HIGH SCHOOL
ENGLISH

Suggested Remote Learning Activities

Expect great things.

Pittsburgh Public Schools
Suggested Remote Learning Activities Information

Below is a list of resources that you can utilize to practice your reading skills while schools are closed. The activities are designed to reinforce the learning already facilitated during the 2019-2020 school year. This packet includes a variety of texts and activities associated with each text. This packet also includes a variety of conventions activities for additional practice. The table below provides additional online resources through the Clever portal and online resources for additional reading and writing practice. Completing the material in this packet is optional.

| Activity 1 | Select a text to read and utilize the First Read Guide: NOTICE, ANNOTATE, CONNECT, RESPOND (the accessible leveled text is also available in the packet) |
| Activity 2 | Check your understanding: Comprehension Check |
| Activity 3 | If you have access to the Internet, conduct some research about what you have read. |
| Activity 4 | Utilize the Close Read Guide. |
| Activity 5 | Respond to the text questions. |
| Activity 6 | Select a Grammar or Conventions Activity to complete to practice your skills. |

### Additional Online Resources through Clever

- **Students will access the Clever portal through this link:** [https://clever.com/in/pittsburghpublic/staff/portal](https://clever.com/in/pittsburghpublic/staff/portal)
- **Pearson Easybridge** through Clever (Link to MyPerspectives)
- **iLit20:** *(If students utilize this resource in school, they have accessibility through Clever/EasyBridge anywhere they can access the Internet.)*
  - *In addition to the Interactive Readers, students can access the digital library to read for enjoyment.*
- **Digital Library:** Students have access to a digital library through Pearson Realize for independent reading opportunities.

### Online resources for additional reading practice:

- **Khan Academy:** khanacademy.org
- **Edmentum:** [https://info.edmentum.com/Worksheet-Bundles_Download.html](https://info.edmentum.com/Worksheet-Bundles_Download.html)
- **Online Resources through the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh:** (Document in packet)
- **SAT ACT Online Practice:** tutor.com through www.carnegielibrary.org (Document in packet)
- **Ralph Munn Creative Writing Contest:** www.carnegielibrary.org/ralphmunn Document in packet
- **Common Lit:** commonlit.org
- **Scholastic Learn at Home:** [https://classroommagazines.scholastic.com/support/learnathome.html](https://classroommagazines.scholastic.com/support/learnathome.html)
Independent Learning Strategies
Throughout your life, in school, in your community, and in your career, you will need to rely on yourself to learn and work on your own. Review these strategies and the actions you can take to practice them during Independent Learning. Add ideas of your own for each category.

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<td>Create a schedule</td>
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<td>Practice what you've learned</td>
<td>• Use first-read and close-read strategies to deepen your understanding.</td>
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<td>• After you read, evaluate the usefulness of the evidence to help you understand the topic.</td>
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How to Use Pearson’s BouncePages App

Follow the steps below to watch a video or listen to audio from your myPerspectives print Student Edition. You can access audio and video using the BouncePages app.

Any time a media asset is available for BouncePages, you will see the Scan for Multimedia icon in the print Student Edition.

Steps

2. Download Pearson’s BouncePages app from your online store. The app is free and works on most smartphones and tablets.
3. Open the app on your mobile device.
4. AIM your camera so the page from your print Student Edition is viewable on your screen.
5. TAP the screen to scan the page.
6. Press the PLAY button on the page that appears on your device. View the video or listen to the audio directly from your device.
Marking the Text: Strategies and Tips for Annotation

When you close read a text, you read for comprehension and then reread to unlock layers of meaning and to analyze a writer's style and techniques. Marking a text as you read it enables you to participate more fully in the close-reading process.

Following are some strategies for text mark-ups, along with samples of how the strategies can be applied. These mark-ups are suggestions; you and your teacher may want to use other mark-up strategies.

### Suggested Mark-Up Notations

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<th>HOW TO MARK UP</th>
<th>QUESTIONS TO ASK</th>
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<tr>
<td>Key Ideas and Details</td>
<td>• Highlight key ideas or claims.</td>
<td>• What does the text say? What does it leave unsaid?</td>
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<td>• Underline supporting details or evidence.</td>
<td>• What inferences do you need to make?</td>
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<td>• What details lead you to make your inferences?</td>
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<td>Word Choice</td>
<td>• Circle unfamiliar words.</td>
<td>• What inferences about word meaning can you make?</td>
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<td>• Put a dotted line under context clues, if any exist.</td>
<td>• What tone and mood are created by word choice?</td>
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<td>• Put an exclamation point beside especially rich or poetic passages.</td>
<td>• What alternate word choices might the author have made?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Text Structure</td>
<td>• Highlight passages that show key details supporting the main idea.</td>
<td>• Is the text logically structured?</td>
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<td>• Use arrows to indicate how sentences and paragraphs work together to build ideas.</td>
<td>• What emotional impact do the structural choices create?</td>
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<td>• Use a right-facing arrow to indicate foreshadowing.</td>
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<td>• Use a left-facing arrow to indicate flashback.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Author's Craft</td>
<td>• Circle or highlight instances of repetition, either of words, phrases, consonants, or vowel sounds.</td>
<td>• Does the author's style enrich or detract from the reading experience?</td>
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<td>• Mark rhythmic beats in poetry using checkmarks and slashes.</td>
<td>• What levels of meaning are created by the author's techniques?</td>
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<td>• Underline instances of symbolism or figurative language.</td>
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In a first read, work to get a sense of the main idea of a text. Look for key details and ideas that help you understand what the author conveys to you. Mark passages that prompt a strong response from you.

Here is how one reader marked up this text:

**Close Reading**

*Key Idea*

1. 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.

2. 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...

3. 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 tints, 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.
**First-Read Guide**

Use this page to record your first-read ideas.

**Selection Title:** Classifying the Stars

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**NOTICE** new information or ideas you learned about the unit topic as you first read this text.

- Light = different waves of colors (Spectrum)
- Newton - the first person to observe these waves using a prism.
- Fraunhofer saw gaps in the spectrum.

**ANNOTATE** by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.

- Vocabulary
  - myriad
  - grating
  - component colors
- Different light types = different lengths
- Isaac Newton also worked theories of gravity.
- Multiple spectral tints? “colors of various appearance”

**Key Passage**
Paragraph 3 shows that Fraunhofer discovered more about the nature of light spectrums: he saw the spaces in between the tints.

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**CONNECT** ideas within the selection to other knowledge and the selections you have read.

- I remember learning about prisms in science class.
- Double rainbows! My favorite. How are they made?

**RESPOND** by writing a brief summary of the selection.

- Science allows us to see things not visible to the naked eye. What we see as sunlight is really a spectrum of colors. By using tools, such as prisms, we can see the components of sunlight and other light. They appear as single colors or as multiple colors separated by gaps of no color. White light contains a rainbow of colors.
while Francisco was still alive, we had moved to Ellery Street. That meant I had to change schools, so Mami walked me to P.S. 33, where I would attend ninth grade. The first week I was there I was given a series of tests that showed that even though I couldn’t speak English very well, I read and wrote it at the tenth-grade level. So they put me in 9-3, with the smart kids.

One morning, Mr. Barone, a guidance counselor, called me to his office. He was short, with a big head and large hazel eyes under shapely eyebrows. His nose was long and round at the tip. He dressed in browns and yellows and often perched his tortoiseshell glasses on his forehead, as if he had another set of eyes up there.

“So,” he pushed his glasses up, “what do you want to be when you grow up?”
“I don’t know.”
He shuffled through some papers. “Let’s see here . . . you’re fourteen, is that right?”
“Yes, sir.”
“And you’ve never thought about what you want to be?”
When I was very young, I wanted to be a jibara. When I was older, I wanted to be a cartographer; then a topographer. But since we’d come to Brooklyn, I’d not thought about the future much.
“No, sir.”
He pulled his glasses down to where they belonged and shuffled through the papers again.
“Do you have any hobbies?” I didn’t know what he meant. “Hobbies, hobbies,” he flailed his hands, as if he were juggling, “things you like to do after school.”
“Ah, yes.” I tried to imagine what I did at home that might qualify as a hobby. “I like to read.”
He seemed disappointed. “Yes, we know that about you.” He pulled out a paper and stared at it. “One of the tests we gave you was an aptitude test. It tells us what kinds of things you might be good at. The tests show that you would be good at helping people. Do you like to help people?”
I was afraid to contradict the tests. “Yes, sir.”
“There’s a high school we can send you where you can study biology and chemistry which will prepare you for a career in nursing.”
I screwed up my face. He consulted the papers again.
“You would also do well in communications. Teaching maybe.”
I remembered Miss Brown standing in front of a classroom full of rowdy teenagers, some of them taller than she was.
“I don’t like to teach.”
Mr. Barone pushed his glasses up again and leaned over the stack of papers on his desk. “Why don’t you think about it and get back to me,” he said, closing the folder with my name across the top. He put his hand flat on it, as if squeezing something out. “You’re a smart girl, Esmeralda. Let’s try to get you into an academic school so that you have a shot at college.”
On the way home, I walked with another new ninth grader, Yolanda. She had been in New York for three years but knew as little English as I did. We spoke in Spanglish, a combination of English and Spanish in which we hopped from one language to the other depending on which word came first.

1. jibara (HEE uh rah) n. person who lives in Puerto Rico’s countryside.
2. cartographer (kah TOH ruh FUR uh) n. person who makes maps.
3. topographer (TOH POG ruh FUR uh) n. person who makes maps that show the height and shape of the land.
"Te preguntó el Mr. Barone, you know, lo que querías hacer when
you grow up?" I asked.

"Sí, pero, I didn't know. ¿Y tú?"

"Yo tampoco. He said, que I like to help people. Pero, you know, a
mi no me gusta mucho la gente." When she heard me say I didn’t like
people much, Yolanda looked at me from the corner of her eye,
waiting to become the exception.

By the time I said it, she had dashed up the stairs of her
building. She didn’t wave as she ducked in, and the next day
she wasn’t friendly. I walked around the rest of the day in
embarrassed isolation, knowing that somehow I had given myself
away to the only friend I’d made at Junior High School 33. I had to
either take back my words or live with the consequences of stating
what was becoming the truth. I’d never said that to anyone, not
even to myself. It was an added weight, but I wasn’t about to
trade it for companionship.

A few days later, Mr. Barone called me back to his office.

"Well?" Tiny green flecks burned around the black pupils of his
hazel eyes.

The night before, Mami had called us into the living room. On
the television “fifty of America’s most beautiful girls” paraded in
ruffled tulle dresses before a tinsel waterfall.

"Aren’t they lovely?" Mami murmured, as the girls, escorted by
boys in uniform, floated by the camera, twirled, and disappeared
behind a screen to the strains of a waltz and an announcer’s
dramatic voice calling their names, ages, and states. Mami sat
mesmerized through the whole pageant.

"I’d like to be a model," I said to Mr. Barone.

He stared at me, pulled his glasses down from his forehead,
looked at the papers inside the folder with my name on it, and
glared. "A model?" His voice was gruff, as if he were more
comfortable yelling at people than talking to them.

"I want to be on television."

"Oh, then you want to be an actress," in a tone that said this
was only a slight improvement over my first career choice. We
stared at one another for a few seconds. He pushed his glasses up
to his forehead again and reached for a book on the shelf in back
of him. "I only know of one school that trains actresses, but we’ve
never sent them a student from here."

Performing Arts, the write-up said, was an academic, as
opposed to a vocational,¹ public school that trained students
wishing to pursue a career in theater, music, and dance.

"It says here that you have to audition." He stood up and held
the book closer to the faint gray light coming through the narrow

¹ vocational adj related to training for a career.
window high on his wall. “Have you ever performed in front of an audience?”

“I was announcer in my school show in Puerto Rico,” I said. “And I recite poetry. There, not here.”

He closed the book and held it against his chest. His right index finger thumped a rhythm on his lower lip. “Let me call them and find out exactly what you need to do. Then we can talk some more.”

I left his office strangely happy, confident that something good had just happened, not knowing exactly what.

“I’m not afraid... I’m not afraid... I’m not afraid.” Every day I walked home from school repeating those words. The broad streets and sidewalks that had impressed me so on the first day we had arrived had become as familiar as the dirt road from Macún to the highway. Only my curiosity about the people who lived behind these walls ended where the façades of the buildings opened into dark hallways or locked doors. Nothing good, I imagined, could be happening inside if so many locks had to be breached to go in or step out.

It was on these tense walks home from school that I decided I had to get out of Brooklyn. Mami had chosen this as our home, and just like every other time we’d moved, I’d had to go along with her because I was a child who had no choice. But I wasn’t willing to go along with her on this one.

“How can people live like this?” I shrieked once, desperate to run across a field, to feel grass under my feet instead of pavement.

“Like what?” Mami asked, looking around our apartment, the kitchen and living room crisscrossed with sagging lines of drying diapers and bedclothes.

“Everyone on top of each other. No room to do anything. No air.”

“Do you want to go back to Macún, to live like savages, with no electricity, no toilets...”

“At least you could step outside every day without somebody trying to kill you.”

“Ay, Negi, stop exaggerating!”

“I hate my life!” I yelled.

“Then do something about it,” she yelled back.

Until Mr. Barone showed me the listing for Performing Arts High School, I hadn’t known what to do.

“The auditions are in less than a month. You have to learn a monologue,” which you will perform in front of a panel. If you do well, and your grades here are good, you might get into the school.”

5: monologue (MON uh lawg) n: long speech given by a character in a story, movie, or play.
Mr. Barone took charge of preparing me for my audition to Performing Arts. He selected a speech from *The Silver Cord*, a play by Sidney Howard, first performed in 1926, but whose action took place in a New York drawing room circa 1905.

“Mr. Gatti, the English teacher,” he said, “will coach you . . . And Mrs. Johnson will talk to you about what to wear and things like that.”

I was to play Christina, a young married woman confronting her mother-in-law. I learned the monologue phonetically from Mr. Gatti. It opened with “You belong to a type that’s very common in this country, Mrs. Phelps—a type of self-centered, self-pitying, son-devouring tigress, with unmentionable proclivities’ suppressed on the side.”

“We don’t have time to study the meaning of every word,” Mr. Gatti said. “Just make sure you pronounce every word correctly.”

Mrs. Johnson, who taught Home Economics, called me to her office.

“Is that how you enter a room?” she asked the minute I came in. “Try again, only this time, don’t barge in. Step in slowly, head up, back straight, a nice smile on your face. That’s it.” I took a deep breath and waited. “Now sit. No, not like that. Don’t just plop down. Float down to the chair with your knees together.” She demonstrated, and I copied her. “That’s better. What do you do with your hands? No, don’t hold your chin like that; it’s not

6. **phonetically** (foh NEHT uh klee) adv. related to the sound, not the spelling, of words.
7. **proclivities** (proh KLUHV uh teez) n. tendencies.
ladylike. Put your hands on your lap, and leave them there. Don’t use them so much when you talk.”

I sat stiff as a cutout while Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Barone asked me questions they thought the panel at Performing Arts would ask.

“Where are you from?”

“Puerto Rico.”

“No,” Mrs. Johnson said, “Porto Rico. Keep your r’s soft. Try again.”

“Do you have any hobbies?” Mr. Barone asked. Now I knew what to answer.

“I enjoy dancing and the movies.”

“Why do you want to come to this school?”

Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Barone had worked on my answer if this question should come up.

“I would like to study at Performing Arts because of its academic program and so that I may be trained as an actress.”

“Very good, very good!” Mr. Barone rubbed his hands together, twinkled his eyes at Mrs. Johnson. “I think we have a shot at this.”

“Remember,” Mrs. Johnson said, “when you shop for your audition dress, look for something very simple in dark colors.”

Mami bought me a red plaid wool jumper with a crisp white shirt, my first pair of stockings, and penny loafers. The night before, she rolled up my hair in pink curlers that cut into my scalp and made it hard to sleep. For the occasion, I was allowed to wear eye makeup and a little lipstick.

“You look so grown up!” Mami said, her voice sad but happy, as I twirled in front of her and Tata.

“Toda una señorita,” Tata said, her eyes misty.

We set out for the audition on an overcast January morning heavy with the threat of snow.

“Why couldn’t you choose a school close to home?” Mami grumbled as we got on the train to Manhattan. I worried that even if I were accepted, she wouldn’t let me go because it was so far from home, one hour each way by subway. But in spite of her complaints, she was proud that I was good enough to be considered for such a famous school. And she actually seemed excited that I would be leaving the neighborhood.

“You’ll be exposed to a different class of people,” she assured me, and I felt the force of her ambition without knowing exactly what she meant.

Three women sat behind a long table in a classroom where the desks and chairs had been pushed against a wall. As I entered I held my head up and smiled, and then I floated down to the chair in front of them, clasped my hands on my lap, and smiled some more.
“Good morning,” said the tall one with hair the color of sand. She was big boned and solid, with intense blue eyes, a generous mouth, and soothing hands with short fingernails. She was dressed in shades of beige from head to toe and wore no makeup and no jewelry except for the gold chain that held her glasses just above her full bosom. Her voice was rich, modulated, each word pronounced as if she were inventing it.

Next to her sat a very small woman with very high heels. Her cropped hair was pouffed around her face, with bangs brushing the tips of her long false lashes, her huge dark brown eyes were thickly lined in black all around, and her small mouth was carefully drawn in and painted cerise. Her suntanned face turned toward me with the innocent curiosity of a lively baby. She was dressed in black, with many gold chains around her neck, big earrings, several bracelets, and large stone rings on the fingers of both hands.

The third woman was tall, small boned, thin, but shapely. Her dark hair was pulled flat against her skull into a knot in back of her head. Her face was all angles and light, with fawnlike dark brown eyes, a straight nose, full lips painted just a shade pinker than their natural color. Silky forest green cuffs peeked out from the sleeves of her burgundy suit. Diamond studs winkled from perfect earlobes.

I had dreamed of this moment for several weeks. More than anything, I wanted to impress the panel with my talent, so that I would be accepted into Performing Arts and leave Brooklyn every day. And, I hoped, one day I would never go back.

But the moment I faced these three impeccably groomed women, I forgot my English and Mrs. Johnson’s lessons on how to behave like a lady. In the agony of trying to answer their barely comprehensible questions, I jabbed my hands here and there, forming words with my fingers because the words refused to leave my mouth.

“Why don’t you let us hear your monologue now?” the woman with the dangling glasses asked softly.

I stood up abruptly, and my chair clattered onto its side two feet from where I stood. I picked it up, wishing with all my strength that a thunderbolt would strike me dead to ashes on the spot.

“It’s all right,” she said. “Take a breath. We know you’re nervous.”

I closed my eyes and breathed deeply, walked to the middle of the room, and began my monologue.

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8. modulated adj. adjusted to be balanced or proper.
9. cerise (suhr RAYZ) n. red.
Ju bee lonh 2 a type dats berry cómo in dis kuntu, Meessees Felps. A type off selfcent red self pee tee in sun de boring tie gress wid on men shon ah ball pro klee bee tees on de side.

In spite of Mr. Gatti’s reminders that I should speak slowly and enunciate every word, even if I didn’t understand it, I recited my three-minute monologue in one minute flat.

The small woman’s long lashes seemed to have grown with amazement. The elegant woman’s serene face twitched with controlled laughter. The tall one dressed in beige smiled sweetly.

“Thank you, dear,” she said. “Could you wait outside for a few moments?”

I resisted the urge to curtsey. The long hallway had narrow wainscoting halfway up to the high ceiling. Single bulb lamps hung from long cords, creating yellow puddles of light on the polished brown linoleum tile. A couple of girls my age sat on straight chairs next to their mothers, waiting their turn. They looked up as I came out and the door shut behind me. Mami stood up from her chair at the end of the hall. She looked as scared as I felt.

“What happened?”

“Nothing,” I mumbled, afraid that if I began telling her about it, I would break into tears in front of the other people, whose eyes followed me and Mami as we walked to the EXIT sign. “I have to wait here a minute.”

“Did they say anything?”

“No. I’m just supposed to wait.”

We leaned against the wall. Across from us there was a bulletin board with newspaper clippings about former students. On the ragged edge, a neat person had printed in blue ink, “P.A.” and the year the actor, dancer, or musician had graduated. I closed my eyes and tried to picture myself on that bulletin board, with “P.A. ’66” across the top.

The door at the end of the hall opened, and the woman in beige poked her head out.

“Esmeralda?”

“No, I mean, here.” I raised my hand.

She led me into the room. There was another girl in there, whom she introduced as Bonnie, a junior at the school.

“Do you know what a pantomime is?” the woman asked. I nodded. “You and Bonnie are sisters decorating a Christmas tree.”

Bonnie looked a lot like Juanita Marin, whom I had last seen in Macún four years earlier. We decided where the invisible Christmas tree would be, and we sat on the floor and pretended

10. *enunciate* (en uhn SHT) v. pronounce clearly.
11. *wainscoting* (wah NSHTING) n. lower part of an interior wall that is paneled or lined differently from the rest of the wall.
we were taking decorations out of boxes and hanging them on the branches.

My family had never had a Christmas tree, but I remembered how once I had helped Papi wind colored lights around the eggplant bush that divided our land from Doña Ana’s. We started at the bottom and wound the wire with tiny red bulbs around and around until we ran out; then Papi plugged another cord to it and we kept going until the branches hung heavy with light and the bush looked like it was on fire.

Before long I had forgotten where I was, and that the tree didn’t exist and Bonnie was not my sister. She pretended to hand me a very delicate ball, and just before I took it, she made it fall to the ground and shattered. I was petrified that Mami would come in and yell at us for breaking her favorite decoration. Just as I began to pick up the tiny fragments of nonexistent crystal, a voice broke in. “Thank you.”

Bonnie got up, smiled, and went out.

The elegant woman stretched her hand out for me to shake. “We will notify your school in a few weeks. It was very nice to meet you.”

I shook hands all around then backed out of the room in a fog, silent, as if the pantomime had taken my voice and the urge to speak.

On the way home Mami kept asking what had happened, and I kept mumbling, “Nothing, Nothing happened,” ashamed that, after all the hours of practice with Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Barone, and Mr. Gatti, after the expense of new clothes and shoes, after Mami had to take a day off from work to take me into Manhattan, after all that, I had failed the audition and would never, ever, get out of Brooklyn.

Epilogue

*El mismo jíbaro con diferente caballo.*
*Same jíbaro, different horse.*

A decade after my graduation from Performing Arts, I visited the school. I was by then living in Boston, a scholarship student at Harvard University. The tall, elegant woman of my audition had become my mentor through my three years there. Since my graduation, she had married the school principal.

“I remember your audition,” she said, her chiseled face dreamy, her lips toying with a smile that she seemed, still, to have to control.

I had forgotten the skinny brown girl with the curled hair, wool jumper, and lively hands. But she hadn’t. She told me that
the panel had had to ask me to leave so that they could laugh, because it was so funny to see a fourteen-year-old Puerto Rican girl jabbering out a monologue about a possessive mother-in-law at the turn of the century, the words incomprehensible because they went by so fast.

"We admired," she said, "the courage it took to stand in front of us and do what you did."

"So you mean I didn't get into the school because of my talent, but because I had chutzpah?" We both laughed.

"Are any of your sisters and brothers in college?"

"No, I'm the only one, so far."

"How many of you are there?"

"By the time I graduated from high school there were eleven of us."

"Eleven!" She looked at me for a long time, until I had to look down. "Do you ever think about how far you've come?" she asked.

"No." I answered. "I never stop to think about it. It might jinx the momentum."

"Let me tell you another story, then," she said. "The first day of your first year, you were absent. We called your house. You said you couldn't come to school because you had nothing to wear. I wasn't sure if you were joking. I asked to speak to your mother, and you translated what she said. She needed you to go somewhere with her to interpret. At first you wouldn't tell me where, but then you admitted you were going to the welfare office. You were crying, and I had to assure you that you were not the only student in this school whose family received public assistance. The next day you were here, bright and eager. And now here you are, about to graduate from Harvard."

"I'm glad you made that phone call," I said.

"And I'm glad you came to see me, but right now I have to teach a class." She stood up, as graceful as I remembered. "Take care."

Her warm embrace, fragrant of expensive perfume, took me by surprise. "Thank you," I said as she went around the corner to her classroom.

I walked the halls of the school, looking for the room where my life had changed. It was across from the science lab, a few doors down from the big bulletin board where someone with neat handwriting still wrote the letters "P.A." followed by the graduating year along the edges of newspaper clippings featuring famous alumni.

"P.A. '66," I said to no one in particular. "One of these days."  

12. chutzpah (KHUTS puh) noun. self-confidence or boldness.
13. welfare noun. government program for low-income or unemployed people that helps pay for their food and housing.
INDEPENDENT LEARNING

First-Read Guide

Use this page to record your first-read ideas.

Selection Title: ________________________________

NOTICE new information or ideas you learn about the unit topic as you first read this text.

ANNOTATE by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.

CONNECT ideas within the selection to other knowledge and the selections you have read.

RESPOND by writing a brief summary of the selection.
COMPREHENSION CHECK

from When I Was Puerto Rican
Esmeralda Santiago

DIRECTIONS: Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. What is Spanglish?

2. What gives Esmeralda the idea to be a model?

3. Why does Esmeralda hate Brooklyn?

4. What event opens the door for Esmeralda to get out of Brooklyn and change her life?

5. Confirm your understanding of the story by writing a timeline of key events.
RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the memoir?

Research to Explore Choose something from the text that interests you and formulate a research question. Write in informational report in response to this question.
In a close read, go back into the text to study it in greater detail. Take the time to analyze not only the author's ideas but the way that those ideas are conveyed. Consider the genre of the text, the author's word choice, the writer's unique style, and the message of the text.

Here is how one reader close read this text.

from Classifying the Stars

Cecilia H. Payne

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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 tints, 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.
Close-Read Guide

Use this page to record your close-read ideas.

Selection Title: Classifying the Stars

Close Read the Text

Revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. Read these sections closely and annotate what you notice. Ask yourself questions about the text. What can you conclude? Write down your ideas.

Paragraph 3: Light is composed of waves of various lengths. Prisms let us see different colors in light. This is called the spectrum. Fraunhofer proved that there are gaps in the spectrum, where certain shades are blotted out.

More than one researcher studied this and each built off the ideas that were already discovered.

Analyze the Text

Think about the author’s choices of patterns, structure, techniques, and ideas included in the text. Select one, and record your thoughts about what this choice conveys.

The author showed the development of human knowledge of the spectrum chronologically. Helped me see how ideas were built upon earlier understandings. Used dates and “more than a century after Newton” to show time.

QuickWrite

Pick a paragraph from the text that grabbed your interest. Explain the power of this passage.

The first paragraph grabbed my attention, specifically the sentence “The familiar rainbow spanning the sky is Nature’s most glorious demonstration that light is composed of many colors.” The paragraph began as a straightforward scientific explanation. When I read the word “glorious,” I had to stop and deeply consider what was being said. It is a word loaded with personal feelings. With that one word, the author let the reader know what was important to her.
Close-Read Guide

Use this page to record your close-read ideas.

Selection Title: ____________________________

Close Read the Text

Revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. Read these sections closely and annotate what you notice. Ask yourself questions about the text. What can you conclude? Write down your ideas.

Analyze the Text

Think about the author’s choices of patterns, structure, techniques, and ideas included in the text. Select one, and record your thoughts about what this choice conveys.

QuickWrite

Pick a paragraph from the text that grabbed your interest. Explain the power of this passage.
TEXT QUESTIONS

DIRECTIONS: Respond to these questions. Use textual evidence to support your responses.

1. **Make Inferences** Why do you think Esmeralda's family moved to Brooklyn from Macún, Puerto Rico? Support your answer using evidence from the text.

2. **Defend** Mr Barone asks Esmeralda what she wants to be when she grows up. Was it necessary for her to have a clear answer to this question? Why or why not?
   
   (b) **Draw Conclusions** Why would Mr. Barone ask her that question in the first place?

3. **Distinguish** From whom did Esmeralda receive help along the way from high school to Harvard University?
   
   (b) **Assess** Why do you think they helped her?

4. **Interpret** What does Esmeralda mean when she says, “Same jibaro, different horse” after her audition?
   
   (b) **Contrast** Describe at least one way in which Esmeralda has changed by the end of the story.
Esmeralda, the narrator of this memoir, was born in Puerto Rico. Her family moved to Brooklyn when she was a teenager. She did not know English very well, but she was smart and was put in honors classes. One day Mr. Barone, a guidance counselor, asks her what she wants to do when she grows up. She has never given it much thought, so says she doesn’t know. Later, she talks about it with another girl, Yolanda.

We spoke in Spanglish, a combination of English and Spanish, in which we hopped from one language to the other depending on which word came first.

“Te preguntó el Mr. Barone, you know, lo que quieres hacer when you grow up?” I asked.

Mr. Barone asks to see Esmeralda again a few days later. The night before, Esmeralda’s mother watched a beauty pageant on TV. That gives Esmeralda the idea to be a model. She tells Mr. Barone she wants to be on TV. He says that she should audition for the Performing Arts High School in Manhattan.

Performing Arts, the write-up said, was an academic, as opposed to a vocational, public school that trained students wishing to pursue a career in theater, music, and dance.

Esmeralda is excited about this opportunity. She hates living in Brooklyn and wants to go to school in Manhattan.

“How can people live like this?” I shrieked once, desperate to run across a field, to feel grass under my feet instead of pavement.

“Like what?” Mami asked, looking around our apartment, the kitchen and living room crisscrossed with sagging lines of drying diapers and bedclothes.

“Everyone on top of each other. No room to do anything. No air.”

Esmeralda knows going to Performing Arts is her key to getting out of Brooklyn. She learns a monologue to recite during her audition.

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1. **Te preguntó el** (tay pray goon TOH ehl) Mr. Barone... lo que quieres hacer (loh kay kay BEE ahs ah SER) Spanish for “Did Mr. Barone ask you... what you want to do...?”
2. **vocational** (veh KAY shuh nuhl) adj. related to training for a career.
I was to play Christina, a young married woman confronting her mother-in-law. I learned the monologue phonetically\(^3\) from Mr. Gatti. It opened with "You belong to a type that’s very common in this country. Mrs. Phelps—a type of self-centered, self-pitying, son-devouring tigress, with unmentionable proclivities\(^4\) suppressed on the side."

Esmeralda does not understand all of the words in her monologue. Still, she learns how to pronounce them correctly. The Home Economics teacher coaches her in how to walk and carry herself. She practices interview questions with the teachers as well. Her mother buys her new dress and new shoes. On the day of her audition, Esmeralda’s mother goes with her.

"Why couldn’t you choose a school close to home?" Mami grumbled as we got on the train to Manhattan. I worried that even if I were accepted, she wouldn’t let me go because it was so far from home, one hour each way by subway. But in spite of her complaints, she was proud that I was good enough to be considered for such a famous school. And she actually seemed excited that I would be leaving the neighborhood.

In the audition room, three women sit at a table. Esmeralda is intimidated by how professional and elegant they look. She becomes incredibly nervous and forgets everything she has practiced.

"Ju bee loan 2 a type dats berry cómo in dis kuntree, Meesees Felps. A type off selfsent red self pee tee in sun de boring tie gress wid on men shon ah ball pro klee bee tees on de side."

In spite of Mr. Gatti’s reminders that I should speak slowly and enunciate\(^5\) every word, even if I didn’t understand it, I recited my three-minute monologue in one minute flat.

One woman asks Esmeralda to wait outside. Esmeralda holds back tears as she tells her mother what happened. She sees a wall with names of famous alumni of the school. Esmeralda wonders if she will be there one day, from the class of ’66. Then, she is called back into the audition room. They ask her to do a scene with another student, Bonnie. They are supposed to pretend to be sisters decorating a Christmas tree.

Before long I had forgotten where I was, and that the tree didn’t exist and Bonnie was not my sister. She pretended to hand me a very delicate ball, and just before I took it, she made like it fell to the ground and shattered. I was petrified that Mami would come in and yell at us for breaking her favorite decoration. Just as I began to pick up the tiny fragments of nonexistent crystal, a voice broke in. "Thank you."

The women say she will hear back in a few weeks. Esmeralda and her mother return to Brooklyn. She feels sure she will not get into the school.

\(^3\) phonetically (foh NEHT ih kuh lee) adj related to the sound, not the spelling, of words.

\(^4\) proclivities (proh KLIV uh teez) n. tendencies.

\(^5\) enunciate (ee NUGH see ayt) v. pronounce clearly.
Epilogue

A decade after my graduation from Performing Arts, I visited the school. I was by then living in Boston, a scholarship student at Harvard University. The tall, elegant woman of my audition had become my mentor through my three years there. Since my graduation, she had married the school principal.

Her mentor tells Esmeralda what she remembers about her audition. She says they thought Esmeralda was brave to do the monologue in front of them. She reminds Esmeralda of how far she has come since that audition. The woman also recalls Esmeralda’s first day of school. Esmeralda had not shown up, so the woman called the house. Esmeralda was embarrassed to admit that she and her mother had to go to the welfare office. But the woman assured her that she was not the only student whose family needed assistance.

I walked the halls of the school, looking for the room where my life had changed. It was across from the science lab, a few doors down from the big bulletin board where someone with neat handwriting still wrote the letters “P.A.” followed by the graduating year along the edges of newspaper clippings featuring famous alumni.

“P.A. ’66,” I said to no one in particular. “One of these days.”

6. welfare n. government program for low-income or unemployed people that helps pay for their food and housing.

Finding a Voice: A Taiwanese Family Adapts to America

Diane Tsai

About the Author

Diane Tsai (b. 1990) spent her early childhood in Taiwan before moving to California. A daughter of immigrants, she inherited from her parents a sense of adventure, a love of classical music, and an appreciation for Taiwanese food. A video journalist at TIME magazine, she is a graduate of Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism.

BACKGROUND
Taiwan, officially part of the Republic of China, is an island nation off the southeast coast of the Chinese mainland. Taiwanese immigration to the United States peaked in the 1960s and 1970s, and there continues to be a large immigrant Taiwanese-American population. The primary language spoken in Taiwan is Mandarin Chinese.

1. It was the first day of second grade. My older sister Linda, then eight years old, was wearing a blouse and a blue skirt with two pockets in the front. One pocket was heavy with coins, just enough to pay for her lunch. She had already made a new friend, Sarah, who was leading her through the lunch line. As they made their way toward the cafeteria lady, my sister pulled the coins from her pocket. She stopped, and counted the coins. She was missing a quarter.

2. Frantically, she counted the money again, but the total was the same. Still one quarter short. A feeling of dread started to come over her. All she wanted was to eat her lunch, but she didn’t have enough money to pay for it. The lunch lady was staring at her, and Sarah was staring too.

3. My sister looked from one face to the other, and burst into tears. The frustration was too much to handle—there were so many thoughts in her head, so many emotions she wanted to express, but she couldn’t find a single word to explain her
predicament. Her Mandarin Chinese vocabulary was useless at 
h er public elementary school in Costa Mesa, California. Although 
Linda and I were born in the States, our family moved to Taiwan 
when I was two months old, and we didn’t return to the U.S. until 
I was six. At that time, we had only attended school in Taiwan and 
could barely speak any English.

Linda was absolutely alone in her misery, isolated by a 
language barrier that prevented the concerned adults around her 
from being able to solve the simple problem. So she continued 
to cry, until finally, she was taken to the principal’s office, which 
notified our mother, who then brought her home.

Meanwhile, I was having similar problems in kindergarten. My 
shyness at that age was accentuated by the fact that there was an 
invisible wall between the rest of the children and myself. After 
spending the day as a silent observer during playtime, I came home 
and asked my mother how to say, “Can I play with you?” in English.

Today, 16 years later, my sister and I speak English effortlessly, 
without any traces of an accent. As we grew up, we shed our 
distant Taiwanese childhoods, and quickly adopted the identity of 
second-generation Taiwanese Americans—teasing our parents for 
the way they pronounced simple words like “vanilla,” and wishing 
my mom would, just once, make tacos for dinner. My non-Asian 
friends would marvel at our bilingual conversations, in which our 
parents spoke to us in Chinese and we replied solely in English, 
complete with a colorful variety of American teenage slang.

My sister and I thought our parents were the “immigrants”: 
they had moved to the U.S. as poor graduate students, without the 
financial or emotional support of having family close by. They fought 
to make a place for themselves in the workplace, in spite of employers 
who were skeptical of their accented English and coworkers who 
mistook their meek demeanor as a sign of lack of ambition.

Our transition was much less difficult in comparison. 
Sometimes, it’s easy to forget that Linda and I are immigrants as 
well, and we that experienced the same feelings of being excluded 
and misunderstood. The foundation laid by our parents created 
a safety net for us to rely on as we encountered similar struggles, 
softening the blow of hardships that came our way.

I’m grateful for all the wisdom my parents have imparted to 
me. Their steadfast confidence in our ability to adapt and grow— 
regardless of our cultural upbringing, or even our English skills— 
is both a comfort and an inspiration.

I still remember the advice my mom gave me on that lonely 
afternoon when I came home from kindergarten: “You don’t have 
to ask, just go play with them!”

1 second-generation adj describes the children of parents who have immigrated to a 
certain country.
First-Read Guide

Use this page to record your first-read ideas.

Selection Title: ________________________________

NOTICE new information or ideas you learn about the unit topic as you first read this text.

ANNOTATE by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.

CONNECT ideas within the selection to other knowledge and the selections you have read.

RESPOND by writing a brief summary of the selection.
1. Why does Linda burst into tears in the cafeteria at school?

2. What is the reason that Diane and Linda speak very little English?

3. What does Diane ask her mother how to say in English after her first day of kindergarten? How does her mother respond?

4. What struggles did Diane’s parents face in the workplace?

5. Confirm your understanding of the text by drawing a series of storyboards to summarize “Finding a Voice: A Taiwanese Family Adapts to America.”
RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the essay?

Research to Explore Choose something from the text that interests you and formulate a research question. Write an informational report in response to this question.
Close-Read Guide

Use this page to record your close-read ideas.

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<table>
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QuickWrite

Pick a paragraph from the text that grabbed your interest. Explain the power of this passage.
1. (a) **Compare** What similar experiences do the sisters have on their first day of school?

(b) **Assess** What do these experiences have to do with the title of the text?

2. (a) **Paraphrase** In your own words, describe the obstacles the author’s parents faced as immigrants.

(b) **Interpret** What does the author mean by the “foundation laid by our parents”?

2. **Evaluate** The author ends the text by quoting the advice her mother gave her: “You don’t have to ask, just go play with them.” Is this a good way to end the text? Explain.

4. **Synthesize** Based on the author's experiences, formulate a brief instruction manual for the children of immigrants to America.
Finding a Voice: A Taiwanese Family Adapts to America

Diane Tsai

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY

1 It was the first day of second grade. My older sister Linda, then eight years old, was wearing a blouse and a blue skirt with two pockets in the front. One pocket was heavy with coins, just enough to pay for her lunch. She had already made a new friend, Sarah, who was leading her through the lunch line. As they made their way toward the cafeteria lady, my sister pulled the coins from her pocket. She stopped, and counted the coins. She was missing a quarter.

2 Anxiously, she counted the money again, but the total was the same. Still one quarter short. A feeling of fear started to come over her. All she wanted was to eat her lunch, but she didn’t have enough money to pay for it. The lunch lady was staring at her. Sarah was staring too.

3 My sister looked from one face to the other and burst into tears. The frustration was too much to handle. There were so many thoughts in her head. There were so many emotions she wanted to express, but she couldn’t find a single word to explain her problem. Her Mandarin Chinese vocabulary was useless at her public elementary school in Costa Mesa, California. Although Linda and I were born in the States, our family moved to Taiwan when I was two months old. We didn’t return to the U.S. until I was six. At that time, we had attended school only in Taiwan and could barely speak any English.

4 Linda was absolutely alone in her sadness. She was separated from others by a language barrier. It kept the caring adults around her from being able to solve the simple problem. So she continued to cry, until finally, she was taken to the principal’s office, which contacted our mother, who then brought her home.

5 Meanwhile, I was having similar problems in kindergarten. My shyness at that age was highlighted by the fact that there was an invisible wall between the rest of the children and myself. After spending the day watching silently during playtime, I came home and asked my mother how to say, “Can I play with you?” in English.
Today, 16 years later, my sister and I speak English easily, without any traces of an accent. As we grew up, we got rid of our distant Taiwanese childhoods. We quickly adopted the identity of second-generation Taiwanese Americans. We teased our parents for the way they said simple words like “vanilla.” We wished my mom would, just once, make tacos for dinner. My non-Asian friends would marvel at our bilingual conversations. Our parents spoke to us in Chinese and we replied only in English, complete with a colorful variety of American teenage slang.

My sister and I thought our parents were the “immigrants.” They had moved to the U.S. as poor graduate students. They did not have the financial or emotional support of having family close by. They fought to make a place for themselves in the workplace. They had to face employers who questioned their accented English and coworkers who misunderstood their mild manner as a sign of lack of ambition.

Our shift was much less difficult in comparison. Sometimes, it’s easy to forget that Linda and I are immigrants as well. We experienced the same feelings of being left out and misunderstood. Our parents created a safety net for us to rely on as we met similar struggles. They softened the blow of hardships that came our way.

I’m grateful for all the wisdom my parents have passed on to me. Their steady confidence in our ability to adapt and grow—in spite of our cultural upbringing, or even our English skills—is both a comfort and an inspiration.

I still remember the advice my mom gave me on that lonely afternoon when I came home from kindergarten. “You don’t have to ask, just go play with them!”

1. second-generation adj. describes the children of parents who have immigrated into a new country.

“Finding a Voice: A Taiwanese Family Adapts to America,” from Immigrant Connect. Used with permission of Diane Tsai.
The Orphan Boy and the Elk Dog

Native American (Blackfeet)

About the Culture

The Blackfeet, or Blackfoot, have traditionally lived in what is now Alberta, Canada, and the state of Montana. They were among the first of the Algonquian-language speakers to move west to open grassland areas. There, they hunted buffalo on foot, using dogs to carry their supplies. Through the introduction of horses and firepower, they were able to expand even farther westward.

BACKGROUND

When Europeans brought over horses to North America, Native Americans living in the Great Plains quickly incorporated them into their lives. By 1750, they were fairly common. Horses had such a profound impact that many scholars divide Plains history into the period before the introduction of horses and the period after. The Blackfoot word for “horse” is ponoka imita, which combines the words for “elk” and “dog.”

In the days when people had only dogs to carry their bundles, two orphan children, a boy and his sister, were having a hard time. The boy was deaf, and because he could not understand what people said, they thought him foolish and dull-witted. Even his relatives wanted nothing to do with him. The name he had been given at birth, while his parents still lived, was Long Arrow. Now he was like a beaten, mangy dog, the kind who hungrily roams outside a camp, circling it from afar, smelling the good meat boiling in the kettles but never coming close for fear of being kicked. Only his sister, who was bright and beautiful, loved him.

Then the sister was adopted by a family from another camp, people who were attracted by her good looks and pleasing ways. Though they wanted her for a daughter, they certainly did not
want the awkward, stupid boy. And so they took away the only person who cared about him, and the orphan boy was left to fend for himself. He lived on scraps thrown to the dogs and things he found on the refuse heaps. He dressed in remnants of skins and frayed robes discarded by the poorest people. At night he bedded down in a grass-lined dugout, like an animal in its den.

Eventually the game was hunted out near the camp that the boy regarded as his, and the people decided to move. The lodges were taken down, belongings were packed into rawhide bags and put on dog travois, and the village departed. “Stay here,” they told the boy. “We don’t want your kind coming with us.”

For two or three days the boy fed on scraps the people had left behind, but he knew he would starve if he stayed. He had to join his people, whether they liked it or not. He followed their tracks, frantic that he would lose them, and crying at the same time. Soon the sweat was running down his skinny body. As he was stumbling, running, panting, something suddenly snapped in his left ear with a sound like a small crack, and a wormlike substance came out of that ear. All at once on his left side he could hear birdsongs for the first time. He took this wormlike thing in his left hand and hurried on. Then there was a snap in his right ear and a wormlike thing came out of it, and on his right side he could hear the rushing waters of a stream. His hearing was restored! And it was razor-sharp—he could make out the rustling of a tiny mouse in dry leaves a good distance away. The orphan boy laughed and was happy for the first time in his life. With renewed courage he followed the trail his people had made.

In the meantime the village had settled into its new place. Men were already out hunting. Thus the boy came upon Good Running, a kindly old chief, butchering a fat buffalo cow he had just killed. When the chief saw the boy, he said to himself, “Here comes that poor good-for-nothing boy. It was wrong to abandon him.” To the boy Good Running said “Rest here, grandson, you’re sweaty and covered with dust. Here, have some tripe.”

The boy wolfed down the meat. He was not used to hearing and talking yet, but his eyes were alert and Good Running also noticed a change in his manner. “This boy,” the chief said to himself, “is neither stupid nor crazy.” He gave the orphan a piece of the hump meat, then a piece of liver, then a piece of raw kidney, and at last the very best kind of meat—a slice of tongue. The more the old man looked at the boy, the more he liked him. On the spur of the moment he said, “Grandson, I’m going to adopt you; there’s a place for you in my tipi. And I’m going to make you into

---

1. **travois** (truh VAY) n. sled with two poles and a net or platform in between, pulled along the ground by a person or an animal.
2. **tripe** (TRY) n. walls of the stomach of a buffalo or other grazing animal, used as food.
a medicine\textsuperscript{3} for you which will protect you on your dangerous journey. We will begin by purifying you in the sweat bath."

So Long Arrow was purified with the white steam of the sweat lodge. He was taught how to use the pipe, and how to pray to the Great Mystery Power. The tribe's holy men gave him a medicine and made for him a shield with designs on it to ward off danger.

Then one morning, without telling anybody, Good Running loaded his best travois dog with all the things Long Arrow would need for traveling. The chief gave him his medicine, his shield, and his own fine bow and, just as the sun came up, went with his grandson to the edge of the camp to purify him with sweet-smelling cedar smoke. Long Arrow left unheard and unseen by anyone else. After a while some people noticed that he was gone, but no one except his grandfather knew where and for what purpose.

Following Good Running's advice, Long Arrow wandered southward. On the fourth day of his journey he came to a small pond, where a strange man was standing as if waiting for him. "Why have you come here?" the stranger asked.

"I have come to find the mysterious Elk Dog."

"Ah, there I cannot help you," said the man, who was the spirit of the pond. "But if you travel further south, four-times-four days, you might chance upon a bigger lake and there meet one of my uncles. Possibly he might talk to you; then again, he might not. That's all I can tell you."

Long Arrow thanked the man, who went down to the bottom of the pond, where he lived.

Long Arrow wandered on, walking for long hours and taking little time for rest. Through deep canyons and over high mountains he went, wearing out his moccasins and enduring cold and heat, hunger and thirst.

Finally Long Arrow approached a big lake surrounded by steep pine-covered hills. There he came face to face with a tall man, fierce and scowling and twice the height of most humans. This stranger carried a long lance with a heavy spearpoint made of shining flint. "Young one," he growled, "why did you come here?"

"I came to find the mysterious Elk Dog."

The stranger, who was the spirit of the lake, stuck his face right into Long Arrow's and shook his mighty lance. "Little one, aren't you afraid of me?" he snarled.

"No, I am not," answered Long Arrow, smiling.

The tall spirit man gave a hideous grin, which was his way of being friendly. "I like small humans who aren't afraid," he

\textsuperscript{3} medicine in Native American culture, an object, ceremony, song, or similar with religious or magical power.
said, “but I can’t help you. Perhaps our grandfather will take the trouble to listen to you. More likely he won’t. Walk south for four-times-four days, and maybe you’ll find him. But probably you won’t.” With that the tall spirit turned his back on Long Arrow and went to the bottom of the lake, where he lived.

Long Arrow walked on for another four-times-four days, sleeping and resting little. By now he staggered and stumbled in his weakness, and his dog was not much better off. At last he came to the biggest lake he had ever seen, surrounded by towering snow-capped peaks and waterfalls of ice. This time there was nobody to receive him. As a matter of fact, there seemed to be no living thing around. “This must be the Great Mystery Lake,” thought Long Arrow. Exhausted, he fell down upon the shortgrass meadow by the lake, fell down among the wild flowers, and went to sleep with his tired dog curled up at his feet.

When Long Arrow awoke, the sun was already high. He opened his eyes and saw a beautiful child standing before him, a boy in a dazzling white buckskin robe decorated with porcupine quills of many colors. The boy said, “We have been expecting you for a long time. My grandfather invites you to his lodge. Follow me.”

Telling his dog to wait, Long Arrow took his medicine shield and his grandfather’s bow and went with the wonderful child. They came to the edge of the lake. The spirit boy pointed to the water and said, “My grandfather’s lodge is down there. Come.” The child turned himself into a kingfisher⁴ and dove straight to the bottom.

⁴ kingfisher n. type of water bird that dives for food.
Afraid, Long Arrow thought, "How can I follow him and not be drowned?" But then he said to himself, "I knew all the time that this would not be easy. In setting out to find the Elk Dog, I already threw my life away." And he boldly jumped into the water. To his surprise, he found it did not make him wet, that it parted before him, that he could breathe and see. He touched the lake's sandy bottom. It sloped down, down toward a center point.

Long Arrow descended this slope until he came to a small flat valley. In the middle of it stood a large tipi of tanned buffalo hide. The images of two strange animals were drawn on it in sacred vermilion paint. A kingfisher perched high on the top of the tipi flew down and turned again into the beautiful boy, who said, "Welcome. Enter my grandfather's lodge."

Long Arrow followed the spirit boy inside. In the back at the seat of honor sat a black-robed old man with flowing white hair and such power emanating from him that Long Arrow felt himself in the presence of a truly Great One. The holy man welcomed Long Arrow and offered him food. The man's wife came in bringing dishes of buffalo hump, liver, tongues, delicious chunks of deer meat, the roasted flesh of strange, tasty water birds, and meat pounded together with berries, chokecherries, and kidney fat. Famished after his long journey, Long Arrow ate with relish. Yet he still looked around to admire the furnishings of the tipi, the painted inner curtain, the many medicine shields, wonderfully wrought weapons, shirts and robes decorated with porcupine quills in rainbow colors, beautifully painted rawhide containers filled with wonderful things, and much else that dazzled him.

After Long Arrow had stilled his hunger, the old spirit chief filled the pipe and passed it to his guest. They smoked, praying silently. After a while the old man said, "Some came before you from time to time, but they were always afraid of the deep water, and so they went away with empty hands. But you, grandson, were brave enough to plunge in, and therefore you are chosen to receive a wonderful gift to carry back to your people. Now, go outside with my grandson."

The beautiful boy took Long Arrow to a meadow on which some strange animals, unlike any the young man had ever seen, were galloping and gamboling, neighing and nickering. They were truly wonderful to look at, with their glossy coats fine as a maiden's hair, their long manes and tails streaming in the wind. Now rearing, now nuzzling, they looked at Long Arrow with gentle eyes which belied their fiery appearance.

"At last," thought Long Arrow, "here they are before my own eyes, the Pono-Kamita, the Elk Dogs!"

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5. vermilion (vuhr MIHL yuhn).adj. bright red
“Watch me,” said the mystery boy, “so that you learn to do what I am doing.” Gracefully and without effort, the boy swung himself onto the back of a jet-black Elk Dog with a high, arched neck. Larger than any elk Long Arrow had ever come across, the animal carried the boy all over the meadow swiftly as the wind. Then the boy returned, jumped off his mount, and said, “Now you try it.” A little timidly Long Arrow climbed up on the beautiful Elk Dog’s back. Seemingly regarding him as feather-light, it took off like a flying arrow. The young man felt himself soaring through the air as a bird does, and experienced a happiness greater even than the joy he had felt when Good Running had adopted him as a grandson.

When they had finished riding the Elk Dogs, the spirit boy said to Long Arrow, “Young hunter from the land above the waters, I want you to have what you have come for. Listen to me. You may have noticed that my grandfather wears a black medicine robe as long as a woman’s dress, and that he is always trying to hide his feet. Try to get a glimpse of them, for if you do, he can refuse you nothing. He will then tell you to ask him for a gift, and you must ask for these three things: his rainbow-colored quilled belt, his black medicine robe, and a herd of these animals which you seem to like.”

Long Arrow thanked him and vowed to follow his advice. For four days the young man stayed in the spirit chief’s lodge, where he ate well and often went out riding on the Elk Dogs. But try as he would, he could never get a look at the old man’s feet. The spirit chief always kept them carefully covered. Then on the morning of the fourth day, the old one was walking out of the tipi when his medicine robe caught in the entrance flap. As the robe opened, Long Arrow caught a glimpse of a leg and one foot. He was awed to see that it was not a human limb at all, but the glossy leg and firm hoof of an Elk Dog! He could not stifle a cry of surprise, and the old man looked over his shoulder and saw that his leg and hoof were exposed. The chief seemed a little embarrassed, but shrugged and said, “I tried to hide this, but you must have been fated to see it. Look, both of my feet are those of an Elk Dog. You may as well ask me for a gift. Don’t be timid; tell me what you want.”

Long Arrow spoke boldly: “I want three things: your belt of rainbow colors, your black medicine robe, and your herd of Elk Dogs.”

“Well, so you’re really not timid at all!” said the old man. “You ask for a lot, and I’ll give it to you, except that you cannot have all my Elk Dogs; I’ll give you half of them. Now I must tell you that my black medicine robe and my many-colored belt have Elk Dog magic in them. Always wear the robe when you try to catch Elk
Dogs; then they can’t get away from you. On quiet nights, if you listen closely to the belt, you will hear the Elk Dog dance song and Elk Dog prayers. You must learn them. And I will give you one more magic gift: this long rope woven from the hair of a white buffalo bull. With it you will never fail to catch whichever Elk Dog you want.”

The spirit chief presented him with the gifts and said, “Now you must leave. At first the Elk Dogs will not follow you. Keep the medicine robe and the magic belt on at all times, and walk for four days toward the north. Never look back—always look to the north. On the fourth day the Elk Dogs will come up beside you on the left. Still don’t look back. But after they have overtaken you, catch one with the rope of white buffalo hair and ride him home. Don’t lose the black robe, or you will lose the Elk Dogs and never catch them again.”

Long Arrow listened carefully so that he would remember. Then the old spirit chief had his wife make up a big pack of food, almost too heavy for Long Arrow to carry, and the young man took leave of his generous spirit host. The mysterious boy once again turned himself into a kingfisher and led Long Arrow to the surface of the lake, where his faithful dog greeted him joyfully. Long Arrow fed the dog, put his pack of food on the travois, and started walking north.

On the fourth day the Elk Dogs came up on his left side, as the spirit chief had foretold. Long Arrow snared the black one with the arched neck to ride, and he caught another to carry the pack of food. They galloped swiftly on, the dog barking at the big Elk Dogs’ heels.

When Long Arrow arrived at last in his village, the people were afraid and hid. They did not recognize him astride his beautiful Elk Dog but took him for a monster, half man and half animal. Long Arrow kept calling, “Grandfather Good Running, it’s your grandson. I’ve come back bringing Elk Dogs!”

Recognizing the voice, Good Running came out of hiding and wept for joy, because he had given Long Arrow up for lost. Then all the others emerged from their hiding places to admire the wonderful new animals.

Long Arrow said, “My grandfather and grandmother who adopted me, I can never repay you for your kindness. Accept these wonderful Elk Dogs as my gift. Now we no longer need to be humble footsloggers, because these animals will carry us swiftly everywhere we want to go. Now buffalo hunting will be easy. Now our tips will be larger, our possessions will be greater, because an Elk Dog travois can carry a load ten times bigger than that of a dog. Take them, my grandparents. I shall keep for myself
only this black male and this black female, which will grow into a
fine herd."

“You have indeed done something great, grandson,” said Good
Running, and he spoke true. The people became the bold riders of
the Plains and soon could hardly imagine how they had existed
without these wonderful animals.

After some time Good Running, rich and honored by all, said
to Long Arrow, “Grandson, lead us to the Great Mystery Lake
so we can camp by its shores. Let’s visit the spirit chief and the
wondrous boy; maybe they will give us more of their power and
magic gifts.”

Long Arrow led the people southward and again found the
Great Mystery Lake. But the waters would no longer part for him,
nor would any of the kingfishers they saw turn into a boy. Nor,
gazing down into the crystal-clear water, could they discover
people, Elk Dogs, or a tipi. There was nothing in the lake but a
few fish. 

First-Read Guide

Use this page to record your first-read ideas.

Selection Title: ________________________________

NOTICE new information or ideas you learn about the unit topic as you first read this text.

ANNOTATE by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.

CONNECT ideas within the selection to other knowledge and the selections you have read.

RESPOND by writing a brief summary of the selection.
The Orphan Boy and the Elk Dogs
Blackfoot

DIRECTIONS: Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. Why do the villagers shun Long Arrow at the beginning of the story?

2. What is the “great thing” which Good Running suggests that Long Arrow can do to make the people in the camp proud of him and forget that he was once an outcast?

3. Where does Long Arrow find the Elk Dogs?

4. What happens with the Great Mystery Lake at the end of the story?

5. To confirm your understanding, write a summary of “The Orphan Boy and the Elk Dogs.”
RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the story?

Research to Explore Choose something from the text that interests you and formulate a research question. Then write an informational report answering that question.
Close-Read Guide

Use this page to record your close-read ideas.

Selection Title: ____________________________

Close Read the Text

Revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. Read these sections closely and annotate what you notice. Ask yourself questions about the text. What can you conclude? Write down your ideas.

Analyze the Text

Think about the author's choices of patterns, structure, techniques, and ideas included in the text. Select one, and record your thoughts about what this choice conveys.

QuickWrite

Pick a paragraph from the text that grabbed your interest. Explain the power of this passage.
DIRECTIONS: Respond to these questions. Use textual evidence to support your responses.

1. **Analyze** What does the villagers’ treatment of Long Arrow at the beginning of the story suggest about them?

2. **Deduce** After he has gained the sense of hearing, Long Arrow “soon surpassed other boys his age in knowledge and skills.” What attributes did Long Arrow have that the other boys did not?

3. (a) **Summarize** What are three obstacles Long Arrow faces on his journey?

   (b) **Interpret** Explain how he overcomes each one.

4. (a) **Distinguish** What values does this folk tale distinguish as important?

   (b) **Interpret** Which characters exemplify these values most?
The Orphan Boy and the Elk Dog

Native American (Blackfeet)

MYTH

Long Arrow and his sister are orphans. Because Long Arrow is deaf and can't understand what people say, he is thought to be stupid. His own people reject him. He is hungry, but when he smells meat boiling he cannot approach, for fear of being kicked. Only his bright and beautiful sister loves him. Then, one day she is adopted by a family that does not want Long Arrow. He is left on his own, forced to eat scraps thrown to dogs and sleep in a shelter dug into the ground. One day, his people take down their lodges, pack up, and move in search of better hunting.

"Stay here," they told the boy. "We don't want your kind coming with us." For two or three days the boy fed on scraps the people had left behind, but he knew he would starve if he stayed. He had to join his people, whether they liked it or not. He followed their tracks, frantic that he would lose them, and crying at the same time.

Along the way, Long Arrow stumbles and something snaps in his left ear. A substance like a worm comes out, and Long Arrow can hear birdsong for the first time in his life. Then the same thing happens in his right ear! He hears water rushing in the stream. Long Arrow feels happiness for the first time. He rushes on to find his people. He comes to their new village, where he sees Chief Good Running, who regrets leaving him behind.

"Here, have some tripe." The boy wolfed down the meat. He was not used to hearing and talking yet, but his eyes were alert and Good Running also noticed a change in his manner. "This boy," the chief said to himself, "is neither stupid nor crazy."

Chief Good Running adopts the boy. Long Arrow learns to speak and understand the words of others. He soon develops exceptional hunting and warrior skills. He grows into a tall and handsome young man. One day, he tells Good Running he wants to do something that will show everyone that the chief was right to adopt him. Good Running tells Long Arrow about the spirit people called Pono-Kamita—Elk Dogs. He tells him that every fourth generation a young warrior goes out on a mission to bring back an Elk Dog. None has ever returned.

"Grandfather, I'm not afraid. I'll go and find the Elk Dog."
"Grandson, first learn to be a man. Learn the right prayers and ceremonies. Be brave. Be generous and open-handed. Pity the old and the fatherless, and let the holy men of the tribe find a medicine for you which will protect you on your dangerous journey. We will begin by purifying you in the sweat bath."

1. tripe (trîp) n. walls of the stomach of a buffalo or other grazing animal, used as food.
2. medicine (mêd-i-kîn) n. in Native American societies, any cultural element—such as an object, a ceremony, or a song—that is seen as having religious or magical power.
At last, Good Running packs up his best dog and gives Long Arrow his best bow. Long Arrow travels for three days until he meets a stranger and tells him he is looking for Elk Dog. The stranger can’t help him. He gives him some odd advice.

"...If you travel farther south, four-times-four days, you might chance upon a bigger lake and there meet one of my uncles. Possibly he might talk to you; then again, he might not."

Long Arrow walks on. He experiences cold, hunger, heat, and thirst. He reaches a big lake where he sees a man who is twice his height. When he tells the man that he’s in search of Elk Dog, the stranger—who is the spirit of the lake—snaps at Long Arrow. He asks if Long Arrow is afraid of him. Long Arrow says he is not, and the stranger is impressed. He tells him to walk south “four times four days,” and maybe he will find Elk Dog. Long Arrow and his dog walk a great distance. They come upon the biggest lake Long Arrow has ever seen, Great Mystery Lake. They fall asleep among wild flowers. When they wake up, a beautiful child is there. The child is a spirit boy.

The spirit boy pointed to the water and said, “My grandfather’s lodge is down there. Come. “The child turned himself into a kingfisher’ and dove straight to the bottom.

Afraid, Long Arrow thought, “How can I follow him and not be drowned?”

Long Arrow jumps in the lake, and the water parts before him. He follows the sandy bottom to a flat valley. There he sees a tipi with a kingfisher perched on top. The kingfisher flies down and turns back into the child, who leads Long Arrow to his grandfather’s lodge. The old man feeds Long Arrow delicious food. The old man tells Long Arrow that, unlike those who came before him, he was not afraid of the lake, so he will receive a gift to take back to his people. He tells him to go outside with the child. In a meadow, Long Arrow sees some strange but beautiful animals playfully galloping and jumping. They look at Long Arrow with gentle eyes.

“At last,” thought Long Arrow, “here they are before my own eyes, the Pono-Kamita, the Elk Dogs.”

Gracefully and without effort, the boy swung himself onto the back of a jet-black Elk Dog with a high, arched neck. Larger than any elk Long Arrow had ever come across, the animal carried the boy all over the meadow swiftly as the wind. Then the boy returned, jumped off his mount, and said, “Now you try it.”

Speeding along on the back of the animal, Long Arrow is intensely happy. When the ride is over, the child gives Long Arrow instructions. He tells him that his grandfather wears long robes to hide his feet but if Long Arrow can get a look at his feet, the old man can refuse him nothing.

“He will then tell you to ask him for a gift, and you must ask for these three things: his rainbow-colored quilled belt, his black medicine robe, and a herd of these animals which you seem to like.”

3. kingfisher (KING fih shuhr) n. type of water bird that dives for food.
One day, the old man’s robe gets caught on a flap in the tipi. Long Arrow glimpses one leg and foot. They are the leg and foot of an Elk Dog! Long Arrow boldly requests the three gifts the child told him to ask for. The man agrees but says he will give only half a herd of Elk Dogs. He tells Long Arrow that the belt and robe have Elk Dog magic in them. Along with the gift of a magic rope of hair from a white buffalo bull, they will allow Long Arrow to catch any Elk Dog he wants. The old man gives him the objects, and Long Arrow sets off for home. In four days, the Elk Dogs follow. Long Arrow enters his village on the back of a black Elk Dog, with others following, and with his old dog. He calls out to Good Running.

Recognizing the voice, Good Running came out of hiding and wept for joy, because he had given Long Arrow up for lost. Then all the others emerged from their hiding places to admire the wonderful new animals.

Long Arrow said, “My grandfather and grandmother who adopted me, I can never repay you for your kindness. Accept these wonderful Elk Dogs as my gift.”

Long Arrow tells his grandfather and the other villagers all the ways their lives will be better and richer because they can ride the animals when they hunt buffalo. And it is true. After some time passes, they can’t imagine life before the wonderful Elk Dogs. But Good Running, now rich, wants more.

“Let’s visit the spirit chief and the wondrous boy; maybe they will give us more of their power and magic gifts.”

Long Arrow led the people southward and again found the Great Mystery Lake.

This time, though, the waters don’t part for him. There is no little boy who can turn into a kingfisher and back again. When they gaze into the lake, they see nothing: no people or Elk Dogs or grand tips, just a few fish swimming.

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At the Anglo-Indian^{1} day school in Zorinabad to which my sister and I were sent when she was eight and I was five and a half, they changed our names. On the first day of school, a hot, windless morning of a north Indian September, we stood in the headmistress’s study and she said, “Now you’re the new girls. What are your names?”

My sister answered for us, “I am Premla, and she”—nodding in my direction—“is Santha.”

The headmistress had been in India, I suppose, fifteen years or so, but she still smiled her helpless inability to cope with Indian names. Her rimless half-glasses glittered, and the precarious bun on the top of her head trembled as she shook her head. “Oh, my

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1. Anglo-Indian both English and Indian.
dears, those are much too hard for me. Suppose we give you pretty English names. Wouldn’t that be more jolly? Let’s see, now—Pamela for you, I think.” She shrugged in a baffled way at my sister. “That’s as close as I can get. And for you,” she said to me, how about Cynthia? Isn’t that nice?”

4. My sister was always less easily intimidated than I was, and while she kept a stubborn silence, I said, “Thank you,” in a very tiny voice.

5. We had been sent to that school because my father, among his responsibilities as an officer of the civil service, had a tour of duty to perform in the villages around that steamy little provincial town, where he had his headquarters at that time. He used to make his shorter inspection tours on horseback, and a week before, in the stale heat of a typically post monsoon1 day, we had waved goodbye to him and a little procession—an assistant, a secretary, two bearers, and the man to look after the bedding rolls and luggage. They rode away through our large garden, still bright green from the rains, and we turned back into the twilight of the house and the sound of fans whispering in every room.

6. Up to then, my mother had refused to send Premila to school in the British-run establishments of that time, because, she used to say, “you can bury a dog’s tail for seven years and it still comes out curly, and you can take a Britisher away from his home for a lifetime and he still remains insular.” The examinations and degrees from entirely Indian schools were not, in those days, considered valid. In my case, the question had never come up, and probably never would have come up if Mother’s extraordinary good health had not broken down. For the first time in my life, she was not able to continue the lessons she had been giving us every morning. So our Hindi2 books were put away, the stories of the Lord Krishna3 as a little boy were left in mid-air, and we were sent to the Anglo-Indian school.

7. That first day at school is still, when I think of it, a remarkable one. At that age, if one’s name is changed, one develops a curious form of dual personality. I remember having a certain detached and disbelieving concern in the actions of “Cynthia,” but certainly no responsibility. Accordingly, I followed the thin, erect back of the headmistress down the veranda to my classroom feeling, at most, a passing interest in what was going to happen to me in this strange, new atmosphere of School.

8. The building was Indian in design, with wide verandas opening onto a central courtyard, but Indian verandas are usually whitewashed, with stone floors. These, in the tradition of British

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2. *monsoon* n. rainy season in South Asia.
3. *Hindi* most common Indian language, and official primary language of modern India.
4. *Lord Krishna* important deity in the Hindu religion.
schools, were painted dark brown and had matting on the floors. It gave a feeling of extra intensity to the heat.

I suppose there were about a dozen Indian children in the school—which contained perhaps forty children in all—and four of them were in my class. They were all sitting at the back of the room, and I went to join them. I sat next to a small, solemn girl who didn’t smile at me. She had long, glossy-black braids and wore a cotton dress, but she still kept on her Indian jewelry—a gold chain around her neck, thin gold bracelets, and tiny ruby studs in her ears. Like most Indian children, she had a rim of black kohl around her eyes. The cotton dress should have looked strange, but all I could think of was that I should ask my mother if I couldn’t wear a dress to school, too, instead of my Indian clothes.

I can’t remember too much about the proceedings in class that day, except for the beginning. The teacher pointed to me and asked me to stand up. “Now, dear, tell the class your name.”

I said nothing.

“Come along,” she said frowning slightly. “What’s your name, dear?”

“I don’t know,” I said, finally.

The English children in the front of the class—there were about eight or ten of them—giggled and twisted around in their chairs to look at me. I sat down quickly and opened my eyes very wide, hoping in that way to dry them off. The little girl with the braids put out her hand and very tightly touched my arm. She still didn’t smile.

Most of that morning I was rather bored. I looked briefly at the children’s drawings pinned to the wall, and then concentrated on a lizard clinging to the ledge of the high, barred window behind the teacher’s head. Occasionally it would shoot out its long yellow tongue for a fly, and then it would rest, with its eyes closed and its belly palpitating, as though it were swallowing several times quickly. The lessons were mostly concerned with reading and writing and simple numbers—things that my mother had already taught me—and I paid very little attention. The teacher wrote on the easel blackboard words like “bat” and “cat,” which seemed babyish to me; only “apple” was new and incomprehensible.

When it was time for the lunch recess, I followed the girl with braids out onto the veranda. There the children from the other classes were assembled. I saw Premila at once and ran over to her, as she had charge of our lunchbox. The children were all opening packages and sitting down to eat sandwiches. Premila and I were the only ones who had Indian food—thin wheat chapattis, some vegetable curry, and a bottle of buttermilk. Premila thrust half of it

5. **kohl** n. black powder used as eye makeup
6. **chapattis** (chuh PAH tees) n. flatbreads.
into my hand and whispered fiercely that I should go and sit with 
my class, because that was what the others seemed to be doing. 

The enormous black eyes of the little Indian girl from my 
class looked at my food longingly, so I offered her some. But she 
only shook her head and plowed her way solemnly through her 
sandwiches. 

I was very sleepy after lunch, because at home we always took 
a siesta. It was usually a pleasant time of day, with the bedroom 
darkened against the harsh afternoon sun, the drifting off into 
sleep with the sound of Mother’s voice reading a story in one’s 
mind, and, finally, the shrill, fussy voice of the ayah7 waking one 
for tea. 

At school, we rested for a short time on low, folding cots on 
the veranda, and then we were expected to play games. During 
the hot part of the afternoon we played indoors, and after the 
shadows had begun to lengthen and the slight breeze of the 
evening had come up we moved outside to the wide courtyard. 

I had never really grasped the system of competitive games. At 
home, whenever we played tag or guessing games, I was always 
allowed to “win”—“because,” Mother used to tell Premila, “she 
is the youngest, and we have to allow for that.” I had often heard 
hersay it, and it seemed quite reasonable to me, but the result was 
that I had no clear idea of what “winning” meant. 

When we played twos-and-threes that afternoon at school, 
in accordance with my training, I let one of the small English 
boys catch me, but was naturally rather puzzled when the other 
children did not return the courtesy. I ran about for what seemed 
like hours without ever catching anyone, until it was time for 
school to close. Much later I learned that my attitude was called 
“not being a good sport,” and I stopped allowing myself to be 
cought, but it was not for years that I really learned the spirit of 
the thing. 

When I saw our car come up to the school gate, I broke away 
from my classmates and rushed toward it yelling, “Ayah! Ayah!” 
It seemed like an eternity since I had seen her that morning—a 
wizened, affectionate figure in her white cotton sari, giving me 
dozens of urgent and useless instructions on how to be a good girl 
at school. Premila followed more sedately, and she told me on the 
way home never to do that again in front of the other children. 

When we got home we went straight to Mother’s high, white 
room to have tea with her, and I immediately climbed onto the 
bed and bounced gently up and down on the springs. Mother 
asked how we had liked our first day in school. I was so pleased 
to be home and to have left that peculiar Cynthia behind that I 
had nothing whatsoever to say about school, except to ask what 

7. ayah (AH-yuh) n. nurse or maid.
“apple” meant. But Premila told Mother about the classes, and added that in her class they had weekly tests to see if they had learned their lessons well.

I asked, “What’s a test?”

Premila said, “You’re too small to have them. You won’t have them in your class for donkey’s years.” She had learned the expression that day and was using it for the first time. We all laughed enormously at her wit. She also told Mother, in an aside, that we should take sandwiches to school the next day. Not, she said, that she minded. But they would be simpler for me to handle.

That whole lovely evening I didn’t think about school at all. I sprinted barefoot across the lawns with my favorite playmate, the cook’s son, to the stream at the end of the garden. We quarreled in our usual way, waded in the tepid water under the lime trees, and waited for the night to bring out the smell of the jasmine. I listened with fascination to his stories of ghosts and demons, until I was too frightened to cross the garden alone in the semidarkness. The ayah found me, shouted at the cook’s son, scolded me, hurried me in to supper—it was an entirely usual, wonderful evening.

It was a week later, the day of Premila’s first test, that our lives changed rather abruptly. I was sitting at the back of my class, in my usual inattentive way, only half listening to the teacher. I had started a rather guarded friendship with the girl with the braids, whose name turned out to be Nalini (Nancy, in school). The three other Indian children were already fast friends. Even at that age it was apparent to all of us that friendship with the English or Anglo-Indian children was out of the question. Occasionally, during the class, my new friend and I would draw pictures and show them to each other secretly.

The door opened sharply and Premila marched in. At first, the teacher smiled at her in a kindly and encouraging way and said, “Now, you’re little Cynthia’s sister?”

Premila didn’t even look at her. She stood with her feet planted firmly a part and her shoulders rigid, and addressed herself directly to me. “Get up,” she said. “We’re going home.”

I didn’t know what had happened, but I was aware that it was a crisis of some sort. I rose obediently and started to walk toward my sister.

“Bring your pencils and your notebook,” she said.

I went back for them, and together we left the room. The teacher started to say something just as Premila closed the door, but we didn’t wait to hear what it was.

In complete silence we left the school grounds and started to walk home. Then I asked Premila what the matter was. All she would say was “We’re going home for good.”

8. donkey’s years. British slang term meaning “a very long time.”
It was a very tiring walk for a child of five and a half, and I dragged along behind Premila with my pencils growing sticky in my hand. I can still remember looking at the dusty hedges, and the tangles of thorns in the ditches by the side of the road, smelling the faint fragrance from the eucalyptus trees and wondering whether we would ever reach home. Occasionally, a horse-drawn tonga9 passed us, and the women, in their pink or green silks, stared at Premila and me trudging along on the side of the road. A few coolies10 and a line of women carrying baskets of vegetables on their heads smiled at us. But it was nearing the hottest time of day, and the road was almost deserted. I walked more and more slowly, and shouted to Premila, from time to time. “Wait for me!” with increasing peevishness. She spoke to me only once, and that was to tell me to carry my notebook on my head, because of the sun.

When we got to our house the ayah was just taking a tray of lunch into Mother’s room. She immediately started a long, worried questioning about what are you children doing back here at this hour of the day.

Mother looked very startled and very concerned, and asked Premila what had happened.

Premila said, “we had our test today, and she made me and the other Indians sit at the back of the room, with a desk between each one.”

Mother said, “Why was that, darling?”

“She said it was because Indians cheat,” Premila added. “So I don’t think we should go back to that school.”

Mother looked very distant, and was silent a long time. At last she said, “Of course not, darling.” She sounded displeased.

We all shared the curry she was having for lunch, and afterward I was sent off to the beautifully familiar bedroom for my siesta. I could hear Mother and Premila talking through the open door.

Mother said, “Do you suppose she understood all that?”

Premila said, “I shouldn’t think so. She’s a baby.”

Mother said, “Well, I hope it won’t bother her.”

Of course, they were both wrong. I understood it perfectly, and I remember it all very clearly. But I put it happily away, because it had all happened to a girl called Cynthia, and I never was really particularly interested in her.

9. tonga n. small carriage.
10. coolies n. manual laborers.
INDEPENDENT LEARNING

First-Read Guide

Use this page to record your first-read ideas.

Selection Title: ____________________________

NOTICE new information or ideas you learn about the unit topic as you first read this text.

ANNOTATE by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.

CONNECT ideas within the selection to other knowledge and the selections you have read.

RESPOND by writing a brief summary of the selection.
from By Any Other Name
Santha Rama Rau

DIRECTIONS: Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. (a) Where do the events of this selection take place? (b) What makes Santha and her sister different than their classmates?

2. What is the first thing the headmistress does when she meets Premila and Santha?

3. How does Santha answer when her teacher asks her what her name is?

4. How is the food Premila and Santha bring for lunch different from what the other girls are eating?

5. What causes Premila and Santha to leave the school at the end?

6. To confirm your understanding, write a summary of “By Any Other Name.”
RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the story?

Research to Explore Choose something from the text that interests you and formulate a research question. Then write an informational report answering that question.
Close-Read Guide

Use this page to record your close-read ideas.

Selection Title: ________________________________

**Close Read the Text**
Revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. Read these sections closely and annotate what you notice. Ask yourself questions about the text. What can you conclude? Write down your ideas.

**Analyze the Text**
Think about the author's choices of patterns, structure, techniques, and ideas included in the text. Select one, and record your thoughts about what this choice conveys.

**QuickWrite**
Pick a paragraph from the text that grabbed your interest. Explain the power of this passage.

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from By Any Other Name
Santha Rama Rau

DIRECTIONS: Respond to these questions. Use textual evidence to support your responses.

1. (a) **Compare and Contrast** How does Premila’s response to her school-given name compare to Santha’s?

   (b) **Interpret** Which words in paragraph 4 help to show Premila’s character traits as shown in her response?

2. (a) **Analyze** How does Santha feel about her lunch being different than her classmate’s food at school?

   (b) **Contrast** What reasoning does Premila offer when she asks for sandwiches instead?

   (c) **Draw Conclusions** What do you think may have been another motive for her request?
3. (a) **Analyze** What can you tell about Santha’s personality by the way she behaves at school?

(b) **Hypothesize** Do you think Santha would have asked to leave the school if it weren’t for Premila?

4. (a) **Assess** Was Premila justified in her actions at the end of the story?

(b) **Interpret** What does Santha mean when she states, “…it had all happened to a girl called Cynthia, and I never was particularly interested in her.”?
This memoir is told from the point of view of the adult Santha. She is remembering an event that happened when she was five-and-a-half-years old. It opens with a description of the new school where Santha and her eight-year-old sister, Premila, have been enrolled. The British-run day school is in the small town in India where the girls’ father now works as a civil servant. Today is the girls’ first day at the new school. As soon as they meet the headmistress, she wants them to change their names.

“Suppose we give you pretty English names. Wouldn’t that be more jolly? Let’s see, now—Pamela for you, I think.” She shrugged in a baffled way at my sister. “That’s as close as I can get. And for you,” she said to me, “how about Cynthia? Isn’t that nice?”

My sister was always less easily intimidated than I was, and while she kept a stubborn silence, I said, “Thank you,” in a very tiny voice.

The health of the sisters’ mother has taken a bad turn, and she can no longer give them lessons. That is why they are sent to the British-run school, where they are no longer allowed to read Hindi books. Around forty children attend the school, and the sisters are two of only twelve Indian children. They gather together in the back of the class. The girl next to Santha wears braids and dresses in a way that suggests both British and Indian style.

I can’t remember too much about the proceedings in class that day, except for the beginning. The teacher pointed to me and asked me to stand up. “Now, dear, tell the class your name.”

I said nothing.

“Come along,” she said frowning slightly. “What’s your name, dear?”

“I don’t know,” I said, finally.

The English children in the front of the class—there were about eight or ten of them—giggled and twisted around in their chairs to look at me.

When it’s time to break for lunch, Santha follows the braided girl to the veranda. There she spots Premila, who has their lunches. They are the only students whose mother has packed Indian food. Early in the afternoon, Santha continues to think about the differences between being home and being at her new school. Here, for example, they are expected to play competitive games. Santha does not really understand this idea.

1. **civil servant** n.: a person who works for the government.
2. **Hindi** (HIHN dee): n.: most common Indian language and official primary language of modern India.
3. **veranda** (vuh RAN duh): n.: a roofed open room that is attached to the outside of a building.
At home, whenever we played tag or guessing games, I was always allowed to “win”—“because,” Mother used to tell Premila, “she is the youngest, and we have to allow for that.” I had often heard her say it, and it seemed quite reasonable to me, but the result was that I had no clear idea of what “winning” meant.

Playing tag at school, Santha lets a younger child catch her. Later, she finds out that letting another student win is actually not being a good sport. When their mother picks them up and they return home, Premila is happy. She asks their mother to pack sandwiches for lunch instead of Indian food. Indifferent to the topic of school, Santha runs off to play with her best friend, the cook’s son. Then, at school one week later, everything changes.

The door opened sharply and Premila marched in. At first, the teacher smiled at her in a kindly and encouraging way and said, “Now, you’re little Cynthia’s sister?”

Premila didn’t even look at her. She stood with her feet planted firmly apart and her shoulders rigid, and addressed herself directly to me. “Get up,” she said. “We’re going home.”

On the walk home, Premila informs Santha that they will never return to the school. The walk is long and tiring for five-and-a-half-year-old Santha. When they get home, the girls’ mother is worried and wants to know exactly why they left school early. Premila tells her that during a test that day the teacher made all the Indians sit in the back. They all had to sit with a desk between them and their neighbor.

“She said it was because Indians cheat,” Premila added. “So I don’t think we should go back to that school.”

Mother looked very distant, and was silent a long time. At last she said, “Of course not, darling.” She sounded displeased.

When Santha goes off to take a nap, she can hear her mother and Premila talking. Their mother, still concerned, wonders if Santha understood the conversation. She and Premila agree that she is too young to understand.

Of course, they were both wrong. I understood it perfectly, and I remember it all very clearly. But I put it happily away, because it had all happened to a girl called Cynthia, and I never was really particularly interested in her.

“By Any Other Name” from Gifts of Passage by Santha Rama Rau. Copyright © Santha Rama Rau. Reprinted by permission of the author’s estate.
Outsider’s Art Is Saluted at Columbia, Then Lost Anew

Vivian Yee

About the Author

Vivian Yee is a reporter for The New York Times, covering Brooklyn news for the Metro Desk since 2012. As a student at Yale University, where she received her Bachelor’s degree in English, Yee served as the editor-in-chief of the Yale Daily News. She prides herself on her love for Brooklyn and on being one of the youngest journalists who has ever worked for The New York Times.

BACKGROUND

Folk art, sometimes called “outsider,” “low,” or “raw” art, is a form of artwork that is not considered culturally significant by the mainstream art world. As part of the Outsider Art movement, artist Jean Dubuffet and author Roger Cardinal argued for the value of these artistic creations in the hope that museums and critics would not overlook them.

1 He was an outsider who flitted at the fringes of one of the country’s most elite universities, a Brooklyn-bred, Bronx-dwelling candy peddler who charmed and enthralled generations of Columbia University students with the greeting: “Hey boys, I got paintings here!” Or, “I got those Hoishey bars.”

2 From the 1930s until 1982, when he died at 85, few students passed Sam Steinberg outside the student center or the Low Library steps without buying a candy bar at least once. Those who lingered a little longer also learned about Sam’s world through his Magic Marker illustrations: the stylized celebrities (Rudolph Valentino, Elvis, Richard Nixon), the surrealist animals (hoofed cats, mermaids, potato-headed dogs), the vivid whimsies (a pair of legs in Columbia gym shorts).

1. enthralled v. captured the attention of.
This city brims with arbiters of great art, with storied museums and glamorous galleries. Mr. Steinberg’s oeuvre has belonged to none of them. His art has made its home on the street and in the trash, where many a student customer later tossed it without a second thought. He was an oddity, a character, a fluke of the collegiate landscape with a newsboy cap and a dense Brooklyn accent. Students graduated and left Sam Steinberg behind. Somewhere along the way to career and family, they left his paintings behind, too.

But not all of them did.

When Randy Nichols, Columbia College class of 1975, was helping to plan his class’s 40th reunion weekend at the end of May, he and his fellow reunion chairs had an idea: bring the “Sams,” as the paintings had been universally known, back to campus for the public to see. A room at the university displayed 90 of the best. Around 150 people came.

Mr. Nichols and his co-curators packed the Sams in cardboard and black plastic bags, to be stored at the alumni center and sent back to their owners. They were supposed to be moved before a cleaning crew arrived last Monday morning. They were not, and the cleaners were thorough: 60 of Sam Steinberg’s artworks disappeared—destined, once again, for the trash.

“Every day, he got on the D train, and kept painting when his eyes were bad, when he was mugged. He was resilient, he was positive,” said Edward Gray, who lent 12 Sams, now lost, to the exhibit. “I was inspired by this man, and that just makes it all the more painful.”

Columbia staff members told those who had lent work to the exhibit that though they had contacted the university’s waste management company and searched the campus, the pieces had been sent to a compactor. (The remaining 30 had been picked up by their owners.)

“It is with great sorrow that I confirm the fact that the works are not retrievable,” Bernice Tsai, an alumni relations director at Columbia, wrote in an apologetic email to one owner. She attributed the loss to “an error on my team’s part.” Neither she nor a spokeswoman for Columbia’s alumni relations office responded to messages on Sunday.

It was a fumble that might not have seemed quite so stunning in the early years of Mr. Steinberg’s artistic career.

When he first began selling artwork in the early 1960s, the best place to find his work, Mr. Nichols recalled, was in the trash cans.

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2. arbiters n. those who have the final authority.
3. resilient adj. able to recover quickly from hardship.
4. compactor n. machine that destroys garbage by crushing it.
on move-out day. Back then, his pieces went for a dollar or two, rising to $5 or $10 in the early 1980s.

His work won the briefest glimmer of formal recognition in the 1970s, when a Columbia art history student gave a Sam to the French artist Jean Dubuffet, a champion of so-called "low art."

"The little picture is very interesting; it gives me keen pleasure," Mr. Dubuffet wrote back, as recounted in a 1996 Folk Art magazine article.

Mr. Dubuffet later gave one of the artworks to a folk-art collection in Switzerland, ratifying Mr. Steinberg's outsider-artist status.

But he never quite gained the "artist" label at Columbia. "No! Sam was a character," Mr. Nichols said.

His pitch was unmistakably New York, brash, elastic and always delivered in an unshakable Brooklyn accent. "I can make you a half-woman, I can make you a half-horse," he might say, as he does in a short video Mr. Gray made about him.

If he was a curiosity for many, for those who displayed his art in their apartments and offices as proudly as any diploma, he was something more: a serious artist in his own right, who once playfully told Mr. Gray that Picasso was "nothing compared to me."

His art, they said, reflected the limitations and the scars of his life. Born in Manhattan and raised in poverty in Brownsville, Brooklyn, Mr. Steinberg never learned to read or write. He commuted to Columbia every morning from the Bronx apartment he shared with his sister, Pauline.

He struck students as a little odd, his paintings teeming with a psychological subtext they never quite penetrated. They embraced him all the more for it.

"Sam deserves better than this," said John Bellamy Taylor, 66, a writer who has lived in Morningside Heights for decades, and came to know Mr. Steinberg as a teenager. He inherited two dozen works from a Columbia professor who collected Sams.

Mr. Gray agreed. "He's every bit as much an artist," he said, "as the people who got famous and got reputations."  

5. ratifying v. confirming.
6. subtext n. underlying but unstated ideas.
First-Read Guide

Use this page to record your first-read ideas.

Selection Title: ________________________________

NOTICE new information or ideas you learn about the unit topic as you first read this text.

ANNOTATE by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.

CONNECT ideas within the selection to other knowledge and the selections you have read.

RESPOND by writing a brief summary of the selection.
Outsider’s Art Is Saluted at Columbia, Then Lost Anew
Vivian Yee

DIRECTIONS: Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. What did Sam Steinberg do for a living?

2. What nickname was given to Steinberg’s paintings?

3. Why were Steinberg’s paintings gathered for a display in 2015?

4. What happened to Steinberg’s paintings after they were displayed?

5. To confirm your understanding, write a summary of “Outsider’s Art Is Saluted at Columbia, Then Lost Anew.”
RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the story?

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Close-Read Guide

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**Close Read the Text**

Revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. Read these sections closely and annotate what you notice. Ask yourself questions about the text. What can you conclude? Write down your ideas.

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Think about the author's choices of patterns, structure, techniques, and ideas included in the text. Select one, and record your thoughts about what this choice conveys.

**QuickWrite**

Pick a paragraph from the text that grabbed your interest. Explain the power of this passage.

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Outsider’s Art Is Saluted at Columbia, Then Lost Anew
Vivian Yee

DIRECTIONS: Respond to these questions. Use textual evidence to support your responses.

1. (a) Infer Without seeing any of Steinberg’s paintings, what do you think they look like?

(b) Draw Conclusions Given your inference per the quality of Steinberg’s paintings, why do you think people were drawn to them?

2. Analyze What aspect of Steinberg’s life may have contributed to the fact that he never became a professional artist?

3. Infer What can you infer about Steinberg as a person by knowing that he spent so many decades doing the same thing every day?

5. (a) Distinguish What makes art “low” or “high”? (b) Interpret Why might Columbia students disagree with French artist Jean Dubuffet’s description of Steinberg’s work as folk art?
Outsider’s Art Is Saluted at Columbia, Then Lost Anew

Vivian Yee

NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

He was an outsider who flitted at the fringes of one of the country’s most elite universities. He was a Brooklyn-bred, Bronx-dwelling candy peddler. He charmed and fascinated generations of Columbia University students with the greeting: “Hey boys, I got paintings here!” Or, “I got those Hoishey bars.”

From the 1930s until 1982, when he died at age 85, few students passed Sam Steinberg outside the student center or Low Library without buying a candy bar at least once. Those who had time also learned about Sam’s world. With his Magic Markers, Steinberg made stylized drawings of celebrities (Rudolph Valentino, Elvis, President Nixon). He drew fantastical animals (hoofed cats, mermaids, potato-headed dogs). He drew a pair of legs in Columbia gym shorts.

This city brims with judges of great art. It has celebrated museums and glamorous galleries. Mr. Steinberg’s art belonged to none of them. His art made its home on the street and in the trash. Many student customers later tossed it without a second thought. He was an odd accident in the college landscape, with his newsboy cap and a dense Brooklyn accent. Students graduated and left Sam Steinberg behind. They left his paintings behind, too.

But not all of them did.

When Randy Nichols, Columbia College class of 1975, was helping to plan his class’s 40th reunion weekend, he and the other planners had an idea. They wanted to bring the “Sams,” as the paintings had been known, back to campus for the public to see. A room at the university displayed 90 of the best. Around 150 people came.

Mr. Nichols and the others packed the Sams in cardboard and plastic bags. They were to be stored at the alumni center and sent back to their owners. The plan was to move them before a cleaning crew arrived on Monday morning. But they were not moved. The cleaners were thorough. Sixty Sams disappeared. Once again, they were destined for the trash.

“Every day, he got on the D train, and kept painting when his eyes were bad, when he was mugged. He was resilient,¹ he was optimistic,

¹ resilient (rih ZIHL yuhnt) adj. able to recover quickly from hardship.
he was positive," said Edward Gray, who lent 12 Sams, now lost, to the exhibit. "I was inspired by this man, and that just makes it all the more painful."

Columbia staff members told the owners of the 60 paintings that though they had contacted the university's waste management company and searched the campus, the pieces had been sent to a compactor.² (The remaining 30 had been picked up by their owners.)

"It is with great sorrow that I confirm the fact that the works are not retrievable," Bernice Tsai, an alumni relations director at Columbia, wrote to one owner. She put down the loss to "an error on my team's part." Neither she nor a spokeswoman for Columbia's alumni relations office responded to messages on Sunday.

The mistake might not have seemed quite so shocking in the early years of Mr. Steinberg's career.

When he first began selling artwork in the early 1960s, the best place to find Steinberg's work, Mr. Nichols recalled, was in the trash on move-out day. Back then, his pieces went for a dollar or two, rising to $5 or $10 in the early 1980s.

His work won a glimmer of recognition in the 1970s. A Columbia art history student gave a Sam to the French artist Jean Dubuffet. Dubuffet was a supporter of so-called "low art."

"The little picture is very interesting; it gives me keen pleasure," as Mr. Dubuffet was quoted in a 1996 Folk Art magazine article.

Mr. Dubuffet later gave one of the artworks to a folkart collection in Switzerland. The gift confirmed Mr. Steinberg's outsider-artist status.

But he never quite gained the "artist" label at Columbia. "No! Sam was a character," Mr. Nichols said.

His sales pitch was unmistakably brash New York. "I can make you a half-woman, I can make you a half-horse," he might say, as he does in a short video Mr. Gray made about him.

If he was a curiosity for many, for those who displayed his art proudly, he was a serious artist in his own right. He once playfully told Mr. Gray that Picasso was "nothing compared to me."

His art, they said, showed the limitations and scars of his life. He was born in Manhattan and raised poor in Brownsville, Brooklyn. Mr. Steinberg never learned to read or write. He traveled to Columbia every morning from the Bronx apartment he shared with his sister, Pauline.

². compactor (kuh m PAK tuhr) n. machine that destroys garbage by crushing it.
He struck students as a little odd. His paintings seemed full of second meanings they never quite understood. They embraced him all the more for it.

“Sam deserves better than this,” said John Bellamy Taylor, 66, a writer who has lived in Morningside Heights for decades. He came to know Mr. Steinberg as a teenager. He inherited two dozen works from a Columbia professor who collected Sams.

Mr. Gray agreed. “He’s every bit as much an artist as the people who got famous and got reputations.”

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What Are You So Afraid Of?

Akiko Busch

About the Author

Akiko Busch (b. 1953) has published numerous books and articles about design, culture, and the natural world. She writes a regular blog and has appeared on radio shows, given lectures, and directed workshops. Busch lives in the Hudson Valley in New York and teaches at the School of Visual Arts.

BACKGROUND

About one-half of American adults fear snakes. That’s more than those who fear public speaking, or any other category of phobia. Some scientists believe that ophiophobia—the fear of snakes—is a legacy from the distant past, when our survival depended on avoiding them. Some believe that certain primate characteristics, such as sharp eyesight, are the result of being on the lookout for snakes.

Oct. 25, 2014

1. A time of year when we celebrate and indulge in what frightens us may be a good moment to consider how fear begins. It could be anything: a sound, a dog’s bark or bite, some infant terror of being left alone, darkness, a taste, some memory, the unknown, the unseen, the known, the seen. Almost always, its origins are unclear.

2. My own fear of snakes might have started when I was 3, in a garden in Bangkok, in the klong, a rainwater ditch where I was playing. A highly venomous, six-foot banded krait glided alongside me. My mother, watching from a balcony above, was unable to reach me, but she called for my older brother, who
picked me up and lifted me out of the trench. I remember nothing of this. But my mother told me the story.

I wonder if my enduring panic half a century later at the rustle of even the smallest garter snake in the grass is based on some suppressed memory of the event, or on the story of the event. Or is it possibly some genetic inheritance of the fear that centuries of humans have had of the reptile world? Or is it some combination of all of these?

Fear, arriving in layers in which genetic legacy converges with personal experience, is vital to our survival. When we freeze, stop in our tracks or take flight, it is a biological response to what we sense as near and present danger. All the same, it observes its own absurd hierarchy, in which we often harbor an abiding anxiety for the wrong things. A childhood accident causes a friend of mine to become white and shake at the sight of broken glass. But she is a chain smoker as well, and has little worry about her pack-a-day habit. And surely the recent alarm over the Ebola virus among Americans who are not fully attentive to the need for flu shots suggests a reluctance to recognize genuine threats to public health.

We have clear directives about what is really worth our fear. Participants in the real parade of horrors include radical changes in the carbon cycle, the rate of species extinction, extreme weather, genetically modified food, institutional financial misconduct that puts our security at risk. The archive of very real menaces threatening us now is so full, it would seem we hardly know how to choose what to be scared of.

Except that we do choose, and what we choose are generally the ordinary fears such as heights, public speaking, insects, reptiles. They are all things that have about as much chance of harming us as the characters behind some of this season’s top trending scary costumes: zombies, werewolves, and cast members from “Duck Dynasty.”

The biologist E. O. Wilson has observed that while we fear snakes, spiders, darkness, open spaces and closed spaces, we do not fear the more likely instruments of danger—knives, guns, cars, electrical sockets—because, he says, “our species has not been exposed to these lethal agents long enough in evolutionary time to have acquired the predisposing genes that ensure automatic avoidance.” Which is to say, fear, real fear, deep fear, the kind that changes our habits and actions, is not something on which we are likely to follow sensible instruction.

At this time of year, when I venture into the basement of our old farmhouse, I find that it is, as always, a horror chamber of the first order: damp, dark, and musty, with dirt floors, vast cities of

1. hierarchy (Hi uh rahr kee) n. arrangement of items by order of importance.
2. archive (Ark her) n. collection of records or documents.
cobwebs and black alcoves. Yet it's not the decrepit furnace with its ravenous craving for fuel that causes me the moment of panic, nor the behemoth\(^3\) oil tank, nor even the insanity of the soaring cost to fill it. Though I am loath to admit it, the lethal agents that set my heart racing are, instead, the sudden rustle and the glint of pearly snakeskin that flashes in the ancient stone foundation wall behind the boiler. The more dire menaces at that particular moment seem to be: black rat snake, milk snake, grass snake, garter snake. None of which are poisonous. Still, the question looms: How can I get out of here as fast as possible?

The paths that human fear can take, and its often ridiculous and pointless detours, are surely worth considering now. At a moment of such social, political and environmental urgency, I would like to think it is possible to tap into human fear to change behavior in some fundamental and strategic way. Yet what seems more likely to me is the possibility that fear is simply an unpredictable rogue impulse that all too often remains indifferent to the genuine threats around us. And that may be the scariest thing of all. *\(^\text{a}\)*

3. behemoth (bih HEH muhth) adj. of enormous, monstrous size and power.
First-Read Guide

Use this page to record your first-read ideas.

Selection Title: ____________________________

NOTICE new information or ideas you learn about the unit topic as you first read this text.

ANNOTATE by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.

CONNECT ideas within the selection to other knowledge and the selections you have read.

RESPOND by writing a brief summary of the selection.
What Are You So Afraid Of?
Akiko Busch

DIRECTIONS: Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. What irrational fear does Busch say she has?

2. Busch describes a friend who is unnecessarily afraid of something and yet worries little about something else that poses a greater risk to her. What is she afraid of? What is the thing she doesn’t seem to be afraid of?

3. According to E. O. Wilson, why are we not afraid of threats such as knives, guns, cars, or electrical sockets?

4. What does Busch say may be scariest thing of all?

5. Confirm your understanding of the selection by writing a one- or two-sentence summary of each poem.
RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the text?

Research to Explore Conduct research to find out more about phobias such as Busch’s fear of snakes. Write an informational report based on what you learn.
Close-Read Guide

Use this page to record your close-read ideas.

Selection Title: ____________________________

Close Read the Text

Revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. Read these sections closely and annotate what you notice. Ask yourself questions about the text. What can you conclude? Write down your ideas.

Analyze the Text

Think about the author’s choices of patterns, structure, techniques, and ideas included in the text. Select one, and record your thoughts about what this choice conveys.

QuickWrite

Pick a paragraph from the text that grabbed your interest. Explain the power of this passage.
TEXT QUESTIONS

DIRECTIONS: Respond to these questions. Use textual evidence to support your responses.

1. (a) **Summarize** What possible causes does Busch suggest for her fear of snakes?

   (b) **Evaluate** Which of these causes seem most and least likely to be true? Explain.

2. (a) What occurrences does Busch list as the “real parade of horrors”?

   (b) **Analyze** Why do you think she refers to them this way?

3. **Hypothesize** Do you think people will eventually evolve a fear of cars or electrical outlets? Why, or why not?
What Are You So Afraid Of?

Akiko Busch

ESSAY

It is Halloween time, and the author is thinking about how fears begin. She says that almost always when they begin is not clear. She thinks, for example, that her fear of snakes began when she was only three years old. At the time, she was playing in a garden in a rain ditch in Bangkok, China. A six-foot-long poisonous snake, known as a banded krait, slid up beside her. Her mother was on a balcony, too high up to help her.

... She called for my older brother, who picked me up and lifted me out of the trench. I remember nothing of this. But my mother told me the story.

Fifty years later, Akiko Busch is still afraid of snakes, even small, harmless ones. She wonders if her fear is from a deeply buried memory of the event or on the story told of the event. Has a fear of snakes been handed down from one generation to the next? Is the fear a result of all these things?

When we freeze, stop in our tracks or take flight, it is a biological response to what we sense as near and present danger. All the same, ... we often harbor an abiding anxiety for the wrong things. A childhood accident causes a friend of mine to become white and shake at the sight of broken glass. But she is a chain smoker as well, and has little worry about her pack-a-day habit. And surely the recent alarm over the Ebola virus among Americans who are not fully attentive to the need for flu shots suggests a reluctance to recognize genuine threats to public health.

Busch names some events that we should be afraid of.

Participants in the real parade of horrors include radical changes in the carbon cycle, the rate of species extinction, extreme weather, genetically modified food, institutional financial misconduct that puts our security at risk.

Busch says the real threats are so many, we should have a hard time choosing which ones to fear. Yet, she says, people generally focus on ordinary fears. They fear insects and public speaking, even though these things are unlikely to hurt us. The biologist E. O. Wilson has noted that we don’t fear more likely dangers, such as knives, guns, cars, or electrical sockets. He says that is because humans have not experienced these things long enough in “evolutionary time” to have acquired the genes for avoiding them.

Which is to say, fear, real fear, deep fear, the kind that changes our habits and actions, is not something on which we are likely to follow sensible instruction.
... When I venture into the basement of our old farmhouse, I find that it is, as always, a horror chamber of the first order: damp, dark, and musty, with dirt floors, vast cities of cobwebs and black alcoves.

Yet, Busch says, even though the basement is a scary place, she does not fear being down there. She isn’t afraid unless she sees a snake, even though it’s not a poisonous snake. She thinks we should try to understand the paths and detours that fear can take.

At a moment of such social, political and environmental urgency, I would like to think it is possible to tap into human fear to change behavior in some way. Yet what seems more likely to me is that fear is simply an unpredictable impulse that remains indifferent to the genuine threats around us. And that may be the scariest thing of all.

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Past and Present Perfect Verb Tenses

Practice

Verb tenses express time in three general categories: present, past, and future. The most frequently used tenses for indicating past action are past tense and present perfect tense. The past tense describes an action or condition that clearly began and ended in the past. In contrast, the present perfect tense shows that the action or condition occurred at some indefinite time in the past or began in the past and continues into the present. The present perfect tense is formed by adding has or have to the past participle form of the verb (has spoken, has been, have entered). When writing about the past, be careful to use the correct sequence of tenses in order to show just when actions or conditions happened.

**Past tense:** Langston Hughes wrote "A Dream Deferred." (action ended)

**Present perfect tense:** "A Dream Deferred" has moved many readers. (action continues into the present)

In the following sentences, underline the verbs, and identify their tenses as either past or present perfect.

1. ______________ We studied the Harlem Renaissance in class this week.

2. ______________ I have decided to write about Langston Hughes.

3. ______________ Have you ever been to Hawaii?

4. ______________ My family went to Oahu six years ago.

5. ______________ The power of the individual will has remained a major theme in American literature.

6. ______________ Melville explored that issue in his novel *Moby Dick*.

7. ______________ How long have you ever gone without watching television?

8. ______________ Several U.S. universities have existed for centuries.

9. ______________ Harvard first opened its doors in the 1630s.

10. ______________ My sister's e-mails have given me a close-up view of college life.
Past and Present Perfect Verb Tenses

Assess

A Underline the correct tense form to complete each sentence.

1. I (realized, have realized) my mistake just an hour ago.
2. I (was, have been) wrong many times, but this mistake (was, has been) spectacular.
3. Both Emerson and Thoreau (knew, have known) the family of Louisa May Alcott, who (wrote, has written) *Little Women*.
4. Emerson (lent, has lent) money to Bronson Alcott, who (was, has been) Louisa May's father.
5. The same literary editor (rejected, has rejected) the work of Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson, whose poems (were admired, have been admired) for decades.
6. My parents (met, have met) each other in college.
7. Each of them (went, has gone) out with the other's roommate, and then they (discovered, have discovered) each other.

B Complete the sentences by filling in the correct tense form of each of the verbs shown in parentheses.

1. The motion picture industry _____________ (have) a huge influence on our culture for almost a century.
2. The first “talking picture” ________________ (be) *The Jazz Singer*, made in 1927.
3. *The Jazz Singer* _____________ (star) Al Jolson and _____________ (cost) $500,000.
4. Filmmakers ________________ (repeated) certain popular stories several times.
5. For example, over the years Hollywood _____________ (produce) three versions of *A Star is Born* and *King Kong*. 
Parallel Structure

Practice

**Parallel structure** is the use of similar grammatical forms or patterns to express similar ideas. Parallel constructions place equal ideas in words, phrases, or clauses of similar types. Nonparallel constructions present equal ideas in an unnecessary mix of grammatical forms, producing awkward, distracting shifts for readers.

**Parallel:** The students were talking of poetry, hauling books, and reading aloud.  
**Nonparallel:** The students were talking of poetry, hauling books, and they read aloud.

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A Underline the parallel structure in each sentence.

1. Eddie decided to wash his truck, to change the oil, and to repair the broken tail light.

2. Nicky knows how to plan, how to take notes, and how to list her sources.

3. Lydia decided not only to take a leave of absence but also to cut off all forms of communication.

4. The innkeepers offered them a cozy room, a map of local attractions, and a cup of tea.

5. The city can disturb some people with its crowds, its confusion, and its noise.

6. My uncle's ambition was to retire and to live a life of leisure.

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B Rewrite each sentence, changing nonparallel forms into parallel grammatical forms. If a sentence is correct, write Correct.

1. The mayoral candidate is intelligent, compassionate, and we can trust her.

Correct

2. Roxanne watched the landscapers mow the lawn, rake the leaves, and putting down grass seeds.

Correct

3. The chipmunk darted across the street, up the tree, and into a hidden alcove.

Correct

4. Gymnastics develops balance, poise, and it makes people have self-confidence.

Correct
Parallel Structure

Assess

A. Underline the parallel structure in each sentence.

1. The governor wishes to lower taxes, to improve education, and to fix roads.
2. The children were busy wrapping presents and tying ribbons.
3. Ronda typed her report, printed it out, and bound it.
4. Shouting and splashing, the youngsters frolicked in the ocean surf.
5. That short story had neither a credible plot nor effective characterization.
6. The goal of epic heroes is to accept a difficult challenge and to succeed on their quest.
7. The orchestra played a march, an overture, and a full-length symphony.
8. Tracy will purchase the ingredients, bake the cookies, and prepare the pies.
9. The cat moved around the room, explored under the furniture, and then jumped on the windowsill.

B. Rewrite each sentence to correct errors in parallel structure.

1. Eileen likes visiting her neighbors and to be involved in her community.

2. Mr. Hanlon loves to bake, to sew, and watching television.

3. Herb bought the car because it was stylish and that it was well priced.

4. The candidate endorsed the sale of state bonds, the establishment of a new state park, and to have the state cut property taxes.

5. Anna enjoys her job because of the opportunities it offers, the fringe benefits she receives, and she earns a good salary.
Grammar: Colons, Semicolons, Ellipsis Points

Practice

A colon (:) is used mainly to list items after an independent clause. A semicolon (;) is used to join independent clauses that are closely related or to separate items in a series that already contain several commas. Ellipsis points (…) usually indicate (1) words that have been left out of a quotation, (2) a series that continues beyond the items mentioned, or (3) action occurring or time passing in a narrative.

**Colon:** Jason likes three kinds of movies: action, adventure, and sci-fi.

**Semicolon:** Renee surfs; Paco swims; Rob water skis.

**Ellipsis points:** You know, you’ll need paper, pencils . . . the usual.
“i will be a star,” she thought, “someday . . .”

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**A** For each item, insert a colon and complete the sentence. For item 4, write an original sentence using a colon.

1. I want to visit these three cities _____________________________.
2. Here are two rules for bicycle safety _____________________________.
3. Pack these things for the hike _____________________________.
4. _____________________________

**B** For each item, insert semicolons where needed.

1. Caroline wants to visit Ashville Tim wants to visit Nashville.
2. We were in Oxford, Ohio, on May 2 Kent, Ohio, on May 4 and Lima, Ohio, on May 8.
3. Cleveland is on Lake Erie Chicago is on Lake Michigan Toronto is on Lake Ontario.

**C** For each item, insert ellipsis points where needed.

1. Cal wondered what would summer be like without Nina around?
2. The mayor said, “We will clean up the waterfront we will fix the streets.”
3. The beach was as we had expected: crowds heat greasy fries
Grammar: Colons, Semicolons, Ellipsis Points

Assess

A
For each item, insert a colon and complete the sentence. For items 4 and 5, write original sentences, correctly using a colon.

1. This cell phone comes in three colors ________________________________

2. I’ll give you one reason to see the movie ________________________________

3. We have band practice three days a week ________________________________

4. ________________________________

5. ________________________________

B
For each item, insert semicolons where needed. For items 4 and 5, write original sentences, correctly using semicolons.

1. Nadia sings soprano Lucy sings alto.

2. The band included Sami, who played bass Lynn, who played guitar and Jared, who played drums.

3. The first show was at 7:00 P.M. the second show was at 9:00 P.M. the third show was at 11:00 P.M.

4. ________________________________

5. ________________________________

C
For each item, insert ellipsis points where needed.

1. Jessie thought she had done the right thing but she couldn’t be sure

2. For sure, there would be cake and ice cream and favors and

3. Lincoln’s speech begins, “Four score and seven years ago”

4. Donald wondered what that ticking sound could be

5. “You you can’t blame me,” he stammered.
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