boy, Were We Wrong About Dinosaurs*. Illustrated by S. D. Schindler. New York: Dutton, 2005. (2005)

Long, long ago, before people knew anything about dinosaurs, giant bones were found in China. Wise men who saw the bones tried to guess what sort of enormous animal they could have come from.

After they studied the fossil bones, the ancient Chinese decided that they came from dragons. They thought these dragons must have been magic dragons to be so large. And they believed that dragons could still be alive.

Boy, were they wrong!

No one knows exactly what dinosaurs looked like. All that is left of them are fossil bones and a few other clues. Now that we think that many of our own past guesses about dinosaurs were just as wrong as those of ancient China.

Some of our mistakes were little ones. When the first fossil bones of *Iguanodon* were found, one was shaped like a rhino's horn. Scientists guessed that the strange horn fit like a spike on *Iguanodon*'s nose

Boy, were we wrong about *Iguanodon*!

When a full set of fossil bones was found later, there were two pointed bones, they were part of *Iguanodon*'s hands, not its nose!

Other new clues show us that we may have been wrong about every kind of dinosaur.

Some of our first drawings of dinosaurs showed them with their elbows and knees pointing out to the side, like a lizard's. With legs like that, big dinosaurs could only waddle clumsily on all fours or float underwater.

Now we know that their legs were straight under them, like a horse's. Dinosaurs were not clumsy. The sizes and shapes of their leg bones see to show that some were as fast and graceful as deer.

From BOY, WERE WE WRONG ABOUT DINOSAURS by Kathleen Kudlinski, illustrated by S.D. Schindler. Text copyright © 2005 by Kathleen V. Kudlinski. Illustrations © 2005 by S.D. Schindler. Used by permission of Dutton Children's Books, A Division of Penguin Young Readers Group, A Member of Penguin Group (USA) Inc. All rights reserved.

Davies, Nicola. *Bat Loves the Night*. Illustrated by Sarah Fox-Davies. Cambridge, Mass.: Candlewick, 2001. (2001)

Floca, Brian. *Moonshot: The Flight of Apollo 11*. New York: Atheneum, 2009. (2009)

High above there is the Moon, cold and quiet, no air, no life, but glowing in the sky.

Here below there are three men who close themselves in special clothes, who—click—lock hands in heavy gloves, who—click—lock heads in large round helmets.

It is summer here in Florida, hot, and near the sea. But now these men are dressed for colder, stranger places. They walk with stiff and awkward steps in suits not made for Earth.

They have studied and practiced and trained, and said good-bye to family and friends. If all goes well, they will be gone for one week, gone where no one has been.

Their two small spaceships are *Columbia* and *Eagle*. They sit atop the rocket that will raise them into space, a monster of a machine: It stands thirty stories, it weighs six million pounds, a tower full of fuel and fire and valves and pipes and engines, too big to believe, but built to fly—the mighty, massive Saturn V.

The astronauts squeeze in to *Columbia*'s sideways seats, lying on their backs, facing toward the sky—Neil Armstrong on the left, Michael Collins in the right, Buzz Aldrin in the middle.

Click and they fasten straps.

Click and the hatch is sealed.

There they wait, while the Saturn hums beneath them.

Near the rocket, in Launch Control, and far away in Houston, in Mission Control, there are numbers, screens, and charts, ways of watching and checking every piece of the rocket and ships, the fuel, the valves, the pipes, the engines, the beats of the astronauts' hearts.

As the countdown closes, each man watching is asked the question: GO/NO GO?

And each man answers back: "GO." "GO." "GO."

Apollo 11 is GO for launch.

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Thomson, Sarah L. *Where Do Polar Bears Live?* Illustrated by Jason Chin. New York: HarperCollins, 2010. (2010)

This island is covered with snow. No trees grow. Nothing has green leaves. The land is white as far as you can see.

Then something small and round and black pokes up out of the snow.

A black nose sniffs the air. Then a smooth white head appears. A mother polar bear heaves herself out of her den.

A cub scrambles after her.

When the cub was born four months ago, he was no bigger than a guinea pig. Blind and helpless, he snuggled in his mother's fur. He drank her milk and grew, safe from the long Arctic winter.

Outside the den, on some days, it was fifty degrees below zero. From October to February, the sun never rose.

Now it is spring—even though snow still covers the land. The cub is about the size of a cocker spaniel. He's ready to leave the den. For the first time, he sees bright sunlight and feels the wind ruffle his fur

The cub tumbles and slides down icy hills. His play makes him strong and teaches him to walk and run in snow.

Like his mother, he cub is built to survive in the Arctic. Hi white fur will grow to be six inches thick—longer than your hand. The skin beneath the cub's fur is black. It soaks up the heat of the sun. Under the skin is a layer of fat. Like a snug blanket, this blubber keeps in the heat of the bear's body.

Polar bears get too hot more easily than they get too cold. They stretch out on the ice to cool off.

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Read-Aloud Informational Texts

Freedman, Russell. *Lincoln: A Photobiography.* New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1989. (1987)
From Chapter One: "The Mysterious Mr. Lincoln"

Abraham Lincoln wasn't the sort of man who could lose himself in a crowd. After all, he stood six feet four inches tall. And to top it off, he wore a high silk hat.

His height was mostly in his long bony legs. When he sat in a chair, he seemed no taller than anyone else. I was only when he stood up that he towered over other men.

At first glance, most people thought he was homely. Lincoln thought so too, once referring to his "poor, lean, lank face." As a young man he was sensitive about his gawky looks, but in time, he learned to laugh at himself. When a rival called him "two-faced" during a political debate, Lincoln replied: "I leave it to my audience. If I had another face, do you think I'd wear this one?"

According to those who knew him, Lincoln was a man of many faces. In repose, he often seemed sad and gloomy. But when he began to speak, his expression changed. "The dull, listless features dropped like a mask," said a Chicago newspaperman. "The eyes began to sparkle, the mouth to smile, the whole countenance was wreathed in animation, so that a stranger would have said, 'Why, this man, so angular and solemn a moment ago, is really handsome.'"

Lincoln was the most photographed man of his time, but his friends insisted that no photo ever did him justice. It's no wonder. Back then cameras required long exposures. The person being photographed had to "freeze" as the seconds ticked by. If he blinked an eye, the picture would be blurred. That's why Lincoln looks so stiff and formal in his photos. We never see him laughing or joking.

Coles, Robert. *The Story of Ruby Bridges*. Illustrated by George Ford. New York: Scholastic, 1995. (1995)

Ruby Bridges was born in a small cabin near Tylertown, Mississippi.

"We were very poor, very, very poor," Ruby said. "My daddy worked picking crops. We just barely got by. There were

times when we didn't have much to eat. The people who owned the land were bringing in machines to pick the crops, so my daddy lost his job, and that's when we had to move.

"I remember us leaving. I was four, I think."

In 1957, the family moved to New Orleans. Ruby's father became a janitor. Her mother took care of the children during the day. After they were tucked in bed, Ruby's mother went to work scrubbing floors in a bank.

Every Sunday, the family went to church.

"We wanted our children to be near God's spirit," Ruby's mother said. "We wanted them to start feeling close to Him from the start."

At that time, black children and white children went to separate schools in New Orleans. The black children were not able to receive the same education as the white children. It wasn't fair. And it was against the nation's law.

In 1960, a judge ordered four black girls to go to two white elementary schools. Three of the girls were sent to McDonogh 19. Six-year-old Ruby Bridges was sent to first grade in the William Frantz Elementary School.

Ruby's parents were proud that their daughter had been chosen to take part in an important event in American history. They went to church.

"We sat there and prayed to God," Ruby's mother said, "that we'd all be strong and we'd have courage and we'd get through any trouble; and Ruby would be a good girl and she'd hold her head up high and be a credit to her own people and a credit to all the American people. We prayed long and we prayed hard."

On Ruby's first day, a large crowd of angry white people gathered outside the Frantz Elementary School. The people carried signs that said they didn't want black children in a white school. People called Ruby names; some wanted to hurt her. The city and state police did not help Ruby.

The President of the United States ordered federal marshals to walk with Ruby into the school building. The marshals carried guns.

Every day, for weeks that turned into months, Ruby experienced that kind of school day.

She walked to the Frantz School surrounded by marshals. Wearing a clean dress and a bow in her hair and carrying her lunch pail, Ruby walked slowly for the first few blocks. As Ruby approached the school, she saw a crowd of people marching up and down the street. Men and women and children shouted at her. They pushed toward her. The marshals kept them from Ruby by threatening to arrest them.

Ruby would hurry through the crowd and not say a word.

From THE STORY OF RUBY BRIDGES by Robert Coles. Copyright © 1995 by Robert Coles. Used by permission of Scholastic Inc.

Wick, Walter. *A Drop of Water: A Book of Science and Wonder*. New York: Scholastic, 1997. (1997)

From "Soap Bubbles"

There are few objects you can make that have both the dazzling beauty and delicate precision of a soap bubble. Shown here at actual size, this bubble is a nearly perfect sphere. Its shimmering liquid skin is five hundred times thinner than a human hair.

Bubbles made of plain water break almost as quickly as they form. That's because surface tension is so strong the bubbles collapse. Adding soap to water weakens water's surface tension. This allows a film of soapy water to stretch and stretch without breaking.

When you blow a bubble, it looks somewhat like a drop of water emerging from a faucet. And just like the surface of a drop of water, the bubble's surface shrinks to form a sphere. Spheres and circles are mathematical shapes. Because they can form spontaneously, they are also shapes of nature.

From A DROP OF WATER: A BOOK OF SCIENCE AND WONDER by Walter Wick. Scholastic Inc./Scholastic Press. Copyright © 1997 by Walter Wick. Used by permission.

Smith, David J. *If the World Were a Village: A Book about the World's People.* Illustrated by Shelagh Armstrong. Toronto: Kids Can Press, 2002. (2002)
From "Welcome to the Global Village"

Earth is a crowded place and it is getting more crowded all the time. As for January 1, 2002 the world's population was 6 billion, 200 million—that's 6,200,000,000. Twenty-three countries have more than fifty million (50,000,000) people. Ten countries each have more than one hundred million (100,000,000) people. China has nearly one billion, three hundred million people (1,3000,000,000).

Numbers like this are hard to understand, but what if we imagined the whole population of the world as a village of just 100 people? In this imaginary village, each person would represent about sixty-two million (62,000,000) people from the real world.

One hundred people would fit nicely into a small village. By learning about the villagers—who they are and how they live—perhaps we can find out more about our neighbors in the real world and the problems our planet may face in the future.

Ready to enter the global village? Go down into the valley and walk through the gates. Dawn is chasing away the night shadows. The smell of wood smoke hangs in the air. A baby awakes and cries.

Come and meet the people of the global village.

Material from If the World Were a Village: A Book about the World's People written by David J. Smith is used by permission of Kids Can Press Ltd., Toronto. Text © 2002 David J. Smith.

Aliki. *Ah, Music!* New York: Harper Collins, 2005. (2003)

What is music?
Music is sound.
If you hum a tune, play an instrument, or clap out a rhythm, you are making music. You are listening to it, too.

[...]

Music through the Ages

Music grew from one century to the next. In the early and middle ages, new forms of music developed. Christianity inspired church music. Music became polyphonic—played and sung in two or more melodic parts. Notations were invented. Music was no longer a one-time performance. Now it would be written and preserved for other musicians and generations.

Used by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.

Mark, Jan. *The Museum Book: A Guide to Strange and Wonderful Collections.* Illustrated by Richard Holland. Cambridge, Mass.: Candlewick, 2007. (2007)
From Chapter One

Suppose you went into a museum and you didn't know what it was. Imagine: it's raining, there's a large building nearby with an open door, and you don't have to pay to go in. It looks like an ancient Greek temple. Temples are places of worship, so you'd better go in quietly.

But inside it doesn't seem much like any temple or mosque or church you have ever been in. That is, it looks like all of them, but the furniture is out of place. Perhaps it's a hotel; it has fifty rooms, but there is only one bed, although it is a very splendid bed. Apparently Queen Elizabeth I slept in it. Or perhaps there are fifty beds, but they are all in one room and you can't sleep in any of them. There are red velvet ropes to keep you out.

Farther down the corridor you notice a steam locomotive. It's a train station! But there is no track except for a few yards that the engine is resting on, and already you have seen something else. Across the hall is a totem pole that goes right up to the roof, standing next to a Viking ship. Beyond it is a room full of glass cases displaying rocks, more kinds of rocks than you ever knew existed, from diamonds to meteorites. From where you are standing, you can see into the next room, where the glass cases are full of stuffed fish; and the next, which is lined with shelves of Roman pottery; and the next, which is crowded with birds; and after that, lions and giraffes and pandas and whales.

It must be a zoo.

[...]

Just then you see someone walking toward you who isn't dead—you hope. He is wearing a uniform with a badge on it that reads Guide.

"Enjoying yourself?" he says.

You say, "Where did you get all this stuff?"

"All?" he says. "These are just the things we show to the public. Down in the basement there's a hundred thousand times more. Do you know," he murmurs, "we've got twenty-seven two-headed sheep?"

"But why?" you ask. "Why do you have any two-headed sheep.

"Because people give them to us," he says. "And so that you can look at them. Where else would you see one? Where else would you be able to see the mummy case of King Tutankhamun, the first plane to fly the Atlantic, the first train engine, the last dodo, a diplodocus, the astrolabe of Ahmad of Isfahan (an example of the oldest scientific instrument in the world), chicken-skin gloves, the lantern carried by Guy Fawkes when he went to blow up the British Parliament buildings, a murderer's trigger finger—?"

"But where am I?" you say. "What is this place?"

And he says, "It's a museum."

THE MUSEUM BOOK. Text Copyright © 2007 Jan Mark. Reproduced by permission of the publisher, Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA.

D'Aluisio, Faith. *What the World Eats*. Photographed by Peter Menzel. New York: Random House, 2008. (2008)

Arnosky, Jim. *Wild Tracks! A Guide to Nature's Footprints.* New York: Sterling, 2008. (2008)

"Feline Tracks"

Of all the larger predators, wildcats are the most likely to use the same trails again and again. In deep snow, their habitual routes become gully trails in which the feline tracks going to and coming from their hunting grounds are preserved, down out of the wind, away from blowing snow.

A cat's sharp retractable claws do not show in its track unless the cat has lunged to catch its prey or scratched the ground to cover its droppings. Only cats thoroughly cover their droppings.

Bobcat, lion, and jaguar paws all have three-lobed heels. The lynx, the ocelot, and the jaguarondi have single lobed-heels.

The wildcats we have in North America are, from the smallest to the largest: ocelot, jaguarondi, bobcat, lynx, American lion, and jaguar.

From Wild Tracks! A Guide to Nature's Footprints © 2008 by Jim Arnosky. Used with permission from Sterling Publishing Co., Inc.

Deedy, Carmen Agra. *14 Cows for America.* In collaboration with Wilson Kimeli Naiyomah. Illustrated by Thomas Gonzalez. Atlanta: Peachtree, 2009. (2009)

The remote village waits for a story to be told. News travels slowly to this corner of Kenya. As Kimeli nears his village, he watches a herd of bull giraffes cross the open grassland. He smiles. He has been away a long time.

A girl sitting under a guava tree sees him first and cries out to the others. The children run to him with the speed and grace of cheetahs. He greets them with a gentle touch on his head, a warrior's blessing.

The rest of the tribe soon surrounds Kimeli. These are his people. These are the Maasai.

Once they were feared warriors. Now they live peaceably as nomadic cattle herders. They treat their cows as kindly as they do their children. They sign to them. They give them names. They shelter the young ones in their homes. Without the herd, the tribe might starve. To the Maasai, the cow is life.

"*Súpa*. Hello," Kimeli hears again and again. Everyone wants to greet him. His eyes find his mother across the *enkáng*, the ring of huts with their roofs of sun-baked dung. She spreads her arms and calls to him, "*Aakúa*. Welcome, my son." Kimeli sighs. He is home.

This is sweeter and sadder because he cannot stay. He must return to the faraway country where he is learning to be a doctor. He thinks of New York then. He remembers September.

A child asks if he has brought any stories. Kimeli nods. He has brought with him one story. It has burned a hole in his heart.

But first he must speak with the elders.

Later, in a tradition as old as the Maasai, the rest of the tribe gathers under an acacia tree to hear the story. There is a terrible stillness in the air as the tale unfolds. With growing disbelief, men, women, and children listen. Buildings so tall they can touch the sky? Fires so hot they can melt iron? Smoke and dust so thick they can block out the sun?

The story ends. More than three thousand souls are lost. A great silence falls over the Maasai. Kimeli waits. He knows his people. They are fierce when provoked, but easily moved to kindness when they hear of suffering or injustice.

At last, an elder speaks. He is shaken, but above all, he is sad. "What can we do for these poor people?" Nearby, a cow lows. Heads turn toward the herd. "To the Maasai," Kimeli says softly, "the cow is life."

Turning to the elders, Kimeli offers his only cow, Enkarûs. He asks for their blessing. They give it gladly. But they want to offer something more.

The tribe sends word to the United States Embassy in Nairobi. In response, the embassy sends a diplomat. His jeep jounces along the dusty, rugged roads. He is hot and tired. He thinks he is going to meet with Maasai elders. He cannot be more wrong. As the jeep nears the edge of the village the man sits up. Clearly, this is no ordinary diplomatic visit. This is…

…a ceremony. Hundreds of Maasai greet the American in full tribal splendor. At the sight of the brilliant blood-red tunics and spectacular beaded collars, he can only marvel.

It is a day of sacred ritual. Young warriors dance, leaping into the air like fish from a stream. Women sing mournful songs. Children fill their bellies with milk. Speeches are exchanged. And now it is time.

Kimeli and his people gather on a sacred knoll, far from the village. The only sound is the gentle chiming of cowbells. The elders chant a blessing in Maa as the Maasai people of Kenya present…

…fourteen cows for America.

Because there is no nation so powerful it cannot be wounded, nor a people so small they cannot offer mighty comfort.

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Sample Performance Tasks for Informational Texts

- Students read Aliki's description of *A Medieval Feast* and *demonstrate* their *understanding* of all that goes into such an *event* by *asking questions* pertaining to *who*, *what*, *where*, *when*, *why*, and *how* such a meal happens and by *answering using key details*. [RI.2.1]

- Students *describe the reasons* behind Joyce Milton's statement that bats are nocturnal in her *Bats: Creatures of the Night* and how she *supports the points* she is *making in the text*. [RI.2.8]

- Students read Selby Beeler's *Throw Your Tooth on the Roof: Tooth Traditions Around the World* and *identify what* Beeler *wants to answer* as well as explain the *main purpose of the text*. [RI.2.6]

- Students *determine the meanings of words and phrases* encountered in Sarah L. Thomson's *Where Do Polar Bears Live?*, such as *cub*, *den*, blubber, and *the Arctic*. [RI.2.4]

- Students *explain how the main idea* that Lincoln had "many faces" in Russell Freedman's *Lincoln: A Photobiography* is *supported by key details* in the text. [RI.3.2]

- Students read Robert Coles's retelling of *a series of historical events* in *The Story of Ruby Bridges*. *Using* their knowledge of how *cause and effect* gives order to *events*, they *use* specific *language* to *describe* the *sequence* of events that leads to Ruby desegregating her school. [RI.3.3]

- Students *explain how* the *specific image* of a soap bubble and *other* accompanying *illustrations* in Walter Wick's *A Drop of Water: A Book of Science and Wonder contribute to and clarify* their understanding of bubbles and water. [RI.2.7]

- Students *use text features*, such as the table of contents and headers, found in Aliki's text *Ah, Music!* to identify relevant sections and *locate information relevant to a given topic* (e.g., rhythm, instruments, harmony) *quickly and efficiently*. [RI.3.5]

Grades 4–5 Text Exemplars

Stories

Carroll, Lewis. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Illustrated by John Tenniel. New York: William Morrow, 1992. (1865)
From Chapter 1: "Down the Rabbit-Hole"

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, 'and what is the use of a book,' thought Alice 'without pictures or conversation?'

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so VERY remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so VERY much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, 'Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!' (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually TOOK A WATCH OUT OF ITS WAISTCOAT-POCKET, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

Burnett, Frances Hodgson. *The Secret Garden*. New York: HarperCollins, 1985. (1911)
From "There's No One Left"

When Mary Lennox was sent to Misselthwaite Manor to live with her uncle everybody said she was the most disagreeable-looking child ever seen. It was true, too. She had a little thin face and a little thin body, thin light hair and a sour expression. Her hair was yellow, and her face was yellow because she had been born in India and had always been ill in one way or another. Her father had held a position under the English Government and had always been busy and ill himself, and her mother had been a great beauty who cared only to go to parties and amuse herself with gay people. She had not wanted a little girl at all, and when Mary was born she handed her over to the care of an Ayah, who was made to understand that if she wished to please the Mem Sahib she must keep the child out of sight as much as possible. So when she was a sickly, fretful, ugly little baby she was kept out of the way, and when she became a sickly, fretful, toddling thing she was kept out of the way also. She never remembered seeing familiarly anything but the dark faces of her Ayah and the other native servants, and as they always obeyed her and gave her her own way in everything, because the Mem Sahib would be angry if she was disturbed by her crying, by the time she was six years old she was as tyrannical and selfish a little pig as ever lived. The young English governess who came to teach her to read and write disliked her so much that she gave up her place in three months, and when other governesses came to try to fill it they always went away in a shorter time than the first one. So if Mary had not chosen to really want to know how to read books she would never have learned her letters at all.

One frightfully hot morning, when she was about nine years old, she awakened feeling very cross, and she became crosser still when she saw that the servant who stood by her bedside was not her Ayah.

"Why did you come?" she said to the strange woman. "I will not let you stay. Send my Ayah to me."

The woman looked frightened, but she only stammered that the Ayah could not come and when Mary threw herself into a passion and beat and kicked her, she looked only more frightened and repeated that it was not possible for the Ayah to come to Missie Sahib.

There was something mysterious in the air that morning. Nothing was done in its regular order and several of the native servants seemed missing, while those whom Mary saw slunk or hurried about with ashy and scared faces. But no one would tell her anything and her Ayah did not come. She was actually left alone as the morning went on, and at last she wandered out into the garden and began to play by herself under a tree near the veranda. She pretended that she was making a flower-bed, and she stuck big scarlet hibiscus blossoms into little heaps of earth, all the time

growing more and more angry and muttering to herself the things she would say and the names she would call Saidie when she returned.

Farley, Walter. *The Black Stallion*. New York: Random House Books for Young Readers, 2008. (1941)
From Chapter 1: "Homeward Bound"

The tramp steamer *Drake* plowed away from the coast of India and pushed its blunt prow into the Arabian Sea, homeward bound. Slowly it made its way west toward the Gulf of Aden. Its hold was loaded with coffee, rice, tea, oil seeds and jute. Black smoke poured from its one stack, darkening the hot cloudless sky.

Alexander Ramsay, Jr., known to his friends back home in New York City as Alec, leaned over the rail and watched the water slide away from the sides of the boat. His red hair blazed redder than ever in the hot sun, his tanned elbows rested heavily on the rail as he turned his freckled face back toward the fast-disappearing shore.

Saint-Exupéry, Antoine de. *The Little Prince*. Translated by Richard Howard. Orlando: Harcourt, 2000. (1943)

Babbitt, Natalie. *Tuck Everlasting.* New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1975. (1975)
From Chapter 12

The sky was a ragged blaze of red and pink and orange, and its double trembled on the surface of the pond like color spilled from a paintbox. The sun was dropping fast now, a soft red sliding egg yolk, and already to the east there was a darkening to purple. Winnie, newly brave with her thoughts of being rescued, climbed boldly into the rowboat. The hard heels of her buttoned boots made a hollow banging sound against its wet boards, loud in the warm and breathless quiet. Across the pond a bullfrog spoke a deep note of warning. Tuck climbed in, too, pushing off, and, settling the oars into their locks, dipped them into the silty bottom in one strong pull. The rowboat slipped from the bank then, silently, and glided out, tall water grasses whispering away from its sides, releasing it.

Here and there the still surface of the water dimpled, and bright rings spread noiselessly and vanished. "Feeding time," said Tuck softly. And Winnie, looking down, saw hosts of tiny insects skittering and skating on the surface. "Best time of all for fishing," he said, "when they come up to feed."

He dragged on the oars. The rowboat slowed and began to drift gently toward the farthest end of the pond. It was so quiet that Winnie almost jumped when the bullfrog spoke again. And then, from the tall pines and birches that ringed the pond, a wood thrush caroled. The silver notes were pure and clear and lovely.

"Know what that is, all around us, Winnie?" said Tuck, his voice low. "Life. Moving, growing, changing, never the same two minutes together. This water, you look out at it every morning, and it looks the same, but it ain't. All night long it's been moving, coming in through the stream back there to the west, slipping out through the stream down east here, always quiet, always new, moving on. You can't hardly see the current, can you? And sometimes the wind makes it look like it's going the other way. But it's always there, the water's always moving on, and someday, after a long while, it comes to the ocean."

Singer, Isaac Bashevis. "Zlateh the Goat." *Zlateh the Goat and Other Stories*. New York: HarperCollins, 2001. (1984)

The snow fell for three days, though after the first day it was not as thick and the wind quieted down. Sometimes Aaron felt that there could never have been a summer, that the snow had always fallen, ever since he could remember. He, Aaron, never had a father or mother or sisters. He was a snow child, born of the snow, and so was Zlateh. It was so quiet in the hay that his ears rang in the stillness. Aaron and Zlateh slept all night and a good part of the day. As for Aaron's dreams, they were all about warm weather. He dreamed of green fields, trees covered with blossoms, clear brooks, and singing birds. By the third night the snow had stopped, but Aaron did not dare to find his way home in the darkness. The sky became clear and the moon shone, casting silvery nets on the snow. Aaron dug his way out and looked at the world. It was all white, quiet, dreaming dreams of heavenly splendor. The stars were large and close. The moon swam in the sky as in a sea.

Hamilton, Virginia. *M. C. Higgins, the Great*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1999. (1993)
From Chapter 1

Mayo Cornelius Higgins raised his arms high to the sky and spread them wide. He glanced furtively around. It was all right. There was no one to see him greeting the coming sunrise. But the motion of his arms caused a flutter of lettuce leaves he had bound to his wrists with rubber bands. Like bracelets of green feathers, the leaves commenced to wave.

M. C., as he was called, felt warm, moist air surround him. Humidity trapped in the hills clung to the mountainside

as the night passed on. In seconds, his skin grew clammy. But he paid no attention to the oppressive heat with its odors of summer growth and decay. For he was staring out over a grand sweep of hill, whose rolling outlines grew clearer by the minute. As he stood on the gallery of his home, the outcropping on which he lived on the mountainside seemed to fade out from under him.

I'm standing in midair, he thought.

He saw dim light touch clouds clustered behind the eastern hills.

Bounce the sun beside me if I want.

All others of his family were still asleep in the house. To be by himself in the perfect quiet was reason enough for him to wake up way early. Alone for half an hour, he could believe he had been chosen to remain forever suspended, facing the hills. He could pretend there was nothing terrible behind him, above his head. Arms outstretched, picture-framed by pine uprights supporting the gallery roof, he was M.C. Higgins, higher than everything.

Erdrich, Louise. *The Birchbark House.* New York: Hyperion, 1999. (1999)
From Chapter 1: "The Birchbark House"

She was named Omakayas, or Little Frog, because her first step was a hop. She grew into a nimble young girl of seven winters, a thoughtful girl with shining brown eyes and a wide grin, only missing her two top front teeth. She touched her upper lip. She wasn't used to those teeth gone, and was impatient for new, grown-up teeth to complete her smile. Just like her namesake, Omakayas now stared long at a silky patch of bog before she gathered herself and jumped. One hummock. Safety. Omaykayas sprang wide again. This time she landed on the very tip-top of a pointed old stump. She balanced there, looking all around. The lagoon water moved in sparkling crescents. Thick swales of swamp grass rippled. Mud turtles napped in the sun. The world was so calm that Omakayas could hear herself blink. Only the sweet call of a solitary white-throated sparrow pierced the cool of the woods beyond.

All of a sudden Grandma yelled.

"I found it!"

Startled, Omakayas slipped and spun her arms in wheels. She teetered, but somehow kept her balance. Two big, skipping hops, another leap, and she was on dry land. She stepped over spongy leaves and moss, into the woods where the sparrows sang nesting songs in delicate relays.

"Where are you?" Nokomis yelled again. "I found the tree!"

"I'm coming," Omakayas called back to her grandmother.

It was spring, time to cut Birchbark.

Curtis, Christopher Paul. *Bud, Not Buddy*. New York: Delacorte Books for Young Readers, 1999. (1999)
(Also listed as a read-aloud narrative for grades 2–3)
From Chapter 1

Here we go again. We were all standing in line waiting for breakfast when one of the caseworkers came in and tap-tap-tapped down the line. Uh-oh, this meant bad news, either they'd found a foster home for somebody or somebody was about to get paddled. All the kids watched the woman as she moved along the line, her high-heeled shoes sounding like little fire-crackers going off on the wooden floor.

Shoot! She stopped at me and said, "Are you Buddy Caldwell?"

I said, "It's Bud, not Buddy, ma'am."

She put her hand on my shoulder and took me out of the line. Then she pulled Jerry, one of the littler boys, over. "Aren't you Jerry Clark?" He nodded.

"Boys, good news! Now that the school year has ended, you both have been accepted in new temporary-care homes starting this afternoon!"

Jerry asked the same thing I was thinking, "Together?"

She said, "Why no, Jerry, you'll by in a family with three little girls..."

Jerry looked like he'd just found out they were going to dip him in a pot of boiling milk.

"...and Bud..." She looked at some papers she was holding. "Oh, yes, the Amoses, you'll be with Mr. and Mrs. Amos and their son, who's twelve years old, that makes him just two years older than you, doesn't it, Bud?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She said, "I'm sure you'll both be very happy."

Me and Jerry looked at each other.

The woman said, "Now, now, boys, no need to look so glum, I know you don't understand what it means, but there's a depression going on all over this country. People can't find jobs and these are very, very difficult times for everybody. We've been lucky enough to find two wonderful families who've opened their doors for you. I think it's best that we show our new foster families that we're very..."

She dragged out the word very, waiting for us to finish her sentence for her.

Jerry said, "Cheerful, helpful and grateful." I moved my lips and mumbled.

Lin, Grace. *Where the Mountain Meets the Moon.* New York: Little, Brown, 2009. (2009)
From Chapter 1

Far away from here, following the Jade River, there was once a black mountain that cut into the sky like a jagged piece of rough metal. The villagers called it Fruitless Mountain because nothing grew on it and birds and animals did not rest there.

Crowded in the corner of where Fruitless Mountain and the Jade River met was a village that was a shade of faded brown. This was because the land around the village was hard and poor. To coax rice out of the stubborn land, the field had to be flooded with water. The villagers had to tramp in the mud, bending and stooping and planting day after day. Working in the mud so much made it spread everywhere and the hot sun dried it onto their clothes and hair and homes. Over time, everything in the village had become the dull color of dried mud.

One of the houses in this village was so small that its wood boards, held together by the roof, made one think of a bunch of matches tied with a piece of twine. Inside, there was barely enough room for three people to sit around the table—which was lucky because only three people lived there. One of them was a young girl called Minli.

Minli was not brown and dull like the rest of the village. She had glossy black hair with pink cheeks, shining eyes always eager for adventure, and a fast smile that flashed from her face. When people saw her lively and impulsive spirit, they thought her name, which meant quick thinking, suited her well. "Too well," her mother sighed, as Minli had a habit of quick acting as well.

Poetry

Blake, William. "The Echoing Green." *Songs of Innocence*. New York: Dover, 1971. (1789)

The sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,

And soon they all say,
'Such, such were the joys
When we all—girls and boys—
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green.'

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry:
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

Lazarus, Emma. "The New Colossus." ***Favorite Poems Old and New*****. Edited by Helen Ferris. New York: Doubleday, 1957. (1883)**

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Media Text
Photos, multimedia, and a virtual tour of the Statue of Liberty, hosted on the National Parks Service's Web site: http://www.nps.gov/stli/photosmultimedia/index.htm

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Thayer, Ernest Lawrence. "Casey at the Bat." ***Favorite Poems Old and New*****. Edited by Helen Ferris. New York: Doubleday, 1957. (1888)**

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood four to two with but one inning more to play.
And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,
A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest
Clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast;
They thought if only Casey could but get a whack at that–
We'd put up even money now with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,
And the former was a lulu and the latter was a cake;
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
And Blake, the much despis-ed, tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted, and the men saw what had occurred,
There was Johnnie safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from 5,000 throats and more there rose a lusty yell;
It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;
It knocked upon the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,

For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance flashed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped–
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand;
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the sphereoid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered fraud;
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville–mighty Casey has struck out.

Dickinson, Emily. "A Bird Came Down the Walk." ***The Compete Poems of Emily Dickinson*****. Boston: Little, Brown, 1960. (1893)**

A Bird came down the walk—

He did not know I saw;
He bit an angleworm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad—
They looked like frightened beads, I thought—
He stirred his velvet head —

Like one in danger; cautious,
I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers

And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,
Too silver for a seam,
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,

Leap, plashless, as they swim.

Sandburg, Carl. "Fog." *Chicago Poems*. New York: Henry Holt, 1916. (1916)

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

Frost, Robert. "Dust of Snow." *The Poetry of Robert Frost: The Collected Poems, Complete and Unabridged*. New York: Henry Holt, 1969. (1923)

Dahl, Roald. "Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf." *Roald Dahl's Revolting Rhymes*. New York: Knopf, 2002. (1982)

Nichols, Grace. "They Were My People." *Come On Into My Tropical Garden*. New York: HarperCollins, 1990. (1988)

Mora, Pat. "Words Free As Confetti." *Confetti: Poems for Children*. Illustrated by Enrique O. Sanchez. New York: Lee and Low, 1999. (1996)

Come, words, come in your every color.
I'll toss you in storm or breeze.
I'll say, say, say you,
Taste you sweet as plump plums,
bitter as old lemons,
I'll sniff you, words, warm
as almonds or tart as apple-red,
feel you green
and soft as new grass,
lightweight as dandelion plumes,
or thorngray as cactus,
heavy as black cement,
cold blue as icicles,
warm as *abuelita*'s yellowlap.
I'll hear you, words, loud as searoar's
Purple crash, hushed
as *gatitos* curled in sleep,
as the last goldlullaby.
I'll see you long and dark as tunnels,
bright as rainbows,
playful as chestnutwind.
I'll watch you, words, rise and dance and spin.
I'll say, say, say you
in English,
in Spanish,
I'll find you.
Hold you.
Toss you.
I'm free too.
I say *yo soy libre*,
I am free
free, free,
free as confetti.

Words Free As Confetti from the book Confetti, Poems For Children text copyright © 1996 by Pat Mora. Permission arranged with Lee & Low Books Inc, New York, NY 10016.

Sample Performance Tasks for Stories and Poetry

- Students *make connections between the visual presentation* of John Tenniel's illustrations *in* Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and the text of the story to *identify* how the pictures of Alice reflect *specific descriptions* of her *in the text*. [RL.4.7]

- Students *explain* the selfish behavior by Mary and make *inferences* regarding the impact of the cholera outbreak in Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Secret Garden* by *explicitly referring to details and examples from the text*. [RL.4.1]

- Students *describe how* the *narrator's point of view* in Walter Farley's *The Black Stallion influences how events are described* and how the reader perceives the character of Alexander Ramsay, Jr. [RL.5.6]

- Students *summarize* the plot of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's *The Little Prince* and then reflect on the *challenges* facing the *characters in the story* while employing those and other *details in the text* to discuss the value of inquisitiveness and exploration as *a theme* of the *story*. [RL.5.2]

- Students read Natalie Babbitt's *Tuck Everlasting* and *describe in depth* the idyllic *setting* of the story, *drawing on specific details in the text*, from the color of the sky to the sounds of the pond, to describe the scene. [RL.4.3]

- Students *compare and contrast* coming-of-age *stories* by Christopher Paul Curtis (*Bud, Not Buddy*) and Louise Erdrich (*The Birchbark House*) by identifying *similar themes* and examining the stories' *approach* to the topic of growing up. [RL.5.9]

- Students *refer to the structural elements (e.g., verse, rhythm, meter) of* Ernest Lawrence Thayer's "Casey at the Bat" when analyzing the *poem* and contrasting the impact and *differences* of those *elements* to a *prose* summary of the *poem*. [RL.4.5]

- Students *determine the meaning of* the *metaphor* of a cat in Carl Sandburg's poem "Fog" and contrast that *figurative language* to the meaning of the *simile* in William Blake's "The Echoing Green." [RL.5.4]

Informational Texts

Berger, Melvin. *Discovering Mars: The Amazing Story of the Red Planet*. New York: Scholastic, 1992. (1992)

Mars is very cold and very dry. Scattered across the surface are many giant volcanoes. Lava covers much of the land.

In Mars' northern half, or hemisphere, is a huge raised area. It is about 2,500 miles wide. Astronomers call this the Great Tharsis Bulge.

There are four mammoth volcanoes on the Great Tharsis Bulge. The largest one is Mount Olympus, or Olympus Mons. It is the biggest mountain on Mars. Some think it may be the largest mountain in the entire solar system.

Mount Olympus is 15 miles high. At its peak is a 50 mile wide basin. Its base is 375 miles across. That's nearly as big as the state of Texas!

Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, is the largest volcano on earth. Yet, compared to Mount Olympus, Mauna Loa looks like a little hill. The Hawaiian volcano is only 5Ð miles high. Its base, on the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, is just 124 miles wide.

Each of the three other volcanoes in the Great Tharsis Bulge are over 10 miles high. They are named Arsia Mons, Pavonis Mons, and Ascraeus Mons.

Media Text
NASA's illustrated fact sheet on Mars: http://www.nasa.gov/worldbook/mars_worldbook.html

Carlisle, Madelyn Wood. *Let's Investigate Marvelously Meaningful Maps.* Hauppauge, New York: Barrons, 1992. (1992)

Lauber, Patricia. *Hurricanes: Earth's Mightiest Storms.* New York: Scholastic, 1996. (1996)
From "The Making of a Hurricane"

Great whirling storms roar out of the oceans in many parts of the world. They are called by several names—hurricane, typhoon, and cyclone are the three most familiar ones. But no matter what they are called, they are all the same sort of storm. They are born in the same way, in tropical waters. They develop the same way, feeding on warm, moist air. And they do the same kind of damage, both ashore and at sea. Other storms may cover a bigger area or have higher winds, but none can match both the size and the fury of hurricanes. They are earth's mightiest storms.

Like all storms, they take place in the atmosphere, the envelope of air that surrounds the earth and presses on its surface. The pressure at any one place is always changing. There are days when air is sinking and the atmosphere presses harder on the surface. These are the times of high pressure. There are days when a lot of air is rising and the atmosphere does not press down as hard. These are times of low pressure. Low-pressure areas over warm oceans give birth to hurricanes.

From: HURRICANES: EARTH'S MIGHTIEST STORMS by Patricia Lauber. Copyright © 1996 by Patricia Lauber. Used by permission of Scholastic, Inc.

Otfinoski, Steve. *The Kid's Guide to Money: Earning It, Saving It, Spending It, Growing It, Sharing It*. New York: Scholastic, 1996. (1996)

Wulffson, Don. *Toys!: Amazing Stories Behind Some Great Inventions.* New York: Henry Holt, 2000. (2000)

Schleichert, Elizabeth. "Good Pet, Bad Pet." *Ranger Rick* June 2002. (2002)

Kavash, E. Barrie. "Ancient Mound Builders." *Cobblestone* October 2003. (2003)

Koscielniak, Bruce. *About Time: A First Look at Time and Clocks*. Orlando: Houghton Mifflin, 2004. (2004)

Sometime around 1440, the spring-powered clock was invented. Instead of depending on the pull of weights for power, this type of clock used a flat metal spring wound tightly into a coil. The escapement allowed the spring to unwind by turning one gear tooth at a time. With the use of a spring, smaller, truly portable clocks could be made.

The first well-known watches, made in Germany around 1510 by Peter Henlein, were so named because guards or "watchmen" carried small clocks to keep track of how long to stay at a particular duty post.

Many different skills went into making a clock, and new tools and methods were constantly being invented to make ever smaller, more complicated mechanisms that worked with greater precision.

Founders melted and poured metal into a mold to make clock parts.

Spring makers hand-forged (heated and pounded into shape) and polished steel clock springs.

Screw makers cut screws used to fasten clocks together by using a small lathe devised by a German clockmaker in 1480. Earlier, only wedges or pegs were used.

Gear-tooth cutting had been done by hand until the mid-1500s, when Giannelo Torriano of Cremona, Italy, invented a machine that could cut perfect gear teeth. Brass replaced iron for clock making.

Engravers, gilders, and enamellers decorated clock cases and dials.

Glass -making shops made and cut glass.

Woodworkers made clock cases.

Excerpt from ABOUT TIME: A First Look at Time and Clocks by Bruce Koscielniak. Copyright © 2004 by Bruce Koscielniak. Used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Banting, Erinn. *England the Land*. New York: Crabtree, 2004. (2004)
From "Living Fences"

Low fences, some of which are thousands of years old, divide much of England's countryside. These fences, called hedgerows, were fist build by the Anglo-Saxons, a group of warriors from Germany and Scandinavia who arrived in England around 410 A.D. As they gained control of sections of land, they protected their property with walls made from wooden stakes and spiny plants. Dead hedgerows, as these fences were called, were eventually replaced by fences made from live bushes and trees.

Recently, people building large farms and homes in the countryside have destroyed many live hedgerows. Other people are working to save the hedgerows, which are home to a variety of wildlife, including birds, butterflies, hedgehogs, and hares.

Hakim, Joy. *A History of US*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2005. (2005)
From Book 1: The First Americans, Prehistory to 1600; Chapter 7: "The Show-Offs"

In case you forgot, you're still in that time-and-space capsule, but you're not a baby anymore. You're 10 years old and able to work the controls yourself. So get going; we want to head northwest, to the very edge of the land, to the region that will be the states of Washington and Oregon. The time? We were in the 13th century; let's try the 14th century for this visit.

Life is easy for the Indians here in the Northwest near the great ocean. They are affluent (AF-flew-ent –it means "wealthy") Americans. For them the world is bountiful: the rivers hold salmon and sturgeon; the ocean is full of seals, whales, fish, and shellfish; the woods are swarming with game animals. And there are berries and nuts and wild roots to be gathered. They are not farmers. They don't need to farm.

Those Americans go to sea in giant canoes; some are 60 feet long. (How long is your bedroom? Your schoolroom?) Using stone tools and fire, Indians of the Northwest cut down gigantic fir trees and hollow out the logs to make their boats. The trees tower 200 feet and are 10 feet across at the base. There are so many of them, so close together, with a tangle of undergrowth, that it is sometimes hard for hunters to get through the forest. Tall as these trees are, there are not as big as the redwoods that grow in a vast forest to the south (in the land that will become California).

Media Text
"American Indians of the Pacific Northwest Collection," a digital archive of images and documents hosted by the University of Washington: http://content.lib.washington.edu/aipnw/

Ruurs, Margriet. *My Librarian Is a Camel: How Books Are Brought to Children Around the World*. Honesdale, Penn.: Boyds Mills Press, 2005. (2005)
From "Peru"

Children in Peru can receive their book in several different, innovative ways.

CEDILI-IBBY Peru is an institution that delivers books in bags to families in Lima. Each bag contains twenty books, which families can keep for a month. The books come in four different reading levels so that children really learn how to read. This project in Spanish is called El Libro Compartido en Familia and enables parents to share the joy of books with their children.

In small, rural communities, books are delivered in wooden suitcases and plastic bags. These suitcases and bags contain books that the community can keep and share for the next three months. The number of books in each suitcase depends on the size of the community. There are no library buildings in these small towns, and people gather outside, in the plaza, to see books they can check out. In the coastal regions, books are sometimes delivered by donkey cart. The books are stored in the reading promoter's home.

In the ancient city of Cajamarca, reading promoters from various rural areas select and receive a large collection of books for their area. The program is called Aspaderuc. The reading promoter lends these books to his or her neighbors, and after three months, a new selection of books goes out to each area. Books in this system are for children and adults.

And last but not least, Fe Y Alegria brings a collection of children's books to rural schools. The books are brought from school to school by wagon. The children, who are excited about browsing through the books when they arrive, are turning into avid readers.

Simon, Seymour. *Horses*. New York: HarperCollins, 2006. (2006)

Horses move in four natural ways, called gaits or paces. They walk, trot, canter, and gallop. The walk is the slowest gait and the gallop is the fastest.

When a horse walks, each hoof leaves the ground at a different time. It moves one hind leg first, and then the front leg on the same side; then the other hind leg and the other front leg. When a horse walks, its body swings gently with each stride.

When a horse trots, its legs move in pairs, left front leg with right hind leg, and right front leg with left hind leg. When a horse canters, the hind legs and one front leg move together, and then the hind legs and the other foreleg move together.

The gallop is like a much faster walk, where each hoof hits the ground one after another. When a horse gallops, all four of its hooves may be flying off the ground at the same time.

Horses are usually described by their coat colors and by the white markings on their faces, bodies, legs, and hooves.

Brown horses range in color from dark brown bays and chestnuts to golden browns, such as palominos, and lighter browns such as roans and duns.

Partly colored horses are called pintos or paints. Colorless, pure-white horses—albinos—are rare. Most horses that look white are actually gray.

Skewbalds have brown-and-white patches. Piebalds have black and white patches. Spotteds have dark spots on a white coat or white spots on a dark coat.

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Montgomery, Sy. *Quest for the Tree Kangaroo: An Expedition to the Cloud Forest of New Guinea*. Orlando: Houghton Mifflin, 2006. (2006)
From "Marsupial Mania"

Stuart Little, the small mouse with big parents, had nothing on baby marsupials. Marsupials ("mar-SOUP-ee-ulz") are special kinds of mammals. Even the biggest ones give birth to babies that are incredibly small. A two-hundred-pound six-foot mother kangaroo, for instance, gives birth to a baby as small as a lima bean. That's what makes marsupials marsupials. Their babies are born so tiny that in order to survive they must live in a pouch on the mother's tummy. The pouch is called a marsupium. (Don't you wish you had one?)

A baby marsupial lives hidden in the mother's warm moist pouch for months. There it sucks milk from a nipple like other baby mammals. One day it's big enough to poke its head out to see the world. The European explorers who saw kangaroos for the first time in Australia reported they had discovered a two-headed animal—with one head on the neck and another in the belly.

North America has only one marsupial. You may have seen it: The Virginia opossum actually lives in most of the United States, not just Virginia. South America also has marsupials. But most marsupials live in or near Australia. They include the koala (which is not a bear), two species of wombat, the toothy black Tasmania devil, four species of black and white spotted "native cats" (though they're not cats at all), and many others.

The most famous marsupials, however, are the kangaroos. All kangaroos hop—some of them six feet high and faster than forty miles an hour. More than fifty different species of kangaroo hop around on the ground—from the big red kangaroo to the musky rat kangaroo.

Excerpt from QUEST FOR THE TREE KANGAROO: An Expedition to the Cloud Forest of New Guinea by Sy Montgomery. Text Copyright © 2006 by Sy Montgomery. Used by Permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Simon, Seymour. *Volcanoes*. New York: HarperCollins, 2006. (2006)

In early times, no one knew how volcanoes formed or why they spouted red-hot molten rock. In modern times, scientists began to study volcanoes. They still don't know all the answers, but they know much about how a volcano works.

Our planet is made up of many layers of rock. The top layers of solid rock are called the crust. Deep beneath the crust is the mantle, where it is so hot that some rock melts. The melted, or molten, rock is called magma.

Volcanoes are formed when magma pushes its way up through the crack in Earth's crust. This is called a volcanic eruption. When magma pours forth on the surface, it is called lava.

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Nelson, Kadir. *We Are the Ship: The Story of Negro League Baseball*. New York: Jump at the Sun, 2008. (2008)
From "4th Inning: Racket Ball: Negro League Owners"

Most of the owners didn't make much money from their teams. Baseball was just a hobby for them, a way to make their illegal money look good. To save money, each team would only carry fifteen or sixteen players. The major league teams each carried about twenty-five. Average salary for each player started at roughly $125 per month back in '34, and went up to $500-$800 during the forties, though there were some who made much more than that, like Satchel Paige and Josh Gibson. The average major league player's salary back then was $7,000 per month. We also got around fifty cents to a dollar per day for food allowance. Back then you could get a decent meal for about twenty-five cents to seventy-five cents.

Some of the owners didn't treat their players very well. Didn't pay them enough or on time. That's why we would jump from team to team. Other owners would offer us more money, and we would leave our teams and go play for them. We were some of the first unrestricted free agents.

There were, however, a few owners who did know how to treat their ballplayers. Cum Posey was one of them. He always took care of his ballplayers, put them in the best hotels, and paid them well and on time. Buck Leonard said Posey never missed a payday in the seventeen years he played for the Grays.

Cutler, Nellie Gonzalez. "Kenya's Long Dry Season." *Time for Kids* September 25, 2009. (2009)

Hall, Leslie. "Seeing Eye to Eye." *National Geographic Explorer* September 2009. (2009)

A hungry falcon soars high above Earth. Its sharp eyes scan the ground. Suddenly, it spies something moving in the grass. The falcon dives toward it.

Far below, a gray field mouse scurries through the grass. Its dark, beady eyes search constantly for danger. With eyes on either side of its head, the mouse can see almost everything around it.

Will the mouse see the falcon in time to escape? Or, will the speedy falcon catch the prey it spied from far above? Whatever happens, one thing is clear: Without eyes, neither animal has a good chance.

Why? Eyes help many animals make sense of the world around them - and survive. Eyes can guide the falcon to dinner or help the mouse see a perfect place to hide.

Animal eyes come in many different shapes, sizes, colors, and even numbers. Yet they do the same job. They all catch light. With help from the brain, eyes turn light into sight.

Eyes work in the same way for people. Look at this page. You may think you see words and pictures. Believe it or not, you don't. All you see is light bouncing off the page. How is this possible? The secret is in the rules of light.

Light Rules

Light is a form of energy, like heat or sound. It can come from a natural source, like the sun, or artificial sources, like a lamp or a flashlight.

Light is the fastest known thing. It travels in waves and in nearly straight lines. In air, it can speed 299,700 kilometers (186,200 miles) per second. It can race from the sun to Earth in just over eight minutes! Light doesn't always travel so fast. For example, water or glass can slow light down, but just a bit.

Light may seem to break all driving speed laws. Yet there are certain rules it always follows. Light reflects, or bounces off objects. It also refracts, or bends. And it can be absorbed, or soaked up, by objects. These rules of light affect what, and how, we see.

Light! Eyes!

Imagine this scene: You're at your desk happily reading Explorer magazine. Light from your desk lamp scatters in all directions.

Light hits the page. Some bounces off the page, or reflects. It changes direction. It's a little like how sound bounces off a wall. Now some of this reflected light is traveling right toward your face. Don't duck! For you to see Explorer, some of this light has to enter your eyes. Objects become visible when light bounces off them.

Your eyes are light catchers. Yet it takes more than catching light to see an image. Your eyes also have to bend light. Here's how.

First, light hits your cornea. That's the clear covering on the front of your eyeball. The cornea refracts, or bends, light.

And Action!

Is your cornea super strong? No! Think about how light travels more slowly through water. The same thing happens in your cornea. As light passes through the cornea, it slows down. That makes the light change direction, or bend.

Next, light enters your pupil, the dark center part of your eye. It passes through your lens. The lens bends light, too. What's the big deal about bending light? That's how your eyes focus, or aim the light to make a clear image.

The image appears on your retina at the back of your eyeball. It's like a movie. Playing Today at a Theater in Your Eye: Explorer magazine! There's only one problem. The image is upside down. Luckily, your brain flips the image right side up. That's pretty smart!

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Ronan, Colin A. "Telescopes." *The New Book of Knowledge*. New York: Scholastic, 2010. (2010)

You can see planets, stars, and other objects in space just by looking up on a clear night. But to really see them--to observe the craters on the moon, the rings around Saturn, and the countless other wonders in our sky--you must use a telescope.

A telescope is an instrument used to produce magnified (enlarged) images of distant objects. It does this by gathering and focusing the light or other forms of electromagnetic radiation emitted or reflected by those objects. The word "telescope" comes from two Greek words meaning "far" and "see."

Kinds of Telescopes

There are many different types of telescopes, both optical and non-optical. Optical telescopes are designed to focus visible light. Non-optical telescopes are designed to detect kinds of electromagnetic radiation that are invisible to the human eye. These include radio waves, infrared radiation, X rays, ultraviolet radiation, and gamma rays. The word "optical" means "making use of light."

Some telescopes are launched into space. These telescopes gain clearer views. And they can collect forms of electromagnetic radiation that are absorbed by the Earth's atmosphere and do not reach the ground.

Optical Telescopes

Different types of optical telescopes gather and focus light in different ways. Refracting telescopes, or refractors, use lenses. Reflecting telescopes, or reflectors, use mirrors. And catadioptric telescopes, or catadioptrics, use a combination of lenses and mirrors. The main lens or mirror in an optical telescope is called the objective.

Refracting Telescopes. A refracting telescope is typically a long, tube-shaped instrument. The objective is a system of lenses at the front end of the tube (the end facing the sky). When light strikes the lenses, it is bent and brought to a focus within the tube. This forms an image of a distant object. This image can be magnified by the eyepiece. This consists of a group of small lenses at the back of the tube. A camera can replace or be added to the eyepiece. Then photographs can be taken of celestial objects. For many years, these cameras used film. Today most are equipped with charge-coupled devices (CCD's). These devices use semiconductor chips to electronically capture images. CCD's are similar to the devices in home digital cameras and video camcorders. However, the CCD's used by astronomers are usually extremely sensitive to light.

From Ronan, Colin A. "Telescopes." Reviewed by William A. Gutsch. The New Book of Knowledge®. Copyright © 2010. Grolier Online. All rights reserved. Reprinted by permission of Scholastic Inc.

Buckmaster, Henrietta. "Underground Railroad." *The New Book of Knowledge*. New York: Scholastic, 2010. (2010)

Sample Performance Tasks for Informational Texts

- Students *explain how* Melvin Berger *uses reasons and evidence* in his book *Discovering Mars: The Amazing Story of the Red Planet* to *support particular points* regarding the topology of the planet. [RI.4.8]
- Students identify *the overall structure of ideas, concepts, and information* in Seymour Simon's *Horses* (based on factors such as their speed and color) and *compare and contrast* that scheme to the one employed by Patricia Lauber in her book *Hurricanes: Earth's Mightiest Storms*. [RI.5.5]
- Students *interpret* the visual *chart* that accompanies Steve Otfinoski's *The Kid's Guide to Money: Earning It, Saving It, Spending It, Growing It, Sharing It* and *explain how the information* found within it *contributes to an understanding of* how to create a budget. [RI.4.7]
- Students *explain the relationship between* time and clocks using *specific information* drawn from Bruce Koscielniak's *About Time: A First Look at Time and Clocks*. [RI.5.3]
- Students *determine the meaning of domain-specific words or phrases*, such as *crust, mantle, magma*, and *lava*, and important *general academic words and phrases* that appear in Seymour Simon's Volcanoes. [RI.4.4]
- Students *compare and contrast a firsthand account* of African American ballplayers in the Negro Leagues to *a secondhand account* of their treatment found in books such as Kadir Nelson's *We Are the Ship: The Story of Negro League Baseball*, attending to the *focus* of each account *and the information provided* by each. [RI.4.6]
- Students *quote accurately and explicitly from* Leslie Hall's "Seeing Eye to Eye" to *explain statements* they make and ideas they *infer* regarding sight and light. [RI.5.1]
- Students *determine the main idea* of Colin A. Ronan's "Telescopes" and create a *summary* by *explaining how key details support* his distinctions regarding different types of telescopes. [RI.4.2]

Grades 6–8 Text Exemplars

Stories

Alcott, Louisa May. *Little Women*. New York: Penguin, 1989. (1868)
From Chapter 2: "A Merry Christmas"

"Merry Christmas, little daughters! I'm glad you began at once, and hope you will keep on. But I want to say one word before we sit down. Not far away from here lies a poor woman with a little newborn baby. Six children are huddled into one bed to keep from freezing, for they have no fire. There is nothing to eat over there, and the oldest boy came to tell me they were suffering hunger and cold. My girls, will you give them your breakfast as a Christmas present?"

They were all unusually hungry, having waited nearly an hour, and for a minute no one spoke, only a minute, for Jo exclaimed impetuously, "I'm so glad you came before we began!"

"May I go and help carry the things to the poor little children?" asked Beth eagerly.

"I shall take the cream and the muffins," added Amy, heroically giving up the article she most liked.

Meg was already covering the buckwheats, and piling the bread into one big plate.

"I thought you'd do it," said Mrs. March, smiling as if satisfied. "You shall all go and help me, and when we come back we will have bread and milk for breakfast, and make it up at dinnertime."

They were soon ready, and the procession set out. Fortunately it was early, and they went through back streets, so few people saw them, and no one laughed at the queer party.

A poor, bare, miserable room it was, with broken windows, no fire, ragged bedclothes, a sick mother, wailing baby, and a group of pale, hungry children cuddled under one old quilt, trying to keep warm.

How the big eyes stared and the blue lips smiled as the girls went in.

"Ach, mein Gott! It is good angels come to us!" said the poor woman, crying for joy.

"Funny angels in hoods and mittens," said Jo, and set them to laughing.

In a few minutes it really did seem as if kind spirits had been at work there. Hannah, who had carried wood, made a fire, and stopped up the broken panes with old hats and her own cloak. Mrs. March gave the mother tea and gruel, and comforted her with promises of help, while she dressed the little baby as tenderly as if it had been her own. The girls meantime spread the table, set the children round the fire, and fed them like so many hungry birds, laughing, talking, and trying to understand the funny broken English.

"Das ist gut!" "Die Engel-kinder!" cried the poor things as they ate and warmed their purple hands at the comfortable blaze. The girls had never been called angel children before, and thought it very agreeable, especially Jo, who had been considered a 'Sancho' ever since she was born. That was a very happy breakfast, though they didn't get any of it. And when they went away, leaving comfort behind, I think there were not in all the city four merrier people than the hungry little girls who gave away their breakfasts and contented themselves with bread and milk on Christmas morning.

"That's loving our neighbor better than ourselves, and I like it," said Meg, as they set out their presents while their mother was upstairs collecting clothes for the poor Hummels.

Media Text
Composer Mark Adamo details for an Opera America online course the process of adapting the novel to operatic form: http://www.markadamo.com/course.pdf

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Twain, Mark. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. New York: Modern Library, 2001. (1876)
From Chapter 2: "The Glorious Whitewasher"

But Tom's energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of

fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of WORK, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near, he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance—for he was personating the Big Missouri, and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat and captain and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane-deck giving the orders and executing them:

"Stop her, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling!" The headway ran almost out, and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk.

"Ship up to back! Ting-a-ling-ling!" His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides.

"Set her back on the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-wow! Chow!" His right hand, meantime, describing stately circles—for it was representing a forty-foot wheel.

"Let her go back on the labboard! Ting-a-lingling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!" The left hand began to describe circles.

"Stop the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the labboard! Come ahead on the stabboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head-line! LIVELY now! Come—out with your spring-line—what're you about there! Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage, now—let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling! SH'T! S'H'T! SH'T!" (trying the gauge-cocks)."

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said: "Hi-YI! YOU'RE up a stump, ain't you!"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

"Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing."

"Say—I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther WORK—wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't THAT work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know, is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh come, now, you don't mean to let on that you LIKE it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again—Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let ME whitewash a little."

Tom considered, was about to consent; but he altered his mind:

"No—no—I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and SHE wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh come, now—lemme just try. Only just a little—I'd let YOU, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him; Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here—No, Ben, now don't. I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you ALL of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer Big Missouri worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite, in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with—and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had besides the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jews-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass doorknob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window sash.

He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that Work consists of whatever a body is OBLIGED to do, and that Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do. And this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a tread-mill is work, while rolling ten-pins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement. There are wealthy gentlemen in England who drive four-horse passenger-coaches twenty or thirty miles on a daily line, in the summer, because the privilege costs them considerable money; but if they were offered wages for the service, that would turn it into work and then they would resign.

The boy mused awhile over the substantial change which had taken place in his worldly circumstances, and then wended toward headquarters to report.

L'Engle, Madeleine. *A Wrinkle in Time*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1962. (1962)

Cooper, Susan. *The Dark Is Rising*. New York: Margaret K. McElderry Books, 1973. (1973)
From "Midwinter Day"

He was woken by music. It beckoned him, lilting and insistent; delicate music, played by delicate instruments that he could not identify, with one rippling, bell-like phrase running through it in a gold thread of delight. There was in this music so much of the deepest enchantment of all his dreams and imaginings that he woke smiling in pure happiness at the sound. In the moment of his waking, it began to fade, beckoning as it went, and then as he opened his eyes it was gone. He had only the memory of that one rippling phrase still echoing in his head, and itself fading so fast that he sat up abruptly in bed and reached his arm out to the air, as if he could bring it back.

The room was very still, and there was no music, and yet Will knew that it had not been a dream.

He was in the twins' room still; he could hear Robin's breathing, slow and deep, from the other bed. Cold light glimmered round the edge of the curtains, but no one was stirring anywhere; it was very early. Will pulled on his rumpled clothes from the day before, and slipped out of the room. He crossed the landing to the central window, and looked down.

In the first shining moment he saw the whole strange-familial world, glistening white; the roofs of the outbuildings mounded into square towers of snow, and beyond them all the fields and hedge: buried, merged into one great flat expanse, unbroken white to the horizon's brim. Will drew in a long, happy breath, silently rejoicing. Then, very faintly, he heard the music again, the same phrase. He swung round vainly searching for it in the air, as if he might see it somewhere like a flickering light.

"Where are you?"

Yep, Laurence. *Dragonwings*. New York: HarperCollins, 1975. (1975)
From Chapter IX: "The Dragon Wakes (December, 1905—April, 1906)"

By the time the winter rains came to the city, we were not becoming rich, but we were doing well. Each day we put a little money away in our cold tin can. Father never said anything, but I knew he was thinking about the day when we might be able to afford to bring Mother over. You see, it was not simply a matter of paying her passage over on the boat. Father would probably have to go over after her and escort her across. There had to be money for bribes—tea money, Uncle called it—at both ends of the ocean. Now that we no longer belonged to the Company, we somehow had to acquire a thousand dollars worth of property, a faraway figure when you can only save nickels and dimes.

And yet the hope that we could start our own little fix-it shop and qualify as merchants steadily grew with the collection of coins in the tin can. I was happy most of the time, even when it became the time for the New Year by the Tang people's reckoning. [...]

We took the old picture of the Stove King and smeared some honey on it before we burned it in the stove. Later that evening we would hang up a new picture of the Stove King that we had bought in the Tang people's town. That was a sign the Stove King had returned to his place above our stove. After we had finished burning the old picture, we sat down to a lunch of meat pastries and dumplings.

Taylor, Mildred D. *Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry*. New York: Phyllis Fogelman Books, 1976. (1976)
From Chapter 9

"You were born blessed, boy, with land of your own. If you hadn't been, you'd cry out for it while you try to survive... like Mr. Lanier and Mr. Avery. Maybe even do what they doing now. It's hard on a man to give up, but sometimes it seems there just ain't nothing else he can do."

"I... I'm sorry, Papa," Stacey muttered.

After a moment, Papa reached out and draped his arm over Stacey's shoulder.

"Papa," I said, standing to join them, "we giving up too?"

Papa looked down at me and brought me closer, then waved his hand toward the drive. "You see that fig tree over yonder, Cassie? Them other trees all around... that oak and walnut, they're a lot bigger and they take up more room and give so much shade they almost overshadow that little ole fig. But that fig tree's got roots that run deep, and it belongs in that yard as much as that oak and walnut. It keeps blooming, bearing fruit year after year, knowing all the time it'll never get as big as them other trees. Just keeps on growing and doing what it gotta do. It don't give up. It give up, it'll die. There's a lesson to be learned from that little tree, Cassie girl, 'cause we're like it. We keep doing what we gotta do, and we don't give up. We can't."

Hamilton, Virginia. "The People Could Fly." *The People Could Fly: American Black Folktales*. New York: Knopf Books for Young Readers, 1985. (1985)

They say the people could fly. Say that long ago in Africa, some of the people knew magic. And they would walk up on the air like climbin up on a gate. And they flew like blackbirds over the fields. Black, shiny wings flappin against the blue up there.

Then, many of the people were captured for Slavery. The ones that could fly shed their wings. They couldn't take their wings across the water on slave ships. Too crowded, don't you know.

The folks were full of misery, then. Got sick with the up and down of the sea. So they forgot about flyin when they could no longer breathe the sweet scent of Africa.

Say the people who could fly kept their power, although they shed their wings. They looked the same as the other people from Africa who had been coming over, who had dark skin. Say you couldn't tell anymore one who could fly from one who couldn't.

One such who could was an old man, call him Toby. And standin tall, yet afraid, was a young woman who once had wings. Call her Sarah. Now Sarah carried a babe tied to her back. She trembled to be so hard worked and scorned.

The slaves labored in the fields from sunup to sundown. The owner of the slaves callin himself their Master. Say he was a hard lump of clay. A hard, glinty coal. A hard rock pile, wouldn't be moved. His Overseer on horseback pointed out the slaves who were slowin down. So the one called Driver cracked his whip over the slow ones to make them move faster. That whip was a slice-open cut of pain. So they did move faster. Had to.

Paterson, Katherine. *The Tale of the Mandarin Ducks*. Illustrated by Leo and Diane Dillon. New York: Lodestar Books, 1990. (1990)

Long ago and far away in the Land of the Rising Sun, there lived together a pair of mandarin ducks. Now, the drake was a magnificent bird with plumage of colors so rich that the emperor himself would have envied it. But his mate, the duck, wore the quiet tones of the wood, blending exactly with the hole in the tree where the two had made their nest.

One day while the duck was sitting on her eggs, the drake flew down to a nearby pond to search for food. While he was there, a hunting party entered the woods. The hunters were led by the lord of the district, a proud and cruel man who believed that everything in the district belonged to him to do with as he chose. The lord was always looking for beautiful things to adorn his manor house and garden. And when he saw the drake swimming gracefully on the surface of the pond, he determined to capture him.

The lord's chief steward, a man named Shozo, tried to discourage his master. "The drake is a wild spirit, my lord," he said. "Surely he will die in captivity." But the lord pretended not to hear Shozo. Secretly he despised Shozo, because although Shozo had once been his mightiest samurai, the warrior had lost an eye in battle and was no longer handsome to look upon.

The lord ordered his servants to clear a narrow way through the undergrowth and place acorns along the path. When the drake came out of the water he saw the acorns. How pleased he was! He forgot to be cautious, thinking only of what a feast they would be to take home to his mate.

Just as he was bending to pick up an acorn in his scarlet beak, a net fell over him, and the frightened bird was carried back to the lord's manor and placed in a small bamboo cage.

From THE TALE OF THE MANDARIN DUCKS by Katherine Paterson, illustrated by Diane and Leo Dillon. Text © 1990 by Katherine Paterson. Illustrations © 1990 by Diane and Leo Dillon. Used by permission of Dutton Children's Books, A Division of Penguin Young Readers Group, A Member of Penguin Group (USA) Inc, All rights reserved.

Cisneros, Sandra. "Eleven." *Woman Hollering Creek and Other Stories*. New York: Random House, 1991. (1991)

What they don't understand about birthdays and what they never tell you is that when you're eleven, you're also ten, and nine, and eight, and seven, and six, and five, and four, and three, and two, and one. And when you wake up on your eleventh birthday you expect to feel eleven, but you don't. You open your eyes and everything's just like yesterday, only it's today. And you don't feel eleven at all. You feel like you're still ten. And you are — underneath the year that makes you eleven.

Like some days you might say something stupid, and that's the part of you that's still ten. Or maybe some days you might need to sit on your mama's lap because you're scared, and that's the part of you that's five.

And maybe one day when you're all grown up maybe you will need to cry like if you're three, and that's okay. That's what I tell Mama when she's sad and needs to cry. Maybe she's feeling three.

Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that fit one inside the other, each year inside the next one. That's how being eleven years old is.

You don't feel eleven. Not right away. It takes a few days, weeks even, sometimes even months before you say Eleven when they ask you. And you don't feel smart eleven, not until you're almost twelve. That's the way it is.

Sutcliff, Rosemary. *Black Ships Before Troy: The Story of the Iliad*. New York: Delacorte Press, 1993. (1993)
From "The Golden Apple"

In the high and far-off days when men were heroes and walked with the gods, Peleus, king of the Myrmidons, took for his wife a sea nymph called Thetis, Thetis of the Silver Feet. Many guests came to their wedding feast, and among the mortal guests came all the gods of high Olympus.

But as they sat feasting, one who had not been invited was suddenly in their midst: Eris, the goddess of discord, had been left out because wherever she went she took trouble with her; yet here she was, all the same, and in her blackest mood, to avenge the insult.

All she did—it seemed a small thing—was to toss down on the table a golden apple. Then she breathed upon the guests once, and vanished.

The apple lay gleaming among the piled fruits and the brimming wine cups; and bending close to look at it, everyone could see the words "To the fairest" traced on its side.

Then the three greatest of the goddesses each claimed that it was hers. Hera claimed it as wife to Zeus, the All-father, and queen of all the gods. Athene claimed that she had the better right, for the beauty of wisdom such as hers surpassed all else. Aphrodite only smiled, and asked who had a better claim to beauty's prize than the goddess of beauty herself.

They fell to arguing among themselves; the argument became a quarrel, and the quarrel grew more and more bitter, and each called upon the assembled guests to judge between them. But the other guests refused, for they knew well enough that, whichever goddess they chose to receive the golden apple, they would make enemies of the other two.

Drama

Fletcher, Louise. *Sorry, Wrong Number.* New York: Dramatists Play Service, 1948. (1948)

[SCENE: As curtain rises, we see a divided stage, only the center part of which is lighted and furnished as MRS. STEVENSON'S bedroom. Expensive, rather fussy furnishings. A large bed, on which MRS. STEVESON, clad in bed-jacket, is lying. A night-table close by, with phone, lighted lamp, and pill bottles. A mantle, with clock, R. A closed door. R. A window, with curtains closed, rear. The set is lit by one lamp on night-table. It is enclosed by three flats. Beyond this central set, the stage, on either side, is in darkness.

MRS. STEVENSON is dialing a number on the phone, as curtain rises. She listens to phone, slams down receiver in irritation. As she does so, we hear sound of a train roaring by in the distance. She reaches for her pill bottle, pours herself a glass of water, shakes out pill, swallows it, then reaches for the phone again, dials number nervously.]

SOUND: Number being dialed on phone: Busy signal.

MRS. STEVENSON. (A querulous, self-centered neurotic.) Oh—dear! (Slams down receiver, Dials OPERATOR.)

[Scene: A spotlight, L. of side flat, picks up out of peripheral darkness, figure of 1st OPERATOR, sitting with headphones at a small table. If spotlight not available, use flashlight, clicked on by 1st OPERATOR, illuminating her face.]

OPERATOR. Your call, please?

MRS. STEVENSON. Operator? I've been dialing Murray Hill 4-0098 now for the last three-quarters of an hour, and the line is always busy. But I don't see how it could be that busy that long. Will you try it for me please?

OPERATOR. Murray Hill 4-0098? One moment, please.

[SCENE: She makes gesture of plugging in call through switchboard.]

MRS. STEVENSON. I don't see how it could be busy all this time. It's my husband's office. He's working late tonight, and I'm all alone.

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Goodrich, Frances and Albert Hackett. *The Diary of Anne Frank: A Play*. New York: Random House, 1956. (1956)

Poetry

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. "Paul Revere's Ride." (1861)

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.
Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.
Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,

Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,

From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again

Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Media Text
"The Midnight Ride," an extensive resource, including audio, images, and maps, provided by the Paul Revere Memorial Association:
http://www.paulreverehouse.org/ride/

Whitman, Walt. "O Captain! My Captain!" *Leaves of Grass*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1990. (1865)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Carroll, Lewis. "Jabberwocky." *Alice Through the Looking Glass*. Cambridge, Mass.: Candlewick, 2005. (1872)
From Chapter 1: "Looking-Glass House"

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!'

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!'
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Navajo tradition. "Twelfth Song of Thunder." ***The Mountain Chant: A Navajo Ceremony.*** **Forgotten Books, 2008. (1887)**

The voice that beautifies the land!
The voice above,
The voice of thunder
Within the dark cloud
Again and again it sounds,
The voice that beautifies the land.

The voice that beautifies the land!
The voice below,
The voice of the grasshopper
Among the plants
Again and again it sounds,
The voice that beautifies the land.

Dickinson, Emily. "The Railway Train." ***The Compete Poems of Emily Dickinson.*** **Boston: Little, Brown, 1960. (1893)**

I like to see it lap the miles,
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks;
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,
And, supercilious, peer
In shanties by the sides of roads;
And then a quarry pare

To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while
In horrid, hooting stanza;
Then chase itself down hill

And neigh like Boanerges;
Then, punctual as a star,
Stop—docile and omnipotent—
At its own stable door.

Yeats, William Butler. "The Song of Wandering Aengus." ***W. B. Yeats Selected Poetry.*** **London: Macmillan, 1962. (1899)**

I WENT out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And someone called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

Frost, Robert. "The Road Not Taken." ***The Poetry of Robert Frost: The Collected Poems*****. Edited by Edward Connery Lathem. New York: Henry Holt, 1979. (1915)**

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Sandburg, Carl. "Chicago." ***Chicago Poems*****. New York: Henry Holt, 1916. (1916)**

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen
the gunman kill and go free to kill again.
And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and
children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.
And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city,
and I give them back the sneer and say to them:
Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive
and coarse and strong and cunning.
Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold
slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;
Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted
against the wilderness,
Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding,
Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs
the heart of the people,
Laughing!
Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked,
sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

Hughes, Langston. "I, Too, Sing America." ***The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes.*** **New York: Knopf, 1994. (1925)**

Neruda, Pablo. "The Book of Questions." ***The Book of Questions*****. Translated by William O'Daly. Port Townsend, Wash.: Copper Canyon Press, 1991. (1973)**

Soto, Gary. "Oranges." ***Black Hair*****. Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1985. (1985)**

Giovanni, Nikki. "A Poem for My Librarian, Mrs. Long." ***Acolytes*****. New York: William Morrow, 2007. (2007)**

A Poem for My Librarian, Mrs. Long
(You never know what troubled little girl needs a book)

At a time when there was not tv before 3:00 P.M.
And on Sunday none until 5:00
We sat on the front porches watching
The jfg sign go on and off greeting
The neighbors, discussion the political
Situation congratulating the preacher
On his sermon
There was always the radio which brought us
Songs from wlac in nashville and what we would now call
Easy listening or smooth jazz but when I listened
Late at night with my portable (that I was so proud of)
Tucked under my pillow
I heard nat king cole and matt dennis, june christy and ella fitzgerald
And sometimes sarah vaughan sing black coffee
Which I now drink
It was just called music

There was a bookstore uptown on gay street
Which I visited and inhaled that wonderful odor
Of new books
Even today I read hardcover as a preference paperback only
As a last resort

And up the hill on vine street

(The main black corridor) sat our carnegie library
Mrs. Long always glad to see you
The stereoscope always ready to show you faraway
Places to dream about

Mrs. Long asking what are you looking for today
When I wanted Leaves of Grass or alfred north whitehead
She would go to the big library uptown and I now know
Hat in hand to ask to borrow so that I might borrow

Probably they said something humiliating since southern
Whites like to humiliate southern blacks

But she nonetheless brought the books
Back and I held them to my chest
Close to my heart
And happily skipped back to grandmother's house
Where I would sit on the front porch
In a gray glider and dream of a world
Far away

I love the world where I was
I was safe and warm and grandmother gave me neck kissed
When I was on my way to bed

But there was a world
Somewhere
Out there
And Mrs. Long opened that wardrobe
But no lions or witches scared me
I went through
Knowing there would be
Spring

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Sample Performance Tasks for Stories, Drama, and Poetry

- Students *summarize the development* of the morality of Tom Sawyer in Mark Twain's novel of the same name and analyze its connection to themes of accountability and authenticity by noting how it is conveyed *through characters, setting, and plot*. [RL.8.2]

- Students *compare and contrast* Laurence Yep's *fictional portrayal of* Chinese immigrants in turn-of-the-twentieth-century San Francisco in *Dragonwings* to *historical accounts of the same period* (using materials detailing the 1906 San Francisco earthquake) in order to glean a deeper *understanding* of *how authors use or alter historical sources* to create a sense of *time* and *place* as well as make fictional *characters* lifelike and real. [RL.7.9]

- Students *cite explicit textual evidence* as well as draw *inferences* about the drake and the duck from Katherine Paterson's *The Tale of the Mandarin Ducks to support* their *analysis* of the perils of vanity. [RL.6.1]

- Students *explain how* Sandra Cisneros's choice of words *develops the point of view of the* young *speaker in* her story "Eleven." [RL.6.6]

- Students *analyze* how the playwright Louise Fletcher uses *particular elements of drama* (e.g., setting and dialogue) to create dramatic tension in her play *Sorry, Wrong Number*. [RL.7.3]

- Students *compare and contrast* the effect Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's *poem* "Paul Revere's Ride" has on them to the effect they experience from a *multimedia* dramatization of the event presented in an interactive digital map (http://www.paulreverehouse.org/ride/), *analyzing* the impact of different *techniques* employed that are *unique to each medium*. [RL.6.7]

- Students *analyze* Walt Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain!" to uncover the poem's *analogies* and *allusions*. They *analyze the impact of specific word choices* by Whitman, such as *rack* and *grim*, and *determine* how they contribute to the overall *meaning and tone* of the poem. [RL.8.4]

- Students *analyze how* the opening *stanza* of Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken" *structures* the rhythm and meter for the poem and how the *themes* introduced by the speaker *develop* over the course *of the text*. [RL.6.5]

Informational Texts: English Language Arts

Adams, John. "Letter on Thomas Jefferson." ***Adams on Adams.*** **Edited by Paul M. Zall. Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 2004. (1776)**
From Chapter 6: "Declaring Independence 1775–1776"

Mr. Jefferson came into Congress, in June, 1775, and brought with him a reputation for literature, science, science, and a happy talent of composition. Writings of his were handed about, remarkable for the peculiar felicity of expression. Though a silent member in Congress, he was so prompt, frank, explicit, and decisive upon committees and in conversation, not even Samuel Adams was more so, that he soon seized upon my heart; and upon this occasion I gave him my vote, and did all in my power to procure the votes of others. I think he had one more vote than any other, and that placed him at the head of the committee. I had the next highest number, and that placed me second. The committee met, discussed the subject, and then appointed Mr. Jefferson and me to make the draught, I suppose because we were the two first on the list.

The subcommittee met. Jefferson proposed to me to make the draft. I said, 'I will not.'

'You should do it.'

'Oh! no.'

'Why will you not? You ought to do it.'

'I will not.'

'Why?'

'Reasons enough.'

'What can be your reasons?'

'Reason first, you are a Virginian, and a Virginian ought to appear at the head of this business. Reason second, I am obnoxious, suspected, and unpopular. You are very much otherwise. Reason third, you can write ten times better than I can.'

'Well,' said Jefferson, 'if you are decided, I will do as well as I can.'

'Very well. When you have drawn it up, we will have a meeting.'

Media Text
Adams Family Papers: An Electronic Archive, hosted by the Massachusetts Historical Society, includes transcriptions of letters between John and Abigail Adams as well as John Adams's diary and autobiography: http://www.masshist.org/digitaladams/aea/index.html

Douglass, Frederick. ***Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass an American Slave, Written by Himself*****. Boston: Anti-Slavery Office, 1845. (1845)**

The plan which I adopted, and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all the little white boys whom I met in the street. As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers. With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read. When I was sent of errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my

return. I used also to carry bread with me, enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome; for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in our neighborhood. This bread I used to bestow upon the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them; but prudence forbids;—not that it would injure me, but it might embarrass them; for it is almost an unpardonable offence to teach slaves to read in this Christian country. It is enough to say of the dear little fellows, that they lived on Philpot Street, very near Durgin and Bailey's ship-yard. I used to talk this matter of slavery over with them. I would sometimes say to them, I wished I could be as free as they would be when they got to be men. "You will be free as soon as you are twenty-one, but I am a slave for life! Have not I as good a right to be free as you have?" These words used to trouble them; they would express for me the liveliest sympathy, and console me with the hope that something would occur by which I might be free.

I was now about twelve years old, and the thought of being a slave for life began to bear heavily upon my heart. Just about this time, I got hold of a book entitled "The Columbian Orator." Every opportunity I got, I used to read this book. Among much of other interesting matter, I found in it a dialogue between a master and his slave. The slave was represented as having run away from his master three times. The dialogue represented the conversation which took place between them, when the slave was retaken the third time. In this dialogue, the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. The slave was made to say some very smart as well as impressive things in reply to his master—things which had the desired though unexpected effect; for the conversation resulted in the voluntary emancipation of the slave on the part of the master.

In the same book, I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my mind, and died away for want of utterance. The moral which I gained from the dialogue was the power of truth over the conscience of even a slaveholder. What I got from Sheridan was a bold denunciation of slavery, and a powerful vindication of human rights. The reading of these documents enabled me to utter my thoughts, and to meet the arguments brought forward to sustain slavery; but while they relieved me of one difficulty, they brought on another even more painful than the one of which I was relieved. The more I read, the more I was led to abhor and detest my enslavers. I could regard them in no other light than a band of successful robbers, who had left their homes, and gone to Africa, and stolen us from our homes, and in a strange land reduced us to slavery. I loathed them as being the meanest as well as the most wicked of men. As I read and contemplated the subject, behold! that very discontentment which Master Hugh had predicted would follow my learning to read had already come, to torment and sting my soul to unutterable anguish. As I writhed under it, I would at times feel that learning to read had been a curse rather than a blessing. It had given me a view of my wretched condition, without the remedy. It opened my eyes to the horrible pit, but to no ladder upon which to get out. In moments of agony, I envied my fellow-slaves for their stupidity. I have often wished myself a beast. I preferred the condition of the meanest reptile to my own. Any thing, no matter what, to get rid of thinking! It was this everlasting thinking of my condition that tormented me. There was no getting rid of it. It was pressed upon me by every object within sight or hearing, animate or inanimate. The silver trump of freedom had roused my soul to eternal wakefulness. Freedom now appeared, to disappear no more forever. It was heard in every sound, and seen in every thing. It was ever present to torment me with a sense of my wretched condition. I saw nothing without seeing it, I heard nothing without hearing it, and felt nothing without feeling it. It looked from every star, it smiled in every calm, breathed in every wind, and moved in every storm.

Churchill, Winston. "Blood, Toil, Tears and Sweat: Address to Parliament on May 13th, 1940." ***Lend Me Your Ears: Great Speeches in History, 3rd Edition*****. Edited by William Safire. New York: W. W. Norton, 2004. (1940)**
From "Winston Churchill Braces Britons to Their Task"

I say to the House as I said to ministers who have joined this government, I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat. We have before us an ordeal of the most grievous kind. We have before us many, many months of struggle and suffering.

You ask, what is our policy? I say it is to wage war by land, sea, and air. War with all our might and with all the strength God has given us, and to wage war against a monstrous tyranny never surpassed in the dark and lamentable catalogue of human crime. That is our policy.

You ask, what is our aim? I can answer in one word. It is victory. Victory at all costs - Victory in spite of all terrors - Victory, however long and hard the road may be, for without victory there is no survival.

I take up my task in buoyancy and hope. I feel sure that our cause will not be suffered to fail among men. I feel entitled at this juncture, at this time, to claim the aid of all and to say, "Come then, let us go forward together with our united strength."

Petry, Ann. *Harriet Tubman: Conductor on the Underground Railroad*. New York: HarperCollins, 1983. (1955)
From Chapter 3: "Six Years Old"

By the time Harriet Ross was six years old, she had unconsciously absorbed many kinds of knowledge, almost with the air she breathed. She could not, for example, have said how or at what moment she knew that she was a slave.

She knew that her brothers and sisters, her father and mother, and all the other people who lived in the quarter, men, women and children were slaves.

She had been taught to say, "Yes, Missus," "No, Missus," to white women, "Yes, Mas'r," "No, Mas'r" to white men. Or, "Yes, sah," "No, sah."

At the same time someone had taught her where to look for the North Star, the star that stayed constant, not rising in the east and setting in the west as the other stars appeared to do; and told her that anyone walking toward the North could use that star as a guide.

She knew about fear, too. Sometimes at night, or during the day, she heard the furious galloping of horses, not just one horse, several horses, thud of the hoofbeats along the road, jingle of harness. She saw the grown folks freeze into stillness, not moving, scarcely breathing, while they listened. She could not remember who first told her that those furious hoofbeats meant that patrollers were going in pursuit of a runaway. Only the slaves said patterollers, whispering the word.

Steinbeck, John. *Travels with Charley: In Search of America*. New York: Penguin, 1997. (1962)
From pages 27–28

I soon discovered that if a wayfaring stranger wishes to eavesdrop on a local population the places for him to slip in and hold his peace are bars and churches. But some New England towns don't have bars, and church is only on Sunday. A good alternative is the roadside restaurant where men gather for breakfast before going to work or going hunting. To find these places inhabited one must get up very early. And there is a drawback even to this. Early-rising men not only do not talk much to strangers, they barely talk to one another. Breakfast conversation is limited to a series of laconic grunts. The natural New England taciturnity reaches its glorious perfection at breakfast.

[...]

I am not normally a breakfast eater, but here I had to be or I wouldn't see anybody unless I stopped for gas. At the first lighted roadside restaurant I pulled in and took my seat at a counter. The customers were folded over their coffee cups like ferns. A normal conversation is as follows:

WAITRESS: "Same?"

CUSTOMER: "Yep."

WAITRESS: "Cold enough for you?"

CUSTOMER: "Yep."

(Ten minutes.)

WAITRESS: "Refill?"

CUSTOMER: "Yep."

This is a really talkative customer.

Sample Performance Tasks for Informational Texts: English Language Arts

- Students *determine* the *point of view* of John Adams in his "Letter on Thomas Jefferson" and *analyze how* he *distinguishes* his position *from* an alternative approach articulated by Thomas Jefferson. [RI.7.6]

- Students *provide an objective summary of* Frederick Douglass's Narrative. They *analyze* how *the central idea* regarding the evils of slavery is *conveyed through supporting ideas* and *developed over the course of the text*. [RI.8.2]

- Students *trace* the line of *argument* in Winston Churchill's "Blood, Toil, Tears and Sweat" address to Parliament and *evaluate* his *specific claims* and opinions *in the text*, *distinguishing* which *claims* are *supported by* facts, *reasons, and evidence*, and which *are not*. [RI.6.8]

- Students *analyze in detail how* the early years of Harriet Tubman (as related by author Ann Petry) contributed to her later becoming a conductor on the Underground Railroad, attending to how the author *introduces, illustrates, and elaborates* upon the events in Tubman's life. [RI.6.3]

- Students *determine* the *figurative and connotative meanings* of *words* such as *wayfaring, laconic*, and *taciturnity* as well as of *phrases* such as *hold his peace* in John Steinbeck's *Travels with Charley: In Search of America*. They *analyze* how Steinbeck's *specific word choices* and diction impact the *meaning and tone* of his writing and the characterization of the individuals and places he describes. [RI.7.4]

Informational Texts: History/Social Studies

United States. Preamble and First Amendment to the United States Constitution. (1787, 1791)

Preamble

We, the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States of America.

Amendment I

Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

Lord, Walter. *A Night to Remember.* New York: Henry Holt, 1955. (1955)

Isaacson, Phillip. *A Short Walk through the Pyramids and through the World of Art*. New York: Knopf, 1993. (1993)
From Chapter 1

At Giza, a few miles north of Saqqara, sit three great pyramids, each named for the king – or Pharaoh – during whose reign it was built. No other buildings are so well known, yet the first sight of them sitting in their field is breathtaking. When you walk among them, you walk in a place made for giants. They seem too large to have been made by human beings, too perfect to have been formed by nature, and when the sun is overhead, not solid enough to be attached to the sand. In the minutes before sunrise, they are the color of faded roses, and when the last rays of the desert sun touch them, they turn to amber. But whatever the light, their broad proportions, the beauty of the limestone, and the care with which it is fitted into place create three unforgettable works of art.

What do we learn about art when we look at the pyramids?

First, when all of the things that go into a work – its components – complement one another, they create and object that has a certain spirit, and we can call that spirit harmony. The pyramids are harmonious because limestone, a warm, quiet material, is a cordial companion for a simple, logical, pleasing shape. In fact, the stone and the shape are so comfortable with each other that the pyramids seem inevitable – as though they were bound to have the form, color, and texture that they do have.

From A SHORT WALK AROUND THE PYRAMIDS & THROUGH THE WORLD OF ART by Philip M. Isaacson, copyright © 1993 by Philip M. Isaacson. Used by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, an imprint of Random House Children's Books, a division of Random House, Inc. All rights reserved. Any additional use of this text, such as for classroom use or curriculum development, requires independent permission from Random House, Inc.

Media Text
National Geographic mini-site on the pyramids, which includes diagrams, pictures, and a time line:
http://www.nationalgeographic.com/pyramids/pyramids.html

Murphy, Jim. *The Great Fire*. New York: Scholastic, 1995. (1995)
From Chapter 1: "A City Ready to Burn"

Chicago in 1871 was a city ready to burn. The city boasted having 59,500 buildings, many of them—such as the Courthouse and the Tribune Building—large and ornately decorated. The trouble was that about two-thirds of all these structures were made entirely of wood. Many of the remaining buildings (even the ones proclaimed to be "fireproof") looked solid, but were actually jerrybuilt affairs; the stone or brick exteriors hid wooden frames and floors, all topped with highly flammable tar or shingle roofs. It was also a common practice to disguise wood as another kind of building material. The fancy exterior decorations on just about every building were carved from wood, then painted to look like stone or marble. Most churches had steeples that appeared to be solid from the street, but a closer inspection would reveal a wooden framework covered with cleverly painted copper or tin.

The situation was worst in the middle-class and poorer districts. Lot sizes were small, and owners usually filled them up with cottages, barns, sheds, and outhouses—all made of fast-burning wood, naturally. Because both Patrick and Catherine O'Leary worked, they were able to put a large addition on their cottage despite a lot size of just 25 by 100 feet. Interspersed in these residential areas were a variety of businesses—paint factories, lumberyards, distilleries, gasworks, mills, furniture manufacturers, warehouses, and coal distributors.

Wealthier districts were by no means free of fire hazards. Stately stone and brick homes had wood interiors, and stood side by side with smaller wood-frame houses. Wooden stables and other storage buildings were common, and trees lined the streets and filled the yards.

Media Text
The Great Chicago Fire, an exhibit created by the Chicago Historical Society that includes essays and images:
http://www.chicagohs.org/fire/intro/gcf-index.html

Greenberg, Jan, and Sandra Jordan. *Vincent Van Gogh: Portrait of an Artist*. New York: Random House, 2001. (2001)
From Chapter 1: "A Brabant Boy 1853–75"

I have nature and art and poetry, if that is not enough what is?
—Letter to Theo, January 1874

On March 30, 1853, the handsome, soberly dressed Reverend Theodorus van Gogh entered the ancient town hall of Groot-Zundert, in the Brabant, a province of the Netherlands. He opened the birth register to number twenty-nine, where exactly one year earlier he had sadly written "Vincent Willem van Gogh, stillborn." Beside the inscription he wrote again "Vincent Willem van Gogh," the name of his new, healthy son, who was sleeping soundly next to his mother in the tiny parsonage across the square. The baby's arrival was an answered prayer for the still-grieving family.

The first Vincent lay buried in a tiny grave by the door of the church where Pastor van Gogh preached. The Vincent who lived grew to be a sturdy redheaded boy. Every Sunday on his way to church, young Vincent would pass the headstone carved with the name he shared. Did he feel as if his dead brother where the rightful Vincent, the one who would remain perfect in his parents' hearts, and that he was merely an unsatisfactory replacement? That might have been one of the reasons he spent so much of his life feeling like a lonely outsider, as if he didn't fit anywhere in the world.

Despite his dramatic beginning, Vincent had an ordinary childhood, giving no hint of the painter he would become. The small parsonage, with an upstairs just two windows wide under a slanting roof, quickly grew crowded. By the time he was six he had two sisters, Anna and Elizabeth, and one brother, Theo, whose gentle nature made him their mother's favorite.

Media Text
The Van Gogh Gallery, a commercial Web resource with links to Van Gogh's art and information about his life:
http://www.vangoghgallery.com/

Partridge, Elizabeth. *This Land Was Made for You and Me: The Life and Songs of Woody Guthrie*. New York: Viking, 2002. (2002)
From the Preface: "Ramblin 'Round"

"I hate a song that makes you think that you're not any good. I hate a song that makes you think you are just born to lose. I am out to fight those kind of songs to my very last breath of air and my last drop of blood."

Woody Guthrie could never cure himself of wandering off. One minute he'd be there, the next he'd be gone, vanishing without a word to anyone, abandoning those he loved best. He'd throw on a few extra shirts, one on top of the other, sling his guitar over his shoulder, and hit the road. He'd stick out his thumb and hitchhike, swing onto moving freight trains, and hunker down with other traveling men in flophouses, hobo jungles, and Hoovervilles across Depression America.

He moved restlessly from state to state, soaking up some songs: work songs, mountain and cowboy songs, sea chanteys, songs from the southern chain gangs. He added them to the dozens he already knew from his childhood until he was bursting with American folk songs. Playing the guitar and singing, he started making up new ones: hard-bitten, rough-edged songs that told it like it was, full of anger and hardship and hope and love. Woody said the best songs came to him when he was walking down a road. He always had fifteen or twenty songs running around in his mind, just waiting to be put together. Sometimes he knew the words, but not the melody. Usually he'd borrow a tune that was already well known—the simpler the better. As he walked along, he tried to catch a good, easy song that people could sing the first time they heard it, remember, and sing again later.

Monk, Linda R. *Words We Live By: Your Annotated Guide to the Constitution.* New York: Hyperion, 2003. (2003)
From "We the People … "

The first three word of the Constitution are the most important. They clearly state that the people—not the king, not the legislature, not the courts—are the true rulers in American government. This principle is known as popular sovereignty.

But who are "We the People"? This question troubled the nation for centuries. As Lucy Stone, one of America's first advocates for women's rights, asked in 1853, "'We the People'? Which 'We the People'? The women were not included." Neither were white males who did not own property, American Indians, or African Americans—slave or free. Justice Thurgood Marshall, the first African American on the Supreme Court, described the limitation:

For a sense of the evolving nature of the Constitution, we need look no further than the first three words of the document's preamble: 'We the People.' When the Founding Fathers used this phrase in 1787, they did not have in mind the majority of America's citizens . . . The men who gathered in Philadelphia in 1787 could not . . . have imagined, nor would they have accepted, that the document they were drafting would one day be construed by a Supreme court to which had been appointed a woman and the descendant of an African slave.

Through the Amendment process, more and more Americans were eventually included in the Constitution's definition of "We the People." After the Civil War, the Thirteenth Amendment ended slavery, the Fourteenth Amendment gave African Americans citizenship, and the Fifteenth Amendment gave black men the vote. In 1920, the Nineteenth Amendment gave women the right to vote nationwide, and in 1971, the Twenty-sixth Amendment extended suffrage to eighteen-year-olds.

Freedman, Russell. *Freedom Walkers: The Story of the Montgomery Bus Boycott*. New York: Holiday House, 2006. (2006)
From the Introduction: "Why They Walked"

Not so long ago in Montgomery, Alabama, the color of your skin determined where you could sit on a public bus. If you happened to be an African American, you had to sit in the back of the bus, even if there were empty seats up front.

Back then, racial segregation was the rule throughout the American South. Strict laws—called "Jim Crow" laws—enforced a system of white supremacy that discriminated against blacks and kept them in their place as second-class citizens.

People were separated by race from the moment they were born in segregated hospitals until the day they were buried in segregated cemeteries. Blacks and whites did not attend the same schools, worship in the same churches, eat in the same restaurants, sleep in the same hotels, drink from the same water fountains, or sit together in the same movie theaters.

In Montgomery, it was against the law for a white person and a Negro to play checkers on public property or ride together in a taxi.

Most southern blacks were denied their right to vote. The biggest obstacle was the poll tax, a special tax that was required of all voters but was too costly for many blacks and for poor whites as well. Voters also had to pass a literacy test to prove that they could read, write, and understand the U.S. Constitution. These tests were often rigged to disqualify even highly educated blacks. Those who overcame the obstacles and insisted on registering as voters faced threats, harassment. And even physical violence. As a result, African Americans in the South could not express their grievances in the voting booth, which for the most part, was closed to them. But there were other ways to protest,

and one day a half century ago, the black citizens in Montgomery rose up in protest and united to demand their rights—by walking peacefully.

It all started on a bus.

Informational Texts: Science, Mathematics, and Technical Subjects

Macaulay, David. *Cathedral: The Story of Its Construction*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1973. (1973)
From pages 51–56

In order to construct the vaulted ceiling a wooden scaffold was erected connecting the two walls of the choir one hundred and thirty feet above ground. On the scaffolding wooden centerings like those used for the flying buttresses were installed. They would support the arched stone ribs until the mortar was dry, at which times the ribs could support themselves. The ribs carried the webbing, which was the ceiling itself. The vaults were constructed one bay at a time, a bay being the rectangular area between four piers.

One by one, the cut stones of the ribs, called voussoirs, were hoisted onto the centering and mortared into place by the masons. Finally the keystone was lowered into place to lock the ribs together at the crown, the highest point of the arch.

The carpenters then installed pieces of wood, called lagging, that spanned the space between two centerings. On top of the lagging the masons laid one course or layer of webbing stones. The lagging supported the course of webbing until the mortar was dry. The webbing was constructed of the lightest possible stone to lessen the weight on the ribs. Two teams, each with a mason and a carpenter, worked simultaneously from both sides of the vault – installing first the lagging, then the webbing. When they met in the center the vault was complete. The vaulting over the aisle was constructed in the same way and at the same time.

When the mortar in the webbing had set, a four-inch layer of concrete was poured over the entire vault to prevent any cracking between the stones. Once the concrete had set, the lagging was removed and the centering was lowered and moved onto the scaffolding of the next bay. The procedure was repeated until eventually the entire choir was vaulted.

Mackay, Donald. *The Building of Manhattan.* New York: Harper & Row, 1987. (1987)

Media Text
Manhattan on the Web: History, a Web portal hosted by the New York Public Library:
http://legacy.www.nypl.org/branch/manhattan/index2.cfm?Trg=1&d1=865

Enzensberger, Hans Magnus. *The Number Devil: A Mathematical Adventure.* Illustrated by Rotraut Susanne Berner. Translated by Michael Henry Heim. New York: Henry Holt, 1998. (1998)
From "The First Night"

. . . "I see," said the number devil with a wry smile. "I have nothing against your Mr. Bockel, but that kind of problem has nothing whatever to do with what I'm interested in. Do you want to know something? Most genuine mathematicians are bad at sums. Besides, they have no time to waste on them. That's what pocket calculators are for. I assume you have one.

"Sure, but we're not allowed to use them in school."

"I see," said the number devil. "That's all right. There's nothing wrong with a little addition and subtraction. You never know when your battery will die on you. But mathematics, my boy, that's something else again!" . . .

. . . "The thing that makes numbers so devilish is precisely that they are simple. And you don't need a calculator to prove it. You need one thing and one thing only: one. With one—I am speaking of the numeral of course—you can do almost anything. If you are afraid of large numbers—let's say five million seven hundred and twenty-three thousand eight hundred and twelve—all you have to do is start with

1 + 1
1+1+1
1+1+1+1
1+1+1+1+1

. . . and go on until you come to five million etcetera. You can't tell me that's too complicated for you, can you?

Peterson, Ivars and Nancy Henderson. *Math Trek: Adventures in the Math Zone*. San Francisco: Jossey-Bass, 2000. (2000)
From "Trek 7, The Fractal Pond Race"

From the meanderings of a pond's edge to the branching of trees and the intricate forms of snowflakes, shapes in nature are often more complicated than geometrical shapes such as circles, spheres, angles, cones, rectangles, and cubes. Benoit Mandelbrot, a mathematics professor at Yale University and an IBM fellow, was the first person to recognize how amazingly common this type of structure is in nature. In 1975, he coined the term fractal for shapes that repeat themselves within an object. The word fractal comes from the Latin term for "broken."

In 1904, long before Mandelbrot conceived of fractals, Swedish mathematician Helge von Koch created and intriguing but puzzling curve. It zigzags in such an odd pattern that it seems impossible to start at one point and follow the curve to reach another point.

Like many figures now known to be fractals, Koch's curve is easy to generate by starting with a simple figure and turning it into an increasingly crinkly form.

What to Do

1. Draw an equilateral triangle with each side measuring 9 centimeters. (Remember, each angle of an equilateral triangle measures 60˚.)

2. Divide each 9-centimeter side into three parts, each measuring three centimeters. At the middle of each side, add an equilateral triangle one third the size of the original, facing outward. Because each side of the original triangle is 9 centimeters, the new triangles will have 3-centimeter sides. When you examine the outer edge of your diagram you should see a six-pointed star made up of 12 line segments.

3. At the middle of each segment of the star, add a triangle one ninth the side of the original triangle. The new triangles will have sides 1 centimeter in length so divide each 3-centimeter segment into thirds, and use the middle third to form a new triangle.

4. Going one step farther, you create a shape that begins to resemble a snowflake. If you were to continue the process by endlessly adding smaller and smaller triangles to every new side, you would produce the Koch snowflake curve. Between any two points, the snowflake would have an infinite number of zigzags.

Katz, John. *Geeks: How Two Lost Boys Rode the Internet out of Idaho*. New York: Broadway Books, 2001. (2001)

Jesse and Eric lived in a cave-an airless two-bedroom apartment in a dank stucco-and-brick complex on the outskirts of Caldwell. Two doors down, chickens paraded around the street.

The apartment itself was dominated by two computers that sat across from the front door like twin shrines. Everything else-the piles of dirty laundry, the opened Doritos bags, the empty cans of generic soda pop, two ratty old chairs, and a moldering beanbag chair-was dispensable, an afterthought, props.

Jesse's computer was a Pentium 11 300, Asus P2B (Intel BX chipset) motherboard; a Matrix Milleniurn II AGP; 160 MB SDRAM with a 15.5 GB total hard-drive space; a 4X CD-recorder; 24X CD-ROM; a 17-inch Micron monitor. Plus a scanner and printer. A well-thumbed paperback-Katherine Dunn's novel Geek Love-served as his mousepad.

Eric's computer: an AMD K-6 233 with a generic motherboard; an S3 video card, a 15-inch monitor; a 2.5 GB hard drive with 36 MB SDRAM. Jesse wangled the parts for both from work.

They stashed their bikes and then Jesse blasted in through the door, which was always left open since he can never hang on to keys, and went right to his PC, which was always on. He yelled a question to Eric about the new operating system. "We change them like cartons of milk," he explained. At the moment, he had NT 5, NT 4, Work Station, Windows 98, and he and Eric had begun fooling around with Linux, the complex, open-source software system rapidly spreading across the world.

Petroski, Henry. "The Evolution of the Grocery Bag." ***American Scholar*** **72.4 (Autumn 2003). (2003)**

That much-reviled bottleneck known as the American supermarket checkout lane would be an even greater exercise in frustration were it not for several technological advances. The Universal Product Code and the decoding laser scanner, introduced in 1974, tally a shopper's groceries far more quickly and accurately than the old method of inputting each purchase manually into a cash register. But beeping a large order past the scanner would have led only to a faster pileup of cans and boxes down the line, where the bagger works, had it not been for the introduction, more than a century earlier, of an even greater technological masterpiece: the square-bottomed paper bag.

The geometry of paper bags continues to hold a magical appeal for those of us who are fascinated by how ordinary things are designed and made. Originally, grocery bags were created on demand by storekeepers, who cut, folded, and pasted sheets of paper, making versatile containers into which purchases could be loaded for carrying home. The first paper bags manufactured commercially are said to have been made in Bristol, England, in the 1840s. In 1852, a "Machine for Making Bags of Paper" was patented in America by Francis Wolle, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. According to Wolle's own description of the machine's operation, "pieces of paper of suitable length are given out from a roll of the required width, cut off from the roll and otherwise suitably cut to the required shape, folded, their edges pasted and lapped, and formed into complete and perfect bags." The "perfect bags" produced at the rate of eighteen hundred per hour by Wolle's machine were, of course, not perfect, nor was his machine. The history of design has yet to see the development of a perfect object, though it has seen many satisfactory ones and many substantially improved ones. The concept of comparative improvement is embedded in the paradigm for invention, the better mousetrap. No one is ever likely to lay claim to a "best" mousetrap, for that would preclude the inventor himself from coming up with a still better mousetrap without suffering the embarrassment of having previously declared the search complete. As with the mousetrap, so with the bag.

"Geology." ***U*X*L Encyclopedia of Science.*** **Edited by Rob Nagel. Farmington Hills, Mich.: Gale Cengage Learning, 2007. (2007)**

Geology is the scientific study of Earth. Geologists study the planet—its formation, its internal structure, its materials, its chemical and physical processes, and its history. Mountains, valleys, plains, sea floors, minerals, rocks, fossils, and the processes that create and destroy each of these are all the domain of the geologist. Geology is divided into two broad categories of study: physical geology and historical geology.

Physical geology is concerned with the processes occurring on or below the surface of Earth and the materials on which they operate. These processes include volcanic eruptions, landslides, earthquakes, and floods. Materials include rocks, air, seawater, soils, and sediment. Physical geology further divides into more specific branches, each of which deals with its own part of Earth's materials, landforms, and processes. Mineralogy and petrology investigate the composition and origin of minerals and rocks. Volcanologists study lava, rocks, and gases on live, dormant, and extinct volcanoes. Seismologists use instruments to monitor and predict earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

Historical geology is concerned with the chronology of events, both physical and biological, that have taken place in Earth's history. Paleontologists study fossils (remains of ancient life) for evidence of the evolution of life on Earth. Fossils not only relate evolution, but also speak of the environment in which the organism lived. Corals in rocks at the top of the Grand Canyon in Arizona, for example, show a shallow sea flooded the area around 290 million years ago. In addition, by determining the ages and types of rocks around the world, geologists piece together continental and oceanic history over the past few billion years. Plate tectonics (the study of the movement of the sections of Earth's crust) adds to Earth's story with details of the changing configuration of the continents and oceans.

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"Space Probe." ***Astronomy & Space: From the Big Bang to the Big Crunch*****. Edited by Phillis Engelbert. Farmington Hills, Mich.: Gale Cengage Learning, 2009. (2009)**

A space probe is an unpiloted spacecraft that leaves Earth's orbit to explore the Moon, planets, asteroids, comets, or other objects in outer space as directed by onboard computers and/or instructions send from Earth. The purpose of such missions is to make scientific observations, such as taking pictures, measuring atmospheric conditions, and collecting soil samples, and to bring or report the data back to Earth.

Numerous space probes have been launched since the former Soviet Union first fired Luna 1 toward the Moon in 1959. Probes have now visited each of the eight planets in the solar system.

In fact, two probes—Voyager 1 and Voyager 2—are approaching the edge of the solar system, for their eventual trip into the interstellar medium. By January 2008 Voyager 1 was about 9.4 billion miles (15.2 billion kilometers) from the Sun and in May 2008 it entered the heliosheath (the boundary where the solar wind is thought to end), which is the area that roughly divides the solar system from interstellar space. Voyager 2 is not quite as far as its sister probe. Voyager 1 is expected to be the first human space probe to leave the solar system. Both Voyager probes are still transmit-

ting signals back to Earth. They are expected to help gather further information as to the true boundary of the solar system.

The earliest probes traveled to the closest extraterrestrial target, the Moon. The former Soviet Union launched a series of Luna probes that provided humans with first pictures of the far side of the Moon. In 1966, Luna 9 made the first successful landing on the Moon and sent back television footage from the Moon's surface.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) initially made several unsuccessful attempts to send a probe to the Moon. Not until 1964 did a Ranger probe reach its mark and send back thousands of pictures. Then, a few months after Luna 9, NASA landed Surveyor on the Moon.

In the meantime, NASA was moving ahead with the first series of planetary probes, called Mariner. Mariner 2 first reached the planet Venus in 1962. Later Mariner spacecrafts flew by Mars in 1964 and 1969, providing detailed images of that planet. In 1971, Mariner 9 became the first spacecraft to orbit Mars. During its year in orbit, Mariner 9's two television cameras transmitted footage of an intense Martian dust storm, as well as images of 90 percent of the planet's surface and the two Martian natural satellites (moons).

Encounters were also made with Mars in 1976 by the U.S. probes Viking 1 and Viking 2. Each Viking spacecraft consisted of both an orbiter and a lander. Viking 1 made the first successful soft landing on Mars on July 20, 1976. Soon after, Viking 2 landed on the opposite side of the planet. The Viking orbiters made reports on the Martian weather and photographed almost the entire surface of the planet.

From ASTRONOMY & SPACE V2, 1E. © 1997 Gale, a part of Cengage Learning, Inc. Reproduced by permission.

"Elementary Particles." *New Book of Popular Science.* New York: Scholastic, 2010. (2010)

California Invasive Plant Council. Invasive Plant Inventory. http://www.cal-ipc.org/ip/inventory/index.php. 2006–2010. (2010)

The Inventory categorizes plants as High, Moderate, or Limited, reflecting the level of each species' negative ecological impact in California. Other factors, such as economic impact or difficulty of management, are not included in this assessment. It is important to note that even Limited species are invasive and should be of concern to land managers. Although the impact of each plant varies regionally, its rating represents cumulative impacts statewide. Therefore, a plant whose statewide impacts are categorized as Limited may have more severe impacts in a particular region. Conversely, a plant categorized as having a High cumulative impact across California may have very little impact in some regions.

The Inventory Review Committee, Cal-IPC staff, and volunteers drafted assessments for each plant based on the formal criteria system described below. The committee solicited information from land managers across the state to complement the available literature. Assessments were released for public review before the committee finalized them. The 2006 list includes 39 High species, 65 Moderate species, and 89 Limited species. Additional information, including updated observations, will be added to this website periodically, with revisions tracked and dated.

Definitions

The Inventory categorizes "invasive non-native plants that threaten wildlands" according to the definitions below. Plants were evaluated only if they invade California wildlands with native habitat values. The Inventory does not include plants found solely in areas of human-caused disturbance such as roadsides and cultivated agricultural fields.

- Wildlands are public and private lands that support native ecosystems, including some working landscapes such as grazed rangeland and active timberland.
- Non-native plants are species introduced to California after European contact and as a direct or indirect result of human activity.
- Invasive non-native plants that threaten wildlands are plants that 1) are not native to, yet can spread into, wildland ecosystems, and that also 2) displace native species, hybridize with native species, alter biological communities, or alter ecosystem processes.

Sample Performance Tasks for Informational Texts: History/Social Studies & Science, Mathematics, and Technical Subjects

- Students analyze the governmental structure of the United States and *support* their *analysis* by *citing specific textual evidence* from *primary sources* such as the Preamble and First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution as well as secondary sources such as Linda R. Monk's *Words We Live By: Your Annotated Guide to the Constitution*. [RH.6–8.1]

- Students evaluate Jim Murphy's *The Great Fire* to *identify* which *aspects of* the *text* (e.g., *loaded language* and the *inclusion of particular facts*) *reveal* his purpose; presenting Chicago as a city that was "ready to burn." [RH.6–8.6]

- Students *describe how* Russell Freedman in his book *Freedom Walkers: The Story of the Montgomery Bus Boycott* integrates and *presents information* both *sequentially* and *causally* to explain how the civil rights movement began. [RH.6–8.5]

- Students *integrate* the *quantitative or technical information expressed* in the *text* of David Macaulay's *Cathedral: The Story of Its Construction* with the information conveyed by the *diagrams* and *models* Macaulay *provides*, developing a deeper understanding of Gothic architecture. [RST.6–8.7]

- Students construct a holistic picture of the history of Manhattan by *comparing and contrasting the information gained from* Donald Mackay's *The Building of Manhattan* with the *multimedia sources* available on the "Manhattan on the Web" portal hosted by the New York Public Library (http://legacy.www.nypl.org/branch/manhattan/index2.cfm?Trg=1&d1=865). [RST.6–8.9]

- Students learn about fractal geometry by reading Ivars Peterson and Nancy Henderson's *Math Trek: Adventures in the Math Zone* and then generate their own fractal geometric structure by *following the multistep procedure* for creating a Koch's curve. [RST.6–8.3]

Grades 9–10 Text Exemplars

Stories

Homer. *The Odyssey.* Translated by Robert Fagles. New York: Viking, 1996. (8th century BCE)
From Book One

Sing to me of the man, Muse, the man of twists and turns
driven time and again off course, once he had plundered
the hallowed heights of Troy.
Many cities of men he saw and learned their minds,
many pains he suffered, heartsick on the open sea,
fighting to save his life and bring his comrades home.
But he could not save them from disaster, hard as he strove—
the recklessness of their own ways destroyed them all,
the blind fools, they devoured the cattle of the Sun
and the Sungod blotted out the day of their return.
Launch out on his story, Muse, daughter of Zeus.
Start from where you will—sing for our time too.
By now,
all the survivors, all who avoided headlong death
were safe at home, escaped the wars and waves.
But one man alone...
his heart set on his wife and his return—Calypso,
the bewitching nymph, the lustrous goddess, held him back,
deep in her arching caverns, craving him for a husband.
But then, when the wheeling seasons brought the year around.
That year spun out by the gods when he should reach his home,
Ithaca—though not even there would he be free of trials,
even among his loved ones—then every god took pity,
all except Poseidon. He raged on, seething against
the great Odysseus till he reached his native land.

"Book 1: Athena Inspires the Prince" by Homer, from THE ODYSSEY by Homer, translated by Robert Fagles, copyright © 1996 by Robert Fagles. Used by permission of Viking Penquin, a division of Penguin group (USA) Inc.

Ovid. *Metamorphoses*. Translated by A. S. Kline. Ann Arbor: Borders Classics, 2004 (AD 8).
From "Daphne"

'Wait nymph, daughter of Peneus, I beg you! I who am chasing you am not your enemy. Nymph, Wait! This is the way a sheep runs from the wolf, a deer from the mountain lion, and a dove with fluttering wings flies from the eagle: everything flies from its foes, but it is love that is driving me to follow you! Pity me! I am afraid you might fall headlong or thorns undeservedly scar your legs and I be a cause of grief to you! These are rough places you run through. Slow down, I ask you, check your flight, and I too will slow. At least enquire whom it is you have charmed. I am no mountain man, no shepherd, no rough guardian of the herds and flocks. Rash girl, you do not know, you cannot realise, who you run from, and so you run. Delphi's lands are mine, Claros and Tenedos, and Patara acknowledges me king. Jupiter is my father. Through me what was, what is, and what will be, are revealed. Through me strings sound in harmony, to song. My aim is certain, but an arrow truer than mine, has wounded my free heart! The whole world calls me the bringer of aid; medicine is my invention; my power is in herbs. But love cannot be healed by any herb, nor can the arts that cure others cure their lord!'

He would have said more as timid Peneïs ran, still lovely to see, leaving him with his words unfinished. The winds bared her body, the opposing breezes in her way fluttered her clothes, and the light airs threw her streaming hair behind her, her beauty enhanced by flight. But the young god could no longer waste time on further blandishments, urged on by Amor, he ran on at full speed. Like a hound of Gaul starting a hare in an empty field, that heads for its prey, she for safety: he, seeming about to clutch her, thinks now, or now, he has her fast, grazing her heels with his outstretched jaws, while she uncertain whether she is already caught, escaping his bite, spurts from the muzzle touching her. So the virgin and the god: he driven by desire, she by fear. He ran faster, Amor giving him wings, and allowed her no rest, hung on her fleeing shoulders, breathed on the hair flying round her neck. Her strength was gone, she

grew pale, overcome by the effort of her rapid flight, and seeing Peneus's waters near cried out 'Help me father! If your streams have divine powers change me, destroy this beauty that pleases too well!' Her prayer was scarcely done when a heavy numbness seized her limbs, thin bark closed over her breast, her hair turned into leaves, her arms into branches, her feet so swift a moment ago stuck fast in slow-growing roots, her face was lost in the canopy. Only her shining beauty was left.

Even like this Phoebus loved her and, placing his hand against the trunk, he felt her heart still quivering under the new bark. He clasped the branches as if they were parts of human arms, and kissed the wood. But even the wood shrank from his kisses, and the god said 'Since you cannot be my bride, you must be my tree! Laurel, with you my hair will be wreathed, with you my lyre, with you my quiver. You will go with the Roman generals when joyful voices acclaim their triumph, and the Capitol witnesses their long processions. You will stand outside Augustus's doorposts, a faithful guardian, and keep watch over the crown of oak between them. And just as my head with its un-cropped hair is always young, so you also will wear the beauty of undying leaves.' Paean had done: the laurel bowed her newly made branches, and seemed to shake her leafy crown like a head giving consent.

Gogol, Nikolai. "The Nose." Translated by Ronald Wilks. *Diary of a Madman, and Other Stories*. New York: Penguin, 1972. (1836)

An extraordinarily strange thing happened in St. Petersburg on 25 March. Ivan Yakovlevich, a barber who lived on Voznesensky Avenue (his surname has got lost and all that his shop-front signboard shows is a gentleman with a lathered cheek and the inscription 'We also let blood') woke up rather early one morning and smelt hot bread. As he sat up in bed he saw his wife, who was a quite respectable lady and a great coffee-drinker, taking some freshly baked rolls out of the oven.

'I don't want any coffee today, Praskovya Osipovna,' said Ivan Yakovlevich. 'I'll make do with some hot rolls and onion instead.' (Here I must explain that Ivan Yakovlevich would really have liked to have had some coffee as well, but knew it was quite out of the question to expect both coffee and rolls, since Praskovya Osipovna did not take very kindly to these whims of his.) 'Let the old fool have his bread, I don't mind,' she thought. 'That means extra coffee for me!' And she threw a roll on to the table.

Ivan pulled his frock-coat over his nightshirt for decency's sake, sat down at the table, poured out some salt, peeled two onions, took a knife and with a determined expression on his face started cutting one of the rolls.

When he had sliced the roll in two, he peered into the middle and was amazed to see something white there. Ivan carefully picked at it with his knife, and felt it with his finger. 'Quite thick,' he said to himself. 'What on earth can it be?'

He poked two fingers in and pulled out—a nose!

He flopped back in his chair, and began rubbing his eyes and feeling around in the roll again. Yes, it was a nose all right, no mistake about that. And, what's more, it seemed a very familiar nose. His face filled with horror. But this horror was nothing compared with his wife's indignation.

'You beast, whose nose is that you've cut off?' she cried furiously. 'You scoundrel! You drunkard! I'll report it to the police myself, I will. You thief! Come to think of it, I've heard three customers say that when they come in for a shave you start pulling their noses about so much it's a wonder they stay on at all!'

But Ivan felt more dead than alive. He knew that the nose belonged to none other than Collegiate Assessor Kovalyov, whom he shaved on Wednesdays and Sundays.

'Wait a minute, Praskovya! I'll wrap it up in a piece of cloth and dump it in the corner. Let's leave it there for a bit, then I'll try and get rid of it.'

'I don't want to know! Do you think I'm going to let a sawn-off nose lie about in my room … you fathead! All you can do is strop that blasted razor of yours and let everything else go to pot. Layabout! Night-bird! And you expect me to cover up for you with the police! You filthy pig! Blockhead! Get that nose out of here, out! Do what you like with it, but I don't want that thing hanging around here a minute longer!'

Ivan Yakovlevich was absolutely stunned. He thought and thought, but just didn't know what to make of it.

'I'm damned if I know what's happened!' he said at last, scratching the back of his ear. 'I can't say for certain if I came home drunk or not last night. All I know is, it's crazy. After all, bread is baked in an oven, and you don't get noses in bakeries. Can't make head or tail of it! …'

Ivan Yakovlevich lapsed into silence. The thought that the police might search the place, find the nose and afterwards bring a charge against him, very nearly sent him out of his mind. Already he could see that scarlet collar beautifully embroidered with silver, that sword … and he began shaking all over. Finally he put on his scruffy old trousers and

shoes and with Praskovya Osipovna's vigorous invective ringing in his ears, wrapped the nose up in a piece of cloth and went out into the street.

All he wanted was to stuff it away somewhere, either hiding it between two curb-stones by someone's front door or else 'accidentally' dropping it and slinking off down a side street. But as luck would have it, he kept bumping into friends, who would insist on asking: 'Where are you off to?' or 'It's a bit early for shaving customers, isn't it?' with the result that he didn't have a chance to get rid of it. Once he did manage to drop it, but a policeman pointed with his halberd and said: 'Pick that up! Can't you see you dropped something!' And Ivan Yakovlevich had to pick it up and hide it in his pocket. Despair gripped him, especially as the streets were getting more and more crowded now as the shops and stalls began to open.

He decided to make his way to St. Isaac's Bridge and see if he could throw the nose into the River Neva without anyone seeing him. But here I am rather at fault for not telling you before something about Ivan Yakovlevich, who in many ways was a man you could respect.

De Voltaire, F. A. M. *Candide, Or The Optimist*. Translated by H. Morley. London: George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., 1888. (1759)

In the country of Westphalia, in the castle of the most noble Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, lived a youth whom Nature had endowed with a most sweet disposition. His face was the true index of his mind. He had a solid judgment joined to the most unaffected simplicity; and hence, I presume, he had his name of Candide. The old servants of the house suspected him to have been the son of the Baron's sister, by a very good sort of a gentleman of the neighborhood, whom that young lady refused to marry, because he could produce no more than threescore and eleven quarterings in his arms; the rest of the genealogical tree belonging to the family having been lost through the injuries of time.

The Baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia, for his castle had not only a gate, but even windows, and his great hall was hung with tapestry. He used to hunt with his mastiffs and spaniels instead of greyhounds; his groom served him for huntsman; and the parson of the parish officiated as his grand almoner. He was called "My Lord" by all his people, and he never told a story but everyone laughed at it.

My Lady Baroness, who weighed three hundred and fifty pounds, consequently was a person of no small consideration; and then she did the honors of the house with a dignity that commanded universal respect. Her daughter was about seventeen years of age, fresh-colored, comely, plump, and desirable. The Baron's son seemed to be a youth in every respect worthy of the father he sprung from. Pangloss, the preceptor, was the oracle of the family, and little Candide listened to his instructions with all the simplicity natural to his age and disposition.

Master Pangloss taught the metaphysico-theologo-cosmolo-nigology. He could prove to admiration that there is no effect without a cause; and, that in this best of all possible worlds, the Baron's castle was the most magnificent of all castles, and My Lady the best of all possible baronesses.

"It is demonstrable," said he, "that things cannot be otherwise than as they are; for as all things have been created for some end, they must necessarily be created for the best end. Observe, for instance, the nose is formed for spectacles, therefore we wear spectacles. The legs are visibly designed for stockings, accordingly we wear stockings. Stones were made to be hewn and to construct castles, therefore My Lord has a magnificent castle; for the greatest baron in the province ought to be the best lodged. Swine were intended to be eaten, therefore we eat pork all the year round: and they, who assert that everything is right, do not express themselves correctly; they should say that everything is best."

Candide listened attentively and believed implicitly, for he thought Miss Cunegund excessively handsome, though he never had the courage to tell her so. He concluded that next to the happiness of being Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the next was that of being Miss Cunegund, the next that of seeing her every day, and the last that of hearing the doctrine of Master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the whole province, and consequently of the whole world.

One day when Miss Cunegund went to take a walk in a little neighboring wood which was called a park, she saw, through the bushes, the sage Doctor Pangloss giving a lecture in experimental philosophy to her mother's chambermaid, a little brown wench, very pretty, and very tractable.

As Miss Cunegund had a great disposition for the sciences, she observed with the utmost attention the experiments which were repeated before her eyes; she perfectly well understood the force of the doctor's reasoning upon causes and effects. She retired greatly flurried, quite pensive and filled with the desire of knowledge, imagining that she might be a sufficing reason for young Candide, and he for her.

In her way back she happened to meet the young man; she blushed, he blushed also; she wished him a good morning in a flattering tone, he returned the salute, without knowing what he said. The next day, as they were rising from dinner, Cunegund and Candide slipped behind the screen. The miss dropped her handkerchief, the young man picked it up. She innocently took hold of his hand, and he as innocently kissed hers with a warmth, a sensibility, a grace-all very

particular; their lips met; their eyes sparkled; their knees trembled; their hands strayed. The Baron chanced to come by; he beheld the cause and effect, and, without hesitation, saluted Candide with some notable kicks on the breech and drove him out of doors. The lovely Miss Cunegund fainted away, and, as soon as she came to herself, the Baroness boxed her ears. Thus a general consternation was spread over this most magnificent and most agreeable of all possible castles.

Turgenev, Ivan. *Fathers and Sons*. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: Dover, 1998. (1862)

"WELL, Piotr, not in sight yet?" was the question asked on May the 20th, 1859, by a gentleman of a little over forty, in a dusty coat and checked trousers, who came out without his hat on to the low steps of the posting station at S ?. He was addressing his servant, a chubby young fellow, with whitish down on his chin, and little, lack-lustre eyes.

The servant, in whom everything--the turquoise ring in his ear, the streaky hair plastered with grease, and the civility of his movements--indicated a man of the new, unproved generation, glanced with an air of indulgence along the road, and made answer:

"No, sir; not in sight."

"Not in sight?" repeated his master.

"No, sir," responded the man a second time.

His master sighed, and sat down on a little bench. We will introduce him to the reader while he sits, his feet tucked under him, gazing thoughtfully round.

His name was Nikolai Petrovitch Kirsanov. He had twelve miles from the posting station, a fine property of two hundred souls, or, as he expressed it--since he had arranged the division of his land with the peasants, and started a ?farm?--of nearly five thousand acres. His father, a general in the army, who served in 1812, a coarse, half-educated, but not ill-natured man, a typical Russian, had been in harness all his life, first in command of a brigade, and then of a division, and lived constantly in the provinces, where, by virtue of his rank, he played a fairly important part. Nikolai Petrovitch was born in the south of Russia like his elder brother, Pavel, of whom more hereafter. He was educated at home till he was fourteen, surrounded by cheap tutors, free-and-easy but toadying adjutants, and all the usual regimental and staff set. His mother, one of the Kolyazin family, as a girl called Agathe, but as a general's wife Agathokleya Kuzminishna Kirsanov, was one of those military ladies who take their full share of the duties and dignities of office. She wore gorgeous caps and rustling silk dresses; in church she was the first to advance to the cross; she talked a great deal in a loud voice, let her children kiss her hand in the morning, and gave them her blessing at night--in fact, she got everything out of life she could. Nikolai Petrovitch, as a general's son--though so far from being distinguished by courage that he even deserved to be called ?a funk?--was intended, like his brother Pavel, to enter the army; but he broke his leg on the very day when the news of his commission came, and, after being two months in bed, retained a slight limp to the end of his day. His father gave him up as a bad job, and let him go into the civil service. He took him to Petersburg directly he was eighteen, and placed him in the university. His brother happened about the same time to be made an officer in the Guards. The young men started living together in one set of rooms, under the remote supervision of a cousin on their mother's side, Ilya Kolyazin, an official of high rank. Their father returned to his division and his wife, and only rarely sent his sons large sheets of grey paper, scrawled over in a bold clerkly hand. At the bottom of these sheets stood in letters, enclosed carefully in scroll-work, the words, "Piotr Kirsanov, General-Major."

Henry, O. "The Gift of the Magi." *The Best Short Stories of O. Henry*. New York: Modern Library, 1994. (1906)

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

Kafka, Franz. *The Metamorphosis.* Translated by Stanley Corngold. New York: Bantam, 1972. (1915)

When Gregor Samsa woke up one morning from unsettling dreams, he found himself changed in his bed into a monstrous vermin. He was lying on his back as hard as armor plate, and when he lifted his head a little, he saw his vaulted brown belly, sectioned by arch-shaped ribs, to whose dome the cover, about to slide off completely, could barely cling. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, were waving helplessly before his eyes.

"What's happened to me?" he thought. It was no dream. His room, a regular human room, only a little on the small side, lay quiet between the four familiar walls. Over the table, on which an unpacked line of fabric samples was all spread out--Samsa was a traveling salesman--hung the picture which he had recently cut out of a glossy magazine and lodged in a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady done up in a fur hat and a fur boa, sitting upright and raising up against the viewer a heavy fur muff in which her whole forearm had disappeared.

Gregor's eyes then turned to the window, and the overcast weather--he could hear raindrops hitting against the metal window ledge--completely depressed him. "How about going back to sleep for a few minutes and forgetting all this nonsense," he thought, but that was completely impracticable, since he was used to sleeping on his right side and in his present state could not get into that position. No matter how hard he threw himself onto his right side, he always rocked onto his back again. He must have tried it a hundred times, closing his eyes so as not to have to see his squirming legs, and stopped only when he began to feel a slight, dull pain in his side, which he had never felt before.

Steinbeck, John. *The Grapes of Wrath*. New York: Viking, 1967. (1939)
From Chapter 15

The man took off his dark, stained hat and stood with a curious humility in front of the screen. "Could you see your way to sell us a loaf of bread, ma'am?"

Mae said, "This ain't a grocery store. We got bread to make san'widges."

"I know, ma'am." His humility was insistent. "We need bread and there ain't nothin' for quite a piece, they say."

"'F we sell bread we gonna run out." Mae's tone was faltering.

"We're hungry," the man said.

"Whyn't you buy a san'widge? We got nice san'widges, hamburgs."

"We'd sure admire to do that, ma'am. But we can't. We got to make a dime do all of us." And he said embarrassedly, "We ain't got but a little."

Mae said, "You can't get no loaf a bread for a dime. We only got fifteen-cent loafs."

From behind her Al growled, "God Almighty, Mae, give 'em bread."

"We'll run out 'fore the bread truck comes."

"Run out then, goddamn it," said Al. He looked sullenly down at the potato salad he was mixing.

Mae shrugged her plump shoulders and looked to the truck drivers to show them what she was up against.

She held the screen door open and the man came in, bringing a smell of sweat with him. The boys edged behind him and they went immediately to the candy case and stared in—not with craving or with hope or even with desire, but

just with a kind of wonder that such things could be. They were alike in size and their faces were alike. One scratched his dusty ankle with the toe nails of his other foot. The other whispered some soft message and then they straightened their arms so that their clenched fists in the overall pockets showed through the thin blue cloth.

Mae opened a drawer and took out a long waxpaper-wrapped loaf. "This here is a fifteen-cent loaf."

The man put his hat back on his head. He answered with inflexible humility, "Won't you—can't you see your way to cut off ten cents' worth?"

Al said snarlingly, "Goddamn it, Mae. Give 'em the loaf."

The man turned toward Al. "No, we want ta buy ten cents' worth of it. We got it figgered awful close, mister, to get to California."

Mae said resignedly, "You can have this for ten cents."

"That'd be robbin' you, ma'am."

"Go ahead—Al says to take it." She pushed the waxpapered loaf across the counter. The man took a deep leather pouch from his rear pocket, untied the strings, and spread it open. It was heavy with silver and with greasy bills.

"May soun' funny to be so tight," he apologized. "We got a thousan' miles to go, an' we don' know if we'll make it." He dug in the pouch with a forefinger, located a dime, and pinched in for it. When he put it down on the counter he had a penny with it. He was about to drop the penny back into the pouch when his eye fell on the boys frozen before the candy counter. He moved slowly down to them. He pointed in the case at big long sticks of striped peppermint. "Is them penny candy, ma'am?"

Mae moved down and looked in. "Which ones?"

"There, them stripy ones."

The little boys raised their eyes to her face and they stopped breathing; their mouths were partly opened, their half-naked bodies were rigid.

"Oh—them. Well, no—them's two for a penny."

"Well, gimme two then, ma'am." He placed the copper cent carefully on the counter. The boys expelled their held breath softly. Mae held the big sticks out.

Bradbury, Ray. *Fahrenheit 451.* New York: Ballantine, 1987. (1953)
From Part 1: "The Hearth and the Salamander"

It was a pleasure to burn.

It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things blackened and changed. With the brass nozzle in his fists, with this great python spitting its venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the symphonies of blazing and burning to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history. With his symbolic helmet numbered 451 on his stolid head, and his eyes all orange flame with the thought of what came next, he flicked the igniter and the house jumped up in a gorging fire that burned the evening sky red and yellow and black. He strode in a swarm of fireflies. He wanted above all, like the old joke, to shove a marshmallow on a stick in the furnace, while the flapping pigeon-winged books died on the porch and lawn of the house. While the books went up in sparkling whirls and blew away on a wind turned dark with burning.

Montag grinned the fierce grin of all men singed and driven back by flame.

He knew that when he returned to the firehouse, he might wink at himself, a minstrel man, burnt-corked, in the mirror. Later, going to sleep, he would feel the fiery smile still gripped by his face muscles, in the dark. It never went away, that smile, it never ever went away, as long as he remembered.

Olsen, Tillie. "I Stand Here Ironing." *Tell Me a Riddle*. New York: Dell, 1956. (1956)
From "I Stand Here Ironing"

I stand here ironing, and what you asked me moves tormented back and forth with the iron.

"I wish you would manage the time to come in and talk with me about your daughter. I'm sure you can help me understand her. She's a youngster who needs help and whom I'm deeply interested in helping."

"Who needs help"...Even if I came, what good would it do? You think because I am her mother I have a key, or that in some way you could use me as a key? She has lived for nineteen years. There is all that like that has happened outside of me, beyond me.

And when is there time to remember, to sift, to weigh, to estimate, to total? I will start and there will be an interruption and I will have to gather it all together again. Or I will become engulfed with all I did or did not do, with what should have been and what cannot be helped.

She was a beautiful baby. The first and only one of our five that was beautiful at birth. You do not guess how new and uneasy her tenancy in her now-loveliness. You did not know her all those years she was thought homely, or see her peering over her baby pictures, making me tell her over and over how beautiful she had been—and would be, I would tell her—and was now, to the seeing eye. But the seeing eyes were few or non-existent. Including mine.

Achebe, Chinua. *Things Fall Apart.* New York: Anchor, 1994. (1958)

Okonkwo was well known throughout the nine villages and even beyond. His fame rested on solid personal achievements. As a young man of eighteen he had brought honor to his village by throwing Amalinze the Cat. Amalinze was the great wrestler who for seven years was unbeaten, from Umuofia to Mbaino. He was called the Cat because his back would never touch the earth. It was this man that Okonkwo threw in a fight which the old men agreed was one of the fiercest since the founder of their town engaged a spirit of the wild for seven days and seven nights.

The drums beat and the flutes sang and the spectators held their breath. Amalinze was a wily craftsman, but Okonkwo was as slippery as a fish in water. Every nerve and every muscle stood out on their arms, on their backs and their thighs, and one almost heard them stretching to breaking point. In the end Okonkwo threw the Cat.

That was many years ago, twenty years or more, and during this time Okonkwo's fame had grown like a bush-fire in the harmattan. He was tall and huge, and his bushy eyebrows and wide nose gave him a very severe look. He breathed heavily, and it was said that, when he slept, his wives and children in their houses could hear him breathe. When he walked, his heels hardly touched the ground and he seemed to walk on springs, as if he was going to pounce on somebody. And he did pounce on people quite often. He had a slight stammer and whenever he was angry and could not get his words out quickly enough, he would use his fists. He had no patience with unsuccessful men. He had had no patience with his father.

Unoka, for that was his father's name, had died ten years ago. In his day he was lazy and improvident and was quite incapable of thinking about tomorrow. If any money came his way, and it seldom did, he immediately bought gourds of palm-wine, called round his neighbors and made merry. He always said that whenever he saw a dead man's mouth he saw the folly of not eating what one had in one's lifetime. Unoka was, of course, a debtor, and he owed every neighbor some money, from a few cowries to quite substantial amounts.

He was tall but very thin and had a slight stoop. He wore a haggard and mournful look except when he was drinking or playing on his flute. He was very good on his flute, and his happiest moments were the two or three moons after the harvest when the village musicians brought down their instruments, hung above the fireplace. Unoka would play with them, his face beaming with blessedness and peace. Sometimes another village would ask Unoka's band and their dancing egwugwu to come and stay with them and teach them their tunes. They would go to such hosts for as long as three or four markets, making music and feasting. Unoka loved the good fare and the good fellowship, and he loved this season of the year, when the rains had stopped and the sun rose every morning with dazzling beauty. And it was not too hot either, because the cold and dry harmattan wind was blowing down from the north. Some years the harmattan was very severe and a dense haze hung on the atmosphere. Old men and children would then sit round log fires, warming their bodies. Unoka loved it all, and he loved the first kites that returned with the dry season, and the children who sang songs of welcome to them. He would remember his own childhood, how he had often wandered around looking for a kite sailing leisurely against the blue sky. As soon as he found one he would sing with his whole being, welcoming it back from its long, long journey, and asking it if it had brought home any lengths of cloth.

Lee, Harper. *To Kill A Mockingbird*. New York: HarperCollins Publishers, 2006. (1960)
From Chapter One

When he was nearly thirteen, my brother Jem got his arm badly broken at the elbow. When it healed, and Jem's fears of never being able to play football were assuaged, he was seldom self-conscious about his injury. His left arm was somewhat shorter than his right; when he stood or walked, the back of his hand was at right angles to his body, his thumb parallel to his thigh. He couldn't have cared less, so long as he could pass and punt.

When enough years had gone by to enable us to look back on them, we sometimes discussed the events leading to

his accident. I maintain that the Ewells started it all, but Jem, who was four years my senior, said it started long before that. He said it began the summer Dill came to us, when Dill first gave us the idea of making Boo Radley come out.

I said if he wanted to take a broad view of the thing, it really began with Andrew Jackson. If General Jackson hadn't run the Creeks up the creek, Simon Finch would never have paddled up the Alabama, and where would we be if he hadn't? We were far too old to settle an argument with a fist-fight, so we consulted Atticus. Our father said we were both right.

Shaara, Michael. *The Killer Angels*. New York: Ballantine, 1996. (1975)
From "Longstreet"

". . . have no doubt," Fremantle was saying, "that General Lee shall become the world's foremost authority on military matters when this war is over, which would appear now to be only a matter of days, or at most a few weeks. I suspect all Europe will be turning to him for lessons."

Lessons?

"I have been thinking, I must confess, of setting some brief thoughts to paper," Fremantle announced gravely. "Some brief remarks of my own, appended to an account of this battle, and perhaps others this army has fought. Some notes as to tactics."

Tactics?

"General Lee's various stratagems will be most instructive, most illuminating. I wonder, sir, if I might enlist your aid in this, ah, endeavor. As one most closely concerned? That is, to be brief, may I come to you when in need?"

"Sure," Longstreet said. Tactics? He chuckled. The tactics were simple: find the enemy, fight him. He shook his head, snorting. Fremantle spoke softly, in tones of awe.

"One would not think of General Lee, now that one has met him, now that one has looked him, so to speak, in the eye, as it were, one would not think him, you know, to be such a devious man."

"Devious?" Longstreet swung to stare at him, aghast.

"Oh my word," Fremantle went on devoutly, "but he's a tricky one. The Old Gray Fox, as they say. Charming phrase. American to the hilt."

"Devious?" Longstreet stopped dead in the road. "Devious." He laughed aloud. Fremantle stared an owlish stare.

"Why, Colonel, bless your soul, there ain't a devious bone in Robert Lee's body, don't you know that?"

Tan, Amy. *The Joy Luck Club*. New York: Ballantine, 1989. (1989)
From "Jing-Mei Woo: Two Kinds"

My mother believed you could be anything you wanted to be in America. You could open a restaurant. You could work for the government and get good retirement. You could buy a house with almost no money down. You could become rich. You could become instantly famous.

"Of course you can be prodigy, too," my mother told me when I was nine. "You can be best anything. What does Auntie Lindo know? Her daughter, she is only best tricky."

America was where all my mother's hopes lay. She had come here in 1949 after losing everything in China: her mother and father, her family home, her first husband, and two daughters, twin baby girls. But she never looked back with regret. There were so many ways for things to get better.

We didn't immediately pick the right kind of prodigy. At first my mother thought I could be a Chinese Shirley Temple. We'd watch Shirley's old movies on TV as though they were training films. My mother would poke my arm and say, "Ni kan"—You watch. And I would see Shirley tapping her feet, or singing a sailor song, or pursing her lips into a very round O while saying, "Oh my goodness."

"Ni kan," said my mother as Shirley's eyes flooded with tears. "You already know how. Don't need talent for crying!"

Álvarez, Julia. *In the Time of the Butterflies*. Chapel Hill: Algonquin, 1994. (1994)
From Chapter 1: "Dedé 1994 and circa 1943"

She remembers a clear moonlit night before the future began. They are sitting in the cool darkness under the anacahuita tree in the front yard, in the rockers, telling stories, drinking guanabana juice. Good for the nerves, Mamá always says.

They're all there, Mamá, Papá, Patria-Minerva-Dedé. Bang-bang-bang, their father likes to joke, aiming a pistol finger at each one, as if he were shooting them, not boasting about having sired them, Three girls, each born within a year of each other! And then, nine years later, Maria Teresa, his final desperate attempt at a boy misfiring.

Their father has his slippers on, one foot hooked behind the other. Every once in a while Dedé hears the clink of the rum bottle against the rim of his glass.

Many a night, and this night is no different, a shy voice calls out of the darkness, begging their pardon. Could they spare a calmante for a sick child out of their stock of kindness? Would they have some tobacco for a tired old man who spent the day grating yucca?

Their father gets up, swaying a little with drink and tiredness, and opens up the store. The campesino goes off with his medicine, a couple of cigars, a few mints for the godchildren. Dedé tells her father that she doesn't know how they do as well as they do, the way he gives everything away. But her father just puts his arm around her, and says, "Ay, Dedé, that's why I have you. Every soft foot needs a hard shoe."

She'll bury us all," her father adds, laughing, "in silk and pearls." Dedé hears again the clink of the rum bottle. "Yes, for sure, our Dedé here is going to be the millionaire in the family."

Zusak, Marcus. *The Book Thief*. New York: Knopf, 2005. (2005)
From "The Flag"

The last time I saw her was red. The sky was like soup, boiling and stirring. In some places it was burned. There were black crumbs, and pepper, streaked amongst the redness.

Earlier, kids had been playing hopscotch there, on the street that looked like oil-stained pages. When I arrived I could still hear the echoes. The feet tapping the road. The children-voices laughing, and the smiles like salt, but decaying fast.

Then, bombs.

This time, everything was too late.

The sirens. The cuckoo shrieks in the radio. All too late.

Within minutes, mounds of concrete and earth were stacked and piled. The streets were ruptured veins. Blood streamed till it was dried on the road, and the bodies were stuck there, like driftwood after the flood.

They were glued down, every last one of them. A packet of souls.

Was it fate?

Misfortune?

Is that what glued them down like that?

Of course not.

Let's not be stupid.

It probably had more to do with the hurled bombs, thrown down by humans hiding in the clouds.

For hours, the sky remained a devastating, home-cooked red. The small German town had been flung apart one more time. Snowflakes of ash fell so lovelily you were tempted to stretch out your tongue to catch them, taste them. Only, they would have scorched your lips. They would have cooked your mouth.

Clearly, I see it.

I was just about to leave when I found her kneeling there.

A mountain range of rubble was written, designed, erected around her. She was clutching at a book.

Apart from everything else, the book thief wanted desperately to go back to the basement, to write, or read through her story one last time. In hindsight, I see it so obviously on her face. She was dying for it—the safety, the home of it—but she could not move. Also, the basement no longer existed. It was part of the mangled landscape.

Drama

Sophocles. *Oedipus Rex*. From *The Theban Plays* (also known as *The Oedipus Trilogy*). Translated by F. Storr. Dodo Press, 2009. (429 BC)

OEDIPUS

My children, latest born to Cadmus old,
Why sit ye here as suppliants, in your hands
Branches of olive filleted with wool?
What means this reek of incense everywhere,
And everywhere laments and litanies?
Children, it were not meet that I should learn
From others, and am hither come, myself,
I Oedipus, your world-renowned king.
Ho! aged sire, whose venerable locks
Proclaim thee spokesman of this company,
Explain your mood and purport. Is it dread
Of ill that moves you or a boon ye crave?
My zeal in your behalf ye cannot doubt;
Ruthless indeed were I and obdurate
If such petitioners as you I spurned.

PRIEST

Yea, Oedipus, my sovereign lord and king,
Thou seest how both extremes of age besiege
Thy palace altars--fledglings hardly winged,
And greybeards bowed with years, priests, as am I
Of Zeus, and these the flower of our youth.
Meanwhile, the common folk, with wreathed boughs
Crowd our two market-places, or before
Both shrines of Pallas congregate, or where
Ismenus gives his oracles by fire.
For, as thou seest thyself, our ship of State,
Sore buffeted, can no more lift her head,
Foundered beneath a weltering surge of blood.
A blight is on our harvest in the ear,
A blight upon the grazing flocks and herds,
A blight on wives in travail; and withal
Armed with his blazing torch the God of Plague
Hath swooped upon our city emptying
The house of Cadmus, and the murky realm
Of Pluto is full fed with groans and tears.

Therefore, O King, here at thy hearth we sit,
I and these children; not as deeming thee
A new divinity, but the first of men;
First in the common accidents of life,
And first in visitations of the Gods.
Art thou not he who coming to the town
Of Cadmus freed us from the tax we paid
To the fell songstress? Nor hadst thou received

Prompting from us or been by others schooled;
No, by a god inspired (so all men deem,
And testify) didst thou renew our life.
And now, O Oedipus, our peerless king,
All we thy votaries beseech thee, find
Some succor, whether by a voice from heaven
Whispered, or haply known by human wit.
Tried counselors, methinks, are aptest found
To furnish for the future pregnant rede.
Upraise, O chief of men, upraise our State!
Look to thy laurels! for thy zeal of yore
Our country's savior thou art justly hailed:
O never may we thus record thy reign:--
"He raised us up only to cast us down."
Uplift us, build our city on a rock.
Thy happy star ascendant brought us luck,
O let it not decline! If thou wouldst rule
This land, as now thou reignest, better sure
To rule a peopled than a desert realm.
Nor battlements nor galleys aught avail,
If men to man and guards to guard them tail.

OEDIPUS

Ah! my poor children, known, ah, known too well,
The quest that brings you hither and your need.
Ye sicken all, well wot I, yet my pain,
How great soever yours, outtops it all.
Your sorrow touches each man severally,
Him and none other, but I grieve at once
Both for the general and myself and you.
Therefore ye rouse no sluggard from day-dreams.
Many, my children, are the tears I've wept,
And threaded many a maze of weary thought.
Thus pondering one clue of hope I caught,
And tracked it up; I have sent Menoeceus' son,
Creon, my consort's brother, to inquire
Of Pythian Phoebus at his Delphic shrine,
How I might save the State by act or word.
And now I reckon up the tale of days
Since he set forth, and marvel how he fares.
'Tis strange, this endless tarrying, passing strange.
But when he comes, then I were base indeed,
If I perform not all the god declares.

PRIEST

Thy words are well timed; even as thou speakest
That shouting tells me Creon is at hand.

Shakespeare, William. *The Tragedy of Macbeth.* New Haven: Yale University Press, 1954. (c1611)

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunsinane. Anteroom in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting Gentlewoman.

Doctor. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the field, have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor anyone, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes. This is her very guise, and upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman. Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor. You see her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense are shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here's a spot.

Doctor. Hark! She speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot! Out, I say! One; two. Why, then, 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! A soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to accompt? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth. The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that! You mar all with this starting.

Doctor. Go to, go to! You have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady Macbeth. Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gentlewoman. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor. Well, well, well.

Gentlewoman. Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor. This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he

cannot come out on's grave.

Doctor. Even so?

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed! There's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed! Exit Lady.

Doctor. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Doctor. Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.

My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.

I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman. Good night, good doctor.

Exeunt.

Media Text
Judi Dench (Lady Macbeth) performs this scene in a 1979 production with Ian McKellen:
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lOkyZWQ2bmQ
McKellen analyzes the "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow" speech from Act V, Scene 5:
http://video.google.com/videoplay?docid=8837180438460805 12#docid=7225091828250988008

Ibsen, Henrik. *A Doll's House*. New York: Signet Classics, 2006. (1879)
From Act I

Helmer (in his room). Is that my lark twittering there ?

Nora (busy opening some of her parcels). Yes, it is.

Helmer. Is it the squirrel frisking around ?

Nora. Yes !

Helmer. When did the squirrel get home ?

Nora. Just this minute. (Hides the bag of macaroons in her pocket and wipes her mouth.) Come here, Torvald, and see what I've been buying.

Helmer. Don't interrupt me. (A little later he opens the door and looks in, pen in hand.) Buying, did you say ? What ! All that ? Has my little spendthrift been making the money fly again ?

Nora. Why, Torvald, surely we can afford to launch out a little now. It's the first Christmas we haven't had to pinch.

Helmer. Come, come ; we can't afford to squander money.

Nora. Oh yes, Torvald, do let us squander a little, now — just the least little bit ! You know you'll soon be earning heaps of money.

Helmer. Yes, from New Year's Day. But there's a whole quarter before my first salary is due.

Nora. Never mind ; we can borrow in the meantime.

Helmer. Nora ! (He goes up to her and takes her playfully by the ear.) Still my little featherbrain ! Supposing I borrowed a thousand crowns to-day, and you made ducks and drakes of them during Christmas week, and

then on New Year's Eve a tile blew off the roof and knocked my brains out

Nora (laying her hand on his mouth). Hush ! How can you talk so horridly ?

Helmer. But supposing it were to happen — what then ?

Nora. If anything so dreadful happened, it would be all the same to me whether I was in debt or not.

Helmer. But what about the creditors ?

Nora. They ! Who cares for them ? They're only strangers.

Helmer. Nora, Nora ! What a woman you are ! But seriously, Nora, you know my principles on these points. No debts ! No borrowing ! Home life ceases to be free and beautiful as soon as it is founded on borrowing and debt. We two have held out bravely till now, and we are not going to give in at the last.

Nora (going to the fireplace). Very well — as you please, Torvald.

Williams, Tennessee. *The Glass Menagerie.* New York: New Directions, 1966. (1944)
From Scene 5

TOM: What are you doing?

AMANDA: I'm brushing that cowlick down! [She attacks his hair with the brush.] What is this young man's position at the warehouse?

TOM [submitting grimly to the brush and interrogation]: This young man's position is that of a shipping clerk, Mother.

AMANDA: Sounds to me like a fairly responsible job, the sort of a job you would be in if you had more get-up. What is his salary? Have you any idea?

TOM: I would judge it to be approximately eighty-five dollars a month.

AMANDA: Well—not princely—but—

TOM: Twenty more than I make.

AMANDA: Yes, how well I know! But for a family man, eighty-five dollars a month is not much more than you can just get by on....

TOM: Yes, but Mr. O'Connor is not a family man.

AMANDA: He might be, mightn't he? Some time in the future?

TOM: I see. Plans and provisions.

AMANDA: You are the only young man that I know of who ignores the fact that the future becomes the present, the present the past, and the past turns into everlasting regret if you don't plan for it!

TOM: I will think that over and see what I can make of it.

AMANDA: Don't be supercilious with your mother! Tell me some more about this—what do you call him?

TOM: James D. O'Connor. The D. is for Delaney.

AMANDA: Irish on both sides! Gracious! And doesn't drink?

TOM: Shall I call him up and ask him right this minute?

AMANDA: The only way to find out about those things is to make discreet inquiries at the proper moment. When I was a girl in Blue Mountain and it was suspected that a young man drank, the girl whose attentions he had been receiving, if any girl was, would sometimes speak to the minister of his church, or rather her father would if her father was living, and sort of feel him out on the young man's character. That is the way such things are discreetly handled to keep a young woman from making a tragic mistake!

TOM: Then how did you happen to make a tragic mistake?

AMANDA: That innocent look of your father's had everyone fooled! He smiled—the world was enchanted! No girl can do worse than put herself at the mercy of a handsome appearance! I hope that Mr. O'Connor is not too good-looking.

Ionesco, Eugene. "Rhinoceros." Translated by Derek Prouse. *Rhinoceros and Other Plays*. New York: Grove Press, 1960. (1959)
From Act Two

BERENGER: [coming in] Hello Jean!

JEAN: [in bed] What time is it? Aren't you at the office?

BERENGER: You're still in bed; you're not at the office, then? Sorry if I'm disturbing you.

JEAN: [still with his back turned] Funny, I didn't recognize your voice.

BERENGER: I didn't recognize yours either.

JEAN: [still with his back turned] Sit down!

BERENGER: Aren't you feeling well?

[JEAN replies with a grunt.]

You know, Jean, it was stupid of me to get so upset yesterday over a thing like that.

JEAN: A thing like what?

BERENGER: Yesterday ...

JEAN: When yesterday? Where yesterday?

BERENGER: Don't you remember? It was about that wretched rhinoceros.

JEAN: What rhinoceros?

BERENGER: The rhinoceros, or rather, the two wretched rhinoceroses we saw.

JEAN: Oh yes, I remember ... How do you know they were wretched?

BERENGER: Oh I just said that.
JEAN: Oh. Well let's not talk any more about it.

BERENGER: That's very nice of you.

JEAN: Then that's that.

BERENGER: But I would like to say how sorry I am for being so insistent ... and so obstinate ... and getting so angry ... in fact ... I acted stupidly.

JEAN: That's not surprising with you.

BERENGER: I'm very sorry.

JEAN: I don't feel very well. [He coughs.]

BERENGER: That's probably why you're in bed. [With a change of tone:] You know, Jean, as it turned out, we were both right.

JEAN: What about?

BERENGER: About … well, you know, the same thing. Sorry to bring it up again, but I'll only mention it briefly. I just wanted you to know that in our different ways we were both right. It's been proved now. There are some rhinoceroses in the town with two horns and some with one.

Fugard, Athol. *"Master Harold"…and the boys.* New York: Penguin, 1982. (1982)
From *"Master Harold"…and the boys*

Sam: Of course it is. That's what I've been trying to say to you all afternoon. And it's beautiful because that is what we want life to be like. But instead, like you said, Hally, we're bumping into each other all the time. Look at the three of us this afternoon: I've bumped into Willie, the two of us have bumped into you, you've bumped into your mother, she bumping into your Dad. . . . None of us knows the steps and there's no music playing. And it doesn't stop with us. The whole world is doing it all the time. Open a newspaper and what do you read? America has bumped into Russia, England is bumping into India, rich man bumps into poor man. Those are big collisions, Hally. They make for a lot of bruises. People get hurt in all that bumping, and we're sick and tired of it now. It's been going on for too long. Are we never going to get it right? . . . Learn to dance life like champions instead of always being just a bunch of beginners at it?

Hally: (Deep and sincere admiration of the man) You've got a vision, Sam!

Sam: Not just me. What I'm saying to you is that everybody's got it. That's why there's only standing room left for the Centenary Hall in two weeks' time. For as long as the music lasts, we are going to see six couples get it right, the way we want life to be.

Hally: But is that the best we can do, Sam . . . watch six finalists dreaming about the way it should be?

Sam: I don't know. But it starts with that. Without the dream we won't know what we're going for. And anyway I reckon there are a few people who have got past just dreaming about it and are trying for something real. Remember that thing we read once in the paper about the Mahatma Gandhi? Going without food to stop those riots in India?

Poetry

Shakespeare, William. "Sonnet 73." *Shakespeare: The Poems*. Edited by David Bevington. New York: Bantam, 1988. (1609)

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Donne, John. "Song." *The Complete Poetry of John Donne*. Edited by John T. Shawcross. New York: Anchor Books, 1967. (1635)

Goe, and catche a falling starre,
Get with child a mandrake roote,
Tell me, where all past yeares are,
Or who cleft the Divels foot,
Teach me to heare Mermaides singing,

Or to keep off envies stinging,
And finde
What winde
Serves to advance an honest minde.

If thou beest borne to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand daies and nights,
Till age snow white haires on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell mee
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And sweare
No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou findst one, let mee know,
Such a Pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet doe not, I would not goe,
Though at next doore wee might meet,
Though shee were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet shee
Will bee
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe. "Ozymandias." ***The Complete Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley*****. New York: Modern Library, 1994. (1817)**

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said—"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert ... Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

Poe, Edgar Allan. "The Raven." ***Complete Stories and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*****. New York: Doubleday, 1984. (1845)**

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door —
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; —
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; —
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore —
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before —
On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore —
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,

But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore —
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore —
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Dickinson, Emily. "We Grow Accustomed to the Dark." ***The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson.*** **Boston: Little, Brown, 1960. (1890)**

We grow accustomed to the Dark,
When Light is put away,
As when the Neighbor holds the Lamp
To witness her Goodbye.

A Moment—We uncertain step
For newness of the night,
Then fit our Vision to the Dark,
And meet the Road erect.

And so of larger Darknesses,
Those Evenings of the Brain,
When not a Moon disclose a sign,
Or Star, come out, within.

The Bravest grope a little
And sometimes hit a Tree
Directly in the Forehead,
But as they learn to see,

Either the Darkness alters
Or something in the sight
Adjusts itself to Midnight,
And Life steps almost straight.

Houseman, A. E. "Loveliest of Trees." ***A Shropshire Lad.*** **New York: Penguin, 1999. (1896)**

Loveliest of Trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Johnson, James Weldon. "Lift Every Voice and Sing." ***Lift Every Voice and Sing*****. New York: Penguin, 1993. (1900)**

Lift every voice and sing,
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty,
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the list'ning skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod
Bitter the chast'ning rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat
Have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered
We have come, treading our path thro' the blood of the slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who hast by Thy might,
Led us into the light, Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we meet Thee,
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand, may we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our native land.

Cullen, Countee. "Yet Do I Marvel." ***The Norton Anthology of African American Literature*****. Edited by Henry Louis Gates, Jr., and Nellie Y. McKay. New York: Norton, 1997. (1925)**

Auden, Wystan Hugh. "Musée des Beaux Arts." ***The Collected Poetry of W. H. Auden*****. New York: Random House, 1945. (1938)**

Walker, Alice. "Women." ***Revolutionary Petunias and Other Poems*****. New York: Harcourt Brace, 1973. (1970)**

Baca, Jimmy Santiago. "I Am Offering This Poem to You." ***Immigrants in Our Own Land and Selected Early Poems*****. New York: New Directions, 1977. (1977)**

I am offering this poem to you,
since I have nothing else to give.
Keep it like a warm coat
when winter comes to cover you,
or like a pair of thick socks
the cold cannot bite through,

I love you,

I have nothing else to give you,
so it is a pot full of yellow corn
to warm your belly in winter,
it is a scarf for your head, to wear
over your hair, to tie up around your face,

I love you,

Keep it, treasure this as you would
if you were lost, needing direction,
in the wilderness life becomes when mature;
and in the corner of your drawer,
tucked away like a cabin or hogan
in dense trees, come knocking,
and I will answer, give you directions,
and let you warm yourself by this fire,
rest by this fire, and make you feel safe

I love you,

It's all I have to give,
and all anyone needs to live,
and to go on living inside,
when the world outside
no longer cares if you live or die;
remember,

I love you

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Sample Performance Tasks for Stories, Drama, and Poetry

- Students *analyze how* the *character* of Odysseus from Homer's *Odyssey*—a "man of twists and turns"—reflects *conflicting motivations* through his *interactions with other characters* in the epic poem. They articulate how his conflicting loyalties during his long and complicated journey home from the Trojan War both *advance the plot* of Homer's epic and *develop themes*. [RL.9–10.3]

- Students *analyze* how Michael Shaara in his Civil War novel *The Killer Angels* creates a sense of *tension* and even *surprise* regarding the outcome of events at the Battle of Gettysburg through *pacing, ordering of events, and* the overarching *structure* of the novel. [RL.9–10.5]

- Students *analyze in detail the theme* of relationships between mothers and daughters and how that *theme develops over the course of* Amy Tan's *The Joy Luck Club*. Students search the text for *specific details* that show how the *theme emerges* and *how it is shaped and refined* over the course of the novel. [RL.9–10.2]

- Students *analyze how* the Japanese filmmaker Akira Kurosawa in his film *Throne of Blood draws on and trans-*

forms Shakespeare's play Macbeth in order to develop a similar plot set in feudal Japan. [RL.9–10.9]

- Students *analyze how* artistic *representations* of Ramses II (the pharaoh who reigned during the time of Moses) vary, basing their analysis on *what is emphasized or absent in different* treatments of the pharaoh in works of art (e.g., images in the British Museum) and in Percy Bysshe Shelley's poem "Ozymandias." [RL.9–10.7]

Informational Texts: English Language Arts

Henry, Patrick. "Speech to the Second Virginia Convention." (1775)

MR. PRESIDENT: No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely, and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves, and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with these war-like preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our

battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

Washington, George. "Farewell Address." (1796)

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy to be useful must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation and excessive dislike of another cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots who may resist the intrigues of the favorite are liable to become suspected and odious, while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop. Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none; or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people under an efficient government. the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Lincoln, Abraham. "Gettysburg Address." (1863)

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a large sense we cannot dedicate,—we cannot consecrate,—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is, rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Lincoln, Abraham. "Second Inaugural Address." (1865)

Fellow-Countrymen:

At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, urgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses; for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Roosevelt, Franklin Delano. "State of the Union Address." (1941)

For there is nothing mysterious about the foundations of a healthy and strong democracy. The basic things expected by our people of their political and economic systems are simple. They are:

Equality of opportunity for youth and for others.

Jobs for those who can work.

Security for those who need it.

The ending of special privilege for the few.

The preservation of civil liberties for all.

The enjoyment of the fruits of scientific progress in a wider and constantly rising standard of living.

These are the simple, basic things that must never be lost sight of in the turmoil and unbelievable complexity of our modern world. The inner and abiding strength of our economic and political systems is dependent upon the degree to which they fulfill these expectations.

Many subjects connected with our social economy call for immediate improvement. As examples:

We should bring more citizens under the coverage of old-age pensions and unemployment insurance.

We should widen the opportunities for adequate medical care.

We should plan a better system by which persons deserving or needing gainful employment may obtain it.

I have called for personal sacrifice. I am assured of the willingness of almost all Americans to respond to that call.

A part of the sacrifice means the payment of more money in taxes. In my Budget Message I shall recommend that a greater portion of this great defense program be paid for from taxation than we are paying today. No person should try, or be allowed, to get rich out of this program; and the principle of tax payments in accordance with ability to pay should be constantly before our eyes to guide our legislation.

If the Congress maintains these principles, the voters, putting patriotism ahead of pocketbooks, will give you their applause.

In the future days, which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.

The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world.

The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way—everywhere in the world.

The third is freedom from want—which, translated into world terms, means economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants-everywhere in the world.

The fourth is freedom from fear—which, translated into world terms, means a world-wide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor—anywhere in the world.

Hand, Learned. "I Am an American Day Address." (1944)

We have gathered here to affirm a faith, a faith in a common purpose, a common conviction, a common devotion. Some of us have chosen America as the land of our adoption; the rest have come from those who did the same. For this reason we have some right to consider ourselves a picked group, a group of those who had the courage to break from the past and brave the dangers and the loneliness of a strange land. What was the object that nerved us, or those who went before us, to this choice? We sought liberty; freedom from oppression, freedom from want, freedom to be ourselves. This we then sought; this we now believe that we are by way of winning. What do we mean when we say that first of all we seek liberty? I often wonder whether we do not rest our hopes too much upon constitutions, upon laws and upon courts. These are false hopes; believe me, these are false hopes. Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can even do much to help it. While it lies there it needs no constitution, no law, no court to save it. And what is this liberty which must lie in the hearts of men and women? It is not the ruthless, the unbridled will; it is not freedom to do as one likes. That is the denial of liberty, and leads straight to its overthrow. A society in which men recognize no check upon their freedom soon becomes a society where freedom is the possession of only a savage few; as we have learned to our sorrow.

What then is the spirit of liberty? I cannot define it; I can only tell you my own faith. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which seeks to understand the mind of other men and women; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which weighs their interests alongside its own without bias; the spirit of liberty remembers that not even a sparrow falls to earth unheeded; the spirit of liberty is the spirit of Him who, near two thousand years ago, taught mankind that lesson it has never learned but never quite forgotten; that there may be a kingdom where the least shall be heard and considered side by side with the greatest. And now in that spirit, that spirit of an America which has never been, and which may never be; nay, which never will be except as the conscience and courage of Americans create it; yet in the spirit of that America which lies hidden in some form in the aspirations of us all; in the spirit of that America for which our young men are at this moment fighting and dying; in that spirit of liberty and of America I ask you to rise and with me pledge our faith in the glorious destiny of our beloved country.

Smith, Margaret Chase. "Remarks to the Senate in Support of a Declaration of Conscience." (1950)

Mr. President:

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

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

I speak as briefly as possible because too much harm has already been done with irresponsible words of bitterness and selfish political opportunism. I speak as briefly as possible because the issue is too great to be obscured by eloquence. I speak simply and briefly in the hope that my words will be taken to heart.

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

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

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

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

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

I think that it is high time that we remembered that we have sworn to uphold and defend the Constitution. I think that it is high time that we remembered that the Constitution, as amended, speaks not only of the freedom of speech but also of trial by jury instead of trial by accusation.

Whether it be a criminal prosecution in court or a character prosecution in the Senate, there is little practical distinction when the life of a person has been ruined.

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

The right to criticize;

The right to hold unpopular beliefs;

The right to protest;

The right of independent thought.

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

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

The American people are sick and tired of seeing innocent people smeared and guilty people whitewashed. But there have been enough proved cases, such as the Amerasia case, the Hiss case, the Coplon case, the Gold case, to cause the nationwide distrust and strong suspicion that there may be something to the unproved, sensational accusations.

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

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

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

responsible citizens.

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

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

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

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

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

It is with these thoughts that I have drafted what I call a "Declaration of Conscience." I am gratified that Senator Tobey, Senator Aiken, Senator Morse, Senator Ives, Senator Thye, and Senator Hendrickson have concurred in that declaration and have authorized me to announce their concurrence.

King, Jr., Martin Luther. "Letter from Birmingham Jail." ***Why We Can't Wait.*** **New York: Signet Classics, 2000. (1963)**

My Dear Fellow Clergymen:

While confined here in the Birmingham city jail, I came across your recent statement calling my present activities "unwise and untimely." Seldom do I pause to answer criticism of my work and ideas. If I sought to answer all the criticisms that cross my desk, my secretaries would have little time for anything other than such correspondence in the course of the day, and I would have no time for constructive work. But since I feel that you are men of genuine good will and that your criticisms are sincerely set forth, I want to try to answer your statements in what I hope will be patient and reasonable terms.

I think I should indicate why I am here In Birmingham, since you have been influenced by the view which argues against "outsiders coming in." I have the honor of serving as president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, an organization operating in every southern state, with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. We have some eighty-five affiliated organizations across the South, and one of them is the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights. Frequently we share staff, educational and financial resources with our affiliates. Several months ago the affiliate here in Birmingham asked us to be on call to engage in a nonviolent direct-action program if such were deemed necessary. We readily consented, and when the hour came we lived up to our promise. So I, along with several members of my staff, am here because I was invited here I am here because I have organizational ties here.

But more basically, I am in Birmingham because injustice is here. Just as the prophets of the eighth century B.C. left their villages and carried their "thus saith the Lord" far beyond the boundaries of their home towns, and just as the Apostle Paul left his village of Tarsus and carried the gospel of Jesus Christ to the far corners of the Greco-Roman world, so am I. compelled to carry the gospel of freedom beyond my own home town. Like Paul, I must constantly respond to the Macedonian call for aid.

Moreover, I am cognizant of the interrelatedness of all communities and states. I cannot sit idly by in Atlanta and not be concerned about what happens in Birmingham. Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly. Never again can we afford to live with the narrow, provincial "outside agitator" idea. Anyone who lives inside the United States can never be considered an outsider anywhere within its bounds.

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King, Jr., Martin Luther. "I Have a Dream: Address Delivered at the March on Washington, D.C., for Civil Rights on August 28, 1963." (1963)

Angelou, Maya. *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*. New York: Random House, 1970. (1969)
From Chapter 14

She said she was going to give me some books and that I not only must read them, I must read them aloud. She suggested that I try to make a sentence sound in as many different ways as possible.

"I'll accept no excuse if you return a book to me that has been badly handled." My imagination boggled at the punishment I would deserve if in fact I did abuse a book of Mrs. Flowers'. Death would be too kind and brief.

The odors in the house surprised me. Somehow I had never connected Mrs. Flowers with food or eating or any other common experience of common people. There must have been an outhouse, too, but my mind never recorded it.

The sweet scent of vanilla had met us as she opened the door.

"I made tea cookies this morning. You see, I had planned to invite you for cookies and lemonade so we could have this little chat. The lemonade is in the icebox."

It followed that Mrs. Flowers would have ice on an ordinary day, when most families in our town bought ice late on Saturdays only a few times during the summer to be used in the wooden ice-cream freezers.

She took the bags from me and disappeared through the kitchen door. I looked around the room that I had never in my wildest fantasies imagined I would see. Browned photographs leered or threatened from the walls and the white, freshly done curtains pushed against themselves and against the wind. I wanted to gobble up the room entire and take it to Bailey, who would help me analyze and enjoy it.

Wiesel, Elie. "Hope, Despair and Memory." *Nobel Lectures in Peace 1981–1990*. Singapore: World Scientific, 1997. (1986)

It is with a profound sense of humility that I accept the honor - the highest there is - that you have chosen to bestow upon me. I know your choice transcends my person.

Do I have the right to represent the multitudes who have perished? Do I have the right to accept this great honor on their behalf? I do not. No one may speak for the dead, no one may interpret their mutilated dreams and visions. And yet, I sense their presence. I always do - and at this moment more than ever. The presence of my parents, that of my little sister. The presence of my teachers, my friends, my companions...

This honor belongs to all the survivors and their children and, through us to the Jewish people with whose destiny I have always identified.

I remember: it happened yesterday, or eternities ago. A young Jewish boy discovered the Kingdom of Night. I remember his bewilderment, I remember his anguish. It all happened so fast. The ghetto. The deportation. The sealed cattle car. The fiery altar upon which the history of our people and the future of mankind were meant to be sacrificed.

I remember he asked his father: "Can this be true? This is the twentieth century, not the Middle Ages. Who would allow such crimes to be committed? How could the world remain silent?"

And now the boy is turning to me. "Tell me," he asks, "what have you done with my future, what have you done with your life?" And I tell him that I have tried. That I have tried to keep memory alive, that I have tried to fight those who would forget. Because if we forget, we are guilty, we are accomplices.

And then I explain to him how naïve we were, that the world did know and remained silent. And that is why I swore never to be silent whenever wherever human beings endure suffering and humiliation. We must take sides. Neutrality helps the oppressor, never the victim. Silence encourages the tormentor, never the tormented. Sometimes we must interfere. When human lives are endangered, when human dignity is in jeopardy, national borders and sensitivities become irrelevant. Wherever men and women are persecuted because of their race, religion, or political views, that place must— at that moment—become the center of the universe.

Reagan, Ronald. "Address to Students at Moscow State University." *The American Reader: Words that Moved a Nation, 2nd Edition*. Edited by Diane Ravitch. New York: HarperCollins, 2000. (1988)
From "Ronald Reagan: Speech at Moscow State University"

But progress is not foreordained. The key is freedom—freedom of thought, freedom of information, freedom of communication. The renowned scientist, scholar, and founding father of this university, Mikhail Lomonosov, knew that. "It is common knowledge," he said, "that the achievements of science are considerable and rapid, particularly once the yoke of slavery is cast off and replaced by the freedom of philosophy." [...]

The explorers of the modern era are the entrepreneurs, men with vision, with the courage to take risks and faith enough to brave the unknown. These entrepreneurs and their small enterprises are responsible for almost all the economic growth in the United States. They are the prime movers of the technological revolution. In fact, one of the largest personal computer firms in the United States was started by two college students, no older than you, in the garage behind their home. Some people, even in my own country, look at the riot of experiment that is the free market and see only waste. What of all the entrepreneurs that fail? Well, many do, particularly the successful ones; often several times. And if you ask them the secret of their success, they'll tell you it's all that they learned in their struggles along the way; yes, it's what they learned from failing. Like an athlete in competition or a scholar in pursuit of the truth, experience is the greatest teacher. [...]

We Americans make no secret of our belief in freedom. In fact, it's something of a national pastime. Every 4 years the American people choose a new President, and 1988 is one of those years. At one point there were 13 major candidates running in the two major parties, not to mention all the others, including the Socialist and Libertarian candidates—all trying to get my job.

About 1,000 local television stations, 8,500 radio stations, and 1,700 daily newspapers—each one an independent, private enterprise, fiercely independent of the Government—report on the candidates, grill them in interviews, and bring them together for debates. In the end, the people vote; they decide who will be the next President.

But freedom doesn't begin or end with elections. Go to any American town, to take just an example, and you'll see dozens of churches, representing many different beliefs—in many places, synagogues and mosques—and you'll see families of every conceivable nationality worshiping together. Go into any schoolroom, and there you will see children being taught the Declaration of Independence, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights—among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—that no government can justly deny; the guarantees in their Constitution for freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, and freedom of religion.

Go into any courtroom, and there will preside an independent judge, beholden to no government power. There every defendant has the right to a trial by a jury of his peers, usually 12 men and women—common citizens; they are the ones, the only ones, who weigh the evidence and decide on guilt or innocence. In that court, the accused is innocent until proven guilty, and the word of a policeman or any official has no greater legal standing than the word of the accused.

Go to any university campus, and there you'll find an open, sometimes heated discussion of the problems in American society and what can be done to correct them. Turn on the television, and you'll see the legislature conducting the business of government right there before the camera, debating and voting on the legislation that will become the law of the land. March in any demonstration, and there are many of them; the people's right of assembly is guaranteed in the Constitution and protected by the police. Go into any union hall, where the members know their right to strike is protected by law.

But freedom is more even than this. Freedom is the right to question and change the established way of doing things. It is the continuing revolution of the marketplace. It is the understanding that allows us to recognize shortcomings and seek solutions. It is the right to put forth an idea, scoffed at by the experts, and watch it catch fire among the people. It is the right to dream—to follow your dream or stick to your conscience, even if you're the only one in a sea of doubters. Freedom is the recognition that no single person, no single authority or government has a monopoly on the truth, but that every individual life is infinitely precious, that every one of us put on this world has been put there for a reason and has something to offer.

Quindlen, Anna. "A Quilt of a Country." Newsweek September 27, 2001. (2001)

America is an improbable idea. A mongrel nation built of ever-changing disparate parts, it is held together by a notion, the notion that all men are created equal, though everyone knows that most men consider themselves better than someone. "Of all the nations in the world, the United States was built in nobody's image," the historian Daniel Boorstin wrote. That's because it was built of bits and pieces that seem discordant, like the crazy quilts that have been one of its great folk-art forms, velvet and calico and checks and brocades. Out of many, one. That is the ideal.

Sample Performance Tasks for Informational Texts: English Language Arts

- Students compare George Washington's Farewell Address to other foreign policy statements, such as the Monroe Doctrine, and *analyze* how both texts *address similar themes and concepts* regarding "entangling alliances." [RI.9–10.9]

- Students *analyze how* Abraham Lincoln in his "Second Inaugural Address" *unfolds* his examination of the *ideas* that led to the Civil War, paying particular attention to *the order in which the points are made, how* Lincoln *introduces and develops* his points, *and the connections that are drawn between them*. [RI.9–10.3]

- Students *evaluate* the *argument and specific claims* about the "spirit of liberty" in Learned Hand's "I Am an American Day Address," *assessing the relevance and sufficiency of the evidence and the validity of his reasoning*. [RI.9–10.8]

- Students *determine the purpose* and *point of view* in Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, "I Have a Dream" speech and *analyze* how King *uses rhetoric to advance* his position. [RI.9–10.6]

Informational Texts: History/Social Studies

Brown, Dee. *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee: An Indian History of the American West.* New York: Holt Rinehart Winston, 1970. (1970)
From Chapter 1: "Their Manners Are Decorous and Praiseworthy"

The decade following establishment of the "permanent Indian frontier" was a bad time for the eastern tribes. The great Cherokee nation had survived more than a hundred years of the white man's wars, diseases, and whiskey, but now it was to be blotted out. Because the Cherokees numbered several thousands, their removal to the West was planned to be in gradual stages, but the discovery of Appalachian gold within their territory brought on a clamor for their immediate wholesale exodus. During the autumn of 1838, General Winfield Scott's soldiers rounded them up and concentrated them into camps. (A few hundred escaped to the Smoky Mountains and many years later where given a small reservation in North Carolina.) From the prison camps they were started westward to Indian Territory. On the long winter trek, one of every four Cherokees died from the cold, hunger, or disease. They called the march their "trail of tears." The Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Seminoles also gave up their homelands in the South. In the North, surviving remnants of the Shawnees, Miamis, Ottawas, Hurons, Delawares, and many other once mighty tribes walked or traveled by horseback and wagon beyond the Mississippi, carrying their shabby goods, their rusty farming tools, and bags of seed corn. All of them arrived as refugees, poor relations, in the country of the proud and free Plains Indians.

Scarcely were the refugees settled behind the security of the "permanent Indian frontier" when soldiers began marching westward through Indian country. The white men of the United States—who talked so much of peace but rarely seemed to practice it—were marching to war with the white men who had conquered the Indians of Mexico. When the war with Mexico ended in 1847, the United States took possession of a vast expanse of territory reaching from Texas to California. All of it was west of the "permanent Indian frontier."

Connell, Evan S. *Son of the Morning Star: Custer and the Little Bighorn.* New York: Harper Perennial, 1985. (1984)

Sitting Bull. Sitting Bull.

In English this name sounds a little absurd, and to whites of the nineteenth century is was still more so; they alluded to him as Slightly Recumbent Gentleman Cow.

Exact Translation from the Sioux is impossible, but his name may be better understood if one realizes how plains Indians respected and honored the bull buffalo. Whites considered this animal to be exceptionally stupid. Col. Dodge states without equivocation that the buffalo is the dullest creature of which he has any knowledge. A herd of buffalo would graze complacently while every member was shot down. He himself shot two cows and thirteen calves while the survivors grazed and watched. He and others in his party had to shout and wave their hats to drive the herd away so the dead animals could be butchered.

Indians, however, regarded buffalo as the wisest and most powerful of creatures, nearest to the omnipresent Spirit. Furthermore if one says in English that somebody is sitting it means he is seated, balanced on the haunches; but the Sioux expression has an additional sense, not equivalent to but approximating the English words situate and locate and reside.

Thus from an Indian point of view, the name Sitting Bull signified a wise and powerful being who had taken up residence among them.

As a boy, he was called Slow, Hunkesni, because of his deliberate manner, and it has been alleged that his parents

thought him ordinary, perhaps even a bit slow in the head. Most biographies state that he was known also as Jumping Badger; but Stanley Vestal, after talking to many Indians who knew his, said that none of them nor any member of Sitting Bull's family could remember his being called Jumping Badger. In any event, Slow he was called, and Slow would suffice until he distinguished himself.

Gombrich, E. H. *The Story of Art, 16th Edition*. London: Phaidon, 1995. (1995)
From Chapter 27: "Experimental Art: The First Half of the Twentieth Century"

In one of his letters to a young painter, Cézanne had advised him to look at nature in terms of spheres, cones and cylinders. He presumably meant that he should always keep these basic solid shapes in mind when organizing his pictures. But Picasso and his friends decided to take this advice literally. I suppose that they reasoned somewhat like this: 'We have long given up claiming that we represent things as they appear to our eyes. That was a will-o'-the-wisp which it is useless to pursue. We do not want to fix on the canvas the imaginary impression of a fleeting moment. Let us follow Cézanne's example, and build up the picture of our motifs as solidly and enduringly as we can. Why not be consistent and accept the fact that our real aim is rather to construct something, rather than to copy something? If we think of an object, let us say a violin, it does not appear before the eye of our mind the way it would appear before our bodily eyes. We can, and in fact do, think of its various aspects at the same time. Some of them stand out so clearly that we feel we can touch them and handle them; others are somehow blurred. And this strange medley of images represents more of the "real" violin than any single snapshot or meticulous painting could ever contain.' This, I suppose, was the reasoning which led to such paintings as Picasso's still life of a violin, figure 374. In some respects, it represents a return to what we have called Egyptian principles, in which an object was drawn from the angle from which its characteristic form came out most clearly.

[Figure 374]
Pablo Picasso, Violin and Grapes, 1912
Oil on canvas, 50.6 x 61 cm, 20 x 24 in;
The Museum of Modern Art, New York
Mrs. David M. Levy Bequest

Kurlansky, Mark. *Cod: A Biography of the Fish That Changed the World*. New York: Walker, 1997. (1997)
From Chapter 1: "The Race to Codlandia"

A medieval fisherman is said to have hauled up a three-foot-long cod, which was common enough at the time. And the fact that the cod could talk was not especially surprising. But what was astonishing was that it spoke an unknown language. It spoke Basque.

This Basque folktale shows not only the Basque attachment to their orphan language, indecipherable to the rest of the world, but also their tie to the Atlantic cod, Gadus morhua, a fish that has never been found in Basque or even Spanish waters.

The Basques are enigmatic. They have lived in what is now the northwest corner of Spain and a nick of the French southwest for longer than history records, and not only is the origin of their language unknown, but also the origin of the people themselves remains a mystery also. According to one theory, these rosy-cheeked, dark-haired, long-nosed people where the original Iberians, driven by invaders to this mountainous corner between the Pyrenees, the Cantabrian Sierra, and the Bay of Biscay. Or they may be indigenous to this area.

They graze sheep on impossibly steep, green slopes of mountains that are thrilling in their rare, rugged beauty. They sing their own songs and write their own literature in their own language, Euskera. Possibly Europe's oldest living language, Euskera is one of only four European languages—along with Estonian, Finnish, and Hungarian—not in the Indo-European family. They also have their own sports, most notably jai alai, and even their own hat, the Basque beret, which is bigger than any other beret.

Haskins, Jim. *Black, Blue and Gray: African Americans in the Civil War*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1998. (1998)
From "Introduction: A 'White Man's War?'"

In 1775 the first shots were fired in the war between the thirteen American colonies and Great Britain that ended in a victory for the colonists and the founding of a new nation, the United States of America. Only eighty-five years later, in 1861, the first shots were fired in a different war—a war between the states that became known as the Civil War. It was a war fought between the Confederate States of America and the states that remained in the Union—each side representing a distinct economy, labor system, and philosophy of government. The southern states that formed the Confederacy had agricultural economies that depended on a slave workforce and believed that any rights not granted to the federal government by the United States Constitution belonged to the states. The northern states were undergoing rapid industrialization, which depended on wage labor, and while northerners disagreed among themselves about slavery, most believed it represented a direct challenge to their own rights and freedoms. Most also believed

that a strong federal government, with the ability to legislate behavior in areas not specifically set forth in the Constitution, was key to the growth and strength of the American republic. It was inevitable that these two very distinct societies would clash. For the Confederates, nicknamed Rebels, the Civil War was a new war of Independence. For the Unionists, nicknamed Yankees, it was a war to preserve the Union that had been so dearly won in the American Revolution.

In the eyes of the four and an half million African Americans, enslaved and free, it was a war about slavery; and they wanted to be part of the fight. But many northern whites did not want blacks to serve in the northern military. They called it a "white man's war" and said that slavery was not the main point of the conflict. At first, northern generals actually sent escaped slaves back to their southern masters. Eventually, the Union did accept blacks into its army and navy.

A total of 178,895 black men served in 120 infantry regiments, twelve heavy artillery regiments, ten light artillery batteries, and seven cavalry regiments. Black soldiers constituted twelve percent of the North's fighting forces, and they suffered a disproportionate number of casualties.

Dash, Joan. *The Longitude Prize.* New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2000. (2000)
From Chapter 1: "A Most Terrible Sea"

> At six in the morning I was awaked by a great shock, and a confused noise of the men on deck. I ran up, thinking some ship had run foul of us, for by my own reckoning, and that of every other person in the ship, we were at least thirty-five leagues distant from land; but, before I could reach the quarter-deck, the ship gave a great stroke upon the ground, and the sea broke over her. Just after this I could perceive the land, rocky, rugged and uneven, about two cables' length from us…the masts soon went overboard, carrying some men with them… notwithstanding a most terrible sea, one of the [lifeboats] was launched, and eight of the best men jumped into her; but she had scarcely got to the ship's stern when she was hurled to the bottom, and every soul in her perished. The rest of the boats were soon washed to pieces on the deck. We then made a raft…and waited with resignation for Providence to assist us.
>
> —From an account of the wreck of HMS Litchfield off the coast of North Africa, 1758

The Litchfield came to grief because no one aboard knew where they were. As the narrator tells us, by his own reckoning and that of everyone else they were supposed to be thirty-five leagues, about a hundred miles, from land. The word "reckoning" was short for "dead reckoning"—the system used by ships at sea to keep track of their position, meaning their longitude and latitude. It was an intricate system, a craft, and like every other craft involved the mastery of certain tools, in this case such instruments as compass, hourglass, and quadrant. It was an art as well.

Latitude, the north-south position, had always been the navigator's faithful guide. Even in ancient times, a Greek or Roman sailor could tell how far north of the equator he was by observing the North Star's height above the horizon, or the sun's at noon. This could be done without instruments, trusting in experience and the naked eye, although it is believed that an ancestor of the quadrant called the astrolabe—"star-measurer"—was known to the ancients, and used by them to measure the angular height of the sun or a star above the horizon.

Phoenicians, Greeks, and Romans tended to sail along the coasts and were rarely out of sight of land. As later navigators left the safety of the Mediterranean to plunge into the vast Atlantic—far from shore, and from the shorebirds that led them to it—they still had the sun and the North Star. And these enabled them to follow imagined parallel lines of latitude that circle the globe. Following a line of latitude—"sailing the parallel"—kept a ship on a steady east-west course. Christopher Columbus, who sailed the parallel in 1492, held his ships on such a safe course, west and west again, straight on toward Asia. When they came across an island off the coast of what would later be called America, Columbus compelled his crew to sign an affidavit stating that this island was no island but mainland Asia.

Thompson, Wendy. *The Illustrated Book of Great Composers.* London: Anness, 2004. (2004)
From "Composition through the Ages"

Music as a Language Music as a language is the most mysterious of all art forms. People who can easily come to terms with a work of literature or a painting are still often baffled by the process by which a piece of music – appearing in material form as notation – must then be translated back into sound through the medium of a third party – the performer. Unlike a painting, a musical composition cannot be owned (except by its creator); and although a score may be published, like a book, it may remain incomprehensible to the general public until it is performed. Although a piece may be played thousands of times each repetition is entirely individual, and interpretations by different players may vary widely.

Origins of musical notation The earliest musical compositions were circumscribed by the range of the human voice. People from all cultures have always sung, or used primitive instruments to make sounds. Notation, or the writing down of music, developed to enable performers to remember what they had improvised, to preserve what they had

created, and to facilitate interaction between more than one performer. Musical notation, like language, has ancient origins, dating back to the Middle East in the third millennium BC. The ancient Greeks appear to have been the first to try to represent variations of musical pitch through the medium of the alphabet, and successive civilizations all over the world attempted to formulate similar systems of recognizable musical notation.

Neumatic notation The earliest surviving Western European notational system was called "neumatic notation"—a system of symbols which attempted to portray the rise and fall of a melodic line. These date back to the 9th century AD, and were associated with the performance of sacred music particularly plainsong—in monastic institutions. Several early manuscript sources contain sacred texts with accompanying notation, although there was no standard system. The first appearance of staff notation, in which pitch was indicated by noteheads on or between lines with a symbol called a clef at the beginning to fix the pitch of one note, was in the 9th century French treatise Musica enchiriadis. At the same time music for instruments (particularly organ and lute) was beginning to be written down in diagrammatic form known as tablature, which indicated the positions of the player's fingers.

Mann, Charles C. *Before Columbus: The Americas of 1491.* New York: Atheneum, 2009. (2009)
From Chapter 2

If you asked modern scientists to name the world's greatest achievements in genetic engineering, you might be surprised by one of their low-tech answers: maize.

Scientists know that maize, called "corn" in the United States, was created more than 6,000 years ago. Although exactly how this well-know plant was invented is still a mystery, they do know where it was invented—in the narrow "waist" of southern Mexico. This jumble of mountains, beaches, wet tropical forests, and dry plains is the most ecologically diverse part of Mesoamerica. Today it is the home of more than a dozen different Indian groups, but the human history of these hills and valleys stretches far into the past.

From Hunting to Gathering to Farming

About 11,500 years ago a group of Paleoindians was living in caves in what is now the Mexican state of Puebla. These people were hunters, but they did not bring down mastodons and mammoths. Those huge species were already extinct. Now and then they even feasted on giant turtles (which were probably a lot easier to catch than the fast-moving deer and rabbits.)

Over the next 2,000 years, though, game animals grew scarce. Maybe the people of the area had been too successful at hunting. Maybe, as the climate grew slowly hotter and drier, the grasslands where the animals lived shrank, and so the animal populations shrank, as well. Perhaps the situation was a combination of these two reasons. Whatever the explanation, hunters of Puebla and the neighboring state of Oaxaca turned to plants for more of their food.

Informational Texts: Science, Mathematics, and Technical Subjects

Euclid. *Elements*. Translated by Richard Fitzpatrick. Austin: Richard Fitzpatrick, 2005. (300 BCE)
From *Elements*, Book 1

Definitions

1. A point is that of which there is no part.
2. And a line is a length without breadth.
3. And the extremities of a line are points.
4. A straight-line is whatever lies evenly with points upon itself.
5. And a surface is that which has length and breadth alone.
6. And the extremities of a surface are lines.
7. A plane surface is whatever lies evenly with straight-lines upon itself.

8. And a plane angle is the inclination of the lines, when two lines in a plane meet one another, and are not laid down straight-on with respect to one another.

9. And when the lines containing the angle are straight then the angle is called rectilinear.

10. And when a straight-line stood upon (another) straight-line makes adjacent angles (which are) equal to one another, each of the equal angles is a right-angle, and the former straight-line is called perpendicular to that upon which it stands.

11. An obtuse angle is greater than a right-angle.

12. And an acute angle is less than a right-angle.

13. A boundary is that which is the extremity of something.

14. A figure is that which is contained by some boundary or boundaries.

15. A circle is a plane figure contained by a single line [which is called a circumference], (such that) all of the straight-lines radiating towards [the circumference] from a single point lying inside the figure are equal to one another.

16. And the point is called the center of the circle.

17. And a diameter of the circle is any straight-line, being drawn through the center, which is brought to an end in each direction by the circumference of the circle. And any such (straight-line) cuts the circle in half.

18. And a semi-circle is the figure contained by the diameter and the circumference it cuts off. And the center of the semi-circle is the same (point) as the (center of) the circle.

19. Rectilinear figures are those figures contained by straight-lines: trilateral figures being contained by three straight-lines, quadrilateral by four, and multilateral by more than four.

20. And of the trilateral figures: an equilateral triangle is that having three equal sides, an isosceles (triangle) that having only two equal sides, and a scalene (triangle) that having three unequal sides.

21. And further of the trilateral figures: a right-angled triangle is that having a right-angle, an obtuse-angled (triangle) that having an obtuse angle, and an acute-angled (triangle) that having three acute angles.

22. And of the quadrilateral figures: a square is that which is right-angled and equilateral, a rectangle that which is right-angled but not equilateral, a rhombus that which is equilateral but not right-angled, and a rhomboid that having opposite sides and angles equal to one another which is neither right-angled nor equilateral. And let quadrilateral figures besides these be called trapezia.

23. Parallel lines are straight-lines which, being in the same plane, and being produced to infinity in each direction, meet with one another in neither (of these directions).

Postulates

1. Let it have been postulated to draw a straight-line from any point to any point.

2. And to produce a finite straight-line continuously in a straight-line.

3. And to draw a circle with any center and radius.

4. And that all right-angles are equal to one another.

5. And that if a straight-line falling across two (other) straight-lines makes internal angles on the same side (of itself) less than two right-angles, being produced to infinity, the two (other) straight-lines meet on that side (of the original straight-line) that the (internal angles) are less than two right-angles (and do not meet on the other side).

Common Notions

1. Things equal to the same thing are also equal to one another.

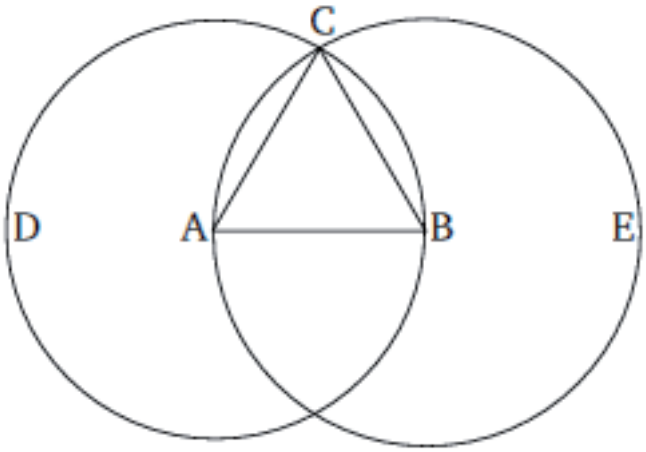
2. And if equal things are added to equal things then the wholes are equal.

3. And if equal things are subtracted from equal things then the remainders are equal.

4. And things coinciding with one another are equal to one another.

5. And the whole [is] greater than the part.

Proposition 1



To construct an equilateral triangle on a given finite straight-line.

Let AB be the given finite straight-line.

So it is required to construct an equilateral triangle on the straight-line AB.

Let the circle BCD with center A and radius AB have been drawn [Post. 3], and again let the circle ACE with center B and radius BA have been drawn [Post. 3]. And let the straight-lines CA and CB have been joined from the point C, where the circles cut one another, to the points A and B (respectively) [Post. 1].

And since the point A is the center of the circle CDB, AC is equal to AB [Def. 1.15]. Again, since the point B is the center of the circle CAE, BC is equal to BA [Def. 1.15]. But CA was also shown to be equal to AB. Thus, CA and CB are each equal to AB. But things equal to the same thing are also equal to one another [C.N.1]. Thus, CA is also equal to CB. Thus, the three (straight-lines) CA, AB, and BC are equal to one another.

Thus, the triangle ABC is equilateral, and has been constructed on the given finite straight-line AB. (Which is) the very thing it was required to do.

Media Text
Translator Robert Fitzpatrick's complete version of Euclid's Elements of Geometry, in bookmarked PDF form, with side-by-side Greek and English text:
http://farside.ph.utexas.edu/euclid/Elements.pdf

Cannon, Annie J. "Classifying the Stars." *The Universe of Stars*. Edited by Harlow Shapeley and Cecilia H. Payne. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Observatory, 1926. (1926)

Sunlight and starlight are composed of waves of various lengths, which the eye, even aided by a telescope, is unable to separate. We must use more than a telescope. In order to sort out the component colors, the light must be dispersed by a prism, or split up by some other means. For instance, sunbeams passing through rain drops, are transformed into the myriad-tinted rainbow. The familiar rainbow spanning the sky is Nature's most glorious demonstration that light is composed of many colors.

The very beginning of our knowledge of the nature of a star dates back to 1672, when Isaac Newton gave to the world the results of his experiments on passing sunlight through a prism. To describe the beautiful band of rainbow tints, produced when sunlight was dispersed by his three-cornered piece of glass, he took from the Latin the word spectrum, meaning an appearance. The rainbow is the spectrum of the Sun.

[...]

In 1814, more than a century after Newton, the spectrum of the Sun was obtained in such purity that an amazing detail was seen and studied by the German optician, Fraunhofer. He saw that the multiple spectral tings, ranging from delicate violet to deep red, were crossed by hundreds of fine dark lines. In other words, there were narrow gaps in the spectrum where certain shades were wholly blotted out.

We must remember that the word spectrum is applied not only to sunlight, but also to the light of any glowing substance when its rays are sorted out by a prism or a grating.

Bronowski, Jacob, and Millicent Selsam*. Biography of an Atom.* New York: Harper, 1965. (1965)

The birth began in a young star. A young star is a mass of hydrogen nuclei. Because the star is hot (about thirteen million degrees at the center), the nuclei cannot hold on to their electrons. The electrons wander around. The nuclei of hydrogen—that is, the protons—are moving about very fast too. From time to time one proton runs headlong into another. When this happens, one of the protons loses its electric charge and changes into a neutron. The pair then cling together as a single nucleus of heavy hydrogen. This nucleus will in time capture another proton. Now there is a nucleus with two protons and one neutron, called light helium. When two of these nuclei smash into each other, two protons are expelled in the process. This creates a nucleus of helium with two protons and two neutrons.

This is the fundamental process of fusion by which the primitive hydrogen of the universe is built up into a new basic material, helium. In this process, energy is given off in the form of heat and light that make the stars shine. It is the first stage in the birth of the heavier atoms.

Walker, Jearl. "Amusement Park Physics." *Roundabout: Readings from the Amateur Scientist in Scientific American*. New York: Scientific American, 1985. (1985)
From "Amusement Park Physics: Thinking About Physics While Scared to Death (on a Falling Roller Coaster)"

The rides in an amusement park not only are fun but also demonstrate principles of physics. Among them are rotational dynamics and energy conversion. I have been exploring the rides at Geauga Lake Amusement Park near Cleveland and have found that nearly every ride offers a memorable lesson.

To me the scariest rides at the park are the roller coasters. The Big Dipper is similar to many of the roller coasters that have thrilled passengers for most of this century. The cars are pulled by chain t the top of the highest hill along the track, Released from the chain as the front of the car begins its descent, the unpowered cars have almost no speed and only a small acceleration. As more cars get onto the downward slope the acceleration increases. It peaks when all the cars are headed downward. The peak value is the product of the acceleration generated by gravity and the sine of the slope of the track. A steeper descent generates a greater acceleration, but packing the coaster with heavier passengers does not.

When the coaster reaches the bottom of the valley and starts up the next hill, there is an instant when the cars are symmetrically distributed in the valley. The acceleration is zero. As more cars ascend the coaster begins to slow, reaching its lowest speed just as it is symmetrically positioned at the top of the hill.

A roller coaster functions by means of transfers of energy. When the chain hauls the cars to the top of the first hill, it does work on the cars, endowing them with gravitational potential energy, the energy of a body in a gravitational field with respect to the distance of the body from some reference level such as the ground. As the cars descend into the first valley, much of the stored energy is transferred into kinetic energy, the energy of motion.

Preston, Richard. *The Hot Zone: A Terrifying True Story*. New York: Anchor, 1995. (1995)
From "Something in the Forest"

1980 New Year's Day

Charles Monet was a loner. He was a Frenchman who live by himself in a little wooden bungalow on the private lands of the Nzoia Sugar Factory, a plantation in western Kenya that spread along the Nzoiz Rover within sight of Mount Elgon, a huge, solitary, extinct volcano that rises to a height of fourteen thousand feet near the edge of the Rift Valley. Monet's history is a little obscure. As with so many expatriates who end up in Africa, it is not clear what brought him there. Perhaps he had been in some kind of trouble in France. Or perhaps he had been drawn to Kenya by the beauty of the country. He was an amateur naturalist, fond of birds and animals but not of humanity in general. He was fifty-six years old, of medium height and medium build with smooth, straight brown hair; a good-looking man. It seems that his only close friends were women who lived in towns around the mountain, yet even they could not recall much about him for the doctors who investigated his death. His job was to take care of the sugar factory's water-pumping machinery, which drew water from the Nzoia River and delivered it to many miles of sugar-cane fields. They say that

he spent most of his day inside the pump house by the river as if it pleased him to watch and listen to the machines doing their work.

Devlin, Keith. *Life by the Numbers.* New York: John Wiley & Sons, 1999. (1999)
From Chapter 3: "Patterns of Nature"

Though animals come in many shapes and sizes, there are definite limits on the possible size of an animal of a particular shape. King Kong simply could not exist, for instance. As Labarbara has calculated, if you were to take a gorilla and blow it up to the size of King Kong, its weight would increase by more than 14,000 times but the size of its bones would increase by only a few hundred times. Kong's bones would simply not be able to support his body. He would collapse under his own weight!

And the same is true for all those giant locusts, giant ants, and the like. Imagining giants—giant people, giant animals, or giant insects—might prove the basis for an entertaining story, but the rules of science say that giants could not happen. You can't have a giant anything. If you want to change size, you have to change to overall design.

The reason is quite simple. Suppose you double the height (or length) of any creature, say, a gorilla. The weight will increase 8 times (i.e., 2 cubed), but the cross section of the bones will increase only fourfold (2 squared). Or, if you increase the height of the gorilla 10 times, the weight will increase, 1,000 times (10 cubed), but the cross-sectional area of the bones will increase only 100 times (10 squared). In general, when you increase the height by a certain factor, the weight will increase by the cube of that factor but the cross section of the bone will increase only by the square of that factor.

Hoose, Phillip. *The Race to Save Lord God Bird*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2004. (2004)

Hakim, Joy. *The Story of Science: Newton at the Center.* Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Books, 2005. (2005)

Probability, a branch of mathematics, began with gambling. Pierre de Fermat (of the famous Last Theorem), Blaise Pascal, and the Bernoullis wanted to know the mathematical odds of winning at the card table. Probability didn't tell them for certain that they would or wouldn't draw an ace; it just told them how likely it was. A deck of 52 cards has 4 aces, so the odds of the first drawn card being an ace are 4 in 52 (or 1in 13).

If 20 cards have been played and not an ace among them, those odds improve to 4 in 32 (1in 8). Always keep in mind that probability is about the likelihood of outcomes, not the certainty. If there are only 4 cards left in the deck, and no aces have been played, you can predict with certainty that the next card will be an ace—but you're not using probability; you're using fact. Probability is central to the physics that deals with the complex world inside atoms. We can't determine the action of an individual particle, but with a large number of atoms, predictions based on probability become very accurate.

Nicastro, Nicholas. *Circumference: Eratosthenes and the Ancient Quest to Measure the Globe*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 2008. (2008)
From "The Astrolabe"

The astrolabe (in Greek, "star reckoner") is a manual computing and observation device with myriad uses in astronomy, time keeping, surveying, navigation, and astrology. The principles behind the most common variety, the planispheric astrolabe, were first laid down in antiquity by the Greeks, who pioneered the notion of projecting three-dimensional images on flat surfaces. The device reached a high degree of refinement in the medieval Islamic world, where it was invaluable for determining prayer times and the direction of Mecca from anywhere in the Muslim world. The astrolabe was introduced to Europe by the eleventh century, where is saw wide use until the Renaissance.

The fundamental innovation underlying the astrolabe was the projection of an image of the sky (usually the northern hemisphere, centered on Polaris) on a plane corresponding to the earth's equator. This image, which was typically etched on a brass plate, was inserted into a round frame (the mater) whose circumference was marked in degrees or hours. Over the plate was fitted a lattice-work disk, the rete, with pointers to indicate the positions of major stars. A metal hand, similar to those on a clock, was hinged with the rete at the center of the instrument, as was a sighting vane (the alidade) for determining the angular height of the stars or other features, such as mountaintops. The entire device was usually not more than six to eight inches in diameter and half an inch thick.

One common use of the astrolabe was to determine the time of day, even after dark.

Other uses included determination of sunrise, and sunset times for any date past or future, predicting eclipses, finding important stars or constellations, and measuring the height of earthbound objects and the circumference of the earth. For this and other reasons, the astrolabe has been called "the world's first personal computer."

U.S. Environmental Protection Agency/U.S. Department of Energy. Recommended Levels of Insulation.
http://www.energystar.gov/index.cfm?c=home_sealing.hm_improvement_insulation_table 2010. (2010)

Recommended Levels of Insulation

Insulation level are specified by R-Value. R-Value is a measure of insulation's ability to resist heat traveling through it. The higher the R-Value the better the thermal per

Zone	Add Insulation to Attic		Floor
	Uninsulated Attic	Existing 3–4 Inches of Insulation	
1	R30 to R49	R25 to R30	R13
2	R30 to R60	R25 to R38	R13 to R19
3	R30 to R60	R25 to R38	R19 to R25
4	R38 to R60	R38	R25 to R30
5 to 8	R49 to R60	R38 to R49	R25 to R30

Wall Insulation: Whenever exterior siding is removed on an

Uninsulated wood-frame wall:

- **Drill holes in the sheathing and blow insulation into the empty wall cavity before installing the new siding, and**
- **Zones 3–4: Add R5 insulative wall sheathing beneath the new siding**
- **Zones 5–8: Add R5 to R6 insulative wall sheathing beneath the new siding.**
-

Insulated wood-frame wall:

- **For Zones 4 to 8: Add R5 insulative sheathing before installing the new siding.**

Sample Performance Tasks for Informational Texts: History/Social Studies & Science, Mathematics, and Technical Subjects

- Students *compare the* similarities and differences in *point of view* in works by Dee Brown and Evan Connell regarding the Battle of Little Bighorn, analyzing *how* the authors *treat the same* event and *which details they include and emphasize in their respective accounts*. [RH.9–10.6]
- Students analyze the role of African American soldiers in the Civil War by *comparing and contrasting primary source* materials against *secondary* syntheses such as Jim Haskins's *Black, Blue and Gray: African Americans in the Civil War*. [RH.9–10.9]
- Students *determine the meaning of words* such as *quadrant, astrolabe, equator*, and *horizon line* in Joan Dash's *The Longitude Prize* as well as *phrases* such as *dead reckoning* and *sailing the parallel* that reflect *social aspects of history*. [RH.9–10.4]
- Students *cite specific textual evidence* from Annie J. Cannon's "Classifying the Stars" *to support* their *analysis of* the scientific importance of the discovery that light is composed of many colors. Students *include* in their *analysis precise details* from the text (such as Cannon's repeated use of the image of the rainbow) to buttress their explanation. [RST.9–10.1].
- Students *determine how* Jearl Walker clarifies the *phenomenon* of acceleration in his essay "Amusement Park Physics," *accurately summarizing* his *conclusions* regarding the physics of roller coasters *and tracing* how *sup-*

porting details regarding the *processes* of rotational dynamics and energy conversion are incorporated in his explanation. [RST.9–10.2]

- Students read in Phillip Hoose's Race to Save Lord God Bird about the attempts scientists and bird-lovers made to save the ivory-billed woodpecker from extinction and *assess the extent to which the reasoning and evidence* Hoose presents *supports* his *scientific* analysis of why protecting this particular species was so challenging. [RST.9–10.8]

Grades 11–CCR Text Exemplars

Stories

Chaucer, Geoffrey. *The Canterbury Tales.* Translated into modern English by Neville Coghill. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1951. (Late 14th Century)
From The General Prologue

When in April the sweet showers fall
That pierce March's drought to the root and all
And bathed every vein in liquor that has power
To generate therein and sire the flower;
When Zephyr also has with his sweet breath,
Filled again, in every holt and heath,
The tender shoots and leaves, and the young sun
His half-course in the sign of the Ram has run,
And many little birds make melody
That sleep through all the night with open eye
(So Nature pricks them on to ramp and rage)
Then folk do long to go on pilgrimage,
And palmers to go seeking out strange strands,
To distant shrines well known in distant lands.
And specially from every shire's end
Of England they to Canterbury went,
The holy blessed martyr there to seek
Who helped them when they lay so ill and weak
It happened that, in that season, on a day
In Southwark, at the Tabard, as I lay
Ready to go on pilgrimage and start
To Canterbury, full devout at heart,
There came at nightfall to that hostelry
Some nine and twenty in a company
Of sundry persons who had chanced to fall
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all
That toward Canterbury town would ride.
The rooms and stables spacious were and wide,
And well we there were eased, and of the best.
And briefly, when the sun had gone to rest,
So had I spoken with them, every one,
That I was of their fellowship anon,
And made agreement that we'd early rise
To take the road, as I will to you apprise.
But none the less, whilst I have time and space,
Before yet further in this tale I pace,
It seems to me in accord with reason
To describe to you the state of every one
Of each of them, as it appeared to me,
And who they were, and what was their degree,
And even what clothes they were dressed in;
And with a knight thus will I first begin.

de Cervantes, Miguel. *Don Quixote: The Ormsby Translation, Revised Backgrounds and Sources Criticism*. New York: W. W. Norton, 1981. (1605)

In a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to call to mind, there lived not long since one of those gentlemen that keep a lance in the lance-rack, an old buckler, a lean hack, and a greyhound for coursing. An olla of rather more beef than mutton, a salad on most nights, scraps on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a pigeon or so extra on Sundays, made away with three-quarters of his income. The rest of it went in a doublet of fine cloth and velvet

breeches and shoes to match for holidays, while on week-days he made a brave figure in his best homespun. He had in his house a housekeeper past forty, a niece under twenty, and a lad for the field and market-place, who used to saddle the hack as well as handle the bill-hook. The age of this gentleman of ours was bordering on fifty; he was of a hardy habit, spare, gaunt-featured, a very early riser and a great sportsman. They will have it his surname was Quixada or Quesada (for here there is some difference of opinion among the authors who write on the subject), although from reasonable conjectures it seems plain that he was called Quexana. This, however, is of but little importance to our tale; it will be enough not to stray a hair's breadth from the truth in the telling of it.

You must know, then, that the above-named gentleman whenever he was at leisure (which was mostly all the year round) gave himself up to reading books of chivalry with such ardour and avidity that he almost entirely neglected the pursuit of his field-sports, and even the management of his property; and to such a pitch did his eagerness and infatuation go that he sold many an acre of tillageland to buy books of chivalry to read, and brought home as many of them as he could get. But of all there were none he liked so well as those of the famous Feliciano de Silva's composition, for their lucidity of style and complicated conceits were as pearls in his sight, particularly when in his reading he came upon courtships and cartels, where he often found passages like "the reason of the unreason with which my reason is afflicted so weakens my reason that with reason I murmur at your beauty;" or again, "the high heavens, that of your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, render you deserving of the desert your greatness deserves." Over conceits of this sort the poor gentleman lost his wits, and used to lie awake striving to understand them and worm the meaning out of them; what Aristotle himself could not have made out or extracted had he come to life again for that special purpose. He was not at all easy about the wounds which Don Belianis gave and took, because it seemed to him that, great as were the surgeons who had cured him, he must have had his face and body covered all over with seams and scars. He commended, however, the author's way of ending his book with the promise of that interminable adventure, and many a time was he tempted to take up his pen and finish it properly as is there proposed, which no doubt he would have done, and made a successful piece of work of it too, had not greater and more absorbing thoughts prevented him.

Many an argument did he have with the curate of his village (a learned man, and a graduate of Siguenza) as to which had been the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis of Gaul. Master Nicholas, the village barber, however, used to say that neither of them came up to the Knight of Phoebus, and that if there was any that could compare with him it was Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis of Gaul, because he had a spirit that was equal to every occasion, and was no finikin knight, nor lachrymose like his brother, while in the matter of valour he was not a whit behind him. In short, he became so absorbed in his books that he spent his nights from sunset to sunrise, and his days from dawn to dark, poring over them; and what with little sleep and much reading his brains got so dry that he lost his wits. His fancy grew full of what he used to read about in his books, enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, agonies, and all sorts of impossible nonsense; and it so possessed his mind that the whole fabric of invention and fancy he read of was true, that to him no history in the world had more reality in it. He used to say the Cid Ruy Diaz was a very good knight, but that he was not to be compared with the Knight of the Burning Sword who with one back-stroke cut in half two fierce and monstrous giants. He thought more of Bernardo del Carpio because at Roncesvalles he slew Roland in spite of enchantments, availing himself of the artifice of Hercules when he strangled Antaeus the son of Terra in his arms. He approved highly of the giant Morgante, because, although of the giant breed which is always arrogant and ill-conditioned, he alone was affable and well-bred. But above all he admired Reinaldos of Montalban, especially when he saw him sallying forth from his castle and robbing everyone he met, and when beyond the seas he stole that image of Mahomet which, as his history says, was entirely of gold. To have a bout of kicking at that traitor of a Ganelon he would have given his housekeeper, and his niece into the bargain.

In short, his wits being quite gone, he hit upon the strangest notion that ever madman in this world hit upon, and that was that he fancied it was right and requisite, as well for the support of his own honour as for the service of his country, that he should make a knight-errant of himself, roaming the world over in full armour and on horseback in quest of adventures, and putting in practice himself all that he had read of as being the usual practices of knights-errant; righting every kind of wrong, and exposing himself to peril and danger from which, in the issue, he was to reap eternal renown and fame. Already the poor man saw himself crowned by the might of his arm Emperor of Trebizond at least; and so, led away by the intense enjoyment he found in these pleasant fancies, he set himself forthwith to put his scheme into execution.

The first thing he did was to clean up some armour that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had been for ages lying forgotten in a corner eaten with rust and covered with mildew. He scoured and polished it as best he could, but he perceived one great defect in it, that it had no closed helmet, nothing but a simple morion. This deficiency, however, his ingenuity supplied, for he contrived a kind of half-helmet of pasteboard which, fitted on to the morion, looked like a whole one. It is true that, in order to see if it was strong and fit to stand a cut, he drew his sword and gave it a couple of slashes, the first of which undid in an instant what had taken him a week to do. The ease with which he had knocked it to pieces disconcerted him somewhat, and to guard against that danger he set to work again, fixing bars of iron on the inside until he was satisfied with its strength; and then, not caring to try any more experiments with it, he passed it and adopted it as a helmet of the most perfect construction.

He next proceeded to inspect his hack, which, with more quartos than a real and more blemishes than the steed of Gonela, that "tantum pellis et ossa fuit," surpassed in his eyes the Bucephalus of Alexander or the Babieca of the Cid. Four days were spent in thinking what name to give him, because (as he said to himself) it was not right that a horse

belonging to a knight so famous, and one with such merits of his own, should be without some distinctive name, and he strove to adapt it so as to indicate what he had been before belonging to a knight-errant, and what he then was; for it was only reasonable that, his master taking a new character, he should take a new name, and that it should be a distinguished and full-sounding one, befitting the new order and calling he was about to follow. And so, after having composed, struck out, rejected, added to, unmade, and remade a multitude of names out of his memory and fancy, he decided upon calling him Rocinante, a name, to his thinking, lofty, sonorous, and significant of his condition as a hack before he became what he now was, the first and foremost of all the hacks in the world.

Having got a name for his horse so much to his taste, he was anxious to get one for himself, and he was eight days more pondering over this point, till at last he made up his mind to call himself "Don Quixote," whence, as has been already said, the authors of this veracious history have inferred that his name must have been beyond a doubt Quixada, and not Quesada as others would have it. Recollecting, however, that the valiant Amadis was not content to call himself curtly Amadis and nothing more, but added the name of his kingdom and country to make it famous, and called himself Amadis of Gaul, he, like a good knight, resolved to add on the name of his, and to style himself Don Quixote of La Mancha, whereby, he considered, he described accurately his origin and country, and did honour to it in taking his surname from it.

So then, his armour being furbished, his morion turned into a helmet, his hack christened, and he himself confirmed, he came to the conclusion that nothing more was needed now but to look out for a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without love was like a tree without leaves or fruit, or a body without a soul. As he said to himself, "If, for my sins, or by my good fortune, I come across some giant hereabouts, a common occurrence with knights-errant, and overthrow him in one onslaught, or cleave him asunder to the waist, or, in short, vanquish and subdue him, will it not be well to have some one I may send him to as a present, that he may come in and fall on his knees before my sweet lady, and in a humble, submissive voice say, 'I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by the never sufficiently extolled knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, who has commanded me to present myself before your Grace, that your Highness dispose of me at your pleasure'?" Oh, how our good gentleman enjoyed the delivery of this speech, especially when he had thought of some one to call his Lady! There was, so the story goes, in a village near his own a very good-looking farm-girl with whom he had been at one time in love, though, so far as is known, she never knew it nor gave a thought to the matter. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and upon her he thought fit to confer the title of Lady of his Thoughts; and after some search for a name which should not be out of harmony with her own, and should suggest and indicate that of a princess and great lady, he decided upon calling her Dulcinea del Toboso—she being of El Toboso—a name, to his mind, musical, uncommon, and significant, like all those he had already bestowed upon himself and the things belonging to him.

Austen, Jane. *Pride and Prejudice.* New York: Oxford University Press, 1990. (1813)
From Chapter 1

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families that he is considered as the rightful property of someone or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do not you want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? how can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general, you know, they visit no new-comers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not."

"You are over-scrupulous surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls: though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy."

"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference."

"They have none of them much to recommend them," replied he; "they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way! You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

"Ah! you do not know what I suffer."

"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood."

"It will be no use to us if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

Poe, Edgar Allan. "The Cask of Amontillado." ***Complete Stories and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*****. New York: Doubleday, 1984. (1846)**

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that gave utterance to a threat. At length I would be avenged; this was a point definitely, settled --but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my in to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile now was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point --this Fortunato --although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity, to practise imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack, but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially; --I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him --"My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day. But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado, A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchresi. If any one has a critical turn it is he. He will tell me --"

"Luchresi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own.

"Come, let us go."

Brontë, Charlotte. ***Jane Eyre*****. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000. (1848)**
From Chapter 1

There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. We had been wandering, indeed, in the leafless shrubbery an hour in the morning; but since dinner (Mrs. Reed, when there was no company, dined early) the cold winter wind had brought with it clouds so sombre, and a rain so penetrating, that further out-door exercise was now out of the question.

I was glad of it: I never liked long walks, especially on chilly afternoons: dreadful to me was the coming home in the raw twilight, with nipped fingers and toes, and a heart saddened by the chidings of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed.

The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their mama in the drawing-room: she lay reclined on a sofa by the fireside, and with her darlings about her (for the time neither quarrelling nor crying) looked perfectly happy. Me, she had dispensed from joining the group; saying, "She regretted to be under the necessity of keeping me at a distance; but that until she heard from Bessie, and could discover by her own observation, that I was endea-

vouring in good earnest to acquire a more sociable and childlike disposition, a more attractive and sprightly manner—something lighter, franker, more natural, as it were—she really must exclude me from privileges intended only for contented, happy, little children."

"What does Bessie say I have done?" I asked.

"Jane, I don't like cavillers or questioners; besides, there is something truly forbidding in a child taking up her elders in that manner. Be seated somewhere; and until you can speak pleasantly, remain silent."

A breakfast-room adjoined the drawing-room, I slipped in there. It contained a bookcase: I soon possessed myself of a volume, taking care that it should be one stored with pictures. I mounted into the window-seat: gathering up my feet, I sat cross-legged, like a Turk; and, having drawn the red moreen curtain nearly close, I was shrined in double retirement.

Folds of scarlet drapery shut in my view to the right hand; to the left were the clear panes of glass, protecting, but not separating me from the drear November day. At intervals, while turning over the leaves of my book, I studied the aspect of that winter afternoon. Afar, it offered a pale blank of mist and cloud; near a scene of wet lawn and storm-beat shrub, with ceaseless rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. *The Scarlet Letter: A Romance*. New York: Penguin, 2003. (1850)
From Chapter 16

The road, after the two wayfarers had crossed from the Peninsula to the mainland, was no other than a foot-path. It straggled onward into the mystery of the primeval forest. This hemmed it in so narrowly, and stood so black and dense on either side, and disclosed such imperfect glimpses of the sky above, that, to Hester's mind, it imaged not amiss the moral wilderness in which she had so long been wandering. The day was chill and sombre. Overhead was a gray expanse of cloud, slightly stirred, however, by a breeze; so that a gleam of flickering sunshine might now and then be seen at its solitary play along the path. This flitting cheerfulness was always at the further extremity of some long vista through the forest. The sportive sunlight--feebly sportive, at best, in the predominant pensiveness of the day and scene--withdrew itself as they came nigh, and left the spots where it had danced the drearier, because they had hoped to find them bright.

"Mother," said little Pearl, "the sunshine does not love you. It runs away and hides itself, because it is afraid of something on your bosom. Now, see! There it is, playing a good way off. Stand you here, and let me run and catch it. I am but a child. It will not flee from me--for I wear nothing on my bosom yet!"

"Nor ever will, my child, I hope," said Hester.

"And why not, mother?" asked Pearl, stopping short, just at the beginning of her race. "Will not it come of its own accord when I am a woman grown?"

"Run away, child," answered her mother, "and catch the sunshine. It will soon be gone "

Pearl set forth at a great pace, and as Hester smiled to perceive, did actually catch the sunshine, and stood laughing in the midst of it, all brightened by its splendor, and scintillating with the vivacity excited by rapid motion. The light lingered about the lonely child, as if glad of such a playmate, until her mother had drawn almost nigh enough to step into the magic circle too.

"It will go now," said Pearl, shaking her head.

"See!" answered Hester, smiling; "now I can stretch out my hand and grasp some of it."

As she attempted to do so, the sunshine vanished; or, to judge from the bright expression that was dancing on Pearl's features, her mother could have fancied that the child had absorbed it into herself, and would give it forth again, with a gleam about her path, as they should plunge into some gloomier shade. There was no other attribute that so much impressed her with a sense of new and untransmitted vigor in Pearl's nature, as this never failing vivacity of spirits: she had not the disease of sadness, which almost all children, in these latter days, inherit, with the scrofula, from the troubles of their ancestors. Perhaps this, too, was a disease, and but the reflex of the wild energy with which Hester had fought against her sorrows before Pearl's birth. It was certainly a doubtful charm, imparting a hard, metallic lustre to the child's character. She wanted--what some people want throughout life--a grief that should deeply touch her, and thus humanize and make her capable of sympathy. But there was time enough yet for little Pearl.

"Come, my child!" said Hester, looking about her from the spot where Pearl had stood still in the sunshine--"we will sit down a little way within the wood, and rest ourselves."

Dostoevsky, Fyodor. *Crime and Punishment.* Translated by Constance Black Garnett. New York: Dover, 2001. (1866)

On an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret in which he lodged in S. Place and walked slowly, as though in hesitation, towards K. bridge.

He had successfully avoided meeting his landlady on the staircase. His garret was under the roof of a high, five-storied house and was more like a cupboard than a room. The landlady who provided him with garret, dinners, and attendance, lived on the floor below, and every time he went out he was obliged to pass her kitchen, the door of which invariably stood open. And each time he passed, the young man had a sick, frightened feeling, which made him scowl and feel ashamed. He was hopelessly in debt to his landlady, and was afraid of meeting her.

This was not because he was cowardly and abject, quite the contrary; but for some time past he had been in an overstrained irritable condition, verging on hypochondria. He had become so completely absorbed in himself, and isolated from his fellows that he dreaded meeting, not only his landlady, but anyone at all. He was crushed by poverty, but the anxieties of his position had of late ceased to weigh upon him. He had given up attending to matters of practical importance; he had lost all desire to do so. Nothing that any landlady could do had a real terror for him. But to be stopped on the stairs, to be forced to listen to her trivial, irrelevant gossip, to pestering demands for payment, threats and complaints, and to rack his brains for excuses, to prevaricate, to lie—no, rather than that, he would creep down the stairs like a cat and slip out unseen.

This evening, however, on coming out into the street, he became acutely aware of his fears.

"I want to attempt a thing like that and am frightened by these trifles," he thought, with an odd smile. "Hm… yes, all is in a man's hands and he lets it all slip from cowardice, that's an axiom. It would be interesting to know what it is men are most afraid of. Taking a new step, uttering a new word is what they fear most…. But I am talking too much. It's because I chatter that I do nothing. Or perhaps it is that I chatter because I do nothing. I've learned to chatter this last month, lying for days together in my den thinking… of Jack the Giant-killer. Why am I going there now? Am I capable of that? Is that serious? It is not serious at all. It's simply a fantasy to amuse myself; a plaything! Yes, maybe it is a plaything."

The heat in the street was terrible: and the airlessness, the bustle and the plaster, scaffolding, bricks, and dust all about him, and that special Petersburg stench, so familiar to all who are unable to get out of town in summer—all worked painfully upon the young man's already overwrought nerves. The insufferable stench from the pot-houses, which are particularly numerous in that part of the town, and the drunken men whom he met continually, although it was a working day, completed the revolting misery of the picture. An expression of the profoundest disgust gleamed for a moment in the young man's refined face. He was, by the way, exceptionally handsome, above the average in height, slim, well-built, with beautiful dark eyes and dark brown hair. Soon he sank into deep thought, or more accurately speaking into a complete blankness of mind; he walked along not observing what was about him and not caring to observe it. From time to time, he would mutter something, from the habit of talking to himself, to which he had just confessed. At these moments he would become conscious that his ideas were sometimes in a tangle and that he was very weak; for two days he had scarcely tasted food.

He was so badly dressed that even a man accustomed to shabbiness would have been ashamed to be seen in the street in such rags. In that quarter of the town, however, scarcely any shortcoming in dress would have created surprise. Owing to the proximity of the Hay Market, the number of establishments of bad character, the preponderance of the trading and working class population crowded in these streets and alleys in the heart of Petersburg, types so various were to be seen in the streets that no figure, however queer, would have caused surprise. But there was such accumulated bitterness and contempt in the young man's heart, that, in spite of all the fastidiousness of youth, he minded his rags least of all in the street. It was a different matter when he met with acquaintances or with former fellow students, whom, indeed, he disliked meeting at any time. And yet when a drunken man who, for some unknown reason, was being taken somewhere in a huge waggon dragged by a heavy dray horse, suddenly shouted at him as he drove past: "Hey there, German hatter" bawling at the top of his voice and pointing at him—the young man stopped suddenly and clutched tremulously at his hat. It was a tall round hat from Zimmerman's, but completely worn out, rusty with age, all torn and bespattered, brimless and bent on one side in a most unseemly fashion. Not shame, however, but quite another feeling akin to terror had overtaken him.

Jewett, Sarah Orne. "A White Heron." *A White Heron and Other Stories*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1886. (1886)

Half a mile from home, at the farther edge of the woods, where the land was highest, a great pine-tree stood, the last of its generation. Whether it was left for a boundary mark, or for what reason, no one could say; the woodchoppers who had felled its mates were dead and gone long ago, and a whole forest of sturdy trees, pines and oaks and maples, had grown again. But the stately head of this old pine towered above them all and made a landmark for sea and shore miles and miles away. Sylvia knew it well. She had always believed that whoever climbed to the top of it could see the ocean; and the little girl had often laid her hand on the great rough trunk and looked up wistfully at those dark boughs that the wind always stirred, no matter how hot and still the air might be below. Now she thought of the tree with a new excitement, for why, if one climbed it at break of day, could not one see all the world, and easily discover from whence the white heron flew, and mark the place, and find the hidden nest?

What a spirit of adventure, what wild ambition! What fancied triumph and delight and glory for the later morning when she could make known the secret! It was almost too real and too great for the childish heart to bear.

All night the door of the little house stood open and the whippoorwills came and sang upon the very step. The young sportsman and his old hostess were sound asleep, but Sylvia's great design kept her broad awake and watching. She forgot to think of sleep. The short summer night seemed as long as the winter darkness, and at last when the whippoorwills ceased, and she was afraid the morning would after all come too soon, she stole out of the house and followed the pasture path through the woods, hastening toward the open ground beyond, listening with a sense of comfort and companionship to the drowsy twitter of a half-awakened bird, whose perch she had jarred in passing. Alas, if the great wave of human interest which flooded for the first time this dull little life should sweep away the satisfactions of an existence heart to heart with nature and the dumb life of the forest!

There was the huge tree asleep yet in the paling moonlight, and small and silly Sylvia began with utmost bravery to mount to the top of it, with tingling, eager blood coursing the channels of her whole frame, with her bare feet and fingers, that pinched and held like bird's claws to the monstrous ladder reaching up, up, almost to the sky itself. First she must mount the white oak tree that grew alongside, where she was almost lost among the dark branches and the green leaves heavy and wet with dew; a bird fluttered off its nest, and a red squirrel ran to and fro and scolded pettishly at the harmless housebreaker. Sylvia felt her way easily. She had often climbed there, and knew that higher still one of the oak's upper branches chafed against the pine trunk, just where its lower boughs were set close together. There, when she made the dangerous pass from one tree to the other, the great enterprise would really begin.

She crept out along the swaying oak limb at last, and took the daring step across into the old pine-tree. The way was harder than she thought; she must reach far and hold fast, the sharp dry twigs caught and held her and scratched her like angry talons, the pitch made her thin little fingers clumsy and stiff as she went round and round the tree's great stem, higher and higher upward. The sparrows and robins in the woods below were beginning to wake and twitter to the dawn, yet it seemed much lighter there aloft in the pine-tree, and the child knew she must hurry if her project were to be of any use.

The tree seemed to lengthen itself out as she went up, and to reach farther and farther upward. It was like a great main-mast to the voyaging earth; it must truly have been amazed that morning through all its ponderous frame as it felt this determined spark of human spirit wending its way from higher branch to branch. Who knows how steadily the least twigs held themselves to advantage this light, weak creature on her way! The old pine must have loved his new dependent. More than all the hawks, and bats, and moths, and even the sweet voiced thrushes, was the brave, beating heart of the solitary gray-eyed child. And the tree stood still and frowned away the winds that June morning while the dawn grew bright in the east.

Sylvia's face was like a pale star, if one had seen it from the ground, when the last thorny bough was past, and she stood trembling and tired but wholly triumphant, high in the tree-top. Yes, there was the sea with the dawning sun making a golden dazzle over it, and toward that glorious east flew two hawks with slow-moving pinions. How low they looked in the air from that height when one had only seen them before far up, and dark against the blue sky. Their gray feathers were as soft as moths; they seemed only a little way from the tree, and Sylvia felt as if she too could go flying away among the clouds. Westward, the woodlands and farms reached miles and miles into the distance; here and there were church steeples, and white villages, truly it was a vast and awesome world.

Melville, Herman. *Billy Budd, Sailor*. New York: Penguin, 1986. (1886)
From Chapter 26

At sea in the old time, the execution by halter of a military sailor was generally from the fore-yard. In the present instance, for special reasons the main-yard was assigned. Under an arm of that lee-yard the prisoner was presently brought up, the Chaplain attending him. It was noted at the time and remarked upon afterwards, that in this final scene the good man evinced little or nothing of the perfunctory. Brief speech indeed he had with the condemned one, but the genuine Gospel was less on his tongue than in his aspect and manner towards him. The final preparations personal to the latter being speedily brought to an end by two boatswain's mates, the consummation impended. Billy stood facing aft. At the penultimate moment, his words, his only ones, words wholly unobstructed in the utterance were these -- "God bless Captain Vere!" Syllables so unanticipated coming from one with the ignominious hemp about his neck -- a conventional felon's benediction directed aft towards the quarters of honor; syllables too delivered in the clear melody of a singing-bird on the point of launching from the twig, had a phenomenal effect, not unenhanced by the rare personal beauty of the young sailor spiritualized now thro' late experiences so poignantly profound.

Without volition as it were, as if indeed the ship's populace were but the vehicles of some vocal current electric, with one voice from alow and aloft came a resonant sympathetic echo -- "God bless Captain Vere!" And yet at that instant Billy alone must have been in their hearts, even as he was in their eyes.

At the pronounced words and the spontaneous echo that voluminously rebounded them, Captain Vere, either thro' stoic self-control or a sort of momentary paralysis induced by emotional shock, stood erectly rigid as a musket in the ship-armorer's rack.

The hull deliberately recovering from the periodic roll to leeward was just regaining an even keel, when the last signal, a preconcerted dumb one, was given. At the same moment it chanced that the vapory fleece hanging low in the East, was shot thro' with a soft glory as of the fleece of the Lamb of God seen in mystical vision, and simultaneously therewith, watched by the wedged mass of upturned faces, Billy ascended; and, ascending, took the full rose of the dawn.

In the pinioned figure, arrived at the yard-end, to the wonder of all no motion was apparent, none save that created by the ship's motion, in moderate weather so majestic in a great ship ponderously cannoned.

Chekhov, Anton. "Home." Translated by Constance Garnett. *Early Short Stories 1883–1888*. New York: Modern Library, 1999. 352–361. (1887)

'Somebody came from the Grigorievs' to fetch a book, but I said you were not at home. The postman has brought the newspapers and two letters. And, by the way, sir, I wish you would give your attention to Seriozha. I saw him smoking today and also the day before yesterday. When I told him how wrong it was he put his fingers in his ears, as he always does, and began to sing loudly so as to drown my voice.'

Eugene Bilovsky, an attorney of the circuit court, who had just come home from a session and was taking off his gloves in his study, looked at the governess who was making this statement and laughed.

'So Seriozha has been smoking!' he said with a shrug of his shoulders. 'Fancy the little beggar with a cigarette in his mouth! How old is he?'

'Seven years old. It seems of small consequence to you, but at his age smoking is a bad, a harmful habit; and bad habits should be nipped in the bud.'

'You are absolutely right. Where does he get the tobacco?'

'From your table.'

'He does? In that case, send him to me.'

When the governess had gone, Bilovsky sat down in an easy-chair before his writing-table and began to think. For some reason he pictured to himself his Seriozha enveloped in clouds of tobacco smoke, with a huge, yard-long cigarette in his mouth, and this caricature made him smile. At the same time the earnest, anxious face of the governess awakened in him memories of days long past and half-forgotten, when smoking at school and in the nursery aroused in masters and parents a strange, almost incomprehensible horror. It really was horror. Children were unmercifully flogged, and expelled from school, and their lives were blighted, although not one of the teachers nor fathers knew exactly what constituted the harm and offence of smoking. Even very intelligent people did not hesitate to combat the vice they did not understand. Bilovsky called to mind the principal of his school, a highly educated, good-natured old man, who was so shocked when he caught a scholar with a cigarette that he would turn pale and immediately summon a special session of the school board and sentence the offender to expulsion. No doubt that is one of the laws of society—the less an evil is understood the more bitterly and harshly it is attacked.

The attorney thought of the two or three boys who had been expelled and of their subsequent lives, and could not but reflect that punishment is, in many cases, more productive of evil than crime itself. The living organism possesses the faculty of quickly adapting itself to every condition; if it were not so man would be conscious every moment of the unreasonable foundations on which his reasonable actions rest and how little of justice and assurance are to be found even in those activities which are fraught with so much responsibility and which are so appalling in their consequences, such as education, literature, the law—

And thoughts such as these came floating into Bilovsky's head; light, evanescent thoughts such as only enter weary, resting brains. One knows not whence they are nor why they come; they stay but a short while and seem to spread across the surface of the brain without ever sinking very far into its depths. For those whose minds for hours and days together are forced to be occupied with business and to travel always along the same lines, these homelike, untrammelled musings bring a sort of comfort and a pleasant restfulness of their own.

It was nine o'clock. On the floor overhead someone was pacing up and down, and still higher up, on the third storey, four hands were playing scales on the piano. The person who was pacing the floor seemed, from his nervous strides, to be the victim of tormenting thoughts or of the toothache; his footsteps and the monotonous scales added to the quiet of the evening something somnolent that predisposed the mind to idle reveries.

In the nursery, two rooms away, Seriozha and his governess were talking.

'Pa–pa has come!" sang the boy. "Papa has co–ome! Pa! Pa! Pa!'

'Votre père vous appelle, allez vite!' cried the governess, twittering like a frightened bird.

'What shall I say to him?' thought Bilovsky.

But before he had time to think of anything to say his son Seriozha had already entered the study. This was a little person whose sex could only be divined from his clothes—he was so delicate, and fair, and frail. His body was as languid as a hot-house plant and everything about him looked wonderfully dainty and soft—his movements, his curly hair, his glance, his velvet tunic.

'Good evening, papa,' he said in a gentle voice, climbing on to his father's knee and swiftly kissing his neck. 'Did you send for me?'

'Wait a bit, wait a bit, master,' answered the lawyer, putting him aside. 'Before you and I kiss each other we must have a talk, a serious talk. I am angry with you, and I don't love you any more; do you understand that, young man? I don't love you, and you are no son of mine.'

Seriozha looked steadfastly at his father and then turned his regard to the table and shrugged his shoulders.

'What have I done?' he asked, perplexed, and blinked. 'I didn't go into your study once today, and I haven't touched a thing.'

'Miss Natalie has just been complaining to me that you have been smoking; is that so? Have you been smoking?'

'Yes, I smoked once. That is so.'

'There! So now you have told a lie into the bargain!' said the lawyer, disguising his smile by a frown. 'Miss Natalie saw you smoking twice. That means that you have been caught doing three naughty things: smoking, taking tobacco that doesn't belong to you off my table, and telling a lie. Three accusations!'

Fitzgerald, F. Scott. *The Great Gatsby*. New York: Scribner, 2000. (1925)
From Chapter 3

There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft, or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motorboats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On week ends his Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon scampered like a brisk yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants, including an extra gardener, toiled all day with mops and scrubbing brushes and hammers and garden shears, repairing the ravages of the night before.

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York—every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb.

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough colored lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors d'oeuvres, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another.

Faulkner, William. *As I Lay Dying.* New York: Vintage, 1990. (1930)
From "Darl"

Jewel and I come up from the field, following the path in single file. Although I am fifteen feet ahead of him, anyone watching us from the cottonhouse can see Jewel's frayed and broken straw hat a full head above my own.

The path runs straight as a plumb-line, worn smooth by feet and baked brick-hard by July, between the green rows of laidby cotton, to the cottonhouse at four soft right angles and goes on across the field again, worn so by feet in fading precision.

The cottonhouse is of rough logs, from between which the chinking has long fallen. Square, with a broken roof set at a single pitch, it leans in empty and shimmering dilapidation in the sunlight, a single broad window in two opposite walls giving onto the approaches of the path. When we reach it I turn and follow the path which circles the house. Jewel, fifteen feet behind me, looking straight ahead, steps in a single stride through the window. Still staring straight ahead, his pale eyes like wood set into his wooden face, he crosses the floor in four strides with the rigid gravity of

a cigar store Indian dressed in patched overalls and endued with life from the hips down, and steps in a single stride through the opposite window and into the path again just as I come around the corner. In single file and five feet apart and Jewel now in front, we go on up the path toward the foot of the bluff.

Tull's wagon stands beside the spring, hitched to the rail, the reins wrapped about the seat stanchion. In the wagon bed are two chairs. Jewel stops at the spring and takes the gourd from the willow branch and drinks. I pass him and mount the path, beginning to hear Cash's saw.

When I reach the top he has quit sawing. Standing in a litter of chips, he is fitting two of the boards together. Between the shadow spaces they are yellow as gold, like soft gold, bearing on their flanks in smooth undulations the marks of the adze blade: a good carpenter, Cash is. He holds the two planks on the trestle, fitted along the edges in a quarter of the finished box. He kneels and squints along the edge of them, then he lowers them and takes up the adze. A good carpenter. Addie Bundren could not want a better one, a better box to lie in. It will give her confidence and comfort. I go on to the house, followed by the

Chuck. Chuck. Chuck.

of the adze.

Hemingway, Ernest. *A Farewell to Arms.* New York: Scribner, 1995. (1929)

Sometimes in the dark we heard the troops marching under the window and guns going past pulled by motor-tractors. There was much traffic at night and many mules on the roads with boxes of ammunition on each side of their pack-saddles and gray motor trucks that carried men, and other trucks with loads covered with canvas that moved slower in the traffic. There were big guns too that passed in the day drawn by tractors, the long barrels of the guns covered with green branches and green leafy branches and vines laid over the tractors. To the north we could look across a valley and see a forest of chestnut trees and behind it another mountain on this side of the river. There was fighting for that mountain too, but it was not successful, and in the fall when the rains came the leaves all fell from the chestnut trees and the branches were bare and the trunks black with rain. The vineyards were thin and bare-branched too and all the country wet and brown and dead with the autumn. There were mists over the river and clouds on the mountain and the trucks splashed mud on the road and the troops were muddy and wet in their capes; their rifles were wet and under their capes the two leather cartridge-boxes on the front of the belts, gray leather boxes heavy with the packs of clips of thin, long 6.5 mm. cartridges, bulged forward under the capes so that the men, passing on the road, marched as though they were six months gone with child.

Hurston, Zora Neale. *Their Eyes Were Watching God*. New York: Harper Perennial, 1990. (1937)
From Chapter 1

Ships at a distance have every man's wish on board. For some they come in with the tide. For others they sail forever on the horizon, never out of sight, never landing until the Watcher turns his eyes away in resignation, his dreams mocked to death by Time. That is the life of men.

Now, women forget all those things they don't want to remember, and remember everything they don't want to forget. The dream is the truth. Then they act and do things accordingly.

So the beginning of this was a woman and she had come back from burying the dead. Not the dead of sick and ailing with friends at the pillow and the feet. She had come back from the sodden and the bloated; the sudden dead, their eyes flung wide open in judgment.

The people all saw her come because it was sundown. The sun was gone, but he had left his footprints in the sky. It was the time for sitting on porches beside the road. It was the time to hear things and talk. These sitters had been tongueless, earless, eyeless conveniences all day long. Mules and other brutes had occupied their skins. But now, the sun and the bossman were gone, so the skins felt powerful and human. They became lords of sounds and lesser things. They passed nations through their mouths. They sat in judgment.

Seeing the woman as she was made them remember the envy they had stored up from other times. So they chewed up the back parts of their minds and swallowed with relish. They made burning statements with questions, and killing tools out of laughs. It was mass cruelty. A mood come alive, Words walking without masters; walking altogether like harmony in a song.

Borges, Jorge Luis. "The Garden of Forking Paths." From *Labyrinths: Selected Stories and Other Writings*. New York: New Directions, 1964. (1941)

"Before unearthing this letter, I had questioned myself about the ways in which a book can be infinite. I could think of nothing other than a cyclic volume, a circular one. A book whose last page was identical with the first, a book which had the possibility of continuing indefinitely. I remembered too that night which is at the middle of the Thousand and One Nights when Scheherazade (through a magical oversight of the copyist) begins to relate word for word the story of the Thousand and One Nights, establishing the risk of coming once again to the night when she must repeat it, and thus on to infinity. I imagined as well a Platonic, hereditary work, transmitted from father to son, in which each new individual adds a chapter or corrects with pious care the pages of his elders. These conjectures diverted me; but none seemed to correspond, not even remotely, to the contradictory chapters of Ts'ui Pen. In the midst of this perplexity, I received from Oxford the manuscript you have examined. I lingered, naturally, on the sentence: I leave to the various futures (not to all) my garden o f forking paths. Almost instantly, I understood: `the garden of forking paths' was the chaotic novel; the phrase `the various futures (not to all)' suggested to me the forking in time, not in space. A broad rereading of the work confirmed the theory. In all fictional works, each time a man is confronted with several alternatives, he chooses one and eliminates the others; in the fiction of Ts'ui Pen, he chooses simultaneously-all of them. He creates, in this way, diverse futures, diverse times which themselves also proliferate and fork. Here, then, is the explanation of the novel's contradictions. Fang, let us say, has a secret; a stranger calls at his door; Fang resolves to kill him. Naturally, there are several possible outcomes: Fang can kill the intruder, the intruder can kill Fang, they both can escape, they both can die, and so forth. In the work of Ts'ui Pen, all possible outcomes occur; each one is the point of departure for other forkings. Sometimes, the paths of this labyrinth converge: for example, you arrive at this house, but in one of the possible pasts you are my enemy, in another, my friend. If you will resign yourself to my incurable pronunciation, we shall read a few pages."

Bellow, Saul. *The Adventures of Augie March*. New York: Viking, 1953. (1949)
From Chapter 10

"I haven't been wasting my time," he said. "I've been working on something. I think I'm getting married soon," he said, and didn't allow himself to smile with the announcement or temper it in some pleasant way.

"When? To whom?"

"To a woman with money."

"A woman? An older woman?" That was how I interpreted it.

"Well, what's the matter with you? Yes, I'd marry an older woman. Why not?"

"I bet you wouldn't." He was still able to amaze me, as though we had remained kids.

"We don't have to argue about it because she's not old. She's about twenty-two, I'm told."

"By whom? And you haven't even seen her?"

"No, I haven't. You remember the buyer, my old boss? He's fixing me up. I have her picture. She's not bad. Heavy—but I'm getting heavy too. She's sort of pretty. Anyhow, even if she weren't pretty, and if the buyer isn't lying about the dough—her family is supposed to have a mountain of dough—I'd marry her."

"You've already made up your mind?"

"I'll say I have!"

"And suppose she doesn't want to marry you?"

"I'll see that she does. Don't you think I can?"

"Maybe you can, but I don't like it. It's cold-blooded."

"Cold-blooded!" he said with sudden emotion. "What's cold-blooded about it? I'd be cold-blooded if I stayed as I am. I see around this marriage and beyond it. I'll never again go for all the nonsense about marriage. Everybody you lay eyes on, except perhaps a few like you and me, is born of marriage. Do you see anything so exceptional or wonderful about it that it makes it such a big deal? Why be fooling around to make this perfect great marriage? What's it going to save you from? Has it saved anybody—the jerks, the fools, the morons, the schleppers, the jag-offs, the monkeys, rats, rabbits, or the decent unhappy people or what you call nice people? They're all married or are born of marriages, so how can you pretend to me that it makes a difference that Bob loves Mary who loves Jerry? That's for the movies. Don't you see people pondering how to marry for love and getting the blood gypped out of them? Because while

they're looking for the best there is—and I figure that's what's wrong with you—everything else gets lost. It's sad. It's a pity, but it's that way."

I was all the same strongly against him; that he saw. Even if I couldn't just then consider myself on the active list of lovers and wasn't carrying a live torch any more for Esther Fenchel. I recognized his face as the face of a man in the wrong.

Morrison, Toni. *The Bluest Eye*. New York: Random House, 2007. 121–122. (1970)

One winter Pauline discovered she was pregnant. When she told Cholly, he surprised her by being pleased. He began to drink less and come home more often. They eased back into a relationship more like the early days of their marriage, when he asked if she were tired or wanted him to bring her something from the store. In this state of ease, Pauline stopped doing day work and returned to her own housekeeping. But the loneliness in those two rooms had not gone away. When the winter sun hit the peeling green paint of the kitchen chairs, when the smoked hocks were boiling in the pot, when all she could hear was the truck delivering furniture downstairs, she thought about back home, about how she had been all alone most of the time then too, but that this lonesomeness was different. Then she stopped staring at the green chairs, at the delivery truck; she went to the movies instead. There in the dark her memory was refreshed, and she succumbed to her earlier dreams. Along with the idea of romantic love, she was introduced to another—physical beauty. Probably the most destructive ideas in the history of human thought. Both originated in envy, thrived in insecurity, and ended in disillusion. In equating physical beauty with virtue, she stripped her mind, bound it, and collected self-contempt by the heap. She forgot lust and simple caring for. She regarded love as possessive mating, and romance as the goal of the spirit. It would be for her a well-spring from which she would draw the most destructive emotions, deceiving the lover and seeking to imprison the beloved, curtailing freedom in every way.

Garcia, Cristina. *Dreaming in Cuban*. New York: Random House, 1993. (1992)
From "The Languages Lost: Six Days in April"

Abuela gives me a box of letters she wrote to her onetime lover in Spain, but never sent. She shows me his photograph, too. It's very well preserved. He'd be good-looking by today's standards, well built with a full beard and kind eyes, almost professorial. He wore a crisp linen suit and a boater tilted slightly to the left. Abuela tells me she took the picture herself one Sunday on the Malecón,

She also gives me a book of poems she's had since 1930, we she heard García Lorca read at the Principal de la Comedia Theater. Abuela knows each poem by heart, and recites them quite dramatically.

I've started dreaming in Spanish, which has never happened before. I wake up feeling different, like something inside me is changing, something chemical and irreversible. There's a magic here working its way through my veins. There's something about the vegetation, too, that I respond to instinctively—the stunning bougainvillea, the flamboyants and jacarandas, the orchids growing from the trunks of the mysterious ceiba trees. And I love Havana, its noise and decay and painted ladyness. I could happily sit on one of those wrought-iron balconies for days, or keep my grandmother company on her porch, with its ringside view of the sea. I'm afraid to lose all this. To lose Abuela Celia again. But I know that sooner or later I'd have to return to New York. I know now it's where I belong—not instead of here, but more than here. How can I tell my grandmother this?

Media Text
Portal to selected interviews with author Cristina García:
http://www.cristinagarcianovelist.com/index.php?page=selectedinterviews

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Lahiri, Jhumpa. *The Namesake.* New York: Houghton Mifflin, 2004. (2003)
From Chapter 5

One day he attends a panel discussion about Indian novels written in English. He feels obligated to attend; one of the presenters on the panel, Amit, is a distant cousin who lives in Bombay, whom Gogol has never met. His mother has asked him to greet Amit on her behalf. Gogol is bored by the panelists, who keep referring to something called "marginality," as if it were some sort of medical condition. For most of the hour, he sketches portraits of the panelists, who sit hunched over their papers along a rectangular table. "Teleologically speaking, ABCDs are unable to answer the question 'Where are you from?'" the sociologist on the panel declares. Gogol has never heard the term ABCD. He eventually gathers that it stands for "American-born confused deshi." In other words, him. He learns that the C could also stand for "conflicted." He knows that deshi, a generic word for "countryman," means "Indian," knows that his parents and all their friends always refer to India simply as desh. But Gogol never thinks of India as desh. He thinks of it as Americans do, as India.

Gogol slouches in his seat and ponders certain awkward truths. For instance, although he can understand his mother

tongue, and speak it fluently, he cannot read or write it with even modest proficiency. On trips to India his American-accented English is a source of endless amusement to his relatives, and when he and Sonia speak to each other, aunts and uncles and cousins always shake their heads in disbelief and say, "I didn't understand a word!" Living with a pet name and a good name, in a place where such distinctions do not exist—surely that was emblematic of the greatest confusion of all. He searches the audience for someone he knows, but it isn't his crowd—lots of lit majors with leather satchels and gold-rimmed glasses and fountain pens, lots of people Ruth would have waved to. There are also lots of ABCDs. He has no idea there are this many on campus. He has no ABCD friends at college. He avoids them, for they remind him too much of the way his parents choose to live, befriending people not so much because they like them, but because of a past they happen to share. "Gogol, why aren't you a member of the Indian association here?" Amit asks later when they go for a drink at the Anchor. "I just don't have the time," Gogol says, not telling his well-meaning cousin that he can think of no greater hypocrisy than joining an organization that willingly celebrates occasions his parents forced him, throughout his childhood and adolescence, to attend. "I'm Nikhil now," Gogol says, suddenly depressed by how many more times he will have to say this, asking people to remember, reminding them to forget, feeling as if an errata slip were perpetually pinned to his chest.

Drama

Shakespeare, William. *The Tragedy of Hamlet.* New Haven: Yale University Press, 2003. (1599)
From Act III, Scene 3

KING CLAUDIUS

O, my offence is rank it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder'?
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe!
All may be well.

Molière, Jean-Baptiste Poquelin. Tartuffe. *The Project Gutenberg eBook of Tartuffe*. Translated by Jeffrey D. Hoeper. Release Date: April 3, 2009 [eBook #28488] (1664)
From Act III, Scene VI

Orgon. What do I hear? Good God! Is it credible?

Tartuffe. Yes, brother, I'm wicked and culpable,
A sorry sinner, full of iniquity,
As great a wretch as there ever could be.
My entire life has been soiled with evil;
It's nothing but a mass of sinful upheaval.
And I see that God has, for my punishment,
Chosen to mortify me with this event.
Let them connect any crime with my name;
I waive all defense and take all the blame.
Believe what they tell you, stoke up your wrath,
And drive me like a felon from your path.
The shame that I bear cannot be too great,
For I know I deserve a much worse fate.

Orgon [to his son]. Traitor! Do you dare, by your duplicity,
To taint both his virtue and purity?

Damis. What? Can the false meekness of this hypocrite
Cause you to belie . . .

Orgon. Shut up, you misfit.

Tartuffe. Oh, let him go on. You are wrong to scold,
And you'd be wise to believe the story he's told.
In light of his claims, why should you favor me?
What do you know of my culpability?
Why put your faith in my exterior?
Why should you think that I'm superior?
No, no, appearances are fooling you,
I am the kind of man you should eschew.
The whole world thinks that I have earned God's blessing,
But the plain truth is . . . that I'm worth nothing.

Wilde, Oscar. *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999. (1895)
From Act II, Part 2

Cecily [rather shy and confidingly]: Dearest Gwendolen, there is no reason why I should make a secret of it to you. Our little county newspaper is sure to chronicle the fact next week. Mr. Ernest Worthing and I are engaged to be married.

Gwendolen [quite politely, rising]: My darling Cecily, I think there must be some slight error. Mr. Ernest Worthing is engaged to me. The announcement will appear in the Morning Post on Saturday at the latest.

Cecily [very politely, rising]: I am afraid you must be under some misconception. Ernest proposed to me exactly ten minutes ago. [Shows diary.]

Gwendolen [examines diary through her lorgnettte carefully]: It is certainly very curious, for he asked me to be his wife yesterday afternoon at 5.30. If you would care to verify the incident, pray do so. [Produces diary of her own.] I never travel without my diary. One should always have something sensational to read in the train. I am so sorry, dear Cecily, if it is any disappointment to you, but I am afraid I have the prior claim.

Cecily: It would distress me more than I can tell you, dear Gwendolen, if it caused you any mental or physical anguish, but I feel bound to point out that since Ernest proposed to you he clearly has changed his mind.

Gwendolen [meditatively]: If the poor fellow has been entrapped into any foolish promise I shall consider it my duty to rescue him at once, and with a firm hand.

Cecily [thoughtfully and sadly]: Whatever unfortunate entanglement my dear boy may have got into, I will never reproach him with it after we are married.

Gwendolen: Do you allude to me, Miss Cardew, as an entanglement? You are presumptuous. On an occasion of this kind it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one's mind. It becomes a pleasure.

Cecily: Do you suggest, Miss Fairfax, that I entrapped Ernest into an engagement? How dare you? This is no time for wearing the shallow mask of manners. When I see a spade I call it a spade.

Gwendolen [satirically]: I am glad to say that I have never seen a spade. It is obvious that our social spheres have been widely different.

[Enter Merriman, followed by the footman. He carries a salver, table cloth, and plate stand. Cecily is about to retort. The presence of the servants exercises a restraining influence, under which both girls chafe.]

Merriman: Shall I lay tea here as usual, Miss?

Cecily [sternly, in a calm voice]: Yes, as usual. [Merriman begins to clear table and lay cloth. A long pause. Cecily and Gwendolen glare at each other.]

Gwendolen: Are there many interesting walks in the vicinity, Miss Cardew?

Cecily: Oh! yes! a great many. From the top of one of the hills quite close one can see five counties.

Gwendolen: Five counties! I don't think I should like that; I hate crowds.

Cecily [sweetly]: I suppose that is why you live in town? [Gwendolen bites her lip, and beats her foot nervously with her parasol.]

Gwendolen: [Looking round.] Quite a well-kept garden this is, Miss Cardew.

Cecily: So glad you like it, Miss Fairfax.

Gwendolen: I had no idea there were any flowers in the country.

Cecily: Oh, flowers are as common here, Miss Fairfax, as people are in London.

Gwendolen: Personally I cannot understand how anybody manages to exist in the country, if anybody who is anybody does. The country always bores me to death.

Cecily: Ah! This is what the newspapers call agricultural depression, is it not? I believe the aristocracy are suffering very much from it just at present. It is almost an epidemic amongst them, I have been told. May I offer you some tea, Miss Fairfax?

Gwendolen [with elaborate politeness]: Thank you. [Aside.] Detestable girl! But I require tea!

Cecily [sweetly]: Sugar?

Gwendolen [superciliously]: No, thank you. Sugar is not fashionable any more. [Cecily looks angrily at her, takes up the tongs and puts four lumps of sugar into the cup.]

Cecily [severely]: Cake or bread and butter?

Gwendolen [in a bored manner]: Bread and butter, please. Cake is rarely seen at the best houses nowadays.

Cecily [cuts a very large slice of cake, and puts it on the tray]: Hand that to Miss Fairfax.

[Merriman does so, and goes out with footman. Gwendolen drinks the tea and makes a grimace. Puts down cup at once, reaches out her hand to the bread and butter, looks at it, and finds it is cake. Rises in indignation.]

Gwendolen: You have filled my tea with lumps of sugar, and though I asked most distinctly for bread and butter, you have given me cake. I am known for the gentleness of my disposition, and the extraordinary sweetness of my nature, but I warn you, Miss Cardew, you may go too far.

Cecily [rising]: To save my poor, innocent, trusting boy from the machinations of any other girl there are no lengths to which I would not go.

Gwendolen: From the moment I saw you I distrusted you. I felt that you were false and deceitful. I am never deceived in such matters. My first impressions of people are invariably right.

Cecily: It seems to me, Miss Fairfax, that I am trespassing on your valuable time. No doubt you have many other calls of a similar character to make in the neighbourhood.

Wilder, Thornton. *Our Town: A Play in Three Acts*. New York: Perennial, 2003. (1938)

Emily: (softly, more in wonder than in grief) I can't bear it. They're so young and beautiful. Why did they ever have to get old? Mama, I'm here. I'm grown up. I love you all, everything.— I cant look at everything hard enough. *(pause, talking to her mother who does not hear her. She speaks with mounting urgency)* Oh, Mama, just look at me one minute as though you really saw me. Mama, fourteen years have gone by. I'm dead. You're a grandmother, Mama. I married George Gibbs, Mama. Wally's dead, too. Mama, his appendix burst on a camping trip to North Conway. We felt just terrible about it - don't you remember? But, just for a moment now we're all together. Mama, just for a moment we're happy. Let's look at one another. *(pause, looking desperate because she has received no answer. She speaks in a loud voice, forcing herself to not look at her mother)* I can't. I can't go on. It goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another. *(she breaks down sobbing, she looks around)* I didn't realize. All that was going on in life and we never noticed. Take me back - up the hill - to my grave. But first: Wait! One more look. Good-by, Good-by, world. Good-by, Grover's Corners? Mama and Papa. Good-bye to clocks ticking? and Mama's sunflowers. And food and coffee. And new-ironed dresses and hot baths? and sleeping and waking up. Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you. *(she asks abruptly through her tears)* Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it? - every, every minute? *(she sighs)* I'm ready to go back. I should have listened to you. That's all human beings are! Just blind people.

Miller, Arthur. *Death of a Salesman*. New York: Viking, 1996. (1949)
From Act II

Willy: Oh, yeah, my father lived many years in Alaska. He was an adventurous man. We've got quite a little streak of self-reliance in our family. I thought I'd go out with my older brother and try to locate him, and maybe settle in the North with the old man. And I was almost decided to go, when I met a salesman in the Parker House. His name was Dave Singleman. And he was eighty-four years old, and he'd drummed merchandise in thirty-one states. And old Dave, he'd go up to his room, y'understand, put on his green velvet slippers—I'll never forget—and pick up his phone and call the buyers, and without ever leaving is room, at the age of eighty-four, he made his living. And when I saw that, I realized that selling was the greatest career a man could want. 'Cause what could be more satisfying than to be able to go, at the age of eighty-four, into twenty or thirty different cities, and pick up a phone, and be remembered and loved and helped by so many different people? Do you know? When he died—and by the way he died the death of a salesman, in his green velvet slippers in the smoker of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, going into Boston—when he died, hundreds of salesmen and buyers were at his funeral. Things were sad on a lotta trains for months after that. He stands up. Howard has not looked at him. In those days there was personality in it, Howard. There was respect, and comradeship, and gratitude in it. Today, it's all cut and dried, and there's no chance for bringing friendship to bear—or personality. You see what I mean? They don't know me anymore.

Hansberry, Lorraine. *A Raisin in the Sun*. New York: Vintage, 1994. (1959)
From Act III

BENEATHA: He's no brother of mine.

MAMA: What you say?

BENEATHA: I said that that individual is that room is no brother of mine.

MAMA: That's what I thought you said. You feeling like you better than he is today? [BENEATHA does not answer.] Yes? What you tell him a minute ago? That he wasn't a man? Yes? You give him up for me? You done wrote his epitaph too—like the rest of the world? Well who give you the privilege?

BENEATHA: Be on my side for once! You say what he just did, Mama! You saw him—down on his knees. Wasn't it you who taught me—to despise any man who would do that. Do what he's going to do.

MAMA: Yes—I taught you that. Me and your daddy. But I thought I taught you something else too...I thought I taught you to love him.

BENEATHA: Love him? There is nothing left to love.

MAMA: There is always something left to love. And if you ain't learned that you ain't learned nothing. [Looking at her.] Have you cried for that boy today? I don't mean for yourself and for the family 'cause we lost the money. I mean for him; what he been through and what it done to him. Child, when do you think is the time to love somebody the most; when they done good and made things easy for everybody? Well then, you ain't through learning—because that ain't the time at all. It's when he's at him lowest and can't believe in hisself 'cause the world done whipped him so. When

you starts measuring somebody, measure him right, child, measure him right. Make sure you done taken into account what hills and valleys he come through before he got to wherever he is.

Soyinka, Wole. *Death and the King's Horseman: A Play*. New York: W. W. Norton, 2002. (1976)
From Act I, Scene 1

ELESIN:
Where the storm pleases, and when, it directs
The giants of the forest. When friendship summons
Is when the true comrade goes.

WOMEN:
Nothing will hold you back?

ELESIN:
Nothing. What! Has no one told you yet?
I go to keep my friend and master company.
Who says the mouth does not believe in
'No, I have chewed all that before?' I say I have.
The world is not a constant honey-pot.

Poetry

Li Po. "A Poem of Changgan." *The Jade Mountain: A Chinese Anthology.* Translated by Witter Bynner. New York: Knopf, 1929. (circa 700)

My hair had hardly covered my forehead.
I was picking flowers, playing by my door,
When you, my lover, on a bamboo horse,
Came trotting in circles and throwing green plums.
We lived near together on a lane in Ch'ang-kan,
Both of us young and happy-hearted.

...At fourteen I became your wife,
So bashful that I dared not smile,
And I lowered my head toward a dark corner
And would not turn to your thousand calls;
But at fifteen I straightened my brows and laughed,
Learning that no dust could ever seal our love,
That even unto death I would await you by my post
And would never lose heart in the tower of silent watching.

...Then when I was sixteen, you left on a long journey
Through the Gorges of Ch'u-t'ang, of rock and whirling water.
And then came the Fifth-month, more than I could bear,
And I tried to hear the monkeys in your lofty far-off sky.
Your footprints by our door, where I had watched you go,
Were hidden, every one of them, under green moss,
Hidden under moss too deep to sweep away.
And the first autumn wind added fallen leaves.
And now, in the Eighth-month, yellowing butterflies
Hover, two by two, in our west-garden grasses
And, because of all this, my heart is breaking
And I fear for my bright cheeks, lest they fade.

...Oh, at last, when you return through the three Pa districts,
Send me a message home ahead!
And I will come and meet you and will never mind the distance,
All the way to Chang-feng Sha.

Donne, John. "A Valediction Forbidding Mourning." ***The Complete Poetry of John Donne*****. Edited by John T. Shawcross. New York: Anchor Books, 1967. (1633)**

As virtuous men pass mildly' away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say
The breath goes now, and some say, no;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by' a love so much refined
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my circle just.
And makes me end where I begun.

Wheatley, Phyllis. "On Being Brought From Africa to America." ***New Anthology of American Poetry: Traditions and Revolutions, Beginnings to 1900 (Vol 1).*** **Edited by Steven Gould Axelrod, Camille Roman, and Thomas J. Travisano. Piscataway, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 2003. (1773)**

'Twas mercy brought me from my Pagan land,
Taught my benighted soul to understand
That there's a God, that there's a Saviour too:
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.
Some view our sable race with scornful eye,
"Their colour is a diabolic die."
Remember, Christians, Negros, black as Cain,
May be refin'd, and join th' angelic train.

Keats, John. "Ode on a Grecian Urn." ***The Complete Poems of John Keats*****. New York: Modern Library, 1994. (1820)**

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,

Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Whitman, Walt. "Song of Myself." ***Leaves of Grass*****. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1990. (c1860)**
From "Song of Myself" 1

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,

Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

Dickinson, Emily. "Because I Could Not Stop for Death." ***The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson.*** **Boston: Little, Brown, 1960. (1890)**

Because I could not stop for Death—
He kindly stopped for me—
The Carriage held but just Ourselves—
And Immortality.

We slowly drove—He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility—

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess—in the Ring—
We passed the Fields of Grazing Grain—
We passed the Setting Sun—

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground—
The Room was scarcely visible—
The Cornice—in the Ground—

Since then—'tis Centuries—and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity—

Tagore, Rabindranath. "Song VII." ***The Complete Text of Rabindranath Tagore's Gitanjali: Text and Critical Evaluation*** **by S. K. Paul. Translated by Rabindranath Tagore. New Dehli: Sarup and Sons, 2006. (1913)**

My song has put off her adornments.
She has no pride of dress and decoration.
Ornaments would mar our union;
they would come between thee and me;
their jingling would drown thy whispers.

My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight.
O master poet, I have sat down at thy feet.
Only let me make my life simple and straight,
like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.

Eliot, T. S. "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." ***T. S. Eliot: The Complete Poems and Plays, 1909–1950.*** **Orlando: Harcourt Brace & Company, 1952. (1917)**

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question…
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

Pound, Ezra. "The River Merchant's Wife: A Letter." ***Anthology of Modern American Poetry.*** **Edited by Cary Nelson. New York: Oxford University Press, 2000. (1917)**

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.
You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse;
You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.
And we went on living in the village of Chokan:
Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.

At fourteen I married My Lord you.
I never laughed, being bashful.
Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.
Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.

At fifteen I stopped scowling,
I desired my dust to be mingled with yours
Forever and forever and forever.
Why should I climb the lookout?

At sixteen you departed,
You went into far Ku-to-en, by the river of swirling eddies,
And you have been gone five months.
The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.
You dragged your feet when you went out.
By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses,
Too deep to clear them away!
The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.
The paired butterflies are already yellow with August
Over the grass in the West garden --
They hurt me.
I grow older.
If you are coming down through the narrows of the river,
Please let me know beforehand,
And I will come out to meet you
    As far as Cho-fo-Sa.

Frost, Robert. "Mending Wall." ***The Complete Poems of Robert Frost*****. New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1949. (1914)**

SOMETHING there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing:
I have come after them and made repair
Where they have left not one stone on stone,
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,
No one has seen them made or heard them made,
But at spring mending-time we find them there.
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;
And on a day we meet to walk the line
And set the wall between us once again.
We keep the wall between us as we go.
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
We have to use a spell to make them balance:
"Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.
Oh, just another kind of outdoor game,
One on a side. It comes to little more:
He is all pine and I am apple-orchard.
My apple trees will never get across
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.
He only says, "Good fences make good neighbors."

Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
If I could put a notion in his head:
"Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offence.
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That wants it down!" I could say "Elves" to him,
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
He said it for himself. I see him there,
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
He will not go behind his father's saying,
And he likes having thought of it so well
He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors."

Media Text
The Frost Free Library, with essays, interviews, and audio:
http://www.frostfriends.org/library.html

Neruda, Pablo. "Ode to My Suit." Translated by Margaret Sayers Peden. *Selected Odes of Pablo Neruda*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1990. (1954)

Bishop, Elizabeth. "Sestina." *The Complete Poems of Elizabeth Bishop, 1927–1979*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1983. (1965)

Ortiz Cofer, Judith. "The Latin Deli: An Ars Poetica." *The Latin Deli: Telling the Lives of Barrio Women*. New York: Norton, 1995. (1988)

Presiding over a formica counter,
Plastic Mother and Child magnetized
to the top of an ancient register,
the heady mix of smells from the open bins
of dried codfish, the green plantains
hanging in stalks like votive offerings,
she is the Patroness of Exiles,
a woman of no-age who was never pretty,
who spends her days selling canned memories
while listening to the Puerto Ricans complain
that it would be cheaper to fly to San Juan
than to by a pound of Bustelo coffee here,
and to the Cubans perfecting their speech
of a "glorious return" to Havana—where no one
has been allowed to die and nothing to change until then;
to Mexicans who pass through, talking lyrically
of dólares to be made in El Norte—
all wanting the comfort
of spoken Spanish, to gaze upon the family portrait
of her plain wide face, her ample bosom
resting on her plump arms, her look of maternal interest
as they speak to her and each other
of their dreams and their disillusions—
how she smiles understanding,
when they walk down the narrow aisles of her store
reading the labels of the packages aloud, s if
they were the names of lost lovers: Suspiros,
Merengues, the stale candy of everyone's childhood.
She spends her days
Slicing jamón y queso and wrapping it in wax paper
tied with string: plain ham and cheese
that would cost less at the A&P, but it would not satisfy
the hunger of the fragile old man lost in the folds

of his winter coat, who brings her lists of items
that he reads to her like poetry, or the others,
whose needs she must divine, conjuring up products
from places that now exist only in their hearts—
closed ports she must trade with.

"The Latin Deli: An Ars Poetica" by Judith Ortiz Cofer is reprinted with permission from the publisher (© Arte Público press - University of Houston).

Dove, Rita. "Demeter's Prayer to Hades." ***Mother Love: Poems*****. New York: Norton, 1996. (1995)**

This alone is what I wish for you: knowledge.
To understand each desire has an edge,
To know we are responsible for the lives
we change. No faith comes without cost,
no one believes without dying.
Now for the first time
I see clearly the trail you planted,
What ground opened to waste,
though you dreaded a wealth
of flowers.
There are no curses—only mirrors
held up to the souls of gods and mortals.
And so I give up this fate, too.
Believe in yourself,
go ahead—see where it gets you.

"Demeter's Prayer to Hades," from MOTHER LOVE by Rita Dove. Copyright © 1995 by Rita Dove. Used by permission of W.W. Norton & Company, Inc.

Collins, Billy. "Man Listening to Disc." ***Sailing Alone Around the Room*****. New York: Random House, 2001. (2001)**

Sample Performance Tasks for Stories, Drama, and Poetry

- Students *analyze* the first impressions given of Mr. and Mrs. Bennet in the opening chapter of *Pride and Prejudice* based on *the setting* and how the *characters are introduced*. By comparing these first impressions with their later understanding based on how *the action is ordered* and the *characters develop* over the course of the novel, students understand *the impact of* Jane Austen's *choices* in *relating elements of a story*. [RL.11–12.3]

- Students compare and contrast how the protagonists of Herman Melville's *Billy Budd* and Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* maintain their integrity when confronting authority, and they relate their *analysis* of that *theme* to other portrayals in *nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century foundational works of American literature* they have read. [RL.11–12.9]

- Students *analyze* how Anton Chekhov's choice of *structuring* his *story* "Home" by *beginning* in "midstream" *shapes the meaning of the text* and *contributes to its overall* narrative arc. [RL.11–12.5]

- Students *provide an objective summary* of F. Scott's Fitzgerald's *Great Gatsby* wherein they analyze how *over the course of the text* different characters try to escape the worlds they come from, including whose help they get and whether anybody succeeds in escaping. [RL.11–12.2]

- Students *analyze* Miguel de Cervantes's *Don Quixote* and Jean-Baptiste Poquelin Molière's *Tartuffe* for how *what is directly stated in a text differs from what is really meant*, comparing and contrasting the *point of view* adopted by the protagonist in each work. [RL.11–12.6]

- Students compare two or more *recorded or live productions* of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* to the written text, *evaluating* how *each version interprets the source text* and debating which aspects of the enacted *interpretations* of the play best capture a particular character, scene, or theme. [RL.11–12.7]

- Students compare and contrast the *figurative and connotative meanings* as well as *specific word choices* in John Donne's "Valediction Forbidding Mourning" and Emily Dickinson's "Because I Would Not Stop for Death" in order to *determine how* the metaphors of the carriage and the compass *shape the meaning and tone* of each poem. Students *analyze* the ways both poets use *language that is particularly fresh, engaging, or beautiful* to convey the *multiple meanings* regarding death contained in each *poem*. [RL.11–12.4]

- Students *cite strong and thorough textual evidence* from John Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" to *support* their *analysis* of what the poem says explicitly about the urn as well as what can be *inferred* about the urn from *evidence* in the poem. Based on their close reading, students *draw inferences from the text* regarding what meanings the figures decorating the urn convey as well as noting *where the* poem *leaves matters about the urn and its decoration uncertain*. [RL.11–12.1]

Informational Texts: English Language Arts

Paine, Thomas. *Common Sense*. New York: Penguin, 2005. (1776)

A government of our own is our natural right: And when a man seriously reflects on the precariousness of human affairs, he will become convinced, that it is infinitely wiser and safer, to form a constitution of our own in a cool deliberate manner, while we have it in our power, than to trust such an interesting event to time and chance. If we omit it now, some Massenello* may hereafter arise, who laying hold of popular disquietudes, may collect together the desperate and the discontented, and by assuming to themselves the powers of government, may sweep away the liberties of the continent like a deluge. Should the government of America return again into the hands of Britain, the tottering situation of things, will be a temptation for some desperate adventurer to try his fortune; and in such a case, what relief can Britain give? Ere she could hear the news the fatal business might be done, and ourselves suffering like the wretched Britons under the oppression of the Conqueror. Ye that oppose independence now, ye know not what ye do; ye are opening a door to eternal tyranny, by keeping vacant the seat of government.

(*Thomas Anello, otherwise Massenello, a fisherman of Naples, who after spiriting up his countrymen in the public market place, against the oppression of the Spaniards, to whom the place was then subject, prompted them to revolt, and in the space of a day became king.)

Jefferson, Thomas. The Declaration of Independence. (1776)

IN CONGRESS, July 4, 1776

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.—That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,—That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.—Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his

Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws of Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our People, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury:

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy of the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to be-

come the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free People.

Nor have We been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by the Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.

United States. The Bill of Rights (Amendments One through Ten of the United States Constitution). (1791)

Amendment I

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

Amendment II

A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.

Amendment III

No Soldier shall, in time of peace be quartered in any house, without the consent of the Owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

Amendment IV

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

Amendment V

No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the Militia, when in actual service in time of War or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb, nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

Amendment VI

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed; which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defence.

Amendment VII

In Suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any Court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.

Amendment VIII

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

Amendment IX

The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

Amendment X

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

Thoreau, Henry David. *Walden; or, Life in the Woods*. Boston: Houghton, 1893. (1854)

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have somewhat hastily concluded that it is the chief end of man here to "glorify God and enjoy him forever."

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. "Society and Solitude." *Essays and Poems*. New York: Library of America, 1996. (1857)

'Tis hard to mesmerize ourselves, to whip our own top; but through sympathy we are capable of energy and endurance. Concert fires people to a certain fury of performance they can rarely reach alone. Here is the use of society: it is so easy with the great to be great; so easy to come up to an existing standard;—as easy as it is to the lover to swim to his maiden through waves so grim before. The benefits of affection are immense; and the one event which never loses its romance, is the encounter with superior persons on terms allowing the happiest intercourse.

It by no means follows that we are not fit for society, because soirées are tedious, and because the soirée finds us tedious. A backwoodsman, who had been sent to the university, told me that, when he heard the best-bred young men at the law school talk together, he reckoned himself a boor; but whenever he caught them apart, and had one to himself alone, then they were the boors, and he the better man. And if we recall the rare hours when we encountered the best persons, we then found ourselves, and then first society seemed to exist. That was society, though in the transom of a brig, or on the Florida Keys.

A cold, sluggish blood thinks it has not facts enough to the purpose, and must decline its turn in the conversation. But they who speak have no more,—have less. 'Tis not new facts that avail, but the heat to dissolve everybody's facts. The capital defect of cold, arid natures is the want of animal spirits. They seem a power incredible, as if God should raise the dead. The recluse witnesses what others perform by their aid, with a kind of fear. It is as much out of his possibility as the prowess of Cœur-de-Lion, or an Irishman's day's-work on the railroad. 'Tis said, the present and the future are always rivals. Animal spirits constitute the power of the present, and their feats are like the structure of a pyramid. Their result is a lord, a general, or a boon companion. Before these, what a base mendicant is Memory with his leathern badge! But this genial heat is latent in all constitutions, and is disengaged only by the friction of society. As Bacon said of manners, "To obtain them, it only needs not to despise them," so we say of animal spirits, that they are the spontaneous product of health and of a social habit. "For behavior, men learn it, as they take diseases, one of another."

But the people are to be taken in very small doses. If solitude is proud, so is society vulgar. In society, high advantages are set down to the individual as disqualifications. We sink as easily as we rise, through sympathy. So many men whom I know are degraded by their sympathies, their native aims being high enough, but their relation all too tender to the gross people about them. Men cannot afford to live together by their merits, and they adjust themselves by their demerits,—by their love of gossip, or by sheer tolerance and animal good-nature. They untune and dissipate the brave aspirant.

The remedy is, to reinforce each of these moods from the other. Conversation will not corrupt us, if we come to the assembly in our own garb and speech, and with the energy of health to select what is ours and reject what is not. Society we must have; but let it be society, and not exchanging news, or eating from the same dish. Is it society to sit in one of your chairs? I cannot go into the houses of my nearest relatives, because I do not wish to be alone. Society exists by chemical affinity, and not otherwise.

Put any company of people together with freedom for conversation, and a rapid self-distribution takes place, into sets and pairs. The best are accused of exclusiveness. It would be more true to say, they separate as oil from water, as children from old people, without love or hatred in the matter, each seeking his like; and any interference with the affinities would produce constraint and suffocation. All conversation is a magnetic experiment. I know that my friend can talk eloquently; you know that he cannot articulate a sentence: we have seen him in different company. Assort your party, or invite none. Put Stubbs and Coleridge, Quintilian and Aunt Miriam, into pairs, and you make them all wretched. 'Tis an extempore Sing-Sing built in a parlor. Leave them to seek their own mates, and they will be as merry as sparrows.

A higher civility will re-establish in our customs a certain reverence which we have lost. What to do with these brisk young men who break through all fences, and make themselves at home in every house? I find out in an instant if my companion does not want me, and ropes cannot hold me when my welcome is gone. One would think that the affinities would pronounce themselves with a surer reciprocity.

Here again, as so often, Nature delights to put us between extreme antagonisms, and our safety is in the skill with which we keep the diagonal line. Solitude is impracticable, and society fatal. We must keep our head in the one and our hands in the other. The conditions are met, if we keep our independence, yet do not lose our sympathy. These wonderful horses need to be driven by fine hands. We require such a solitude as shall hold us to its revelations when we are in the street and in palaces; for most men are cowed in society, and say good things to you in private, but will not stand to them in public. But let us not be the victims of words. Society and solitude are deceptive names. It is not the circumstance of seeing more or fewer people, but the readiness of sympathy, that imports; and a sound mind will derive its principles from insight, with ever a purer ascent to the sufficient and absolute right, and will accept society as the natural element in which they are to be applied.

Porter, Horace. "Lee Surrenders to Grant, April 9th, 1865." ***Eyewitness to America: 500 Years of American History in the Words of Those Who Saw It Happen*****. Edited by David Colbert. New York: Vintage, 1998. (1865)**
From "Lee Surrenders to Grant, April 9th, 1865"

When Lee came to the sentence about the officers' side-arms, private horses & baggage, he showed for the first time during the reading of the letter a slight change of countenance & was evidently touched by this act of generosity. It was doubtless the condition mentioned to which he particularly alluded when he looked toward General Grant, as he finished reading & said with some degree of warmth in his manner, 'This will have a very happy effect upon my army.'"

General Grant then said: "Unless you have some suggestions to make in regard to the form in which I have stated the terms, I will have a copy of the letter made in ink, and sign it."

"There is one thing I should like to mention," Lee replied, after a short pause. "The cavalrymen and artillerists own their own horses in our army. Its organization in this respect differs from that of the United States." This expression attracted the notice of our officers present, as showing how firmly the conviction was grounded in his mind that we were two distinct countries. He continued: "I should like to understand whether these men will be permitted to retain their horses."

"You will find that the terms as written do not allow this," General Grant replied; "only the officers are permitted to take their private property."

Lee read over the second page of the letter again, and then said: "No, I see the terms do not allow it; that is clear." His face showed plainly that he was quite anxious to have this concession made; and Grant said very promptly, and without giving Lee time to make a direct request:

"Well, the subject is quite new to me. Of course I did not know that any private soldiers owned their animals; but I think we have fought the last battle of the war,—I sincerely hope so,—and that the surrender of this army will be followed soon by that of all the others; and I take it that most of the men in the ranks are small farmers, and as the country has been so raided by the two armies, it is doubtful whether they will be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they are now riding, and I will arrange it in this way: I will not change the terms as now written, but I will instruct the officers I shall appoint to receive the paroles to let all the men who claim to own a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their little farms."

Chesterton, G. K. "The Fallacy of Success." *Selected Essays.* London: Methuen, 1949. (1909)

There has appeared in our time a particular class of books and articles which I sincerely and solemnly think may be called the silliest ever known among men. They are much more wild than the wildest romances of chivalry and much more dull than the dullest religious tract. Moreover, the romances of chivalry were at least about chivalry; the religious tracts are about religion. But these things are about nothing; they are about what is called Success. On every bookstall, in every magazine, you may find works telling people how to succeed. They are books showing men how to succeed in everything; they are written by men who cannot even succeed in writing books. To begin with, of course, there is no such thing as Success. Or, if you like to put it so, there is nothing that is not successful. That a thing is successful merely means that it is; a millionaire is successful in being a millionaire and a donkey in being a donkey. Any live man has succeeded in living; any dead man may have succeeded in committing suicide. But, passing over the bad logic and bad philosophy in the phrase, we may take it, as these writers do, in the ordinary sense of success in obtaining money or worldly position. These writers profess to tell the ordinary man how he may succeed in his trade or speculation—how, if he is a builder, he may succeed as a builder; how, if he is a stockbroker, he may succeed as a stockbroker. They profess to show him how, if he is a grocer, he may become a sporting yachtsman; how, if he is a tenth-rate journalist, he may become a peer; and how, if he is a German Jew, he may become an Anglo-Saxon. This is a definite and business-like proposal, and I really think that the people who buy these books (if any people do buy them) have a moral, if not a legal, right to ask for their money back. Nobody would dare to publish a book about electricity which literally told one nothing about electricity; no one would dare publish an article on botany which showed that the writer did not know which end of a plant grew in the earth. Yet our modern world is full of books about Success and successful people which literally contain no kind of idea, and scarcely and kind of verbal sense.

It is perfectly obvious that in any decent occupation (such as bricklaying or writing books) there are only two ways (in any special sense) of succeeding. One is by doing very good work, the other is by cheating. Both are much too simple to require any literary explanation. If you are in for the high jump, either jump higher than any one else, or manage somehow to pretend that you have done so. If you want to succeed at whist, either be a good whist-player, or play with marked cards. You may want a book about jumping; you may want a book about whist; you may want a book about cheating at whist. But you cannot want a book about Success. Especially you cannot want a book about Success such as those which you can now find scattered by the hundred about the book-market. You may want to jump or to play cards; but you do not want to read wandering statements to the effect that jumping is jumping, or that games are won by winners. If these writers, for instance, said anything about success in jumping it would be something like this: 'The jumper must have a clear aim before him. He must desire definitely to jump higher than the other men who are in for the same competition. He must let no feeble feelings of mercy (sneaked from the sickening Little Englanders and Pro-Boers) prevent him from trying to do his best. He must remember that a competition in jumping is distinctly competitive, and that, as Darwin has gloriously demonstrated, THE WEAKEST GO TO THE WALL.' That is the kind of thing the book would say, and very useful it would be, no doubt, if read out in a low and tense voice to a young man just about to take the high jump. Or suppose that in the course of his intellectual rambles the philosopher of Success dropped upon our other case, that of playing cards, his bracing advice would run—'In playing cards it is very necessary to avoid the mistake (commonly made by maudlin humanitarians and Free Traders) of permitting your opponent to win the game. You must have grit and snap and go in to win. The days of idealism and superstition are over. We live in a time of science and hard common sense, and it has now been definitely proved that in any game where two are playing IF ONE DOES NOT WIN THE OTHER WILL.' It is all very stirring, of course; but I confess that if I were playing cards I would rather have some decent little book which told me the rules of the game. Beyond the rules of the game it is all a question either of talent or dishonesty; and I will undertake to provide either one or the other—which, it is not for me to say.

Mencken, H. L. *The American Language, 4th Edition*. New York: Knopf, 1938. (1938)
From Chapter XI: "American Slang," Section I: "The Nature of Slang"

What chiefly lies behind (slang) is simply a kind of linguistic exuberance, an excess of word-making energy. It relates itself to the standard language a great deal as dancing relates itself to music. But there is also something else. The best slang is not only ingenious and amusing; it also embodies a kind of social criticism. It not only provides new names for a series of every-day concepts, some new and some old; it also says something about them. "Words which produce the slang effect," observes Frank Sechrist, "arouse associations what are incongruous or incompatible with those of customary thinking."

Everyone, including the metaphysician in his study or the eremite in his cell, has a large vocabulary of slang, but the vocabulary of the vulgar is likely to be larger than that of the cultured, and it is harder worked. Its content may be divided into two categories: (a) old words, whether used singly or in combination, that have been put to new uses, usually metaphorical, and (b) new words that have not yet been admitted to the standard vocabulary. Examples of the first type are rubberneck, for a gaping and prying person, and iceberg, for a cold woman; examples of the second are hoosegow, flim-flam, blurb, bazoo and blah. There is a constant movement of slang into accepted usage. Nice, as an adjective of all work, signifying anything satisfactory, was once used in slang only, but today no one would question "a nice day," "a nice time," or "a nice hotel."...The verb-phrase to hold up is now perfectly good American, but so recently as 1901 the late Brander Matthews was sneering at it as slang. In the same way many other verb-phrases, e.g., to cave in, fill the bill and to fly off the handle, once viewed askance, have gradually worked their way to a relatively high level of the standard speech. On some indeterminate tomorrow to stick up and to take for a ride may follow them.

Wright, Richard. *Black Boy*. New York: Harper Perennial, 1998. (1945)
From Part One: Southern Night

That night in my rented room, while letting the hot water run over my can of pork and beans in the sink, I opened A Book of Prefaces and began to read. I was jarred and shocked by the style, the clear, clean, sweeping sentences. Why did he write like that? And how did one write like that? I pictured the man as a raging demon, slashing with his pen, consumed with hate, denouncing everything American, extolling everything European or German, laughing at the weakness of people, mocking God, authority. What was this? I stood up, trying to realize what reality lay behind the meaning of the words...Yes, this man was fighting, fighting with words. He was using words as a weapon, using them as one would use a club. Could words be weapons? Well, yes, for here they were. Then maybe, perhaps, I could use them as a weapon? No. It frightened me. I read on and what amazed me was not what he said, but how on earth anybody had the courage to say it.

Occasionally I glance up to reassure myself that I was alone in the room. Who were these men about whom Mencken was talking so passionately? Who was Anatole France? Joseph Conrad? Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Dostoevski, George Moore, Gustave Flaubert, Maupassant, Tolstoy, Frank Harris, Mark Twain, Thomas Hardy, Arnold Bennett, Stephen Crane, Zola, Norris, Gorky, Bergson, Ibsen, Balzac, Bernard Shaw, Dumas, Poe, Thomas Mann, O. Henry, Dreiser, H.G. Wells, Gogol, T.S. Eliot, Gide, Baudelaire, Edgar Lee masters, Stendhal, Turgenev, Huneker, Nietzsche, and scores of others? Were these men real? Did they exist or had they existed? And how did one pronounce their names?

Orwell, George. "Politics and the English Language." *All Art Is Propaganda: Critical Essays*. New York: Mariner, 2009. (1946)

Hofstadter, Richard. "Abraham Lincoln and the Self-Made Myth." *The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It*. New York: Vintage, 1974. (1948)

Lincoln was shaken by the presidency. Back in Springfield, politics had been a sort of exhilarating game; but in the White House, politics was power, and power was responsibility. Never before had Lincoln held executive office. In public life he had always been an insignificant legislator whose votes were cast in concert with others and whose decisions in themselves had neither finality nor importance. As President he might consult with others, but innumerable grave decisions were in the end his own, and with them came a burden of responsibility terrifying in its dimensions.

Lincoln's rage for personal success, his external and worldly ambition, was quieted when he entered the White House, and he was at last left alone to reckon with himself. To be confronted with the fruits of his victory only to find that it meant choosing between life and death for others was immensely sobering. That Lincoln should have shouldered the moral burden of the war was characteristic of the high seriousness into which he had grown since 1854; and it may be true, as Professor Charles W. Ramsdell suggested, that he was stricken by an awareness of his own part in whipping up the crisis. This would go far to explain the desperation with which he issued pardons and the charity that he wanted to extend to the conquered South at the war's close. In one of his rare moments of self-revelation he is reported to have said: "Now I don't know what the soul is, but whatever it is, I know that it can humble itself." The great prose of the presidential years came from a soul that had been humbled. Lincoln's utter lack of personal malice during these years, his humane detachment, his tragic sense of life, have no parallel in political history.

Tan, Amy. "Mother Tongue." *The Opposite of Fate: Memories of a Writing Life*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2003. (1990)

Just last week, I was walking down the street with my mother, and I again found myself conscious of the English I was using, the English I do use with her. We were talking about the price of new and used furniture and I heard myself saying this: "Not waste money that way." My husband was with us as well, and he didn't notice any switch in my English. And then I realized why. It's because over the twenty years we've been together I've often used that same kind of English with him, and sometimes he even uses it with me. It has become our language of intimacy, a different sort of English that relates to family talk, the language I grew up with.

So you'll have some idea of what this family talk I heard sounds like, I'll quote what my mother said during a recent conversation which I videotaped and then transcribed. During this conversation, my mother was talking about a political gangster in Shanghai who had the same last name as her family's, Du, and how the gangster in his early years wanted to be adopted by her family, which was rich by comparison. Later, the gangster became more powerful, far richer than my mother's family, and one day showed up at my mother's wedding to pay his respects. Here's what she said in part: "Du Yusong having business like fruit stand. Like off the street kind. He is Du like Du Zong—but not Tsung-ming Island people. The local people call putong, the river east side, he belong to that side local people. That man want to ask Du Zong father take him in like become own family. Du Zong father wasn't look down on him, but didn't take seriously, until that man big like become a mafia. Now important person, very hard to inviting him. Chinese way, came only to show respect, don't stay for dinner. Respect for making big celebration, he shows up. Mean gives lots of respect. Chinese custom. Chinese social life that way. If too important won't have to stay too long. He come to my wedding. I didn't see, I heard it. I gone to boy's side, they have YMCA dinner. Chinese age I was nineteen."

Anaya, Rudolfo. "Take the Tortillas Out of Your Poetry." ***The Anaya Reader*****. New York: Warner Books, 1995. (1995)**

In a recent lecture, "Is Nothing Sacred?", Salman Rushdie, one of the most censored authors of our time, talked about the importance of books. He grew up in a household in India where books were as sacred as bread. If anyone in the household dropped a piece of bread or a book, the person not only picked it up, but also kissed the object by way of apologizing for clumsy disrespect.

He goes on to say that he had kissed many books before he had kissed a girl. Bread and books were for his household, and for many like his, food for the body and the soul. This image of the kissing of the book one had accidentally dropped made an impression on me. It speaks to the love and respect many people have for them.

I grew up in a small town in New Mexico, and we had very few books in our household. The first one I remember reading was my catechism book. Before I went to school to learn English, my mother taught me catechism in Spanish. I remember the questions and answers I had to learn, and I remember the well-thumbed, frayed volume which was sacred to me.

Growing up with few books in the house created in me a desire and a need for them. When I started school, I remember visiting the one room library of our town and standing in front of the dusty shelves. In reality there were only a few shelves and not over a thousand books, but I wanted to read them all. There was food for my soul in the books, that much I realized.

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Sample Performance Tasks for Informational Texts: English Language Arts

- Students *delineate* and *evaluate* the *argument* that Thomas Paine makes in *Common Sense*. They *assess the reasoning* present in his analysis, including the *premises and purposes* of his essay. [RI.11–12.8]

- Students *analyze* Thomas Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, identifying its *purpose* and evaluating *rhetorical features* such as the listing of grievances. Students compare and contrast the *themes* and argument found there to those of other *U.S. documents of historical and literary significance*, such as the Olive Branch Petition. [RI.11–12.9]

- Students *provide an objective summary* of Henry David Thoreau's *Walden* wherein they *analyze how* he articulates *the central ideas* of living simply and being self-reliant and how those ideas *interact and build on one another* (e.g., "According to Thoreau, how specifically does moving toward complexity in one's life undermine self-reliance?") [RI.11–12.2]

- Students *analyze how* the *key term success* is interpreted, *used, and refined over the course of* G. K. Chesterton's essay "The Fallacy of Success." [RI.11–12.4]

- Students determine Richard Hofstadter's *purpose and point of view* in his "Abraham Lincoln and the Self-Made Myth," *analyzing* how both Hofstadter's *style* and *content contribute* to the *eloquent* and *powerful* contrast he draws between the younger, ambitious Lincoln and the sober, more reflective man of the presidential years. [RI.11–12.6]

Informational Texts: History/Social Studies

Tocqueville, Alexis de. *Democracy in America.* Translated by Henry Reeve. (1835)
From Chapter 2: "The Origins of the Anglo-Americans"

The remarks I have made will suffice to display the character of Anglo-American civilization in its true light. It is the result (and this should be constantly present to the mind of two distinct elements), which in other places have been in frequent hostility, but which in America have been admirably incorporated and combined with one another. I allude to the spirit of Religion and the spirit of Liberty.

The settlers of New England were at the same time ardent sectarians and daring innovators. Narrow as the limits of some of their religious opinions were, they were entirely free from political prejudices. Hence arose two tendencies, distinct but not opposite, which are constantly discernible in the manners as well as in the laws of the country.

It might be imagined that men who sacrificed their friends, their family, and their native land to a religious conviction were absorbed in the pursuit of the intellectual advantages which they purchased at so dear a rate. The energy, however, with which they strove for the acquirement of wealth, moral enjoyment, and the comforts as well as liberties of the world, is scarcely inferior to that with which they devoted themselves to Heaven.

Political principles and all human laws and institutions were moulded and altered at their pleasure; the barriers of the society in which they were born were broken down before them; the old principles which had governed the world for ages were no more; a path without a turn and a field without an horizon were opened to the exploring and ardent curiosity of man: but at the limits of the political world he checks his researches, he discreetly lays aside the use of his most formidable faculties, he no longer consents to doubt or to innovate, but carefully abstaining from raising the curtain of the sanctuary, he yields with submissive respect to truths which he will not discuss. Thus, in the moral world everything is classed, adapted, decided, and foreseen; in the political world everything is agitated, uncertain, and disputed: in the one is a passive, though a voluntary, obedience; in the other an independence scornful of experience and jealous of authority.

These two tendencies, apparently so discrepant, are far from conflicting; they advance together, and mutually support each other. Religion perceives that civil liberty affords a noble exercise to the faculties of man, and that the political world is a field prepared by the Creator for the efforts of the intelligence. Contented with the freedom and the power which it enjoys in its own sphere, and with the place which it occupies, the empire of religion is never more surely established than when it reigns in the hearts of men unsupported by aught beside its native strength. Religion is no less the companion of liberty in all its battles and its triumphs; the cradle of its infancy, and the divine source of its claims. The safeguard of morality is religion, and morality is the best security of law and the surest pledge of freedom.

Declaration of Sentiments by the Seneca Falls Conference. *An American Primer*. Edited by Daniel J. Boorstin. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1966. (1848)

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one portion of the family of man to assume among the people of the earth a position different from that which they have hitherto occupied, but one to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes that impel them to such a course.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men and women are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of those who suffer from it to refuse allegiance to it, and to insist upon the institution of a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of the women under this government, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to demand the equal station to which they are entitled. The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the elective franchise.

He has compelled her to submit to laws, in the formation of which she had no voice.

He has withheld from her rights which are given to the most ignorant and degraded men—both natives and foreigners.

Having deprived her of this first right of a citizen, the elective franchise, thereby leaving her without representation in the halls of legislation, he has oppressed her on all sides.

He has made her, if married, in the eye of the law, civilly dead.

He has taken from her all right in property, even to the wages she earns.

He has made her, morally, an irresponsible being, as she can commit many crimes with impunity, provided they be done in the presence of her husband. In the covenant of marriage, she is compelled to promise obedience to her husband, he becoming, to all intents and purposes, her master—the law giving him power to deprive her of her liberty, and to administer chastisement.

He has so framed the laws of divorce, as to what shall be the proper causes, and in case of separation, to whom the guardianship of the children shall be given, as to be wholly regardless of the happiness of women—the law, in all cases, going upon a false supposition of the supremacy of man, and giving all power into his hands.

After depriving her of all rights as a married woman, if single, and the owner of property, he has taxed her to support a government which recognizes her only when her property can be made profitable to it.

He has monopolized nearly all the profitable employments, and from those she is permitted to follow, she receives but a scanty remuneration. He closes against her all the avenues to wealth and distinction which he considers most honorable to himself. As a teacher of theology, medicine, or law, she is not known.

He has denied her the facilities for obtaining a thorough education, all colleges being closed against her.

He allows her in church, as well as state, but a subordinate position, claiming apostolic authority for her exclusion from the ministry, and, with some exceptions, from any public participation in the affairs of the church.

He has created a false public sentiment by giving to the world a different code of morals for men and women, by which moral delinquencies which exclude women from society are not only tolerated, but deemed of little account in man.

He has usurped the prerogative of Jehovah himself, claiming it as his right to assign for her a sphere of action, when that belongs to her conscience and to her God.

He has endeavored, in every way that he could, to destroy her confidence in her own powers, to lessen her self-respect, and to make her willing to lead a dependent and abject life.

Now, in view of this entire disfranchisement of one-half the people of this country, their social and religious degradation—in view of the unjust laws above mentioned, and because women do feel themselves aggrieved, oppressed, and fraudulently deprived of their most sacred rights, we insist that they have immediate admission to all the rights and privileges which belong to them as citizens of the United States.

Douglass, Frederick. "What to the Slave Is the Fourth of July?: An Address Delivered in Rochester, New York, on 5 July 1852." ***The Oxford Frederick Douglass Reader.*** **Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996. (1852)**

Fellow Citizens, I am not wanting in respect for the fathers of this republic. The signers of the Declaration of Independence were brave men. They were great men, too great enough to give frame to a great age. It does not often happen to a nation to raise, at one time, such a number of truly great men. The point from which I am compelled to view them is not, certainly, the most favorable; and yet I cannot contemplate their great deeds with less than admiration. They were statesmen, patriots and heroes, and for the good they did, and the principles they contended for, I will unite with you to honor their memory....

...Fellow-citizens, pardon me, allow me to ask, why am I called upon to speak here to-day? What have I, or those I represent, to do with your national independence? Are the great principles of political freedom and of natural justice, embodied in that Declaration of Independence, extended to us? And am I, therefore, called upon to bring our humble offering to the national altar, and to confess the benefits and express devout gratitude for the blessings resulting from your independence to us?

Would to God, both for your sakes and ours, that an affirmative answer could be truthfully returned to these questions! Then would my task be light, and my burden easy and delightful. For who is there so cold, that a nation's

sympathy could not warm him? Who so obdurate and dead to the claims of gratitude, that would not thankfully acknowledge such priceless benefits? Who so stolid and selfish, that would not give his voice to swell the hallelujahs of a nation's jubilee, when the chains of servitude had been torn from his limbs? I am not that man. In a case like that, the dumb might eloquently speak, and the "lame man leap as an hart."

But such is not the state of the case. I say it with a sad sense of the disparity between us. I am not included within the pale of glorious anniversary! Your high independence only reveals the immeasurable distance between us. The blessings in which you, this day, rejoice, are not enjoyed in common. The rich inheritance of justice, liberty, prosperity and independence, bequeathed by your fathers, is shared by you, not by me. The sunlight that brought light and healing to you, has brought stripes and death to me. This Fourth July is yours, not mine. You may rejoice, I must mourn. To drag a man in fetters into the grand illuminated temple of liberty, and call upon him to join you in joyous anthems, were inhuman mockery and sacrilegious irony. Do you mean, citizens, to mock me, by asking me to speak to-day? If so, there is a parallel to your conduct. And let me warn you that it is dangerous to copy the example of a nation whose crimes, towering up to heaven, were thrown down by the breath of the Almighty, burying that nation in irrevocable ruin! I can to-day take up the plaintive lament of a peeled and woe-smitten people!

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down. Yea! We wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there, they that carried us away captive, required of us a song; and they who wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

Fellow-citizens, above your national, tumultuous joy, I hear the mournful wail of millions! whose chains, heavy and grievous yesterday, are, to-day, rendered more intolerable by the jubilee shouts that reach them. If I do forget, if I do not faithfully remember those bleeding children of sorrow this day, "may my right hand forget her cunning, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!" To forget them, to pass lightly over their wrongs, and to chime in with the popular theme, would be treason most scandalous and shocking, and would make me a reproach before God and the world. My subject, then, fellow-citizens, is American slavery. I shall see this day and its popular characteristics from the slave's point of view. Standing there identified with the American bondman, making his wrongs mine, I do not hesitate to declare, with all my soul, that the character and conduct of this nation never looked blacker to me than on this 4th of July! Whether we turn to the declarations of the past, or to the professions of the present, the conduct of the nation seems equally hideous and revolting. America is false to the past, false to the present, and solemnly binds herself to be false to the future. Standing with God and the crushed and bleeding slave on this occasion, I will, in the name of humanity which is outraged, in the name of liberty which is fettered, in the name of the constitution and the Bible which are disregarded and trampled upon, dare to call in question and to denounce, with all the emphasis I can command, everything that serves to perpetuate slavery the great sin and shame of America! "I will not equivocate; I will not excuse"; I will use the severest language I can command; and yet not one word shall escape me that any man, whose judgment is not blinded by prejudice, or who is not at heart a slaveholder, shall not confess to be right and just.

But I fancy I hear some one of my audience say, "It is just in this circumstance that you and your brother abolitionists fail to make a favorable impression on the public mind. Would you argue more, an denounce less; would you persuade more, and rebuke less; your cause would be much more likely to succeed." But, I submit, where all is plain there is nothing to be argued. What point in the anti-slavery creed would you have me argue? On what branch of the subject do the people of this country need light? Must I undertake to prove that the slave is a man? That point is conceded already. Nobody doubts it. The slaveholders themselves acknowledge it in the enactment of laws for their government. They acknowledge it when they punish disobedience on the part of the slave. There are seventy-two crimes in the State of Virginia which, if committed by a black man (no matter how ignorant he be), subject him to the punishment of death; while only two of the same crimes will subject a white man to the like punishment. What is this but the acknowledgment that the slave is a moral, intellectual, and responsible being? The manhood of the slave is conceded. It is admitted in the fact that Southern statute books are covered with enactments forbidding, under severe fines and penalties, the teaching of the slave to read or to write. When you can point to any such laws in reference to the beasts of the field, then I may consent to argue the manhood of the slave. When the dogs in your streets, when the fowls of the air, when the cattle on your hills, when the fish of the sea, and the reptiles that crawl, shall be unable to distinguish the slave from a brute, then will I argue with you that the slave is a man!

For the present, it is enough to affirm the equal manhood of the Negro race. Is it not astonishing that, while we are ploughing, planting, and reaping, using all kinds of mechanical tools, erecting houses, constructing bridges, building ships, working in metals of brass, iron, copper, silver and gold; that, while we are reading, writing and ciphering, acting as clerks, merchants and secretaries, having among us lawyers, doctors, ministers, poets, authors, editors, orators and teachers; that, while we are engaged in all manner of enterprises common to other men, digging gold in California, capturing the whale in the Pacific, feeding sheep and cattle on the hill-side, living, moving, acting, thinking, planning, living in families as husbands, wives and children, and, above all, confessing and worshipping the Christian's God, and looking hopefully for life and immortality beyond the grave, we are called upon to prove that we are men!

Would you have me argue that man is entitled to liberty? That he is the rightful owner of his own body? You have already declared it. Must I argue the wrongfulness of slavery? Is that a question for Republicans? Is it to be settled by the rules of logic and argumentation, as a matter beset with great difficulty, involving a doubtful application of the

principle of justice, hard to be understood? How should I look to-day, in the presence of Americans, dividing, and subdividing a discourse, to show that men have a natural right to freedom? Speaking of it relatively and positively, negatively and affirmatively. To do so, would be to make myself ridiculous, and to offer an insult to your understanding. There is not a man beneath the canopy of heaven that does not know that slavery is wrong for him.

What, am I to argue that it is wrong to make men brutes, to rob them of their liberty, to work them without wages, to keep them ignorant of their relations to their fellow men, to beat them with sticks, to flay their flesh with the lash, to load their limbs with irons, to hunt them with dogs, to sell them at auction, to sunder their families, to knock out their teeth, to burn their flesh, to starve them into obedience and submission to their masters? Must I argue that a system thus marked with blood, and stained with pollution, is wrong? No! I will not. I have better employment for my time and strength than such arguments would imply.

What, then, remains to be argued? Is it that slavery is not divine; that God did not establish it; that our doctors of divinity are mistaken? There is blasphemy in the thought. That which is inhuman, cannot be divine! Who can reason on such a proposition? They that can, may; I cannot. The time for such argument is passed.

At a time like this, scorching irony, not convincing argument, is needed. O! Had I the ability, and could reach the nation's ear, I would, to-day, pour out a fiery stream of biting ridicule, blasting reproach, withering sarcasm, and stern rebuke. For it is not light that is needed, but fire; it is not the gentle shower, but thunder. We need the storm, the whirlwind, and the earthquake. The feeling of the nation must be quickened; the conscience of the nation must be roused; the propriety of the nation must be startled; the hypocrisy of the nation must be exposed; and its crimes against God and man must be proclaimed and denounced.

What, to the American slave, is your 4th of July? I answer; a day that reveals to him, more than all other days in the year, the gross injustice and cruelty to which he is the constant victim. To him, your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty, an unholy license; your national greatness, swelling vanity; your sounds of rejoicing are empty and heartless; your denunciation of tyrants, brass fronted impudence; your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery; your prayers and hymns, your sermons and thanksgivings, with all your religious parade and solemnity, are, to Him, mere bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy — a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages. There is not a nation on the earth guilty of practices more shocking and bloody than are the people of the United States, at this very hour.

Go where you may, search where you will, roam through all the monarchies and despotisms of the Old World, travel through South America, search out every abuse, and when you have found the last, lay your facts by the side of the everyday practices of this nation, and you will say with me, that, for revolting barbarity and shameless hypocrisy, America reigns without a rival.

An American Primer. **Edited by Daniel J. Boorstin. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1966. (1966)**

Lagemann, Ellen Condliffe. "Education." ***The Reader's Companion to American History.*** **Edited by Eric Foner and John A. Garraty. New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1991. (1991)**

McPherson, James M. ***What They Fought For 1861–1865*****. New York: Anchor, 1995. (1994)**
From Chapter 2: "The Best Government on God's Footstool"

One of the questions often asked a Civil War historian is, "Why did the North fight?" Southern motives seem easier to understand. Confederates fought for independence, for their own property and way of life, for their very survival as a nation. But what did the Yankees fight for? Why did they persist through four years of the bloodiest conflict in American history, costing 360,000 northern lives—not to mention 260,000 southern lives and untold destruction of resources? Puzzling over this question in 1863, Confederate War Department clerk John Jones wrote in his diary: "Our men must prevail in combat, or lose their property, country, freedom, everything.... On the other hand the enemy, in yielding the contest, may retire into their own country, and possess everything they enjoyed before the war began."

If that was true, why did the Yankees keep fighting? We can find much of the answer in Abraham Lincoln's notable speeches: the Gettysburg Address, his first and second inaugural addresses, the peroration of his message to Congress on December 1, 1862. But we can find even more of the answer in the wartime letters and diaries of the men who did the fighting. Confederates who said that they fought for the same goals as their forebears of 1776 would have been surprised by the intense conviction of the northern soldiers that they were upholding the legacy of the American Revolution.

The American Reader: Words that Moved a Nation, 2nd Edition**. Edited by Diane Ravitch. New York: HarperCollins, 2000. (2000)**

Amar, Akhil Reed. *America's Constitution: A Biography.* New York: Random House, 2005. (2005)
From Chapter 2: "New Rules for a New World"

Let's begin with two tiny puzzles posed by the Article I command that "Representatives and direct Taxes shall be apportioned among the several States…by adding to the whole Number of free Persons…three fifths of all other Persons." First, although this language specified the apportionment formula "among the several states," it failed to specify the formula within each state.

[…]

A second small puzzle: why did Article I peg the number of representatives to the underlying number of persons, instead of the underlying number of eligible voters, a là New York?

[…]

These two small problems, centering on the seemingly innocent words "among" and "Persons" quickly spiral out into the most vicious words of the apportionment clause: "adding three fifths of all other persons." Other persons here meant other than free persons – that is, slaves. Thus, the more slaves a given state's master class bred or bought, the more seats the state could claim in Congress, for every decade in perpetuity.

The Philadelphia draftsmen camouflaged this ugly point as best they could, euphemistically avoiding the S-word and simultaneously introducing the T-word – taxes – into the equation (Representatives and direct Taxes shall be apportioned).

[…]

The full import of the camouflaged clause eluded many readers in the late 1780s. In the wake of two decades of debate about taxation and burdens under the empire and confederation, many Founding-era Americans confronting the clause focused on taxation rather than on representation. Some Northern critics grumbled that three-fifths should have been five-fifths so as to oblige the South to pay more taxes, without noticing that five-fifths would have also enabled the South to gain more House seats.

McCullough, David. *1776*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 2005. (2005)
From Chapter 3: "Dorchester Heights"

On January 14, two weeks into the new year, George Washington wrote one of the most forlorn, despairing letters of his life. He had been suffering sleepless nights in the big house by the Charles. "The reflection upon my situation and that of this army produces many an uneasy hour when all around me are wrapped in sleep," he told the absent Joseph Reed. "Few people know the predicament we are in."

Filling page after page, he enumerated the same troubles and woes he had been reporting persistently to Congress for so long, and that he would report still again to John Hancock that same day. There was too little powder, still no money. (Money was useful in the common affairs of life but in war it was essential, Washington would remind the wealthy Hancock.) So many of the troops who had given up and gone home had, against orders, carried off muskets that were not their own that the supply of arms was depleted to the point where there were not enough for the new recruits. "We have not at this time 100 guns in the stores of all that have been taken in the prize ship [the captured British supply ship Nancy]," he wrote to Reed. On paper his army numbered between 8,000 and 10,000. In reality only half that number where fit for duty.

It was because he had been unable to attack Boston that things had come to such a pass, he was convinced, The changing of one army to another in the midst of winter, with the enemy so close at hand, was like nothing, "in the pages of history." That the British were so "blind" to what was going on and the true state of his situation he considered nearly miraculous.

He was downcast and feeling quite sorry for himself. Had he known what he was getting into, he told Reed, he would never have accepted the command.

Bell, Julian. *Mirror of the World: A New History of Art*. New York: Thames & Hudson, 2007. (2007)
From Chapter 7: "Theatrical Realities"

The idea that artists are transforming the cultures around them and imagining the previously unimaginable – Michelangelo painting the Sistine Chapel, for instance—makes for a more exciting story. But if we insist on looking for innovation, we may go against the historical grain. Art cultures always move, but not always in leaps. Westerners are used to thinking that small-scale societies (Aboriginal Australia, for instance) have changed their terms of reference relatively slowly, but the same might be said of the largest of all regional civilizations. Through the 16th century—as

through most of the last two millennia—the world's wealthiest and most populous state was China, then ruled by the Ming dynasty. Far from Beijing, the empire's capital, a landed elite had converged for three centuries around the lakeside city of Souzhou. In this agreeably sophisticated environment, Weng Zhingming was one of hundreds devoting himself to painting scrolls with landscape or plant studies accompanied by poetic inscriptions. It was a high-minded pursuit, in so far as literati like Wen would not (in principle at least) take money for their work.

Wen's Seven Junipers of 1532 stands out among the throng of such works on account of its whip-crack dynamism, a wild, irregular rhythm bounding over the length of three and a half metres (twelve feet) of paper. It seems to do things with pictorial space that Western painters would not attempt until the 20th century. But its force—unlike that of contemporary works by Michelangelo—is by no means a matter of radicalism. Wen, painting the scroll in his sixties, was returning to an image painted by his revered predecessor in Suzhou, Shen Zhou, and looking back beyond Shen to the style of Zhao Mengfu, who had painted around 1300. His accompanying poem, written 'in admiration of antiquity', identifies the junipers as morally encouraging emblems of resilience as 'magic witnesses of days gone by'. 'Who knows', he adds wistfully, 'what is to come hereafter?' In other words, the momentum here is one of nostalgia: in the hands of a distinguished exponent in a privileged location in a politically unruffled era, backwards-looking might have a creative force of its own.

FedViews by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco (2009)

The opinions expressed in this article do not necessarily reflect the views of the management of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, or of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System.

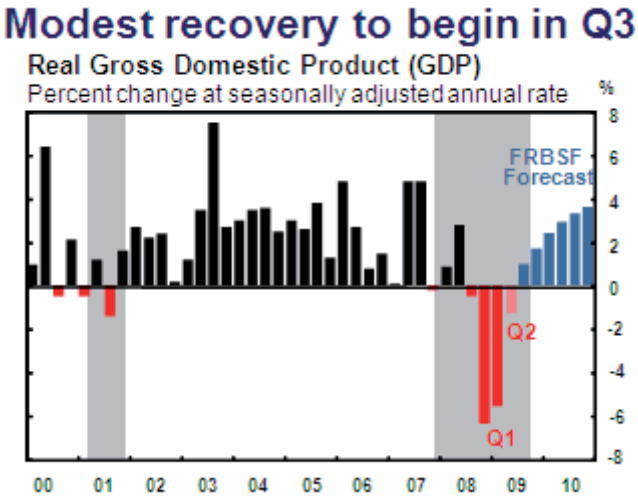
Mary C. Daly, vice president and director of the Center for the Study of Innovation and Productivity at the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, states her views on the current economy and the outlook.

- Financial markets are improving, and the crisis mode that has characterized the past year is subsiding. The adverse feedback loop, in which losses by banks and other lenders lead to tighter credit availability, which then leads to lower spending by households and businesses, has begun to slow. As such, investors' appetite for risk is returning, and some of the barriers to credit that have been constraining businesses and households are diminishing.

- Income from the federal fiscal stimulus, as well as some improvement in confidence, has helped stabilize consumer spending. Since consumer spending accounts for two-thirds of all economic activity, this is a key factor affecting our forecast of growth in the third quarter.

- The gradual nature of the recovery will put additional pressure on state and local budgets. Following a difficult 2009, especially in the West, most states began the 2010 fiscal year on July 1 with even larger budget gaps to solve.

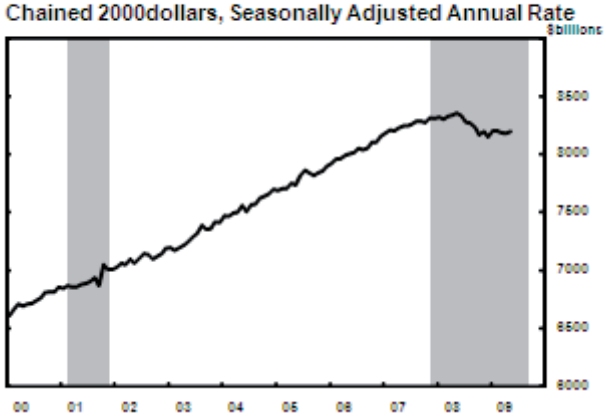
- Still, many remain worried that large fiscal deficits will eventually be inflationary. However, a look at the empirical link between fiscal deficits and inflation in the United States shows no correlation between the two. Indeed, during the 1980s, when the United States was running large deficits, inflation was coming down.



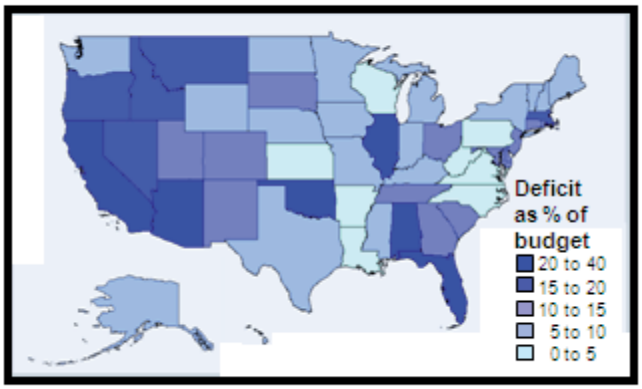
Consumers hanging on

Real Personal Consumption Expenditures

Chained 2000dollars, Seasonally Adjusted Annual Rate

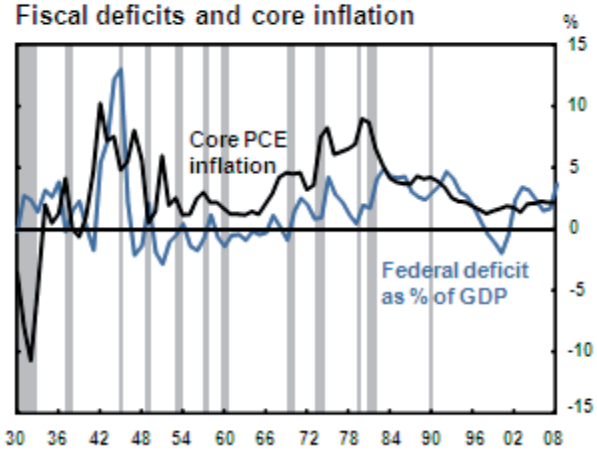


State budget gaps pervasive in 2009



No link between deficits and inflation

Fiscal deficits and core inflation



Informational Texts: Science, Mathematics, and Technical Subjects

Paulos, John Allen. *Innumeracy: Mathematical Illiteracy and Its Consequences*. New York: Vintage, 1988. (1988)
From Chapter 1: "Examples and Principles"

Archimedes and Practically Infinite Numbers

There is a fundamental property of numbers named after the Greek mathematician Archimedes which states that any number, no matter how huge, can be exceeded by adding together sufficiently many of any smaller number, no matter how tiny. Though obvious in principle, the consequences are sometimes resisted, as they were by the student of mine who maintained that human hair just didn't grow in miles per hour. Unfortunately, the nanoseconds used up in a simple computer operation do add up to lengthy bottlenecks on intractable problems, many of which would require millennia to solve in general. It takes some getting accustomed to the fact that the minuscule times and distances of microphysics as well as the vastness of astronomical phenomena share the dimensions of our human world.

It's clear how the above property of numbers led to Archimedes' famous pronouncement that given a fulcrum, a long enough lever, and a place to stand, he alone could physically lift the earth. An awareness of the additivity of small quantities is lacking in innumerates, who don't seem to believe that their little aerosol cans of hairspray could play any role in the depletion of the ozone layer of the atmosphere, or that their individual automobile contributes anything to the problem of acid rain.

Gladwell, Malcolm. *The Tipping Point: How Little Things Can Make a Big Difference.* New York: Back Bay Books, 2002. (2002)
From "The Three Rules of Epidemics"

The three rules of the Tipping Point—the Law of the few, the Stickiness Factor, the Power of Context—offer a way of making sense of epidemics. They provide us with direction for how to go about reaching a Tipping Point. The balance of this book will take these ideas and apply them to other puzzling situations and epidemics from the world around us. How do these three rules help us understand teenage smoking, for example, or the phenomenon of word of mouth, or crime, or the rise of a bestseller? The answers may surprise you.

Tyson, Neil deGrasse. "Gravity in Reverse: The Tale of Albert Einstein's 'Greatest Blunder.'" *Natural History*. 112.10 (Dec 2003). (2003)

Sung to the tune of "The Times They Are A-Changin'":

Come gather 'round, math phobes,
Wherever you roam
And admit that the cosmos
Around you has grown
And accept it that soon
You won't know what's worth knowin'
Until Einstein to you
Becomes clearer.
So you'd better start listenin'
Or you'll drift cold and lone
For the cosmos is weird, gettin' weirder.
—The Editors (with apologies to Bob Dylan)

Cosmology has always been weird. Worlds resting on the backs of turtles, matter and energy coming into existence out of much less than thin air. And now, just when you'd gotten familiar, if hot really comfortable, with the idea of a big bang, along comes something new to worry about. A mysterious and universal pressure pervades all of space and acts against the cosmic gravity that has tried to drag the universe back together ever since the big bang. On top of that, "negative gravity" has forced the expansion of the universe to accelerate exponentially, and cosmic gravity is losing the tug-of-war.

For these and similarly mind-warping ideas in twentieth-century physics, just blame Albert Einstein.

Einstein hardly ever set foot in the laboratory; he didn't test phenomena or use elaborate equipment. He was a theorist who perfected the "thought experiment," in which you engage nature through your imagination, inventing a situation or a model and then working out the consequences of some physical principle.

If—as was the case for Einstein—a physicist's model is intended to represent the entire universe, then manipulating the model should be tantamount to manipulating the universe itself. Observers and experimentalists can then go out and look for the phenomena predicted by that model. If the model is flawed, or if the theorists make a mistake in their

calculations, the observers will detect a mismatch between the model's predictions and the way things happen in the real universe. That's the first cue to try again, either by adjusting the old model or by creating a new one.

Media Text
NOVA animation of an Einstein "thought experiment":
http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/nova/einstein/relativity/

Calishain, Tara, and Rael Dornfest. *Google Hacks: Tips & Tools for Smarter Searching, 2nd Edition*. Sebastopol, Calif.: O'Reilly Media, 2004. (2004)
From Chapter 1: "Web: Hacks 1–20," Google Web Search Basics

Whenever you search for more than one keyword at a time, a search engine has a default strategy for handling and combining those keywords. Can those words appear individually in a page, or do they have to be right next to each other? Will the engine search for both keywords or for either keyword?

Phrase Searches

Google defaults to searching for occurrences of your specified keywords anywhere on the page, whether side-by-side or scattered throughout. To return results of pages containing specifically ordered words, enclose them in quotes, turning your keyword search into a phrase search, to use Google's terminology.

On entering a search for the keywords:

to be or not to be

Google will find matches where the keywords appear anywhere on the page. If you want Google to find you matches where the keywords appear together as a phrase, surround them with quotes, like this:

"to be or not to be"

Google will return matches only where those words appear together (not to mention explicitly including stop words such as "to" and "or" [...]).

Phrase searches are also useful when you want to find a phrase but aren't sure of the exact wording. This is accomplished in combination with wildcards [...])

Basic Boolean

Whether an engine searches for all keywords or any of them depends on what is called its Boolean default. Search engines can default to Boolean AND (searching for all keywords) or Boolean OR (searching for any keywords). Of course, even if a search engine defaults to searching for all keywords, you can usually give it a special command to instruct it to search for any keyword. Lacking specific instructions, the engine falls back on its default setting.

Google's Boolean default is AND, which means that, if you enter query words without modifiers, Google will search or all of your query words. For example if you search for:

snowblower Honda "Green Bay"

Google will search for all the words. If you prefer to specify that any one word or phrase is acceptable, put an OR between each:

snowblower OR Honda OR "Green Bay"

Kane, Gordon. "The Mysteries of Mass." *Scientific American Special Edition* December 2005. (2005)

Physicists are hunting for an elusive particle that would reveal the presence of a new kind of field that permeates all of reality. Finding that Higgs field will give us a more complete understanding about how the universe works.

Most people think they know what mass is, but they understand only part of the story. For instance, an elephant is clearly bulkier and weighs more than an ant. Even in the absence of gravity, the elephant would have greater mass—it would be harder to push and set in motion. Obviously the elephant is more massive because it is made of many more atoms than the ant is, but what determines the masses of the individual atoms? What about the elementary particles that make up the atoms—what determines their masses? Indeed, why do they even have mass?

We see that the problem of mass has two independent aspects. First, we need to learn how mass arises at all. It turns out mass results from at least three different mechanisms, which I will describe below. A key player in physicists'

tentative theories about mass is a new kind of field that permeates all of reality, called the Higgs field. Elementary particle masses are thought to come about from the interaction with the Higgs field. If the Higgs field exists, theory demands that it have an associated particle, the Higgs boson. Using particle accelerators, scientists are now hunting for the Higgs.

Fischetti, Mark. "Working Knowledge: Electronic Stability Control." ***Scientific American*** **April 2007. (2007)**

Steer Clear

Automakers are offering electronic stability control on more and more passenger vehicles to help prevent them from sliding, veering off the road, or even rolling over. The technology is a product of an ongoing evolution stemming from antilock brakes.

When a driver jams the brake pedal too hard, anti-lock hydraulic valves subtract brake pressure at a given wheel so the wheel does not lock up. As these systems proliferated in the 1990s, manufacturers tacked on traction-control valves that help a spinning drive wheel grip the road.

For stability control, engineers mounted more hydraulics that can apply pressure to any wheel, even if the driver is not braking. When sensors indicate the car is sliding forward instead of turning or is turning too sharply, the actuators momentarily brake certain wheels to correct the trajectory. "Going to electronic stability control was a big step," says Scott Dahl, director of chassis-control strategy at supplier Robert Bosch in Farmington Hills, Michigan. "We had to add sensors that can determine what the driver intends to do and compare that with what the car is actually doing." Most systems also petition the engine-control computer to reduce engine torque to dampen wayward movement.

U.S. General Services Administration. Executive Order 13423: Strengthening Federal Environmental, Energy, and Transportation Management.
http://www.gsa.gov/Portal/gsa/ep/contentView.do?contentType=GSA_BASIC&contentId=22395 2010 (2007)

Executive Order 13423

Strengthening Federal Environmental, Energy, and Transportation Management

The President Strengthening Federal Environmental, Energy, and Transportation Management
By the authority vested in me as President by the Constitution and the laws of the United States of America, and to strengthen the environmental, energy, and transportation management of Federal agencies, it is hereby ordered as follows:

Section 1. Policy. It is the policy of the United States that Federal agencies conduct their environmental, transportation, and energy-related activities under the law in support of their respective missions in an environmentally, economically and fiscally sound, integrated, continuously improving, efficient, and sustainable manner.

Sec. 2. Goals for Agencies. In implementing the policy set forth in section 1 of this order, the head of each agency shall:

(a) improve energy efficiency and reduce greenhouse gas emissions of the agency, through reduction of energy intensity by (i) 3 percent annually through the end of fiscal year 2015, or (ii) 30 percent by the end of fiscal year 2015, relative to the baseline of the agency's energy use in fiscal year 2003;

(b) ensure that (i) at least half of the statutorily required renewable energy consumed by the agency in a fiscal year comes from new renewable sources, and (ii) to the extent feasible, the agency implements renewable energy generation projects on agency property for agency use;

(c) beginning in FY 2008, reduce water consumption intensity, relative to the baseline of the agency's water consumption in fiscal year 2007, through life-cycle cost-effective measures by 2 percent annually through the end of fiscal year 2015 or 16 percent by the end of fiscal year 2015;

(d) require in agency acquisitions of goods and services (i) use of sustainable environmental practices, including acquisition of biobased, environmentally preferable, energy-efficient, water-efficient, and recycled-content products, and (ii) use of paper of at least 30 percent post-consumer fiber content;

(e) ensure that the agency (i) reduces the quantity of toxic and hazardous chemicals and materials acquired, used, or disposed of by the agency, (ii) increases diversion of solid waste as appropriate, and (iii) maintains cost-effective waste prevention and recycling programs in its facilities;

(f) ensure that (i) new construction and major renovation of agency buildings comply with the Guiding Principles for

Federal Leadership in High Performance and Sustainable Buildings set forth in the Federal Leadership in High Performance and Sustainable Buildings Memorandum of Understanding (2006), and (ii) 15 percent of the existing Federal capital asset building inventory of the agency as of the end of fiscal year 2015 incorporates the sustainable practices in the Guiding Principles;

(g) ensure that, if the agency operates a fleet of at least 20 motor vehicles, the agency, relative to agency baselines for fiscal year 2005, (i) reduces the fleet's total consumption of petroleum products by 2 percent annually through the end of fiscal year 2015, (ii) increases the total fuel consumption that is non-petroleum-based by 10 percent annually, and (iii) uses plug-in hybrid (PIH) vehicles when PIH vehicles are commercially available at a cost reasonably comparable, on the basis of life-cycle cost, to non-PIH vehicles; and

(h) ensure that the agency (i) when acquiring an electronic product to meet its requirements, meets at least 95 percent of those requirements with an Electronic Product Environmental Assessment Tool (EPEAT)-registered electronic product, unless there is no EPEAT standard for such product,

(ii) enables the Energy Star feature on agency computers and monitors,

(iii) establishes and implements policies to extend the useful life of agency electronic equipment, and (iv) uses environmentally sound practices with respect to disposition of agency electronic equipment that has reached the end of its useful life.

Kurzweil, Ray. "The Coming Merger of Mind and Machine." ***Scientific American Special Edition*** **January 2008. (2008)**

The accelerating pace of technological progress means that our intelligent creations will soon eclipse us—and that their creations will eventually eclipse them.

Sometime early in this century the intelligence of machines will exceed that of humans. Within a quarter of a century, machines will exhibit the full range of human intellect, emotions and skills, ranging from musical and other creative aptitudes to physical movement. They will claim to have feelings and, unlike today's virtual personalities, will be very convincing when they tell us so. By around 2020 a $1,000 computer will at least match the processing power of the human brain. By 2029 the software for intelligence will have been largely mastered, and the average personal computer will be equivalent to 1,000 brains.

Once computers achieve a level of intelligence comparable to that of humans, they will necessarily soar past it. For example, if I learn French, I can't readily download that learning to you. The reason is that for us, learning involves successions of stunningly complex patterns of interconnections among brain cells (neurons) and among the concentrations of biochemicals known as neurotransmitters that enable impulses to travel from neuron to neuron. We have no way of quickly downloading these patterns. But quick downloading will allow our nonbiological creations to share immediately what they learn with billions of other machines. Ultimately, nonbiological entities will master not only the sum total of their own knowledge but all of ours as well.

Gibbs, W. Wayt. "Untangling the Roots of Cancer." ***Scientific American Special Edition*** **June 2008. (2008)**

Recent evidence challenges long-held theories of how cells turn malignant—and suggests new ways to stop tumors before they spread.

What causes cancer?

Tobacco smoke, most people would say. Probably too much alcohol, sunshine or grilled meat; infection with cervical papillomaviruses; asbestos. All have strong links to cancer, certainly. But they cannot be root causes. Much of the population is exposed to these carcinogens, yet only a tiny minority suffers dangerous tumors as a consequence.

A cause, by definition, leads invariably to its effect. The immediate cause of cancer must be some combination of insults and accidents that induces normal cells in a healthy human body to turn malignant, growing like weeds and sprouting in unnatural places.

At this level, the cause of cancer is not entirely a mystery. In fact, a decade ago many geneticists were confident that science was homing in on a final answer: cancer is the result of cumulative mutations that alter specific locations in a cell's DNA and thus change the particular proteins encoded by cancer-related genes at those spots. The mutations affect two kinds of cancer genes. The first are called tumor suppressors. They normally restrain cells' ability to divide, and mutations permanently disable the genes. The second variety, known as oncogenes, stimulate growth—in other words, cell division. Mutations lock oncogenes into an active state. Some researchers still take it as axiomatic that such growth-promoting changes to a small number of cancer genes are the initial event and root cause of every human cancer.

Gawande, Atul. "The Cost Conundrum: Health Care Costs in McAllen, Texas." ***The New Yorker*** **June 1, 2009. (2009)**

It is spring in McAllen, Texas. The morning sun is warm. The streets are lined with palm trees and pickup trucks. McAllen is in Hidalgo County, which has the lowest household income in the country, but it's a border town, and a thriving foreign-trade zone has kept the unemployment rate below ten per cent. McAllen calls itself the Square Dance Capital of the World. "Lonesome Dove" was set around here.

McAllen has another distinction, too: it is one of the most expensive health-care markets in the country. Only Miami—which has much higher labor and living costs—spends more per person on health care. In 2006, Medicare spent fifteen thousand dollars per enrollee here, almost twice the national average. The income per capita is twelve thousand dollars. In other words, Medicare spends three thousand dollars more per person here than the average person earns.

The explosive trend in American medical costs seems to have occurred here in an especially intense form. Our country's health care is by far the most expensive in the world. In Washington, the aim of health-care reform is not just to extend medical coverage to everybody but also to bring costs under control. Spending on doctors, hospitals, drugs, and the like now consumes more than one of every six dollars we earn. The financial burden has damaged the global competitiveness of American businesses and bankrupted millions of families, even those with insurance. It's also devouring our government. "The greatest threat to America's fiscal health is not Social Security," President Barack Obama said in a March speech at the White House. "It's not the investments that we've made to rescue our economy during this crisis. By a wide margin, the biggest threat to our nation's balance sheet is the skyrocketing cost of health care. It's not even close."

Sample Performance Tasks for Informational Texts: History/Social Studies & Science, Mathematics, and Technical Subjects

- Students *determine the central ideas* found in the Declaration of Sentiments by the Seneca Falls Conference, noting the parallels between it and the Declaration of Independence and *providing a summary that makes clear the relationships among the key details and ideas* of each text and between the texts. [RH.11–12.2]

- Students *evaluate* the *premises* of James M. McPherson's argument regarding why Northern soldiers fought in the Civil War by *corroborating* the *evidence* provided from the letters and diaries of these soldiers with *other* primary and secondary *sources* and *challenging* McPherson's *claims* where appropriate. [RH.11–12.8]

- Students *integrate* the *information* provided by Mary C. Daly, vice president at the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, with the data presented *visually* in the *FedViews* report. In their analysis of these *sources of information presented in diverse formats*, students frame and *address a question* or *solve a problem* raised by their *evaluation* of the evidence. [RH.11–12.7]

- Students *analyze the hierarchical* relationships between phrase searches and searches that use basic Boolean operators in Tara Calishain and Rael Dornfest's *Google Hacks: Tips & Tools for Smarter Searching, 2nd Edition*. [RST.11–12.5]

- Students *analyze* the concept of mass based on their close reading of Gordon Kane's "The Mysteries of Mass" and *cite specific textual evidence* from the *text* to answer the question of why elementary particles have mass at all. Students explain *important distinctions the author makes* regarding the Higgs field and the Higgs boson and their relationship to the concept of mass. [RST.11–12.1]

- Students *determine the meaning of key terms* such as *hydraulic*, *trajectory*, and *torque* as well as other *domain-specific words and phrases* such as *actuators*, *antilock brakes*, and *traction control used* in Mark Fischetti's "Working Knowledge: Electronic Stability Control." [RST.11–12.4]