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

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

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

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The materials that follow are divided into text complexity grade bands as defined by the Standards: K–1, 2–3, 4–5, 6–8, 9–10, and 11–CCR. Each band's exemplars are divided into text types matching those required in the Standards for a given grade. K–5 exemplars are separated into stories, poetry, and informational texts (as well as read-aloud texts in kindergarten through grade 3). The 6–CCR exemplars are divided into English language arts (ELA), history/social studies, and science, mathematics, and technical subjects, with the ELA texts further subdivided into stories, drama, poetry, and informational texts. (The history/social studies history

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K–1 Text Exemplars

. *Little Bear.* , 1957. (1957)

“Mother Bear, Mother Bear, Where are you?” calls Little Bear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Next, Cat comes in.

“Happy Birthday, Little Bear,” he says.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mother Bear comes in with a big cake.

“Now, look,” says Cat.

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

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

. . ***Are You My Mother?* : , 1960. (1960)**

A mother bird sat on her egg.

The egg jumped.

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

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

So away she went.

F A E O M MO HE P. D. E , 0 P. D. E . C M L. E .

. ***Green Eggs and Ham*. : , 1960. (1960)

. ***Put Me in the Zoo*. : , 1960. (1960)

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

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

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

F P ME IN HE OO L 0, L . A -

. ***A Boy, a Dog and a Frog*. : , 2003. (1967)

This is a wordless book appropriate for kindergarten.

, A . ***Frog and Toad Together*. : , 1971. (1971)

Frog was in his garden. Toad came walking by.

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

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

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

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

"How soon?" asked Toad.

"Quite soon," said Frog.

Toad ran home. He planted the flower seeds.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All the next day Toad sang songs to his seeds.

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

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

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

Then Toad felt very tired and he fell asleep.

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

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

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

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

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

, A . *Owl at Home*. : , 1975. (1975)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

. *Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*. , 1986. (1919)

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

, A. A. . *When We Were Very Young*. , 1988. (1924)

. *Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*. , 1986. (1957)

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

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

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

F A A M C , E.P. D . C M C , E H .

. *The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes*. , 1994. (1958)

? *Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*. , 1986. (1961)

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

I'd go!

COP IGH B JOHN CIA DI. H C P .

. *Winter Poems*. , 1994. (1973)

. *Honey, I Love, and Other Love Poems*. , 1978. (1978)

. *The 20th Century Children's Poetry Treasury*. , 1999. (1980)

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

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

[illegible]. *Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*. [illegible], 1986. (1985)

[illegible], A[illegible]. *Song and Dance*. [illegible] & [illegible], 1997. (1993)

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

A[illegible]. *Orangutan Tongs*. [illegible], 2009. (2009)

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

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

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

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

A . *Mr. Popper's Penguins.* , 1988. (1938)
1:

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

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

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

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

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

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

. *Finn Family Moomintroll.* , 1990. (1948)

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

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

"The snow has come!"

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

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

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

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

. *A Story, A Story.* : A , 1970. (1970)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The weeks passed. And the months.

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

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

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

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

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

E COP IGH B MOLL BANG. ED I H PE MI ION OF G EEN ILLO BOOK .

. ***Lon Po Po: A Red-Riding Hood Story from China.*** **, 1989. (1989)**

“Po Po,” Shang shouted, but there was no answer.

“Po Po,” Tao shouted, but there was no answer.

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

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

C E M & O .

. ***Family Pictures***

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

"E" Papá Grande began. "Once upon a time…on a windy night a man was riding a horse through a forest. The wind was howling, whooooooooo, and the leaves were blowing, whish, whish…

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

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

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

Tomás smiled and said, "A thorny tree."

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

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

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

. *Kitten's First Full Moon.* : , 2004. (2004)

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

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

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

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

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

But Kitten only tumbled—

bmbled—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[...]

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

Roots hold the trunk in the ground. Roots keep the tree from falling when the wind blows. Roots keep the rain from washing the tree out of the As hold t3oldl5ng the5A8e5 o(ash 3helr)g)e)s. Thuaw litc)03ee froun0Th03ate(e5ld the a6me of a2e ar)g)e)0To

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

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

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

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

But each sense is very importan,TBwlAcy -Quse iv qofe.

e isfB,Smelwl
bce aaaBhere isfB,Basbce

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

. ***Water, Water Everywhere..*** , **1994. (1994)**

. ***Earthworms.*** , **2002. (2002)**

. ***What Do You Do With a Tail Like This?*** : , **2003. (2003)**

What do you do with a nose like this?
If you're a platypus, you use your nose to dig in the mud.
If you're a hyena, you find your next meal with your nose.
If you're an elephant, you use your nose to give yourself a bath.
If you're a mole, you use your nose to find your way underground.
If you're an alligator, you breathe through your nose while hiding in the water.
What do you do with ears like these?
If you're a jackrabbit, you use your ears to keep cool.
If you're a bat you "see" with your ears.
If you're a cricket, you hear with ears that are on your knees.
If you're a humpback whale, you hear sounds hundreds of miles away.
If you're a hippopotamus, you close your ears when you're under water.
What do you do with a tail like this?
If you're a giraffe, you brush off pesky flies with your tail.
If you're a skunk, you lift your tail to warn that a stinky spray is on the way.
If you're a lizard, you break off your tail to get away.
If you're a scorpion, your tail can give a nasty sting.
If you're a monkey, you hang from a tree by your tail.
What do you do with eyes like these?
If you're a mole, you get around underground.
If you're a hippopotamus, you see above the water.
If you're a giraffe, you see danger from far away.
If you're a chameleon, you look in all directions.
If you're a crocodile, you see a meal in the water.
If you're a monkey, you see your family in the trees.
What do you do with a nose like this?
If you're a platypus, you use your nose to dig in the mud.
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[illegible]. *How People Learned to Fly*. [illegible]: [illegible], 2007. (2007)

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

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

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

They watched birds and bats soar.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The engine is the answer!

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

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

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

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

[illegible]

[illegible]
(00)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I know that," he said.

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

"I had hair," said Caleb seriously.

"Not enough to talk about," I said.

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

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

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

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

"And I was," Caleb finished.

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

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

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

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

. *Henry and Mudge: The First Book of Their Adventures.* : A , 1996. (1987)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Poppleton called his friend Hudson.

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

“Sorry,” said Hudson, “I’m baking a cake.”

Poppleton called his friend Fillmore.

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

“Sorry,” said Fillmore. “I’m stirring some fudge.”

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

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

“SURPRISE!”

There stood all of Poppleton’s friends! With cookies and cake and fudge and presents! “HAPPY BIRTHDAY, POPPLE-TON!”

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

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

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

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

F , POPPLE ON IN IN E C ⁿ(ⁿ(, (ⁿ ./B P . C , ◢(00 C ⁿ(ⁿ(ⁿ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Odysseus men cowered in fear.

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

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

. *Cowgirl Kate and Cocoa.* , 2005. (2005)
1: A.

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

and homemade ice-cream
at the church picnic

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

. *Sing a Song of Popcorn: Every Child's Book of Poems*. , 1988. (1969)

. *The 20th Century Children's Poetry Treasury*. , 1999. (1995)

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

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

E H M H P C . A CAN O FAMILIA G C G P

-A

. *Just So Stories*. : , 2008. (1902)

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

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

. *Charlotte's Web*. , 2001. (1952)
1:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

. *The Cricket in Times Square*. , 1960. (1960)

Tucker Mouse had been watching the Bellinis and listening to what they said. Next to scrounging, eaves-dropping on human beings was what he enjoyed most. That was one ffy

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

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

Ax

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

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

And in twenty years they all came back,—
In twenty years or more;
And every one said, “How tall they’ve grown!
For they’ve been to the Lakes, and the Torrible Zone,

[illegible] *Words with Wings: A Treasury of African-American Poetry and Art*. [illegible], 2001. (1918)

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

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

I battered the cord [illegible]

- Students [illegible] how Mark Teague's [illegible] contribute to what is conveyed in Cynthia Rylant's *P* [illegible] to [illegible] in the story. [RL.3.7]
- Students read [illegible] and [illegible] that represent various origin tales, such as Rudyard Kipling's "How the Camel Got His Hump" and Natalie Babbitt's *D* [illegible], and paraphrase [illegible]. [RL.2.2]
- Students [illegible] of [illegible] *C* [illegible] by James Thurber, [illegible] the interactions of the characters of the Duke and Princess Saralinda [illegible] and how the suspenseful plot comes to an [illegible]. [RL.2.5]
- When discussing E. B. White's book *C* [illegible], students [illegible] regarding Wilbur the Pig [illegible] that of Fern Arable as well as [illegible] that of [illegible]. [RL.3.6]
- Students [illegible] of Bud in Christopher Paul Curtis' story *B* [illegible], *N* [illegible] *B* [illegible] to a [illegible] in his life of being placed in a foster home. [RL.2.3]
- Students read Paul Fleischman's poem "Fireflies," determining the meaning of [illegible] the poem, particularly focusing on identifying his use of [illegible] (e.g., "light is the ink we use") and talking about how it suggests meaning. [RL.3.4]

A[illegible]. *A Medieval Feast.* [illegible]: [illegible], 1986. (1983)

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

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

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

But now they prepared.

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

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

The Royal Suite was redecorated.

Silk was spun, new fabric was woven.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Boy, were they wrong!

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

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

Boy, were we wrong about /!

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

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

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

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

[illegible]. ***Where Do Polar Bears Live?*** [illegible], **2010. (2010)**

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

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

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

A cub scrambles after her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Every Sunday, the family went to church.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

F HE O OF B B IDGE , C . C , C .

. *A Drop of Water: A Book of Science and Wonder.* , 1997. (1997)

From "Soap Bubbles"

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

. *If the World Were a Village: A Book about the World's People.* , 2002. (2002)

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

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

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

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

Come and meet the people of the global village.

. *Ah, Music!* : , 2005. (2003)

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

[…]

Music through the Ages

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

. *The Museum Book: A Guide to Strange and Wonderful Collections.* , 2007. (2007)

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

But inside it doesn't seem much like any temple or mosque or church you have ever been in. That is, it looks like all of them, but the furniture is out of place. Perhaps it's a hotel; it has fifty rooms, but there is only one bed, although it is a very splendid al

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

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

But first he must speak with the elders.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

…fourteen cows for America.

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

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

The Blac

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And soon they all say,
'Such, such were the joys
When we all—girls and boys—
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green.'

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry:
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

. ***Favorite Poems Old and New.***
1957. (1883)

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

. ***Favorite Poems Old and New.***
, 1957. (1888)

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood four to two with but one inning more to play.
And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,
A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest
Clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast;
They thought if only Casey could but get a whack at that–
We'd put up even money now with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,
And the former was a lulu and the latter was a cake;
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
And Blake, the much despis-ed, tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted, and the men saw what had occurred,
There was Johnnie safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from 5,000 throats and more there rose a lusty yell;
It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;
It knocked upon the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,

For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance flashed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped–
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

Fbg q[illegible] tfasey[illegible] a-[illegible] 3

D[illegible] grandeurat[illegible] x[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

- Students of John Tenniel's illustrations Lewis Carroll's and the text of the story to how the pictures of Alice reflect of her [RL.4.7]
- Students the selfish behavior by Mary and make regarding the impact of the cholera outbreak in Frances Hodgson Burnett's by [RL.4.1]
- Students the in Walter Farley's

. ***Let's Investigate Marvelously Meaningful Maps.*** , 1992. **(1992)**

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[illegible]. *Horses.* [illegible]: [illegible], 2006. (2006)

Horses move in four natural ways, called gaits or paces. They walk, trot, canter, and gallop. The walk is the slowest gait and the gallop is the fastest.

When a horse walks, each hoof leaves the ground at a different time. It moves one hind leg first, and then the front leg on the same side; then the other hind leg and the other front leg. When a horse walks, its body swings gently with each stride.

When a horse trots, its legs move in pairs, left front leg with right hind leg, and right front leg with left hind leg. When a horse canters, the hind legs and one front leg move together, and then the hind legs and the other foreleg move together.

The gallop is like a much faster walk, where each hoof hits the ground one after another. When a horse gallops, all four of its hooves may be flying off the ground at the same time.

Horses are usually described by their coat colors and by the white markings on their faces, bodies, legs, and hooves.

Brown horses range in color from dark brown bays and chestnuts to golden browns, such as palominos, and lighter browns such as roans and duns.

Partly colored horses are called pintos or paints. Colorless, pure-white horses—albinos—are rare. Most horses that look white are actually gray.

Skewbalds have brown-and-white patches. Piebalds have black and white patches. Spotteds have dark spots on a white coat or white spots on a dark coat.

[illegible]

[illegible]. *Quest for the Tree Kangaroo: An Expedition to the Cloud Forest of New Guinea.* [illegible]: [illegible], 2006. (2006)

[illegible]

Stuart Little, the small mouse with big parents, had nothing on baby marsupials. Marsupials (“mar-SOUP-ee-ulz”) are special kinds of mammals. Even the biggest ones give birth to babies that are incredibly small. A two-hundred-pound six-foot mother kangaroo, for instance, gives birth to a baby as small as a lima bean. That’s what makes marsupials marsupials. Their babies are born so tiny that in order to survive they must live in a pouch on the mother’s tummy. The pouch is called a marsupium. (Don’t you wish you had one?)

A baby marsupial lives hidden in the mother’s warm moist pouch for months. There it sucks milk from a nipple like other baby mammals. One day it’s big enough to poke its head out to see the world. The European explorers who saw kangaroos for the first time in Australia reported they had discovered a two-headed animal—with one head on the neck and another in the belly.

North America has only one marsupial. You may have seen it: The Virginia opossum actually lives in most of the United States, not just Virginia. South America also has marsupials. But most marsupials live in or near Australia. They include the koala (which is not a bear), two species of wombat, the toothy black Tasmania devil, four species of black and white spotted “native cats” (though they’re not cats at all), and many others.

The most famous marsupials, however, are the kangaroos. All kangaroos hop—some of them six feet high and faster than forty miles an hou[illegible]

Volcanoes are formed when magma pushes its way up through the crack in Earth's crust. This is called a volcanic eruption. When magma pours forth on the surface, it is called lava.

We Are the Ship: The Story of Negro Lee

Tom considered, was about to consent; but he altered his mind:

"No—no—I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and SHE wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh come, now—lemme just try. Only just a little—I'd let YOU, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him; Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here—No, Ben, now don't. I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you ALL of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer Big Missouri worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite, in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with—and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had besides the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jews-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass doorknob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window sash.

He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing

In the first shining moment he saw the whole strange-familial world, glistening white; the roofs of the outbuildings mounded into square towers of snow, and beyond them all the fields and hedge: buried, merged into one great flat expanse, unbroken white to the horizon's brim. Will drew in a long, happy breath, silently rejoicing. Then, very faintly, he heard the music again, the same phrase. He swung round vainly searching for it in the air, as if he might see it somewhere like a flickering light.

"Where are you?"

. *Dragonwings*. , 1975. (1975)
: (, 1905 , 1906)

By the time the winter rains came to the city, we were not becoming rich, but we were doing well. Each day vsx

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One such who could was an old man, call him Toby. And standin tall, yet afraid, was a young woman who once had wings. Call her Sarah. Now Sarah carried a babe tied to her back. She trembled to be so hard worked and scorned.

The slaves labored in the fields from sunup to sundown. The owner of the slaves callin himself their Master. Say he was a hard lump of clay. A hard, glinty coal. A hard rock pile, wouldn't be moved. His Overseer on horseback pointed out the slaves who were slowin down. So the one called Driver cracked his whip over the slow ones to make them move faster. That whip was a slice-open cut of pain. So they did move faster. Had to.

. *The Tale of the Mandarin Ducks.* 1990. (1990)

Long ago and far away in the Land of the Rising Sun, there lived together a pair of mandarin ducks. Now, the drake was a magnificent bird with plumage of colors so rich that the emperor himself would have envied it. But his mate, the duck, wore the quiet tones of the wood, blending exactly with the hole in the tree where the two had made their nest.

One day while the duck was sitting on her eggs, the drake flew down to a nearby pond to search for food. While he was there, a hunting party entered the woods. The hunters were led by the lord of the district, a proud and cruel man who believed that everything in the district belonged to him to do with as he chose. The lord was always looking for beautiful things to adorn his manor house and garden. And when he saw the drake swimming gracefully on the surface of the pond, he determined to capture him.

The lord's chief steward, a man named Shozo, tried to discourage his master. "The drake is a wild spirit, my lord," he said. "Surely he will die in captivity." But the lord pretended not to hear Shozo. Secretly he despised Shozo, because although Shozo had once been his mightiest samurai, the warrior had lost an eye in battle and was no longer handsome to look upon.

The lord ordered his servants to clear a narrow way through the undergrowth and place acorns along the path. When the drake came out of the water he saw the acorns. How pleased he was! He forgot to be cautious, thinking only of what a feast they would be to take home to his mate.

Just as he was bending to pick up an acorn in his scarlet beak, a net fell over him, and the frightened bird was carried back to the lord's manor and placed in a small bamboo cage.

. *Woman Hollering Creek and Other Stories.* : , 1991. (1991)

What they don't understand about birthdays and what they never tell you is that when you're eleven, you're also ten, and nine, and eight, and seven, and six, and five, and four, and three, and two, and one. And when you wake up on your eleventh birthday you expect to feel eleven, but you don't. You open your eyes and everything's just like yesterday, only it's today. And you don't feel eleven at all. You feel like you're still ten. And you are — underneath the year that makes you eleven.

Like some days you might say something stupid, and that's the part of you that's still ten. Or maybe some days you might need to sit on your mama's lap because you're scared, and that's the part of you that's five.

And maybe one day when you're all grown up maybe you will need to cry like if you're three, and that's okay. That's what I tell Mama when she's sad and needs to cry. Maybe she's feeling three.

Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that

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Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A gli-hei,o8sS,2on the8A5Aof lighs!
pe svrings to the saddle, the Aridhe he tur,r5,
But lingers and ga1e-(till aull on 07s sight]tt[A sA]and lampØ the beAr0r. burn2ong.sahe2ht0Sr]] a,ld ,]e-(witea)5 sn,tride5l27sa3e,(e3,ld mp

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!'

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!'
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

[illegible]. ***The Mountain Chant: A Navajo Ceremony*** [illegible], **2008. (1887)**

The voice that beautifies the land!
The voice above,
The voice of thunder
Within the dark cloud
Again and again it sounds,
The voice that beautifies the land.

The voice that beautifies the land!
The voice below,
The voice of the grasshopper
Among the plants
Again and again it sounds,
The voice that beautifies the land.

[illegible]. ***The Compete Poems of Emily Dickinson.*** [illegible], **1960. (1893)**

I like to see it lap the miles,
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks;
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,
And, supercilious, peer
In shanties by the sides of roads;
And then a quarry pare

To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while
In horrid, hooting stanza;
Then chase itself down hill

And neigh like Boanerges;
Then, punctual as a star,
Stop—docile and omnipotent—
At its own stable door.

[illegible] A[illegible]. *W. B. Yeats Selected Poetry.* [illegible]: [illegible], 1962.
(1899)

I WENT out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire a-flame,

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen
the gunman kill and go free to kill again.
And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and
children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.
And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city,
and I give them back the sneer and say to them:
Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive
and coarse and strong and cunning.
Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold
slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;
Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted
against the wilderness,
Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding,
Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs
the heart of the people,
Laughing!
Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked,
sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

A . ***The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes.* , 1994. (1925)**

. ***The Book of Questions.* , 1991. (1973)**

. ***Black Hair.* , 1985. (1985)**

A . ***Acolytes.* , 2007. (2007)**

A Poem for My Librarian, Mrs. Long
(You never know what troubled little girl needs a book)

At a time when there was not tv before 3:00 P.M.
And on Sunday none until 5:00
We sat on the front porches watching
The jfg sign go on and off greeting
The neighbors, discussion the political
Situation congratulating the preacher
On his sermon
There was always the radio which brought us
Songs from wlac in nashville and what we would now call
Easy listening or smooth jazz but when I listened
Late at night with my portable (that I was so proud of)
Tucked under my pillow
I heard nat king cole and matt dennis, june christy and ella fitzgerald
And sometimes sarah vaughan sing black coffee
Which I now drink
It was just called music

There was a bookstore uptown on gay street
Which I visited and inhaled that wonderful odor
Of new books
Even today I read hardcover as a preference paperback only
As a last resort

And up the hill on vine street

- Students Walt Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain!" to uncover the poem's and . They by Whitman, such as and , and how they contribute to the overall of the poem. [RL.8.4]
- Students the opening of Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken"

Woody Guthrie could never cure himself of wandering off. One minute he'd be there, the next he'd be gone, vanishing without a word to anyone, abandoning those he loved best. He'd throw on a few extra shirts, one on top of the other, sling his guitar over his shoulder, and hit the road. He'd stick out his thumb and hitchhike, swing onto moving freight trains, and hunker down with other traveling men in flophouses, hobo jungles, and Hoovervilles across Depression America.

He moved restlessly from state to state, soaking up some songs: work songs, mountain and cowboy songs, sea chanteys, songs from the southern chain gangs. He added them to the dozens he already knew from his childhood until he was bursting with American folk songs. Playing the guitar and singing, he started making up new ones: hard-bitten, rough-edged songs that told it like it was, full of anger and hardship and hope and love. Woody said the best songs came to him when he was walking down a road. He always had fifteen or twenty songs running around in his mind, just waiting to be put together. Sometimes he knew the words, but not the melody. Usually he'd borrow a tune that was already well known—the simpler the better. As he walked along, he tried to catch a good, easy song that people could sing the first time they heard it, remember, and sing again later.

[illegible]. ***Words We Live By: Your Annotated Guide to the Constitution.*** [illegible], **2003. (2003)**

The first three word of the Constitution are the most important. They clearly state that the people—not the king, not

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1 + 1
1+1+1
1+1+1+1
1+1+1+1+1

. . . and go on until you come to five million etcetera. You can't tell me that's too complicated for you, can you?

. *Math Trek: Adventures in the Math Zone*. , 2000. (2000)

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From the meanderings of a pond's edge to the branching of trees and the intricate forms of snowflakes, shapes in nature are often more complicated than geometrical shapes such as circles, spheres, angles, cones, rectangles, and cubes. Benoit Mandelbrot, a mathematics professor at Yale University and an IBM fellow, was the first person to recognize how amazingly common this type of structure is in nature. In 1975, he coined the term fractal for shapes that repeat themselves within an object. The word fractal comes from the Latin term for "broken."

In 1904, long before Mandelbrot conceived of fractals, Swedish mathematician Helge von Koch created and intriguing but puzzling curve. It zigzags in such an odd pattern that it seems impossible to start at one point and follow the curve to reach another point.

Like many figures now known to be fractals, Koch's curve is easy to generate by starting with a simple figure and turning it into an increasingly crinkly form.

1. Draw an equilateral triangle with each side measuring 9 centimeters. (Remember, each angle of an equilateral triangle measures 60˚.)

2. Divide each 9-centimeter side into three parts, each measuring three centimeters. At the middle of each side, add an equilateral triangle one third the size of the original, facing outward. Because each side of the original triangle is 9 centimeters, the new triangles will have 3-centimeter sides. When you examine the outer edge of your diagram you should see a six-pointed star made up of 12 line segments.

3. At the middle of each segment of the star, add a triangle one ninth the side of the original triangle. The new triangles will have sides 1 centimeter in length so divide each 3-centimeter segment into thirds, and use the middle third to form a new triangle.

4. Going one step farther, you create a shape that begins to resemble a snowflake. If you were to continue the process by endlessly adding smaller and smaller triangles to every new side, you would produce the Koch snowflake curve. Between any two points, the snowflake would have an infinite number of zigzags.

. *Geeks: How Two Lost Boys Rode the Internet out of Idaho*. : , 2001. (2001)

Jesse and Eric lived in a cave-an airless two-bedroom apartment in a dank stucco-and-brick complex on the outskirts of Caldwell. Two doors down, chickens paraded around the street.

The apartment itself was dominated by two computers that sat across from the front door like twin shrines. Everything else-the piles of dirty laundry, the opened Doritos bags, the empty cans of generic soda pop, two ratty old chairs, and a moldering beanbag chair-was dispensable, an afterthought, props.

Jesse's computer was a Pentium 11 300, Asus P2B (Intel BX chipset) motherboard; a Matrix Milleniurn II AGP; 160 MB SDRAM with a 15.5 GB total hard-drive space; a 4X CD-recorder; 24X CD-ROM; a 17-inch Micron monitor. Plus a scanner and printer. A well-thumbed paperback-Katherine Dunn's novel Geek Love-served as his mousepad.

Eric's computer: an AMD K-6 233 with a generic motherboard; an S3 video card, a 15-inch monitor; a 2.5 GB hard drive with 36 MB SDRAM. Jesse wangled the parts for both from work.

They stashed their bikes and then Jesse blasted in through the door, which was always left open since he can never hang on to keys, and went right to his PC, which was always on. He yelled a question to Eric about the new operating system. "We change them like cartons of milk," he explained. At the moment, he had NT 5, NT 4, Work Station, Windows 98, and he and Eric had begun fooling around with Linux, the complex, open-source software system rapidly spreading across the world.

grew pale, overcome by the effort of her rapid flight, and seeing Peneus's waters near cried out 'Help me father! If your streams have divine powers change me, destroy this beauty that pleases too well!' Her prayer was scarcely done when a heavy numbness seized her limbs, thin bark closed over her breast, her hair turned into leaves, her arms into branches, her feet so swift a moment ago stuck fast in slow-growing roots, her face was lost in the canopy. Only her shining beauty was left.

Even like this Phoebus loved her and, placing his hand against the trunk, he felt her heart still quivering under the new bark. He clasped the branches as if they were parts of human arms, and kissed the wood. But even the wood shrank from his kisses, and the god said 'Since you cannot be my bride, you must be my tree! Laurel, with you my hair will be wreathed, with you my lyre, with you my quiver. You will go with the Roman generals when joyful voices acclaim their triumph, and the Capitol witnesses their long processions. You will stand outside Augustus's doorposts, a faithful guardian, and keep watch over the crown of oak between them. And just as my head with its un-cropped hair is always young, so you also will wear the beauty of undying leaves.' Paean had done: the laurel bowed her newly made branches, and seemed to shake her leafy crown like a head giving consent.

. *Diary of a Madman, and Other Stories.* : , 1972. (1836)

An extraordinarily strange thing happened in St. Petersburg on 25 March. Ivan Yakovlevich, a barber who lived on Voznesensky Avenue (his surname has got lost and all that his shop-front signboard shows is a gentleman with a lathered cheek and the inscription 'We also let blood') woke up rather early one morning and smelt hot bread. As he sat up in bed he saw his wife, who was a quite respectable lady and a great coffee-drinker, taking some freshly baked rolls out of the oven.

'I don't want any coffee today, Praskovya Osipovna,' said Ivan Yakovlevich. 'I'll make do with some hot rolls and onion instead.' (Here I must explain that Ivan Yakovlevich would really have liked to have had some coffee as well, but knew it was quite out of the question to expect both coffee and rolls, since Praskovya Osipovna did not take very kindly to these whims of his.) 'Let the old fool have his bread, I don't mind,' she thought. 'That means extra coffee for me!' And she threw a roll on to the table.

Ivan pulled his frock-coat over his nightshirt for decency's sake, sat down at the table, poured out some salt, peeled two onions, took a knife and with a determined expression on his face started cutting one of the rolls.

When he had sliced the roll in two, he peered into the middle and was amazed to see something white there. Ivan carefully picked at it with his knife, and felt it with his finger. 'Quite thick,' he said to himself. 'What on earth can it be?'

He poked two fingers in and pulled out—a nose!

He flopped back in his chair, and began rubbing his eyes and feeling around in the roll again. Yes, it was a nose all right, no mistake about that. And, what's more, it seemed a very familiar nose. His face filled with horror. But this horror was nothing compared with his wife's indignation.

'You beast, whose nose is that you've cut off?' she cried furiously. 'You scoundrel! You drunkard! I'll report it to the police myself, I will. You thief! Come to think of it, I've heard three customers say that when they come in for a shave you start pulling their noses about so much it's a wonder they stay on at all!'

But Ivan felt more dead than alive. He knew that the nose belonged to none other than Collegiate Assessor Kovalyov, whom he shaved on Wednesdays and Sundays.

'Wait a minute, Praskovya! I'll wrap it up in a piece of cloth and dump it in the corner. Let's leave it there for a bit, then I'll try and get rid of it.'

'I don't want to know! Do you think I'm going to let a sawn-off nose lie about in my room … you fathead! All you can do is strop that blasted razor of yours and let everything else go to pot. Layabout! Night-bird! And you expect me to cover up for you with the police! You filthy pig! Blockhead! Get that nose out of here, out! Do what you like with it, but I don't want that thing hanging around here a minute longer!'

Ivan Yakovlevich was absolutely stunned. He thought and thought, but just didn't know what to make of it.

'I'm damned if I know what's ha

particular; their lips met; their eyes sparkled; their knees trembled; their hands strayed. The Baron chanced to come by; he beheld the cause and effect, and, without hesitation, saluted Candide with some notable kicks on the breech and drove him out of doors. The lovely Miss Cunegund fainted away, and, as soon as she came to herself, the Baroness

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

. *The Metamorphosis.* , 1972. (1915)

When Gregor Samsa woke up one morning from unsettling dreams, he found himself changed in his bed into a monstrous vermin. He was lying on his back as hard as armor plate, and when he lifted his head a little, he saw his vaulted brown belly, sectioned by arch-shaped ribs, to whose dome the cover, ar

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his accident. I maintain that the Ewells started it all, but Jem, who was four years my senior, said it started long before that. He said it began the summer Dill came to us, when Dill first gave us the idea of making Boo Radley come out.

I said if he wanted to take a broad view of the thing, it really began with Andrew Jackson. If General Jackson hadn't run the Creeks up the creek, Simon Finch would never have paddled up the Alabama, and where would we be if he hadn't? We were far too old to settle an argument with a fist-fight, so we consulted Atticus. Our father said we were both right.

. *The Killer Angels*. : , 1996. (1975)

". . . have no doubt," Fremantle was saying, "that General Lee shall become the world's foremost authority on military matters when this war is over, which would appear now to be only a matter of days, or at most a few weeks. I suspect all Europe will be turning to him for lessons."

Lessons?

"I have been thinking, I must confess, of setting some brief thoughts to paper," Fremantle announced gravely. "Some brief remarks of my own, appended to an account of this battle, and perhaps others this army has fought. Some notes as to tactics."

Tactics?

"General Lee's various stratagems will be most instructive, most illuminating. I wonder, sir, if I might enlist your aid in this, ah, endeavor. As one most closely concerned? That is, to be brief, may I come to you when in need?"

"Sure," Longstreet said. Tactics? He chuckled. The tactics were simple: find the enemy, fight him. He shook his head, snorting. Fremantle spoke softly, in tones of awe.

"One would not think of General Lee, now that one has met him, now that one has looked him, so to speak, in the eye, as it were, one would not think him, you know, to be such a devious man."

"Devious?" Longstreet swung to stare at him, aghast.

"Oh my word," Fremantle went on devoutly, "but he's a tricky one. The Old Gray Fox, as they say. Charming phrase. American to the hilt."

"Devious?" Longstreet stopped dead in the road. "Devious." He laughed aloud. Fremantle stared an owlish stare.

"Why, Colonel, bless your soul, there ain't a devious bone in Robert Lee's body, don't you know that?"

, A . *The Joy Luck Club*. : , 1989. (1989)

My mother believed you could be anything you wanted to be in America. You could open a restaurant. You could work for the government and get good retirement. You could buy a house with almost no money down. You could become rich. You could become instantly famous.

"Of course you can be prodigy, too," my mother told me when I was nine. "You can be best anything. What does Auntie Lindo know? Her daughter, she is only best tricky."

America was where all my mother's hopes lay. She had come here in 1949 after losing everything in China: her mother and father, her family home, her first husband, and two daughters, twin baby girls. But she never looked back with regret. There were so many ways for things to get better.

We didn't immediately pick the right kind of prodigy. At first my mother thought I could be a Chinese Shirley Temple. We'd watch Shirley's old movies on TV as though they were training films. My mother would poke my arm and say, "Ni kan"—You watch. And I would see Shirley tapping her feet, or singing a sailor song, or pursing her lips into a very round O while saying, "Oh my goodness."

"Ni kan," said my mother as Shirley's eyes flooded with tears. "You already know how. Don't need talent for crying!"

A[illegible]. *In the Time of the Butterflies*. [illegible]: A[illegible], 1994. (1994)
S[illegible] 1: [illegible] 1994 [illegible] 1943

She remembers a clear moonlit night before the future began. They are sitting in the cool darkness under the anacahuita tree in the front yard, in the rockers, telling stories, drinking guanabana juice. Good for the nerves, Mamá always says.

I was just about to leave when I found her kneeling there.

A mountain range of rubble was written, designed, erected around her. She was clutching at a book.

Apart from everything else, the book thief wanted desperately to go back to the basement, to write, t,[illegible]

Prompting from us or been by others schooled;
No, by a god inspired (so all men deem,
And testify) didst thou renew our life.
And now, O Oedipus, our peerless king,
All we thy votaries beseech thee, find
Some succor, whether by a voice from heaven
Whispered, or haply known by human wit.
Tried counselors, methinks, are aptest found
To furnish for the future pregnant rede.
Upraise, O chief of men, upraise our State!
Look to thy laurels! for thy zeal of yore
Our country's savior thou art justly hailed:
O never may we thus record thy reign:--
"He raised us up only to cast us down."
Uplift us, build our city on a rock.
Thy happy star ascendant brought us luck,
O let it not decline! If thou wouldst rule
This land, as now thou reignest, better sure
To rule a peopled than a desert realm.
Nor battlements nor galleys aught avail,
If men to man and guards to guard them tail.

OEDIPUS

Ah! my poor children, known, ah, known too well,
The quest that brings you hither and your need.
Ye sicken all, well wot I, yet my pain,
How great soever yours, outtops it all.
Your sorrow touches each man severally,
Him and none other, but I grieve at once
Both for the general and myself and you.
Therefore ye rouse no sluggard from day-dreams.
Many, my children, are the tears I've wept,
And threaded many a maze of weary thought.
Thus pondering one clue of hope I caught,
And tracked it up; I have sent Menoeceus' son,
Creon, my consort's brother, to inquire
Of Pythian Phoebus at his Delphic shrine,
How I might save the State by act or word.
And now I reckon up the tale of days
Since he set forth, and marvel how he fares.
'Tis strange, this endless tarrying, passing strange.
But when he comes, then I were base indeed,
If I perform not all the god declares.

PRIEST

Thy words are well timed; even as thou speakest
That shouting tells me Creon is at hand.

. *The Tragedy of Macbeth.* , 1954. (1611)

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunsinane. Anteroom in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting Gentlewoman.

Doctor. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the field, have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this

Helmer. Yes, from New Year's Day. But there's a whole quarter before my first salary is due.

Nora. Never mind ; we can borrow in the meantime.

Helmer. Nora ! (He goes up to her and takes her playfully by the ear.) Still my little featherbrain ! Supposing I borrowed a thousand crowns to-day, and you made ducks and drakes of them during Christmas week, and

then on New Year's Eve a tile blew off the roof and knocked my brains out

Nora (laying her hand on his mouth). Hush ! How can you talk so horridly ?

Helmer. But supposing it were to happen — what then ?

Nora. If anything so dreadful happened, it would be all the same to me whether I was in debt or not.

Helmer. But what about the creditors ?

Nora. They ! Who cares for them ? They're only strangers.

Helmer. Nora, Nora ! What a woman you are ! But seriously, Nora, you know my principles on these points. No debts ! No borrowing ! Home life ceases to be free and beautiful as soon as it is founded on borrowing and debt. We two have held out bravely till now, and we are not going to give in at the last.

Nora (going to the fireplace). Very well — as you please, Torvald.

. *The Glass Menagerie.* : , 1966. (1944)

5

TOM: What are you doing?

AMANDA: I'm brushing that cowlick down! [She attacks his hair with the brush.] What is this young man's position at the warehouse?

TOM [submitting grimly to the brush and interrogation]: This young man's position is that of a shipping clerk, Mother.

AMANDA: Sounds to me like a fairly responsible job, the sort of a job you would be in if you had more get-up. What is his salary? Have you any idea?

TOM: I would judge it to be approximately eighty-five dollars a month.

AMANDA: Well—not princely—but—

TOM: Twenty more than I make.

AMANDA: Yes, how well I know! But for a family man, eighty-five dollars a month is not much more than you can just get by on....

TOM: Yes, but Mr. O'Connor is not a family man.

AMANDA: He might be, mightn't he? Some time in the future?

TOM: I see. Plans and provisions.

AMANDA: You are the only young man that I know of who ignores the fact that the future becomes the present, the present the past, and the past turns into everlasting regret if you don't plan for it!

TOM: I will think that over and see what I can make of it.

AMANDA: Don't be supercilious with your mother! Tell me some more about this—what do you call him?

TOM: James D. O'Connor. The D. is for Delaney.

AMANDA: Irish on both sides! Gracious! And doesn't drink?

TOM: Shall I call him up and ask him right this minute?

AMANDA: The only way to find out about those things is to make discreet inquiries at the proper moment. When I was a girl in Blue Mountain and it was suspected that a young man drank, the girl whose attentions he had been receiving, if any girl was, would sometimes speak to the minister of his church, or rather her father would if her father was living, and sort of feel him out on the young man's character. That is the way such things are discreetly handled to keep a young woman from making a tragic mistake!

TOM: Then how did you happen to make a tragic mistake?

AMANDA: That innocent look of your father's had everyone fooled! He smiled—the world was enchanted! No girl can do worse than put herself at the mercy of a handsome appearance! I hope that Mr. O'Connor is not too good-looking.

. *Rhinoceros and Other Plays.* : , 1960. (1959)

A

BERENGER: [coming in] Hello Jean!

JEAN: [in bed] What time is it? Aren't you at the office?

BERENGER: You're still in bed; you're not at the office, then? Sorry if I'm disturbing you.

JEAN: [still with his back turned] Funny, I didn't recognize your voice.

BERENGER: I didn't recognize yours either.

JEAN: [still with his back turned] Sit down!

BERENGER: Aren't you feeling well?

[JEAN replies with a grunt.]

You know, Jean, it was stupid of me to get so upset yesterday over a thing like that.

JEAN: A thing like what?

BERENGER: Yesterday ...

JEAN: When yesterday? Where yesterday?

BERENGER: Don't you remember? It was about that wretched rhinoceros.

JEAN: What rhinoceros?

BERENGER: The rhinoceros, or rather, the two wretched rhinoceroses we saw.

JEAN: Oh yes, I remember ... How do you know they were wretched?

BERENGER: Oh I don't recall that.

Or to keep off envies stinging,
And finde
What winde
Serves to advance an honest minde.

If thou beest borne to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand daies and nights,
Till age snow white haires on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell mee
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And sweare

[illegible]

If thou findst one, let mee know,
Such a Pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet doe not, I would not goe,
Though at next doore wee might meet,
Though shee were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet shee
Will bee
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

[illegible] ***The Complete Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley***. [illegible]
1994. (1817)

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said—"Two [illegible]
And wr[illegible]

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; —
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore —
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before —
On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore —
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,

[illegible] (1865)

Fellow-Countrymen:

We should bring more citizens under the coverage of old-age pensions and unemployment insurance.

We should widen the opportunities for adequate medical care.

We should plan a better system by which persons deserving or needing gainful employment may obtain it.

I have called for personal sacrifice. I am assured of the willingness of almost all Americans to respond to that call.

A part of the sacrifice means the payment of more money in taxes. In my Budget Message I shall recommend that a greater portion of this great defense program be paid for from taxation than we are paying today. No person should try, or be allowed, to get rich out of this program; and the principle of tax payments in accordance with ability to pay should be constantly before our eyes to guide our legislation.

If the Congress maintains these principles, the voters, putting patriotism ahead of pocketbooks, will give you their applause.

In the future days, which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.

The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world.

The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way—everywhere in the world.

The third is freedom from want—which, translated into world terms, means economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants-everywhere in the world.

The fourth is freedom from fear—which, translated into world terms, means a world-wide reduction of armaments to

responsible citizens.

As a woman, I wonder how the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters feel about the way in which members of their families have been politically mangled in the Senate debate—and I use the word "debate" advisedly.

As a United States Senator, I am not proud of the way in which the Senate has been made a publicity platform for irresponsible sensationalism. I am not proud of the reckless abandon in which unproved charges have been hurled from the side of the aisle. I am not proud of the obviously staged, undignified countercharges that have been attempted in retaliation from the other side of the aisle.

I don't like the way the Senate has been made a rendezvous for vilification, for selfish political gain at the sacrifice of individual reputations and national unity. I am not proud of the way we smear outsiders from the Floor of the Senate and hide behind the cloak of congressional immunity and still place ourselves beyond criticism on the Floor of the Senate.

As an American, I am shocked at the way Republicans and Democrats alike are playing directly into the Communist design of "confuse, divide, and conquer." As an American, I don't want a Democratic Administration "whitewash" or "cover-up" any more than a want a Republican smear or witch hunt.

As an American, I condemn a Republican "Fascist" just as much I condemn a Democratic "Communist." I condemn a Democrat "Fascist" just as much as I condemn a Republican "Communist." They are equally dangerous to you and me and to our country. As an American, I want to see our nation recapture the strength and unity it once had when we fought the enemy instead of ourselves.

It is with these thoughts that I have drafted what I call a "Declaration of Conscience." I am gratified that Senator Tobey, Senator Aiken, Senator Morse, Senator Ives, Senator Thye, and Senator Hendrickson have concurred in that declaration and have authorized me to announce their concurrence.

Why We Can't Wait. **, 2000. (1963)**

My Dear Fellow Clergymen:

While confined here in the Birmingham city jail, I came across your recent statement calling my present activities "unwise and untimely." Seldom do I pause to answer criticism of my work and ideas. If I sought to answer all the criticisms that cross my desk, my secretaries would have little time for anything other than such correspondence in the

A[illegible]. *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings.* [illegible], 1970. (1969)
[illegible] 14

She said she was going to give me some books and that I not only must read them, I must read them aloud. She suggested that I try to make a sentence sound in as many different ways as possible.

"I'll accept no excuse if you return a book to me that has been badly handled." My imagination boggled at the punishment I would deserve if in fact I did abuse a book of Mrs. Flowers'. Death would be too kind and brief.

The odors in the house surprised me. Somehow I had never connected Mrs. Flowers with food or eating or any other

The explorers of the modern era are the entrepreneurs, men with vision, with the courage to take risks and faith enough to brave the unknown. These entrepreneurs and their small enterprises are responsible for almost all the economic growth in the United States. They are the prime movers of the technological revolution. In fact, one of the largest personal computer firms in the United States was started by two college students, no older than you, in the garage behind their home. Some people, even in my own country, look at the riot of experiment that is the free market and see only waste. What of all the entrepreneurs that fail? Well, many do, particularly the successful ones; often several times. And if you ask them the secret of their success, they'll tell you it's all that they learned in their struggles along the way; yes, it's what they learned from failing. Like an athlete in competition or a scholar in pursuit of the truth, experience is the greatest teacher. [...]

We Americans make no secret of our belief in freedom. In fact, it's something of a national pastime. Every 4 years the American people choose a new President, and 1988 is one of those years. At one point there were 13 major candidates running in the two major parties, not to mention all the others, including the Socialist and Libertarian candidates—all trying to get my job. [...]

- Students Abraham Lincoln in his "Second Inaugural Address" his examination of the that led to the Civil War, paying particular attention to Lincoln his points, . [RI.9–10.3]
- Students the about the "spirit of liberty" in Learned Hand's "I Am an American Day Address," [RI.9–10.8]
- Students and in Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, "I Have a Dream" speech and how King his position. [RI.9–10.6]

. *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee: An Indian History of the American West.* : , 1970. (1970)

1:

The decade following establishment of the "permanent Indian frontier" was a bad time for the eastern tribes. The great Cherokee nation had survived more than a hundred years of the white man's wars, diseases, and whiskey, but

thought him ordinary, perhaps even a bit slow in the head. Most biographies state that he was known also as Jumping Badger; but Stanley Vestal, after talking to many Indians who knew his, said that none of them nor any member of Sitting Bull's family could remember his being called Jumping Badger. In any event, Slow he was called, and Slow would suffice until he distinguished himself.

. *The Story of Art, 16th Edition.* : , 1995. (1995)
27: A:

In one of his letters to a young painter, Cézanne had advised him to look at nature in terms of spheres, cones and cylinders. He presumably meant that he should always keep these basic solid shapes in mind when organizing his pictures. But Picasso and his friends decided to take this advice literally. I suppose that they reasoned somewhat like this: 'We have long given up claiming that we represent things as they appear to our eyes. That was a will-o'-the-wisp which it is useless to pursue. We do not want to fix on the canvas the imaginary impression of a fleeting moment. Let us follow Cézanne's example, and build up the picture of our motifs as solidly and enduringly as we can. Why not be consistent and accept the fact that our real aim is rather to construct something, rather than to copy something? If we think of an object, let us say a violin, it does not appear before the eye of our mind the way it would appear before our bodily eyes. We can, and in fact do, think of its various aspects at the same time. Some of them stand out so clearly that we feel we can touch them and handle them; others are somehow blurred. And this strange medley of images represents more of the "real" violin than any single snapshot or meticulous painting could ever contain.' This, I suppose, was the reasoning which led to such paintings as Picasso's still life of a violin, figure 374. In some respects, it represents a return to what we have called Egyptian principles, in which an object was drawn from the angle from which its characteristic form came out most clearly.

[Figure 374]
Pablo Picasso, Violin and Grapes, 1912
Oil on canvas, 50.6 x 61 cm, 20 x 24 in;
The Museum of Modern Art, New York
Mrs. David M. Levy Bequest

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that a strong federal government, with the ability to legislate behavior in areas not specifically set forth in the Constitution, was key to the growth and strength of the American republic. It was inevitable that these two very distinct societies would clash. For the Confederates, nicknamed Rebels, the Civil War was a new war of Independence. For the Unionists, nicknamed Yankees, it was a war to preserve the Union that had been so dearly won in the American Revolution.

In the eyes of the four and an half million African Americans, enslaved and free, it was a war about slavery; and they wanted to be part of the fight. But many northern whites did not want blacks to serve in the northern military. They called it a "white man's war" and said that slavery was not the main point of the conflict. At first, northern generals actually sent escaped slaves back to their southern masters. Eventually, the Union did accept blacks into its army and navy.

A total of 178,895 black men served in 120 infantry regiments, twelve heavy artillery regiments, ten light artillery batteries, and seven cavalry regiments. Black soldiers constituted twelve percent of the North's fighting forces, and they suffered a disproportionate number of casualties.

. *The Longitude Prize.* , 2000. (2000)

1: A

> At six in the morning I was awaked by a great shock, and a confused noise of the men on deck. I ran up, thinking some ship had run foul of us, for by my own reckoning, and that of every other person in the ship, we were at least thirty-five leagues distant from land; but, before I could reach the quarter-deck, the ship gave a great stroke upon the ground, and the sea broke over her. Just after this I could perceive the land, rocky, rugged and uneven, about two cables' length from us…the masts soon went overboard, carrying some men with them… notwithstanding a most terrible sea, one of the [lifeboats] was launched, and eight of the best men jumped into her; but she had scarcely got to the ship's stern when she was hurled to the bottom, and every soul in her perished. The rest of the boats were soon washed to pieces on the deck. We then made a raft…and waited with resignation for Providence to assist us.
>
> —From an account of the wreck of HMS Litchfield off the coast of North Africa, 1758

The Litchfield came to grief because no one aboard knew where they were. As the narrator tells us, by his own reckoning and that of everyone else they were supposed to be thirty-five leagues, about a hundred miles, from land. The word "reckoning" was short for "dead reckoning"—the system used by ships at sea to keep track of their position, meaning their longitude and latitude. It was an intricate system, a craft, and like every other craft involved the mastery of certain tools, in this case such instruments as compass, hourglass, and quadrant. It was an art as well.

Latitude, the north-south position, had always been the navigator's faithful guide. Even in ancient times, a Greek or Roman sailor could tell how far north of the equator he was by observing the North Star's height above the horizon, or the sun's at noon. This could be done without instruments, trusting in experience and the naked eye, although it is believed that an ancestor of the quadrant called the astrolabe—"star-measurer"—was known to the ancients, and used by them to measure the angular height of the sun or a star above the horizon.

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8. And a plane angle is the inclination of the lines, when two lines in a plane meet one another, and are not laid down straight-on with respect to one another.

9. And when the lines containing the angle are straight then the angle is called rectilinear.

10. And when a straight-line stood upon (another) straight-line makes adjacent angles (which are) equal to one another, each of the equal angles is a right-angle, and the former straight-line is called perpendicular to that upon which it stands.

11. An obtuse angle is greater than a right-angle.

12. And an acute angle is less than a right-angle.

13. A boundary is that which is the extremity of something.

14. A figure is that which is contained by some boundary or boundaries.

15. A circle is a plane figure contained by a single line [which is called a circumference], (such that) all of the straight-lines radiating towards [the circumference] from a single point lying inside the figure are equal to one another.

16. And the point is called the center of the circle.

17. And a diameter of the circle is any straight-line, being drawn through the center, which is brought to an end in each direction by the circumference of the circle. And any such (straight-line) cuts the circle in half.

18. And a semi-circle is the figure contained by the diameter and the circumference it cuts off. And the center of the semi-circle is the same (point) as the (center of) the circle.

19. Rectilinear figures are those figures contained by straight-lines: trilateral figures being contained by three straight-lines, quadrilateral by four, and multilateral by more than four.

20. And of the trilateral figures: an equilateral triangle is that having three equal sides, an isosceles (triangle) that having only two equal sides, and a scalene (triangle) that having three unequal sides.

21. And further of the trilateral figures: a right-angled triangle is that having a right-angle, an obtuse-angled (triangle) that having an obtuse angle, and an acute-angled (triangle) that having three acute angles.

22. And of the quadrilateral figures: a square is that which is right-angled and equilateral, a rectangle that which is right-angled but not equilateral, a rhombus that which is equilateral but not right-angled, and a rhomboid that having opposite sides and angles equal to one another which is neither right-angled nor equilateral. And let quadrilateral figures besides these be called trapezia.

23. Parallel lines are straight-lines which, being in the same plane, and being produced to infinity in each direction, meet with one another in neither (of these directions).

1. Let it have been postulated to draw a straight-line from any point to any point.

2. And to produce a finite straight-line continuously in a straight-line.

3. And to draw a circle with any center and radius.

4. And that all right-angles are equal to one another.

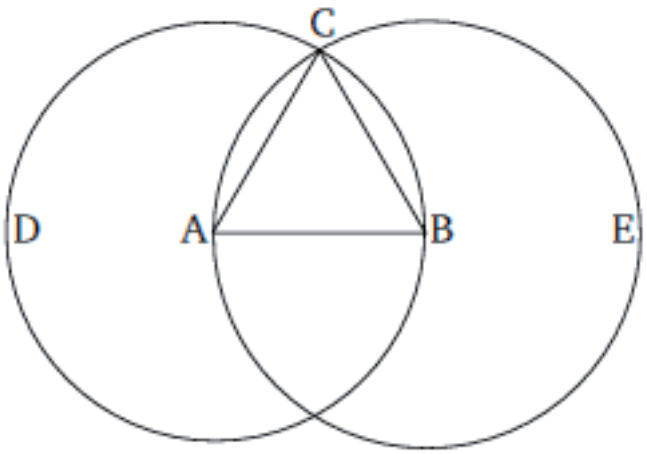
5. And that if a straight-line falling across two (other) straight-lines makes internal angles on the same side (of itself) less than two right-angles, being produced to infinity, the two (other) straight-lines meet on that side (of the original straight-line) that the (internal angles) are less than two right-angles (and do not meet on the other side).

1. Things equal to the same thing are also equal to one another.

2. And if equal things are added to equal things then the wholes are equal.

3. And if equal things are subtracted from equal things then the remainders are equal.
4. And things coinciding with one another are equal to one another.
5. And the whole [is] greater than the part.

Proposition 1



To construct an equilateral triangle on a given finite straight-line.

Let AB be the given finite straight-line.

So it is required to construct an equilateral triangle on the straight-line AB.

Let the circle BCD with center A and radius AB have been drawn [Post. 3], and again let the circle CEA with center B and radius BA have been drawn [Post. 3], and let the straight-lines CA and CB have been joined [Post. 1] from the point C, at which the circles cut one another, to the points A and B [respectively].

J. . A / J. . 2010. (2010)

Insulation level are specified by R-Value. R-Value is a measure of insulation's ability to resist heat traveling through it. The higher the R-Value the better the thermal per

Zone			

regarding the of rotational dynamics and energy conversion are incorporated in his explanation. [RST.9–10.2]

- Students read in Phillip Hoose's Race to Save Lord God Bird about the attempts scientists and bird-lovers made to save the ivory-billed woodpecker from extinction and Hoose presents his analysis of why protecting this particular species was so challenging. [RST.9–10.8]

Grades 11–CCR Text Exemplars

. *The Canterbury Tales.* : , 1951. (14)

When in April the sweet showers fall
That pierce March's drought to the root and all
And bathed every vein in liquor that has power
To generate therein and sire the flower;
When Zephyr also has with his sweet breath,
Filled again, in every holt and heath,
The tender shoots and leaves, and the young sun
His half-course in the sign of the Ram has run,
And many little birds make melody
That sleep through all the night with open eye
(So Nature pricks them on to ramp and rage)
Then folk do long to go on pilgrimage,
And palmers to go seeking out strange strands,
To distant shrines well known in distant lands.
And specially from every shire's end
Of England they to Canterbury went,
The holy blessed martyr there to seek
Who helped them when they lay so ill and weak
It happened that, in that season, on a day
In Southwark, at the Tabard, as I lay
Ready to go on pilgrimage and start
To Canterbury, full devout at heart,
There came at nightfall to that hostelry
Some nine and twenty in a company
Of sundry persons who had chanced to fall
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all
That toward Canterbury town would ride.
The rooms and stables spacious were and wide,
And well we there were eased, and of the best.
And briefly, when the sun had gone to rest,
So had I spoken with them, every one,
That I was of their fellowship anon,
And made agreement that we'd early rise
To take the road, as I will to you apprise.
But none the less, whilst I have time and space,
Before yet further in this tale I pace,
It seems to me in accord with reason
To describe to you the state of every one
Of each of them, as it appeared to me,
And who they were, and what was their degree,
And even what clothes they were dressed in;
And with a knight thus will I first begin.

. *Don Quixote: The Ormsby Translation, Revised Backgrounds and Sources Criticism.* : , 1981. (1605)

In a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to call to mind, there lived not long since one of those gentlemen that keep a lance in the lance-rack, an old buckler, a lean hack, and a greyhound for coursing. An olla of rather more beef than mutton, a salad on most nights, scraps on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a pigeon or so extra on Sundays, made away with three-quarters of his income. The rest of it went in a doublet of fine cloth and velvet

belonging to a knight so famous, and one with such merits of his own, should be without some distinctive name, and he strove to adapt it so as to indicate what he had been before belonging to a knight-errant, and what he then was; for it was only reasonable that, his master taking a new character, he should take a new name, and that it should be a distinguished and full-sounding one, befitting the new order and calling he was about to follow. And so, after having composed, struck out, rejected, added to, unmade, and remade a multitude of names out of his memory and fancy, he decided upon calling him Rocinante, a name, to his thinking, lofty, sonorous, and significant of his condition as a hack before he became what he now was, the first and foremost of all the hacks in the world.

Having got a name for his horse so much to his taste, he was anxious to get one for himself, and he was eight days more pondering over this point, till at last he made up his mind to call himself "Don Quixote," whence, as has been already said, the authors of this veracious history have inferred that his name must have been beyond a doubt Quixada, and not Quesada as others would have it. Recollecting, however, that the valiant Amadis was not content to call himself curtly Amadis and nothing more, but added the name of his kingdom and country to make it famous, and called himself Amadis of Gaul, he, like a good knight, resolved to add on the name of his, and to style himself Don Quixote of La Mancha, whereby, he considered, he described accurately his origin and country, and did honour to it in taking his surname from it.

So then, his armour being furbished, his morion turned into a helmet, his hack christened, and he himself confirmed, he came to the conclusion that nothing more was needed now but to look out for a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without love was like a tree without leaves or fruit, or a body without a soul. As he said to himself, "If, for my sins, or by my good fortune, I come across some giant hereabouts, a common occurrence with knights-errant, and overthrow him in one onslaught, or cleave him asunder to the waist, or, in short, vanquish and subdue him, will it not be well to have some one I may send him to as a present, that he may come in and fall on his knees before my sweet lady, and in a humble, submissive voice say, 'I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by the never sufficiently extolled knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, who has commanded me to present myself before your Grace, that your Highness dispose of me at your pleasure'?" Oh, how our good gentleman enjoyed the delivery of this speech, especially when he had thought of some one to call his Lady! There was, so the story goes, in a village near his own a very good-looking farm-girl with whom he had been at one time in love, though, so far as is known, she never knew it nor gave a thought to the matter. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and upon her he thought fit to confer the title of Lady of his Thoughts; and after some search for a name which should not be out of harmony with her own, and should suggest and indicate that of a princess and great lady, he decided upon calling her Dulcinea del Toboso—she being of El Toboso—a name, to his mind, musical, uncommon, and significant, like all those he had already bestowed upon himself and the things belonging to him.

A[illegible]. *Pride and Prejudice.* [illegible], 1990. (1813)
[illegible] 1

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families that he is considered as the rightful property of someone or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do not you want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

A . A . ***Complete Stories and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe.*** :
, 1984. (1846)

What a spirit of adventure, what wild ambition! What fancied triumph and delight and glory for the later morning when she could make known the secret! It was almost too real and too great for the childish heart to bear.

All night the door of the little house stood open and the whippoorwills came and sang upon the very step. The young sportsman and his old hostess were sound asleep, but Sylvia's great design kept her broad awake and watching. She forgot to think of sleep. The short summer night seemed as long as the winter darkness, and at last when the whippoorwills ceased, and she was afraid the morning would after all come too soon, she stole out of the house and followed the pasture path through the woods, hastening toward the open ground beyond, listening with a sense of comfort and companionship to the drowsy twitter of a half-awakened bird, whose perch she had jarred in passing. Alas, if the great wave of human interest which flooded for the first time this dull little life should sweep away the satisfactions of an existence heart to heart with nature and the dumb life of the forest!

There was the huge tree asleep yet in the paling moonlight, and small and silly Sylvia began with utmost bravery to mount to the top of it, with tingling, eager blood coursing the channels of her whole frame, with her bare feet and fingers, that pinched and held like bird's claws to the monstrous ladder reaching up, up, almost to the sky itself. First she must mount the white oak tree that grew alongside, where she was almost lost among the dark branches and the green leaves heavy and wet with dew; a bird fluttered off its nest, and a red squirrel ran to and fro and scolded pettishly at the harmless housebreaker. Sylvia felt her way easily. She had often climbed there, and knew that higher still one of the oak's upper branches chafed against the pine trunk, just where its lower boughs were set close together. There, when she made the dangerous pass from one tree to the other, the great enterprise would really begin.

She crept out along the swaying oak limb at last, and took the daring step across into the old pine-tree. The way was harder than she thought; she must reach far and hold fast, the sharp dry twigs caught and held her and scratched her like angry talons, the pitch made her thin little fingers clumsy and stiff as she went round and round the tree's great stem, higher and higher upward. The sparrows and robins in the woods below were beginning to wake and twitter to the dawn, yet it seemed much lighter there aloft in the pine-tree, and the child knew she must hurry if her project were to be of any use.

The tree seemed to lengthen itself out as she went up, and to reach farther and farther upward. It was like a great main-mast to the voyaging earth; it must truly have been amazed that morning through all its ponderous frame as it felt this determined spark of human spirit wending its way from higher branch to branch. Who knows how steadily the least twigs held themselves to advantage this light, weak creature on her way! The old pine must have loved his new dependent. More than all the hawks, and bats, and moths, and even the sweet voiced thrushes, was the brave, beating heart of the solitary gray-eyed child. And the tree stood still and frowned away the winds that June morning while the dawn grew bright in the east.

Sylvia's face was like a pale star, if one had seen it from the ground, when the last thorny bough was past, and she stood trembling and tired but wholly triumphant, high in the tree-top. Yes, there was the sea with the dawning sun making a golden dazzle over it, and toward that glorious east flew two hawks with slow-moving pinions. How low they looked in the air from that height when one had only seen them before far up, and dark against the blue sky. Their gray feathers were as soft as moths; they seemed only a little way from the tree, and Sylvia felt as if she too could go flying away among the clouds. [illegible]

[illegible] ***Labyrinths: Selected Stories and Other Writings.*** [illegible] **, 1964. (1941)**

"Before unearthing this letter, I had questioned myself about the ways in which a book can be infinite. I could think of nothing other than a cyclic volume, a circular one. A book whose last page was identical with the first, a book which had the possibility of continuing indefinitely. I remembered too that night which is at the middle of the Thousand and One Nights when Scheherazade (through a magical oversight of the copyist) begins to relate word for word the story

they're looking for the best there is—and I figure that's what's wrong with you—everything else gets lost. It's sad. It's a pity, but it's that way."

I was all the same strongly against him; that he saw. Even if I couldn't just then consider myself on the active list of lovers and wasn't carrying a live torch any more for Esther Fenchel. I recognized his face as the face of a man in the wrong.

. *The Bluest Eye.* : , 2007. 121 122. (1970)

One winter Pauline discovered she was pregnant. When she told Cholly, he surprised her by being pleased. He began to drink less and come home more often. They eased back into a relationship more like the early days of their marriage, when he asked if she were tired or wanted him to bring her something from the store. In this state of ease, Pauline stopped doing day work and returned to her own housekeeping. But the loneliness in those two rooms had not gone away. When the winter sun hit the peeling green paint of the kitchen chairs, when the smoked hocks were boiling in the pot, when all she could hear was the truck delivering furniture downstairs, she thought about back home, about how she had been all alone most of the time then too, but that this lonesomeness was different. Then she stopped staring at the green chairs, at the delivery truck; she went to the movies instead. There in the dark her memory was refreshed, and she succumbed to her earlier dreams. Along with the idea of romantic love, she was introduced to another—physical beauty. Probably the most destructive ideas in the history of human thought. Both originated in envy, thrived in insecurity, and ended in disillusion. In equating physical beauty with virtue, she stripped her mind, bound it, and collected self-contempt by the heap. She forgot lust and simple caring for. She regarded love as possessive mating, and romance as the goal of the spirit. It would be for her a well-spring from which she would draw the most destructive emotions, deceiving the lover and seeking to imprison the beloved, curtailing freedom in every way.

. *Dreaming in Cuban.* : , 1993. (1992)
: A

Abuela gives me a box of letters she wrote to her onetime lover in Spain, but never sent. She shows me his photograph, too. It's very well preserved. He'd be good-looking by today's standards, well built with a full beard and kind eyes, almost professorial. He wore a crisp linen suit and a boater tilted slightly to the left. Abuela tells me she took the picture herself one Sunday on the Malecón,

She also gives me a book of poems she's had since 1930, we she heard García Lorca read at the Principal de la Comedia Theater. Abuela knows each poem by heart, and recites them quite dramatically.

I've started dreaming in Spanish, which has never happened before. I wake up feeling different, like something inside me is changing, something chemical and irreversible. There's a magic here working its way through my veins. There's something about the vegetation, too, that I respond to instinctively—the stunning bougainvillea, the flamboyants and jacarandas, the orchids growing from the trunks of the mysterious ceiba trees. And I love Havana, its noise and decay and painted ladyness. I could happily sit on one of those wrought-iron balconies for days, or keep my grandmother company on her porch, with its ringside view of the sea. I'm afraid to lose all this. To lose Abuela Celia again. But I know that sooner or later I'd have to return to New York. I know now it's where I belong—not instead of here, but more than here. How can I tell my grandmother this?

. *The Namesake.* : , 2004. (2003)
5

One day he attends a panel discussion about Indian novels written in English. He feels obligated to attend; one of the presenters on the panel, Amit, is a distant cousin who lives in Bombay, whom Gogol has never met. His mother has asked him to greet Amit on her behalf. Gogol is bored by the panelists, who keep referring to something called "marginality," as if it were some sort of medical condition. For most of the hour, he sketches portraits of the panelists,

[illegible]

Gwendolen: Do you allude to me, Miss Cardew, as an entanglement? You are presumptuous. On an occasion of this kind it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one's mind. It becomes a pleasure.

you starts measuring somebody, measure him right, child, measure him right. Make sure you done taken into account what hills and valleys he come through before he got to wherever he is.

[illegible]. *Death and the King's Horseman: A Play*. [illegible], 2002. (1976)
[illegible] 1

ELESIN:
Where the storm pleases, and when, it directs
The giants of the forest. When friendship summons
Is when the true comrade goes.

WOMEN:
Nothing will hold you back?

ELESIN:
Nothing. What! Has no one told you yet?
I go to keep my friend and master company.
Who says the mouth does not believe in
'No, I have chewed all that before?' I say I have.
The world is not a constant honey-pot.

[illegible]. A [illegible]. *The Jade Mountain: A Chinese Anthology*. [illegible]: [illegible], 1929. ([illegible] 700)

My hair had hardly covered my forehead.
I was picking flowers, playing by my door,
When you, my lover, on a bamboo horse,
Came trotting in circles and throwing green plums.
We lived near together on a lane in Ch'ang-kan,
Both of us young and happy-hearted.

...At fourteen I became your wife,
So bashful that I dared not smile,
And I lowered my head toward a dark corner
And would not turn to your thousand calls;
But at fifteen I straightened my brows and laughed,
Learning that no dust could ever seal our love,
That even unto death I would await you by my post
And would never lose heart in the tower of silent watching.

...Then when I was sixteen, you left on a long journey
Through the Gorges of Ch'u-t'ang, of rock and whirling water.
And then came the Fifth-month, more than I could bear,
And I tried to hear the monkeys in your lofty far-off sky.
Your footprints by our door, where I had watched you go,
Were hidden, every one of them, under green moss,
Hidden under moss too deep to sweep away.
And the first autumn wind added fallen leaves.
And now, in the Eighth-month, yellowing butterflies
Hover, two by two, in our west-garden grasses
And, because of all this, my heart is breaking
And I fear for my bright cheeks, lest they fade.

...Oh, at last, when you return through the three Pa districts,
Send me a message home ahead!
And I will come and meet you and will never mind the distance,
All the way to Chang-feng Sha.

[illegible]. *The Complete Poetry of John Donne.* [illegible]: [illegible], 1967. (1633)

As virtuous men pass mildly' away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say
The breath goes now, and some say, no;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by' a love so much refined
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my circle just.
And makes me end where I begun.

[illegible]. [illegible]. *New Anthology of American Poetry: Traditions and Revolutions, Beginnings to 1900 (Vol 1).* [illegible]: [illegible], 2003. (1773)

'Twas mercy brought me from my Pagan land,
Taught my benighted soul to understand
That there's a God, that there's a Saviour too:
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.
Some view our sable race with scornful eye,
"Their colour is a diabolic die."
Remember, Christians, Negros, black as Cain,
May be refin'd, and join th' angelic train.

[illegible]. *The Complete Poems of John Keats.* [illegible], 1994. (1820)

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,

Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

[illegible] ***Leaves of Grass.*** [illegible], 1990. (1860)

1

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,

Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson. **, 1960. (1890)**

Because I could not stop for Death—
He kindly stopped for me—
The Carriage held but just Ourselves—
And Immortality.

We slowly drove—He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility—

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess—in the Ring—
We passed the Fields of Grazing Grain—
We passed the Setting Sun—

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground—
The Room was scarcely visible—
The Cornice—in the Ground—

Since then—'tis Centuries—and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity—

The Complete Text of Rabindranath Tagore's Gitanjali: Text and Critical Evaluation **, 2006. (1913)**

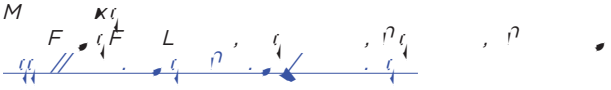
My song has put off her adornments.
She has no pride of dress and decoration.
Ornaments would mar our union;
they would come between thee and me;
their jingling would drown thy whispers.

My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight.
O master poet, I have sat down at thy feet.
Only let me make my life simple and straight,
like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.

. A ***T. S. Eliot: The Complete Poems and Plays, 1909–1950.*** **:** **&** **, 1952. (1917)**

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question…
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
If I could put a notion in his head:
"Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offence.
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That wants it down!" I could say "Elves" to him,
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
He said it for himself. I see him there,
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
He will not go behind his father's saying,
And he likes having thought of it so well
He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors."



. ***Selected Odes of Pablo Neruda.*** : , 1990. (1954)

. ***The Complete Poems of Elizabeth Bishop, 1927–1979.*** , 1983. (1965)

: A . ***The Latin Deli: Telling the Lives of Barrio Women.*** : , 1995. (1988)

Presiding over a formica counter,
Plastic Mother and Child magnetized
to the top of an anc

of his winter coat, who brings her lists of items
that he reads to her like poetry, or the others,
whose needs she must divine, conjuring up products
from places that now exist only in their hearts—
closed ports she must trade with.

Mother Love: Poems. **, 1996. (1995)**

This alone is what I wish for you: knowledge.
To understand each desire has an edge,
To know we are responsible for the lives
we change. No faith comes without cost,
no one believes without dying.
Now for the first time
I see clearly the trail you planted,
What ground opened to waste,
though you dreaded a wealth
of flowers.
There are no curses—only mirrors
held up to the souls of gods and mortals.
And so I give up this fate, too.
Believe in yourself,
go ahead—see where it gets you.

Sailing Alone Around the Room. **, 2001. (2001)**

- Students the first impressions given of Mr. and Mrs. Bennet in the opening chapter of *P P* - based on and how the . By comparing these first impressions with their later understanding based on how and the over the course of

- Students compare and contrast the as well as in John Donne's "Valediction Forbidding Mourning" and Emily Dickinson's "Because I Would Not Stop for Death" in order to the metaphors of the carriage and the compass of each poem. Students the ways both poets use to convey the regarding death contained in each . [RL.11–12.4]
- Students from John Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" to their of what the poem says explicitly about the urn as well as what can be about the urn from in the poem. Based on their close reading, students regarding what meanings the figures decorating the urn convey as well as noting poem . [RL.11–12.1]

A

. *Common Sense*. : , 2005. (1776)

Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws of Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

Amendment VII

. *Black Boy*. : , 1998. (1945)

That night in my rented room, while letting the hot water run over my can of pork and beans in the sink, I opened A Book of Prefaces and began to read. I was jarred and shocked by the style, the clear, clean, sweeping sentences. Why did he write like that? And how did one write like that? I pictured the man as a raging demon, slashing with his pen, consumed with hate, denouncing everything American, extolling everything European or German, laughing at the weakness of people, mocking God, authority. What was this? I stood up, trying to realize what reality lay behind the meaning of the words...Yes, this man was fighting, fighting with words. He was using words as a weapon, using them as one would use a club. Could words be weapons? Well, yes, for here they were. Then maybe, perhaps, I could use them as a weapon? No. It frightened me. I read on and what amazed me was not what he said, but how on earth anybody had the courage to say it.

Occasionally I glance up to reassure myself that I was alone in the room. Who were these men about whom Mencken was talking so passionately? Who was Anatole France? Joseph Conrad? Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Dostoevski, George Moore, Gustave Flaubert, Maupassant, Tolstoy, Frank Harris, Mark Twain, Thomas Hardy, Arnold Bennett, Stephen Crane, Zola, Norris, Gorky, Bergson, Ibsen, Balzac, Bernard Shaw, Dumas, Poe, Thomas Mann, O. Henry, Dreiser, H.G. Wells, Gogol, T.S. Eliot, Gide, Baudelaire, Edgar Lee masters, Stendhal, Turgenev, Huneker, Nietzsche, and scores of others? Were these men real? Did they exist or had they existed? And how did one pronounce their names?

. *All Art Is Propaganda: Critical Essays*. : , 2009. (1946)

, . A . *The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It*. : , 1974. (1948, 1 9 (27)

He has compelled her to submit to laws, in the formation of which she had no voice.

He has withheld from her rights which are given to the most ignorant and degraded men—both natives and foreigners.

Having deprived her of this first right of a citizen, the elective franchise, thereby leaving her without representation in the halls of legislation, he has oppressed her on all sides.

He has made her, if married, in the eye of the law, civilly dead.

He has taken from her all right in property, even to the wages she earns.

He has made her, morally, an irresponsible being, as she can commit many crimes with impunity, provided they be done in the presence of her husband. In the covenant of marriage, she is compelled to promise obedience to her husband, he becoming, to all intents and purposes, her master—the law giving him power to deprive her of her liberty, and to administer chastisement.

He has so framed the laws of divorce, as to what shall be the proper causes, and in case of separation, to whom the guardianship of the children shall be given, as to be wholly regardless of the happiness of women—the law, in all cases, going upon a false supposition of the supremacy of man, and giving all power into his hands.

After depriving her of all rights as a married woman, if single, and the owner of property, he has taxed her to support a government which recognizes her only when her property can be made profitable to it.

He has monopolized nearly all the profitable employments, and from those she is permitted to follow, she receives but a scanty remuneration. He closes against her all the avenues to wealth and distinction which he considers most honorable to himself. As a teacher of theology, medicine, or law, she is not known.

He has denied her the facilities for obtaining a thorough education, all colleges being closed against her.

He allows her in church, as well as state, but a subordinate position, claiming apostolic authority for her exclusion from the ministry, and, with some exceptions, from any public participation in the affairs of the church.

He has created a false public sentiment by giving to the world a different code of morals for men and women, by which moral delinquencies which exclude women from society are not only tolerated, but deemed of little account in man.

He has usurped the prerogative of Jehovah himself, claiming it as his right to assign for her a sphere of action, when that belongs to her conscience and to her God.

He has endeavored, in every way that he could, to destroy her confidence in her own powers, to lessen her self-respect, and to make her willing to lead a dependent and abject life.

Now, in view of this entire disfranchisement of one-half the people of this country, their social and religious degradation—in view of the unjust laws above mentioned, and because women do feel themselves aggrieved, oppressed, and fraudulently deprived of their most sacred rights, we insist that they have immediate admission to all the rights and privileges which belong to them as citizens of the United States.

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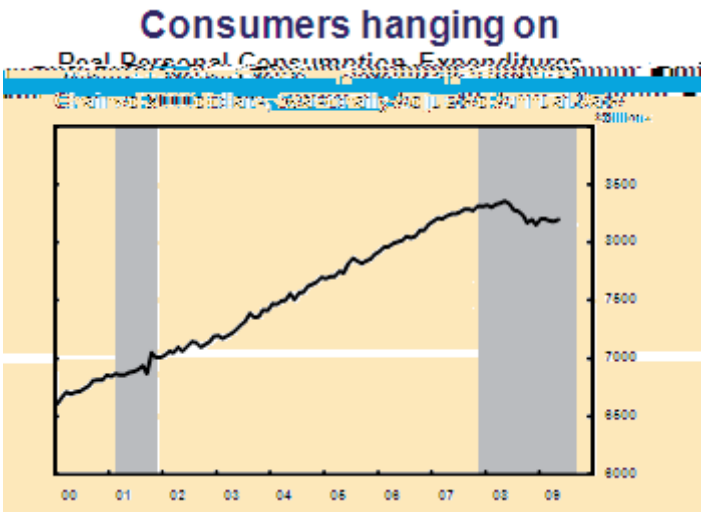
1852. *The Oxford Frederick Douglass Reader.* : J , 1996. (1852)

Fellow Citizens, I am not wanting in respect for the fathers of this republic. The signers of the Declaration of Independence were brave men. They were great men, too great enough to give frame to a great age. It does not often happen to a nation to raise, at one time, such a number of truly great men. The point from which I am compelled to view them is not, certainly, the most favorable; and yet I cannot contemplate their great deeds with less than admiration. They were statesmen, patriots and heroes, and for the good they did, and the principles they contended for, I will unite with you to honor their memory....

...Fellow-citizens, pardon me, allow me to ask, why am I called upon to speak here to-day? What have I, or those I represent, to do with your national independence? Are the great principles of political freedom and of natural justice, embodied in that Declaration of Independence, extended to us? And am I, therefore, called upon to bring our humble offering to the national altar, and to confess the benefits and express devout gratitude for the blessings resulting from your independence to us?

Would to God, both for your sakes and ours, that an affirmative answer could be truthfully returned to these questions! Then would my task be light, and my burden easy and delightful. For who is there so cold, that a nation's


Consumers hanging on
Real Personal Consumption Expenditures
9500
9000
8500
8000
00
01
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[illegible]

[illegible] A[illegible]. ***Innumeracy: Mathematical Illiteracy and Its Consequences.*** [illegible], 1988. (1988)

[illegible] 1: [illegible]

[illegible]

There is a fundamental property of numbers named after the Greek mathematician Archimedes which states that any number, no matter how huge, can be exceeded by adding together sufficiently many of any smaller number, no matter how tiny. Though obvious in principle, the consequences are sometimes resisted, as they were by the student of mine who maintained that human hair just didn't grow in miles per hour. Unfortunately, the nanoseconds used up in a simple computer operation do add up to lengthy bottlenecks on intractable problems, many of which would require millennia to solve in general. It takes some getting accustomed to the fact that the minuscule times and distances of microphysics as well as the vastness of astronomical phenomena share the dimensions of our human world.

It's clear how the above property of numbers led to Archimedes' famous pronouncement that given a fulcrum, a long enough lever, and a place to stand, he alone could physically lift the earth. An awareness of the additivity of small quantities is lacking in innumerates, who don't seem to believe that their little aerosol cans of hairspray could play any role in the depletion of the ozone layer of the atmosphere, or that their individual automobile contributes anything to the problem of acid rain.

calculations, the observers will detect a mismatch between the model's predictions and the way things happen in the real universe. That's the first cue to try again, either by adjusting the old model or by creating a new one.

Federal Leadership in High Performance and Sustainable Buildings set forth in the Federal Leadership in High Performance and Sustainable Buildings Memorandum of Understanding (2006), and (ii) 15 percent of the existing Federal capital asset building inventory of the agency as of the end of fiscal year 2015 incorporates the sustainable practices in the Guiding Principles;

(g) ensure that, if the agency operates a fleet of at least 20 motor vehicles, the agency, relative to agency baselines for fiscal year 2005, (i) reduces the fleet's total consumption of petroleum products by 2 percent annually through the end of fiscal year 2015, (ii) increases the total fuel consumption that is non-petroleum-based by 10 percent annually, and (iii) uses plug-in hybrid (PIH) vehicles when PIH vehicles are commercially available at a cost reasonably comparable, on the basis of life-cycle cost, to non-PIH vehicles; and

(h) ensure that the agency (i) when acquiring an electronic product to meet its requirements, meets at least 95 percent of those requirements with an Electronic Product Environmental Assess[illegible]