

Keystone LITERATURE

Supplemental Materials

Name: _____

Date: _____

ANSWER KEY

Before you begin:

- Go through the Keystone Literature vocabulary (it is at the end of this packet). Study the unfamiliar terms. Use it as a reference while you complete the practice questions.
- Remember to read the questions before reading the passages/poems.
- Try to decode the meaning of unfamiliar words as you read.
 - Sound out the word phonetically
 - Read the whole sentence out loud (read the one prior and the one after the sentence that includes the unknown vocabulary term).
 - Can you identify the root word?
 - Does it have a suffix or prefix (affix) that you recognize?
- Say the parts of the word that you know.
- Underline or highlight unfamiliar words and try to use context clues to figure out what they mean.

Directions: Read the following poem and then answer the questions that follow.

To A Daughter Leaving Home

by Linda Pastan

When I taught you
at eight to ride
a bicycle, loping along
beside you
as you wobbled away
on two round wheels,
my own mouth rounding
in surprise when you pulled
ahead down the curved
path of the park,
I kept waiting
for the thud
of your crash as I
sprinted to catch up,
while you grew
smaller, more breakable
with distance,
pumping, pumping
for your life, screaming
with laughter,
the hair flapping
behind you like a
handkerchief waving
goodbye.

1. Which word **best** describes the tone of the poem?
 - a. admiring
 - b. apprehensive
 - c. nostalgic**
 - d. tragic

2. Which statement best describes the main theme of the poem?
 - a. Parents are unable to let go of their children as they get older.
 - b. Parents have conflicting emotions about their children growing up.**
 - c. Bike riding is difficult and often dangerous.
 - d. Children need to be taught to ride bicycles at eight years old.

3. Read the following lines from the poem:

“the hair flapping
behind you like a
handkerchief waving
goodbye.”

These lines contain which of the following?

- a. irony
 - b. metaphor
 - c. personification**
 - d. simile**
4. Who is the speaker of the poem?
- a. a parent**
 - b. a child
 - c. a friend
 - d. a neighbor
5. Why does the author use repetition in the phrase, “pumping, pumping / for your life”?
- a. Repetition changes the tone of the poem.
 - b. Repetition emphasizes the effort required from the child.**
 - c. Repetition serves to take up necessary space.
 - d. Repetition creates a sense of fear in the child.

Constructed Response Question

6. From the poem, what can you infer about way the speaker feels about her daughter’s growing independence? Use specific evidence from the poem to support your analysis.

Directions: Read the text and study the table on the following pages, answer the multiple-choice questions, and write a response to question #17. You may use the margins to take notes as you read and scrap paper to plan your response.

Text:

Erin Elovecky loves to feel the warmth of the sun on her body. Growing up, she spent many summer days on Long Island Sound, cruising around in her parents' boat and soaking up rays. Elovecky admired her mother, who could quickly develop a rich, brown tan, thanks to her Lebanese heritage. But Elovecky took after the Irish side of the family, with fair skin and green eyes, and got burned by the sun more often than not.

Hoping to give her skin a year-round sun-kissed glow, Elovecky started visiting a tanning salon near her Southbury, Conn., home a few times a week in her early 20s. She went for a couple of years. "It made me feel like I didn't need to wear a lot of makeup, and I thought I looked so much healthier with a tan," she remembers.

Two years ago, at the age of 27, Elovecky noticed a small red spot at the edge of her eyebrow. It itched, and the skin kept peeling off. She didn't do anything about it until her hairdresser said, "You have to get that checked out right away." One very painful biopsy later, Elovecky got the bad news: She had basal cell skin cancer.

Cases like Elovecky's are becoming increasingly common. A recent study published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* found that the incidence of basal cell carcinoma (a slow-growing tumor of the basal cells at the bottom of the epidermis) among women under the age of 40 more than doubled between 1976 and 2003, to 31.6 per 100,000. The rate for men increased only slightly during that time. The study also found that both women and men showed significant increases in squamous cell cancer, which occurs in the middle layer of the epidermis. Like basal cell cancer, squamous cell cancer typically doesn't metastasize¹ and is rarely ever fatal. The reasons for the rise in skin cancer are clear, say doctors. "Either they're getting lots of chronic sun exposure because they're out all the time or using tanning beds, or it's these intense burns that they're getting," says Leslie Christenson, a dermatologic surgeon at the Mayo Clinic and one of the study's authors. Stepped-up screening for skin cancer and the thinning ozone layer, which allows more of the sun's ultraviolet rays in, may also play a role. The Indoor Tanning Association notes that the study didn't address whether the women tanned indoors or outdoors.

Basal cell carcinoma is the most common cancer in humans, with 800,000 new cases each year. Squamous cell cancer is the second most common skin cancer, with 200,000 new cases. Next in line is melanoma, a tumor that begins in the cells that produce the skin's pigment, which accounts for only about 100,000 new cases annually. But melanoma is much more lethal, killing 1 in 4 people who develop it. Ultraviolet radiation from the sun is a principal cause of all types of skin cancer, either from damaging sunburns or the cumulative effect of long-term exposure. Family history also plays a role, especially in melanoma. The typical sufferer used to be an older man who had either worked outdoors all his life or was an avid golfer or boat owner who spent long hours in the sun. But as the new study shows, that profile is changing.

Dermatologists who treat skin cancer aren't surprised. "A week doesn't go by that I don't see a woman in her 20s or early 30s with skin cancer," says David Leffell, a professor of dermatology and surgery at the Yale School of Medicine. And although basal cell and squamous cell cancers hardly ever kill, those who develop them are at higher risk for melanoma. Among 25-to-29-year-old women, melanoma is more common than any non-skin cancer, including breast and colon cancer.

When you're young, though, health concerns often take a back seat to more pressing worries, like having a tan for prom. That's how Erika Smith felt. Her grandmother died of melanoma, so Smith knew she was at higher risk for the disease, but that didn't stop her from sunbathing in the backyard of her family's home north of Seattle or going to the tanning parlor regularly. "I felt invincible," says Smith.

But then melanoma struck her family again. Her uncle's wife died of the disease last year at age 35, and Smith, then 19, was devastated. Because she wasn't a blood relative her risk didn't change, but her perspective did. She went to the dermatologist, who biopsied a mole on her calf that looked normal but for a tiny black speck on it. Diagnosis: melanoma, at a very early stage. Now she goes to the dermatologist every six months for a full-body skin exam and avoids the sun.

Leffell and other skin cancer experts believe tanning parlors are one of the major culprits in the rise of skin cancer among young women. A study published in the journal *Pediatrics* in 2002 found that 40 percent of 17- and 18-year-old girls reported visiting a tanning parlor in the past year (compared with just 11 percent of boys in the same age group). Twenty-three states now restrict minors' use of tanning beds in some way, according to the American Academy of Dermatology. Many states either require parental consent or restrict use to certain age groups...

Even though most sun worshipers no longer aim for the deep, nut-brown tan that was popular in the 1970s, it's still fashionable to get a "healthy" tan in the summer. But there is no such thing, say dermatologists. People tan when the melanin in their skin darkens to protect it from the sun's rays. "The fact that you're making a tan is a sign that you've had an injury to your skin," says John Carucci, director of Mohs micrographic and dermatologic surgery for Weill Medical College at Cornell University.

Self-tanners are a safe alternative for people who want a golden glow that doesn't depend on radiation. These products contain a colorless sugar that stains the skin's surface cells darker, although most do not offer any protection from the sun's rays. Self-tanners were the fastest-growing sun care product between 1999 and 2004, according to Euromonitor International, a market research company....

Since most skin cancers, even melanoma, are curable if caught soon enough, early detection is key. Check your own body for new or changing moles, lesions, or other spots on your skin once a month, and visit a dermatologist for a professional skin check annually. Any lesion that changes size, shape, or color, or that begins to itch, doesn't heal, bleeds intermittently, or becomes worse over the course of a month should be examined right away. Shonda Schilling, 38, who has had five melanoma surgeries since 2001 and who founded the Shade Foundation to educate people about skin cancer, says some of her skin lesions didn't look bad at all. "It doesn't have to look nasty to be skin cancer," says Schilling. "If you wait until it's as nasty looking as the pictures in books, it's probably going to kill you."

¹ metastize- to change form and spread

-- Michelle Andrews, excerpted from "Not So Sunny Spots" *U.S. News & World Report*, November 14, 2005

Table:

UV Index Sun Protection

UV (ultraviolet) rays can cause sunburns, eye cataracts, skin aging, and skin cancer. The higher the UV Index number, the stronger the sun's rays, and the greater the need to take precautions. The table below outlines the sun protection actions recommended at different levels of the UV Index.

UV Index	Description	Sun Protection Actions
0-2	Low	Minimal sun protection required for normal activity Wear sunglasses on bright days. If outside for more than one hour, cover up and use sunscreen Reflection off snow can nearly double UV strength. Wear sunglasses and apply sunscreen
3-5	Moderate	Take precautions - cover up, wear a hat, sunglasses and sunscreen especially if you will be outside for 30 minutes or more Look for shade near midday when the sun is strongest
6-7	High	Protection required - UV radiation damages the skin and can cause sunburn Reduce time in the sun between 11 a.m. and 4 p.m. and take full precautions - seek shade, cover up, wear a hat, sunglasses and sunscreen
8-10	Very High	Extra precautions required - unprotected skin will be damaged and can burn quickly Avoid the sun between 11 a.m. and 4 p.m. and take full precautions - seek shade, cover up, wear a hat, sunglasses and sunscreen
11+	Extreme	Values of 11 or more are very rare in Canada. However, the UV Index can reach 14 or more in the tropics and southern U.S. Take full precautions. Unprotected skin will be damaged and can burn in minutes. Avoid the sun between 11 a.m. and 4 p.m., cover up, wear a hat, sunglasses and sunscreen White sand and other bright surfaces reflect UV radiation and increase UV exposure

Source: (adapted) UV Index Program, Environment Canada, www.msc.ec.ca

7. According to the article, between 1976 and 2003 the population that experienced a large increase in cases of basal cell skin cancer was
 - a. **women under 40**
 - b. men under 40
 - c. women over 40
 - d. men over 40

8. The sun's rays have become more dangerous because of the
 - a. ineffective performance of modern sunscreens
 - b. rapid increase in ocean temperatures
 - c. unpredicted loss of cooling air currents
 - d. **continued depletion of the ozone layer**

9. A factor which contributes to an increased risk of people like Erika Smith developing skin cancer is
 - a. geographic location
 - b. population density
 - c. **family history**
 - d. education level

10. According to Erika Smith, she engaged in risky behavior following her grandmother's death because she felt
 - a. angry
 - b. **untouchable**
 - c. bewildered
 - d. sad

11. According to dermatologists, a tan that is labeled "healthy" (line 73) is actually
 - a. preventing cancers
 - b. blocking radiation
 - c. increasing burns
 - d. **damaging skin**

12. According to the article, market researchers have observed a rapid increase in the use of
 - a. sunscreens
 - b. tanning beds
 - c. **self-tanners**
 - d. sunglasses

13. According to the article, the cure rate for skin cancers is greatly increased by
 - a. early detection
 - b. modern medicine
 - c. health insurance
 - d. educational foundations

14. According to the table, besides the skin, ultraviolet rays can cause damage to
 - a. nerves
 - b. **eyes**
 - c. muscles
 - d. bones

15. According to the table, the strength of UV radiation can be greatly increased by
 - a. wind
 - b. rain
 - c. mud
 - d. **snow**

16. According to the table, when is UV radiation from the sun the strongest?
 - a. 9 a.m.
 - b. 10 a.m.
 - c. **12 p.m.**
 - d. 5 p.m.

Directions: Read the passages on the following pages (a poem and an excerpt from an autobiography). Answer the multiple-choice questions and then write the essay in question #28. You may use the margins to take notes as you read and scrap paper to plan your response.

Passage I:

The Trees are Gone

Rebecca Avenue has lost its trees:
the willow that would brush against my window,
and the spruce that cooled our porch out back,
the ginko I would rake in mid-October,
with its matted leaves like Oriental fans.
Even the beech has been cut down,
that iron pillar of my mother's garden,
with its trunk so smooth against one's cheek.

The dirt I dug in has been spread
with blacktop: tar and oil. They've rolled it
blithely over sidewalk slate
where cracks once splintered into island tufts.
Even leafy hills beyond the town
have been developed, as they like to say:
those tinsel woods where I would rinse myself
in drizzle, in the pinwheel fall.

You can stand all day here without knowing
that it once knew trees: green over green
but gamely turning violet at dusk,
then black to blue-vermillion in the dawn.
It's sentimental, but I miss those trees.
I'd like to slip back through the decades
into deep, lush days and lose myself again
in leaves like hands, wet thrash of leaves.

-- Jay Parini, from *The Art of Subtraction*, 2005, George Braziller, Inc.

Passage II:

The Serengetti Plains spread from Lake Nyaraza, in Tanganyika, northward beyond the lower boundaries of Kenya Colony. They are the great sanctuary of the Masai People and they harbour more wild game than any similar territory in all of East Africa. In the season of drought they are as dry and tawny¹ as the coats of the lion that prowl them, and during the rains they provide the benison² of soft grass to all the animals in a child's picture book.

They are endless and they are empty, but they are as warm with life as the waters of a tropic sea. They are webbed with the paths of eland³ and wildebeest and Thompson's gazelle and their hollows and valleys are trampled by thousands of zebra. I have seen a herd of buffalo invade the pastures under the occasional thorn tree groves and, now and then, the whimsically fashioned figure of a plodding rhino has moved along the horizon like a grey boulder come to life and adventure bound. There are no roads. There are no villages, no towns, no telegraph. There is nothing, as far as you can see, or walk, or ride, except grass and rocks and a few trees and the animals that live there....

From the open cockpit I could see straight ahead, or peer backward and down, past the silver wings. The Serengetti lay beneath me like a bowl whose edges were the ends of the earth. It was a bowl full of hot vapours that rose upward in visible waves and exerted physical pressure against the Avian, lifting her, as heat from a smouldering fire lifts a flake of ash....

About noon I reached Rothschild's Camp⁴ and circled over it. But there was no activity, no life -- not even the compact, slow-moving silhouette of a lion. There was nothing but the distinguishing formation of high, grey rocks piled against each other, jutting from the earth like the weather-worn ruins of a desert cathedral....

But, if there was no smoke to mark the site of a hearthstone or a camp, there were at least other signs of life, not human, but scarcely less welcome for that.

In a hundred places, as far as I could see and in all directions, little puffs of dust sprang suddenly into being, rolled across the plain and disappeared again. From the air they were like so many jinni⁵, each bursting from the confines of his fabulous and bewitched jar to rush off with the wind on the urgent accomplishment of a long-plotted evil deed, or maybe a good one.

But when the dust puffs cleared, I could see that small bands of animals were running this way and that, looking everywhere but upward, trying to escape the sound of the plane.

Between Magadi and Narok I watched a yellow cloud take shape beneath me and just ahead. The cloud clung close to the earth and grew as I approached it into a swaying billow that blunted the sunlight and obscured the grass and mimosa trees in its path.

Out of its farthest edge the forerunners of a huge herd of impala, wildebeest, and zebra plunged in flight before the shadow of my wings. I circled, throttled down and lost height until my propeller cut into the fringe of the dust, and particles of it burned in my nostrils.

As the herd moved it became a carpet of rust-brown and grey and dull red. It was not like a herd of cattle or of sheep, because it was wild, and it carried with it the stamp of wilderness and the freedom of a land still more a possession of Nature than of men. To see ten thousand animals untamed and not branded with the symbols of human commerce is like scaling an unconquered mountain for the first time, or like finding a forest without roads or footpaths, or the blemish of an axe. You know then what you had always been told -- that the world once lived and grew without adding machines and newsprint and brick-walled streets and the tyranny of

clocks.

In the forefront of the herd I could see impala leaping as they ran, and wildebeest flaunting their brittle horns, or flinging themselves on the ground with the abandon of mad dervishes. I do not know why they do this, but whether it is a faulty sense of balance or merely a shameless recourse to the melodramatic, the wildebeest, if frightened by a plane, will always react in the manner of the circus clown in his frantic attempts to escape the trained spotted dog around and around the sawdust arena....

¹tawny -- a warm sandy color

²benison -- a blessing

³eland -- an African antelope

⁴Rothschild's Camp -- a camping site for hunters

⁵jinni -- genie

--Beryl Markham, excerpted from *West with the Night*, 1942, The Riverside Press

18. The purpose of the poem's first line is to introduce
- an allegory
 - a setting**
 - an allusion
 - a symbol
19. In line 5, the leaf shape is described through the use of
- a metaphor
 - apostrophe
 - a simile**
 - onomatopoeia
20. The beginning of stanza two suggests that trees have been replaced by
- lawns
 - flowers
 - water
 - pavement**
21. The reference to "They've" in line 10 most probably refers to
- construction workers**
 - neighborhood children
 - street cleaners
 - town officials
22. The description in line 12 suggests an image of
- broken glass
 - children's games
 - growing grass**
 - lonely parks

23. In the first paragraph, the narrator reveals that the Serengeti Plains are dry, but also
- settled
 - abundant**
 - solid
 - windy
24. The phrase "all the animals in a child's picture book" (line 6) emphasizes that these African animals are
- familiar**
 - young
 - domesticated
 - miniature
25. As used in the passage, "the Avian" (line 19) refers to the narrator's location
- in a balloon
 - on a hilltop
 - in a plane**
 - on a roof
26. The appearance of "little puffs of dust" (lines 28 and 29) is the narrator's first glimpse of
- fleeing animals**
 - camping hunters
 - nesting birds
 - traveling nomads
27. According to the narrator, the charging animal that looks the most comical is the
- eland
 - zebra
 - impala
 - wildebeest**

Directions: In this part of the test, you are going to read an article called "The Youngest of Them All" and then you are going to read an article called "Helping Hand." You may look back at both articles as often as you like.

Passage 1:

The Youngest of Them All
by W. H. (Chip) Gross

Federal Migratory Bird Hunting and Conservation Stamps are commonly called "Duck Stamps." These pictorial stamps are produced by the U.S. Postal Service for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service; however, they are not valid for use as postage. Each waterfowl hunter is required to purchase a stamp and carry it along with a hunting license.

Do you like to draw or paint pictures of wildlife? Adam Grimm does - and he's been doing it since he was your age. Adam is the youngest person to ever win the Federal Duck Stamp Art Contest.

Adam won this famous wildlife art competition when he was just 21 years old. No cash prize is given to the winner, but Adam will make hundreds of thousands of dollars from the sale of copies of his painting.

Duck stamps help wildlife. All waterfowl hunters 16 years old and older must buy a duck stamp before going hunting. The money from the sale of duck stamps goes to the Migratory Bird Conservation Fund, used to purchase wetlands for the National Wildlife Refuge System.

Besides being a wildlife artist, Adam is an avid waterfowl hunter. He learned to hunt from his father. He says that hunting got him interested in painting wildlife. Adam lives in Elyria, Ohio, along the shores of Lake Erie. One of the five Great Lakes, Lake Erie provides Adam constant opportunities to observe waterfowl.

Adam has a natural art talent, but he has also had to work hard to achieve so much so early in life. "When our kids got into high school," Adam's father said, "we expected them to get summer jobs. Adam's two sisters found work outside the home; we told Adam he could stay home to paint and draw, but he'd have to work at it 40 hours a week, just like any other job."

Adam's choice to stay home and perfect his artwork paid off. In 1996, at age 18, he placed fourth in the federal Junior Duck Stamp Conservation and Design Contest.

One year later he was a semi-finalist in the Ohio Wetlands Habitat Stamp design competition. He followed that with a third place finish in the Ohio contest the next year and a second place finish the year after that, before winning the national contest.

So what would Adam Grimm like to do in the future? Paint wildlife, of course. "Nothing interests me like nature, the outdoors . . . every kind of wild animal intrigues me."

Adam believes that his detailed paintings increase people's awareness of wildlife. "It's odd how few people actually go outdoors to look at ducks and geese. But when you put those same ducks and geese in paintings - with all the details - people notice."

Passage 2:

Helping Hand *by James Daniels*

Michael Schuman didn't know much about Parkinson's disease two years ago. Now, his invention could help people all across the country.

Michael Schuman saw one of his favorite actors, Michael J. Fox, on television one night in May 2000.

Michael [Schuman] was shocked, not entertained. Instead of delivering a one-liner on the sitcom *Spin City*, Fox was telling the world that he has Parkinson's disease. Michael Schuman, 13 at the time, wondered, "What's Parkinson's disease?"

He later found out that more than one million people suffer from the neurological¹ disorder, which is most common in people older than 50. He learned that symptoms can include muscle stiffness and tremors² in the shoulders, arms and hands.

He learned that even the simplest task can be painful for people in the late stages of Parkinson's.

Michael Schuman wanted to help.

What Could He Do?

Michael's grandfather told him about a glove he'd tried to make once, to keep a bowler's wrist from twisting.

Michael gathered materials - elbow pads for skating, odd pieces of plastic and scraps of fabric - and invented what he called the Parkinson's Glove. His mom and grandmother sewed it together.

The Parkinson's Glove uses a top support bar and a wrist bar to reduce tremors in the arm. It supports the arm and wrist. But it's flexible, so the wearer can move his arm freely.

The Test

When it was finished, Michael and his family had to see if it would work. They visited Parkinson's support groups at local hospitals.

Michael says the patients were happy to try anything if it meant help with daily tasks.

Michael handed a woman one spoonful of water. She tried to raise it. Her hand trembled. Measuring what was left, Michael found that she had spilled 10 milliliters of water. Then, they helped her put on the glove, and Michael handed her another spoonful of water.

She lifted it slowly to her lips, lowered it, and handed it back.

This time, only two and a half milliliters were gone. All the patients tried. They spilled, on average, 63 percent less by using the glove, Michael says.

Working With the Expert

Michael recently filed a patent application with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Michael has been making prototypes³ of the glove and sending them to manufacturing companies, trying to make them available to more people.

"Seeing how well it worked, and how people reacted - how it can help people who are struggling with tremors in their everyday lives - made me determined to go on," Michael says.

Michael also has continued testing the glove for more than a year with Dr. Edward Davis, a neurologist from Fort Myers, Florida. Dr. Davis has studied Parkinson's and treated patients with the disorder.

"Michael shows humanity through his creativity," Dr. Davis says.

¹neurological: having to do with the nervous system

²tremors: shaking

³prototypes: original models

29. In the chart below, provide two examples of how Adam Grimm prepared himself to become a successful wildlife artist. Then describe how each example contributed to his success. Use details from the article to support your answer.

	How Adam Grimm prepared himself to become a successful wildlife artist	How it contributed to his success
1.		
2.		

30. Michael Schuman can be described as both determined and sympathetic. Circle the word you think best describes him in the article "Helping Hand."

determined

sympathetic

31. Explain your choice using details from the article.

32. Explain the purpose of the test Michael Schuman conducted at local hospitals with the Parkinson's Glove. Use details from the article "Helping Hand" to support your answer.

Directions: Read the following two passages (an excerpt from a novel and a poem). After you answer the multiple-choice questions, write the essay as described in question #44. You may use the margins to take notes as you read and scrap paper to plan your response.

Passage I:

...There is a reason Gogol doesn't want to go to kindergarten. His parents have told him that at school, instead of being called Gogol, he will be called by a new name, a good name, which his parents have finally decided on, just in time for him to begin his formal education. The name, Nikhil, is artfully connected to the old. Not only is it a perfectly respectable Bengali good name, meaning "he who is entire, encompassing all," but it also bears a satisfying resemblance to Nikolai, the first name of the Russian Gogol.¹ Ashoke² had thought of it recently, staring mindlessly at the Gogol spines³ in the library, and he had rushed back to the house to ask Ashima⁴ her opinion. He pointed out that it was relatively easy to pronounce, though there was the danger that Americans, obsessed with abbreviation, would truncate it to Nick. She told him she liked it well enough, though later, alone, she'd wept, thinking of her grandmother, who had died earlier in the year, and of the letter, forever hovering somewhere between India and America, containing the good name she'd chosen for Gogol. Ashima still dreams of the letter at times, discovering it after all these years in the mailbox on Pemberton Road, opening it up only to find it blank.

But Gogol doesn't want a new name. He can't understand why he has to answer to anything else. "Why do I have to have a new name?" he asks his parents, tears springing to his eyes. It would be one thing if his parents were to call him Nikhil, too. But they tell him that the new name will be used only by the teachers and children at school. He is afraid to be Nikhil, someone he doesn't know. Who doesn't know him. His parents tell him that they each have two names, too, as do all their Bengali friends in America, and all their relatives in Calcutta. It's a part of growing up, they tell him, part of being a Bengali. They write it for him on a sheet of paper, ask him to copy it over ten times. "Don't worry," his father says. "To me and your mother, you will never be anyone but Gogol."

At school, Ashoke and Gogol are greeted by the secretary, Mrs. McNab, who asks Ashoke to fill out a registration form. He provides a copy of Gogol's birth certificate and immunization record, which Mrs. McNab puts in a folder along with the registration. "This way," Mrs. McNab says, leading them to the principal's office. CANDACE LAPIDUS, the name on the door says. Mrs. Lapidus assures Ashoke that missing the first week of kindergarten is not a problem, that things have yet to settle down. Mrs. Lapidus is a tall, slender woman with short white-blond hair. She wears frosted blue eye shadow and a lemon yellow suit. She shakes Ashoke's hand and tells him that there are two other Indian children at the school, Jayadev Modi in the third grade and Rekha Saxena in fifth. Perhaps the Gangulis know them? Ashoke tells Mrs. Lapidus that they do not. She looks at the registration form and smiles kindly at the boy, who is clutching his father's hand. Gogol is dressed in powder blue pants, red and white canvas sneakers, a striped turtleneck top.

"Welcome to elementary school, Nikhil. I am your principal, Mrs. Lapidus."

Gogol looks down at his sneakers. The way the principal pronounces his new name is different from the way his parents say it, the second part of it longer, sounding like "heel."

She bends down so that her face is level with his, and extends a hand to his shoulder. "Can you tell me how old you are, Nikhil?"

When the question is repeated and there is still no response, Mrs. Lapidus asks, "Mr. Ganguli, does Nikhil follow English?"

"Of course he follows," Ashoke says. "My son is perfectly bilingual."

In order to prove that Gogol knows English, Ashoke does something he has never done before, and addresses his son in careful, accented English. “Go on, Gogol,” he says, patting him on the head. “Tell Mrs. Lapidus how old you are.”

“What was that?” Mrs. Lapidus says.

“I beg your pardon, madam?”

“That name you called him. Something with a G.”

“Oh that, that is what we call him at home only. But his good name should be—is”—he nods his head firmly—
“Nikhil.”

Mrs. Lapidus frowns. “I’m afraid I don’t understand. Good name?”

“Yes.”

Mrs. Lapidus studies the registration form. She has not had to go through this confusion with the other two Indian children. She opens up the folder and examines the immunization record, the birth certificate. “There seems to be some confusion, Mr. Ganguli,” she says. “According to these documents, your son’s legal name is Gogol.”

“That is correct. But please allow me to explain —”

“That you want us to call him Nikhil.”

“That is correct.”

Mrs. Lapidus nods. “The reason being?”

“That is our wish.”

“I’m not sure I follow you, Mr. Ganguli. Do you mean that Nikhil is a middle name? Or a nickname? Many of the children go by nicknames here. On this form there is a space—”

“No, no, it’s not a middle name,” Ashoke says. He is beginning to lose patience. “He has no middle name. No nickname. The boy’s good name, his school name, is Nikhil.”

Mrs. Lapidus presses her lips together and smiles. “But clearly he doesn’t respond.”

“Please, Mrs. Lapidus,” Ashoke says. “It is very common for a child to be confused at first. Please give it some time. I assure you he will grow accustomed.”

He bends down and this time in Bengali, calmly and quietly, asks Gogol to please answer when Mrs. Lapidus asks a question. “Don’t be scared, Gogol,” he says, raising his son’s chin with his finger. “You’re a big boy now. No tears.”

Though Mrs. Lapidus does not understand a word, she listens carefully, hears that name again. Gogol. Lightly, in pencil, she writes it down on the registration form.

Ashoke hands over the lunch box, a windbreaker in case it gets cold. He thanks Mrs. Lapidus. “Be good, Nikhil,”

he says in English. And then, after a moment's hesitation, he is gone.

When they are alone, Mrs. Lapidus asks, "Are you happy to be entering elementary school, Gogol?"

"My parents want me to have another name in school."

"And what about you, Gogol? Do you want to be called by another name?"

After a pause, he shakes his head.

"Is that a no?"

He nods. "Yes."

"Then it's settled. Can you write your name on this piece of paper?"

Gogol picks up a pencil, grips it tightly, and forms the letters of the only word he has learned thus far to write from memory, getting the "L" backward due to nerves. "What beautiful penmanship you have," Mrs. Lapidus says. She tears up the old registration form and asks Mrs. McNab to type up a new one. Then she takes Gogol by the hand, down a carpeted hallway with painted cement walls. She opens a door, and Gogol is introduced to his teacher, Miss Watkins, a woman with hair in two braids, wearing overalls and clogs. Inside the classroom it's a small universe of nicknames—Andrew is Andy, Alexandra Sandy, William Billy, Elizabeth Lizzy. It is nothing like the schooling Gogol's parents have known, fountain pens and polished black shoes and notebooks and good names and sir or madam at a tender age. Here the only official ritual is pledging allegiance first thing in the morning to the American flag. For the rest of the day, they sit at a communal round table, drinking punch and eating cookies, taking naps on little orange cushions on the floor. At the end of his first day he is sent home with a letter to his parents from Mrs. Lapidus, folded and stapled to a string around his neck, explaining that due to their son's preference he will be known as Gogol at school. What about the parents' preference? Ashima and Ashoke wonder shaking their heads. But since neither of them feels comfortable pressing the issue, they have no choice but to give in....

— Jhumpa Lahiri, excerpted from *The Namesake*, 2003, Houghton Mifflin Company

¹Gogol — Nikolai Gogol, Russian author for whom the boy Gogol is named

²Ashoke — the boy's father

³spines — backbones of books

⁴Ashima — the boy's mother

Passage II

So I said I am Ezra
and the wind whipped my throat
gaming¹ for the sounds of my voice
I listened to the wind
go over my head and up into the night
Turning to the sea I said
I am Ezra
but there were no echoes from the waves
The words were swallowed up
in the voice of the surf
or leaping over the swells
lost themselves oceanward
Over the bleached and broken fields
I moved my feet and turning from the wind
that ripped sheets of sand
from the beach and threw them
like seamists² across the dunes
swayed as if the wind were taking me away
and said
I am Ezra
As a word too much repeated
falls out of being
so I Ezra went out into the night
like a drift of sand
and splashed among the windy oats
that clutch the dunes
of unremembered seas

— A. R. Ammons, from *Ommateum*, 1955, Dorrance & Company

¹gaming — gambling

²seamists — sea mists

34. It is implied that Gogol's parents are giving him a "new name, a good name" (line 3) because of a
- political policy
 - legal necessity
 - cultural tradition**
 - religious belief
35. Gogol's parents are concerned that Americans would "truncate" (line 11) their son's name by
- shortening it to a nickname**
 - spelling it to look American
 - refusing to use it
 - ignoring its Indian pronunciation

36. By changing his name, Gogol feels he is losing his sense of
- family
 - friends
 - heritage
 - self**
37. Ashoke's reaction to Mrs. Lapidus' questions concerning his son shows that Ashoke is
- dependent on his wife's advice
 - proud and determined to uphold customs**
 - uncomfortable with his son's school
 - concerned and worried about Gogol's abilities
38. When Gogol says that he does not want to be called another name, Mrs. Lapidus' response suggests her
- impatience with paperwork
 - desire to make students comfortable**
 - need to exercise control
 - concern for the school's image
39. In the final paragraph, the narrator implies that Gogol's school life will be
- delayed by official paperwork
 - dependent on parental choices
 - different from that of his parents**
 - difficult for him to accept
40. The poet repeats the phrase "I am Ezra" to emphasize the speaker's desire
- to rebel
 - to play
 - for knowledge
 - for recognition**
41. The sea's response to the poet's words (lines 9 through 12) is presented through the use of
- personification**
 - irony
 - onomatopoeia
 - allusion
42. Although the speaker is ignored by the wind, the sea, and the fields, he still retains his
- individuality**
 - naturalness
 - foolishness
 - reluctance
43. Ezra's reaction to his situation is similar to that of Gogol's in that each has been
- raised to respect authority
 - forced into a new reality**
 - embraced by friends and relatives
 - pleased to leave the past behind

Directions: Read the following two passages (an excerpt from an autobiography and an excerpt from a novel). After you answer the multiple-choice questions, write the essay as described in question #55. You may use the margins to take notes as you read and scrap paper to plan your response.

Passage I:

When I left home for college, I sought to escape the provincial¹ world of farmers, small towns, and country life. I longed for the excitement of the city, for the intensity that rural life lacked, for adventure beyond the horizon. I dreamed of exploring the city, living within a new culture and landscape, becoming part of the pulse of an urban jungle.

Yet some of my best times were driving home, leaving the city behind and slipping back into the valley. As city life faded and traffic thinned, I could see the faces of the other drivers relax. Then, around a bend in the highway, the rangelands of the valley would materialize, revealing a horizon of gentle rolling mounds. The land seemed eternal and permanent. I felt as if I had stepped back in time.

I took comfort in the stability of the valley. Driving through small farm communities, I imagined the founding families still rooted in their stately homes, generations working the same lands, neighbors remaining neighbors for generations. Small farms dominated the vista. I allowed familiar barn and farmhouse landmarks to guide me.

Close to home, I often turned off the main highway and took different routes, reacquainting myself with farms and testing my memory. Friends lived in those houses. I had eaten meals and spent time there; I had worked on some of these farms, lending a hand during a peak harvest, helping a family friend for a day or two. The houses and lands looked the same, and I could picture the gentle faces and hear familiar voices as if little had been altered. As I eased into our driveway I'd revert to old ways, becoming a son once again, a child on the family farm.

My feelings were honest and real. But my eyes deceived me, tainted by my longing for a touchstone—a land where life stood still and my memories could be relived. When I left the farm for college, I could only return as a visitor to the valley, a traveler looking for home.

Now the farm is once again my true home. I live in that farmhouse and work the eternal lands. My world may seem unchanged to casual observers, but they are wrong. I now know this: if there's a constant on these farms, it's the constant of change.

The keen observer will recognize the differences. A farmer replants an orchard with a new variety of peaches. Drip irrigation is added to a block of old grapes, so I imagine the vineyard has a new owner—perhaps a younger farmer with many more years ahead to recover the costs—or the farm is now part of a larger operation with capital reserves to finance the improvement. Occasionally the changes are clearly evident, like a FOR SALE sign. But I need to read the small print in order to discern if the seller is a bank that foreclosed on the farmer. Most of the changes contain two stories. One is the physical alteration of the farm, the other involves the people on that land, the human story behind the change.

I've been back on the farm for a decade and still haven't heard all the stories behind the changes around me. But once I add my stories to the landscape, I can call this place my home, a home that continues to evolve and change as I add more and more of my stories.

A poet returns to the valley and proclaims, "How closed-minded you all are." He comments about the lack of interest in the arts, in social and environmental issues, in the poverty and inequality of our life. "Little has

changed in the valley."

He was born and raised here, which supposedly grants him license to criticize and lecture us. Yet he speaks for many who think they know the valley.

How differently would others think of us if they knew the stories of a raisin harvest in a wet year or a peach without a home?...

-David Mas Masumoto, excerpted from *Epitaph for a Peach*, 1995, HarperSanFrancisco

¹provincial - restricted in interest or outlook

Passage II:

We went there every year for our summer holidays. I do not suppose, now, that it was a very large house, but it seemed enormous then. I had a nursery on the top floor and every morning I woke up there, except for the day or two before the horrid end of the holidays, seemed a renewal of happiness. In my memory the sun always shone at Blithbury though I do not think there was really anything especially remarkable about the climate in Staffordshire in the 1920s.

My parents lived in the South of France for most of the year. It was their home, but for me home was not on the Riviera but at Blithbury. When I went there twice a year on leave from school, I would be looked after by my redoubtable¹ aunt, who lived there all the time and was the merriest of spinsters². When the car collecting me from the station turned the corner into the little park and I saw the house in the distance I would feel I was back where I belonged.

I remember the house with almost painful clarity. I am sure it was Blithbury that gave me the feeling for beauty which for me is one of the most important values in the world. Everything there was calculated to please, from the panelled hall with its portraits of our rather brief lineage supplemented by a few eighteenth-century ladies and gentlemen who came with the house, to the narrow, creaking housemaids' corridor, scrubbed by generations of Staffordshire lasses. My aunt kept the house in impeccable order, and it was filled with a sense of cleanliness and care. It had a smell of beeswax, and soap, and roses, and old leather, at least I suppose those were the ingredients. I have hardly found that smell anywhere else and nowadays it probably scarcely exists.

The library was my favourite room. It had been added to an older house in the late eighteenth century, by James Wyatt³ we liked to think. It retained its original bookcases and a marble chimneypiece with rams' heads in the corners, and everything in the room, the curtains, the carpets, the backs of the books, seemed to have faded to the same soft honey colour. It had a large table for a dozen readers, but there were seldom any readers there apart from me. Even on the brightest days, when sun and sports beckoned, I found myself drawn to the library, wanting to read everything in the world, impelled by the pleasures and dangers and excitements awaiting me between the covers of books. It became known as my room, and when I was needed someone always looked for me in the library. The garden I loved almost as much. The house stood on a little hill, with hanging woods (on a modest scale) beneath it. Stretching to the south was a series of lakes, connected by streams with little bridges over them. Huge elms overhung the lakes, and in summer when one rowed or punted around, one seemed to be in an enchanted landscape, shaded by great trees, with lapping water all around one and in the distance the prospect of smiling countryside where nonetheless giants might lurk. During those afternoons, the lakes would be almost silent, with only the wood pigeons to disturb the stillness.

Recently, the house was destroyed. Nobody wants to live now in a place devoted to beauty, and elegance, and peace. They prefer to live in bungalows⁴ along the arterial road. And with the house my childhood disappeared, too.

-Giles Waterfield
excerpted from *The Long Afternoon*, 2000, Review

¹redoubtable — inspiring reverence

²spinster — an unmarried woman

³James Wyatt — a famous eighteenth-century architect

⁴bungalow — a one-story cottage

45. The narrator originally views his move to college as a benefit because he can
- earn more money
 - have new experiences**
 - meet some celebrities
 - make many friends
46. In lines 22 and 23, the narrator's return to the family brings about a change in his
- self-image**
 - personal finances
 - time schedule
 - well-being
47. In lines 30 and 31, the nature of change on farms is emphasized through the use of
- personification
 - simile
 - irony**
 - hyperbole
48. In lines 33 through 36, the narrator implies that decisions about farms are primarily driven by
- economics**
 - education
 - weather
 - legislation
49. The narrator believes that the poet's criticism of the valley is based on the poet's
- environmental activity
 - prejudiced acquaintances
 - difficult childhood
 - limited viewpoint**
50. The narrator is telling the story of Blithbury Hall from the perspective of
- an owner
 - an adult**
 - a developer
 - a judge

51. Where does the narrator believe that his appreciation of beauty was developed?
- a. **in his aunt's mansion**
 - b. at a French villa
 - c. at his boarding school
 - d. in a local bungalow
52. The narrator reinforces the idea of "cleanliness and care" (line 20) through his use of
- a. situational irony
 - b. direct quotation
 - c. **sensory imagery**
 - d. extended metaphor
53. In line 40, the word "giants" seems to suggest a
- a. sailor's warning
 - b. future problem
 - c. **child's imagination**
 - d. modern achievement
54. According to the narrator, Blithbury Hall was destroyed because of
- a. financial problems
 - b. natural disasters
 - c. ongoing wars
 - d. **current attitudes**

Directions: Read the following two passages (a fable and an excerpt from an autobiography). After you answer the multiple-choice questions, write the essay as described in question #66. You may use the margins to take notes as you read and scrap paper to plan your response.

Passage I:

A man ambushed a stone. Caught it. Made it a prisoner. Put it in a dark room and stood guard over it for the rest of his life.

His mother asked why.

He said, because it's held captive, because it is the captured.

Look, the stone is asleep, she said, it does not know whether it's in a garden or not. Eternity and the stone are mother and daughter; it is you who are getting old. The stone is only sleeping.

But I caught it, mother, it is mine by conquest, he said.

A stone is nobody's, not even its own. It is you who are conquered; you are minding the prisoner, which is yourself, because you are afraid to go out, she said.

Yes, yes, I am afraid, because you have never loved me, he said.

Which is true, because you have always been to me as the stone is to you, she said.

— Russell Edson, from *A Stone is Nobody's*, 1961, Thing Press

Passage II:

...Once, when I was the only child at home, my mother went to Danang¹ to visit Uncle Nhu, and my father had to take care of me. I woke up from my nap in the empty house and cried for my mother. My father came in from the yard and reassured me, but I was still cranky and continued crying. Finally, he gave me a rice cookie to shut me up. Needless to say, this was a tactic my mother never used.

The next afternoon I woke up and although I was not feeling cranky, I thought a rice cookie might be nice. I cried a fake cry and my father came running in.

“What's this?” he asked, making a worried face. “Little Bay Ly doesn't want a cookie?”

I was confused again.

“Look under your pillow,” he said with a smile.

I twisted around and saw that, while I was sleeping, he had placed a rice cookie under my pillow. We both laughed and he picked me up like a sack of rice and carried me outside while I gobbled the cookie.

In the yard, he plunked me down under a tree and told me some stories. After that, he got some scraps of wood and showed me how to make things: a doorstep for my mother and a toy duck for me. This was unheard of—a father

doing these things with a child that was not a son! Where my mother would instruct me on cooking and cleaning and tell stories about brides, my father showed me the mystery of hammers and explained the customs of our people.

His knowledge of the Vietnamese went back to the Chinese Wars in ancient times. I learned how one of my distant ancestors, a woman named Phung Thi Chinh, led Vietnamese fighters against the Han². In one battle, even though she was pregnant and surrounded by Chinese, she delivered the baby, tied it to her back, and cut her way to safety wielding a sword in each hand. I was amazed at this warrior's bravery and impressed that I was her descendant. Even more, I was amazed and impressed by my father's pride in her accomplishments (she was, after all, a humble female) and his belief that I was worthy of her example. "*Con phai theo got chan co ta*" (Follow in her footsteps), he said. Only later would I learn what he truly meant.

Never again did I cry after my nap. Phung Thi women were too strong for that. Besides, I was my father's daughter and we had many things to do together. On the eve of my mother's return, my father cooked a feast of roast duck. When we sat down to eat it, I felt guilty and my feelings showed on my face. He asked why I acted so sad.

"You've killed one of mother's ducks," I said. "One of the fat kind she sells at the market. She says the money buys gold which she saves for her daughters' weddings. Without gold for a dowry—*con o gia*—I will be an old maid!"

My father looked suitably concerned, then brightened and said, "Well, Bay Ly, if you can't get married, you will just have to live at home forever with me!"

I clapped my hands at the happy prospect.

My father cut into the rich, juicy bird and said, "Even so, we won't tell your mother about the duck, okay?"

I giggled and swore myself to secrecy.

The next day, I took some water out to him in the fields. My mother was due home any time and I used every opportunity to step outside and watch for her. My father stopped working, drank gratefully, then took my hand and led me to the top of a nearby hill. It had a good view of the village and the land beyond it, almost to the ocean. I thought he was going to show me my mother coming back, but he had something else in mind.

He said, "Bay Ly, you see all this here? This is the Vietnam we have been talking about. You understand that a country is more than a lot of dirt, rivers, and forests, don't you?"

I said, "Yes, I understand." After all, we had learned in school that one's country is as sacred as a father's grave.

"Good. You know, some of these lands are battlefields where your brothers and cousins are fighting. They may never come back. Even your sisters have all left home in search of a better life. You are the only one left in my house. If the enemy comes back, you must be both a daughter and a son. I told you how the Chinese used to rule our land. People in this village had to risk their lives diving in the ocean just to find pearls for the Chinese emperor's gown. They had to risk tigers and snakes in the jungle just to find herbs for his table. Their payment for this hardship was a bowl of rice and another day of life. That is why Le Loi, Gia Long, the Trung Sisters, and Phung Thi Chinh fought so hard to expel the Chinese. When the French came, it was the same old story. Your mother and I were taken to Danang to build a runway for their airplanes. We labored from sunup to sundown and well after dark. If we stopped to rest or have a smoke, a Moroccan would come up and whip our behinds. Our reward was a bowl of rice and another day of life. Freedom is never a gift, Bay Ly. It must be won and won again. Do you understand?"

I said that I did.

“Good.” He moved his finger from the patchwork of brown dikes, silver water, and rippling stalks to our house at the edge of the village. “This land here belongs to me. Do you know how I got it?”

I thought a moment, trying to remember my mother’s stories, then said honestly, “I can’t remember.”

He squeezed me lovingly. “I got it from your mother.”

“What? That can’t be true!” I said. Everyone in the family knew my mother was poor and my father’s family was wealthy. Her parents were dead and she had to work like a slave for her mother-in-law to prove herself worthy. Such women don’t have land to give away!

“It’s true.” My father’s smile widened. “When I was a young man, my parents needed someone to look after their lands. They had to be very careful about who they chose as wives for their three sons. In the village, your mother had a reputation as the hardest worker of all. She raised herself and her brothers without parents. At the same time, I noticed a beautiful woman working in the fields. When my mother said she was going to talk to the matchmaker about this hard-working village girl she’d heard about, my heart sank. I was too attracted to this mysterious tall woman I had seen in the rice paddies. You can imagine my surprise when I found out the girl my mother heard about and the woman I admired were the same.

“Well, we were married and my mother tested your mother severely. She not only had to cook and clean and know everything about children, but she had to be able to manage several farms and know when and how to take the extra produce to the market. Of course, she was testing her other daughters-in-law as well. When my parents died, they divided their several farms among their sons, but you know what? They gave your mother and me the biggest share because they knew we would take care of it best. That’s why I say the land came from her, because it did.”

I suddenly missed my mother very much and looked down the road to the south, hoping to see her. My father noticed my sad expression.

“Hey.” He poked me in the ribs. “Are you getting hungry for lunch?”...

— Le Ly Hayslip with Jay Wurts, excerpted from *When Heaven and Earth Changed Places*, 1989, Doubleday

¹Danang — seaport in central Vietnam

²Han — Chinese Dynasty

56. According to the mother, when one takes a prisoner, one becomes

- a. cruel
- b. **captive**
- c. safe
- d. heroic

57. Line 8 reveals that the adult son thinks of himself as a

- a. **victor**
- b. destroyer
- c. fool
- d. fugitive

58. In lines 11 through 13 the mother and the adult son are disagreeing over
- jealousy
 - debt
 - punishment
 - control**
59. The fable is primarily developed through the use of
- dialogue**
 - allusion
 - suspense
 - description
60. The incidents involving the rice cookies suggest the father's
- thriftiness
 - industry
 - thoughtfulness**
 - daring
61. The father's interactions with Bay Ly reveal his disregard for
- technological farming
 - historical fiction
 - international relations
 - gender roles**
62. Which words suggest that the story of Phung Thi Chinh influenced the narrator?
- "I was her descendant" (line 28)
 - "Never again did I cry after my nap" (line 33)**
 - "I was my father's daughter" (line 34)
 - "I took some water out to him" (line 47)
63. The lesson taught in school "that one's country is as sacred as a father's grave" (lines 56 and 57) relates to
- theology
 - economics
 - literature
 - patriotism**
64. In calling "a bowl of rice and another day of life" (lines 65 and 70 and 71) both payment and reward, the father is emphasizing the
- continuing struggle of the people**
 - generous benefits of governments
 - limited capacity of the land
 - appropriate gratitude of farmers
65. What characteristic was most important in the arranged marriage of Bay Ly's parents?
- their personal happiness
 - their political connections
 - her hard work**
 - his social status

