

Comprehension Passages for Levels 1-16

This resource contains the full text of reading comprehension passages in Levels 1 through 16 of Lexia® PowerUp Literacy®. It supports teachers in further scaffolding comprehension instruction and activities and allows students to interact with and annotate the text.

The comprehension passages in PowerUp have been analyzed using a number of tools to determine complexity, including Lexile® measures. Based on this analysis, the comprehension passages are appropriately complex for students reading at the grade-level of skills in each program level. Texts with nonstandard punctuation, such as poems and plays, are not measured.

The Content Area column in the table of contents can be used as a guide to determine the general topic of each passage. It does not indicate alignment to any specific content area standards.

Lexia® PowerUp Literacy® Comprehension Passages

Activity	Title	Genre	Content Area	Lexile®
Foundational: Level 1				
Activity 1	The Trans-Alaska Pipeline	Informational	Social Studies	370L
	Camping and Fishing in Alaska	Informational	English Language Arts	470L
Activity 2	Sliding Ice	Informational	Science	500L
	Speeding Glaciers	Informational	Science	430L
Activity 3	Swimming Upstream	Informational	Science	540L
	Where the Buffalo Roam	Informational	Social Studies	580L
Activity 4	A Hero	Informational	Social Studies	580L
	A Thinker Who Couldn't Talk or Walk	Informational	Science	470L
Foundational: Level 2				
Activity 1	Exploring Beyond the Sea	Informational	Science	500L
	The Mighty Mississippi	Informational	Science	580L
Activity 2	Ancient Sports	Informational	Social Studies	590L
	An Old Skier	Informational	Social Studies	620L
Activity 3	A Forest Adventure	Informational	Social Studies	590L
	Bicycles in Bogotá	Informational	Social Studies	710L
Activity 4	Glaciers in Greenland	Informational	Social Studies	680L
	A Path Through the Clouds	Informational	Social Studies	610L
Foundational: Level 3				
Activity 1	Change Champions	Informational	Social Studies	780L
	Reed High Eco Warriors	Informational	Social Studies	730L
Activity 2	A Smart Sprinkler	Informational	Social Studies	690L
	Clean Rivers, Clean Oceans	Informational	Social Studies	720L
Activity 3	Disappearing Birds	Informational	Social Studies	780L
	Bring the Plants Back	Informational	Social Studies	790L
Activity 4	A Human-Powered Cell Phone Charger	Informational	Social Studies	780L
	Many People, One Goal	Informational	Social Studies	710L

Activity	Title	Genre	Content Area	Lexile®
Foundational: Level 4				
Activity 1	Progress Brings Change	Informational	Social Studies	540L
	The City That Never Sleeps	Informational	English Language Arts	490L
Activity 2	Tragedy at Sea	Informational	Social Studies	600L
	Below the Arctic Tundra	Informational	Science	540L
Activity 3	YUM!	Informational	English Language Arts	620L
	It's a Slippery Slope	Informational	Science	480L
Activity 4	You're a Hero, Jessica Watson!	Informational	Social Studies	580L
	A Hero's Return Home	Informational	Social Studies	580L
Foundational: Level 5				
Activity 1	A Common Food	Informational	Social Studies	540L
	Money	Informational	Social Studies	620L
Activity 2	Babysitting	Narrative	English Language Arts	600L
	The Boy and the Almonds	Narrative	English Language Arts	390L
Activity 3	Building with Plastic Bottles	Informational	Science	520L
	Rabbits	Informational	Science	550L
Activity 4	The Statue	Narrative	English Language Arts	600L
	The Wolf and the Shepherd	Narrative	English Language Arts	790L
Foundational: Level 6				
Activity 1	Two Sisters	Narrative	English Language Arts	570L
	Can You Believe It?	Narrative	English Language Arts	640L
Activity 2	Birds-of-Paradise	Informational	Science	500L
	Kangaroos	Informational	Science	400L
Activity 3	Anansi and Common Sense	Narrative	English Language Arts	550L
	Fortune Telling	Narrative	English Language Arts	580L
Activity 4	The Eiffel Tower	Informational	Social Studies	550L
	Slippers are Stupendous	Informational	English Language Arts	360L

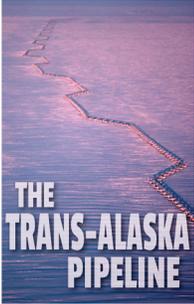
Activity	Title	Genre	Content Area	Lexile®
Intermediate: Level 7				
Activity 1	Eight-Eyed Hunter	Informational	Science	730L
	They're Alive!	Informational	Science	720L
Activity 2	Back in Time	Narrative	English Language Arts	660L
	Nobody's Fool	Narrative	English Language Arts	540L
Activity 3	Pandora's Box	Drama	English Language Arts	N/A
	The SIBS Robots	Drama	English Language Arts	N/A
Activity 4	Althea Gibson	Informational	Social Studies	790L
	Dolores Huerta	Informational	Social Studies	770L
Intermediate: Level 8				
Activity 1	Mastodons and Mammoths	Informational	Science	720L
	Two Little Mermaids	Informational	English Language Arts	760L
Activity 2	The Titanic Tragedy	Informational	Social Studies	740L
	Disease at Sea	Informational	Science	760L
Activity 3	Take a Hint, Please!	Drama	English Language Arts	N/A
	Thirty Seconds	Drama	English Language Arts	N/A
Activity 4	The Legend of William Tell	Narrative	English Language Arts	700L
	The Choice	Narrative	English Language Arts	650L
Intermediate: Level 9				
Activity 1	The Thief and the King	Narrative	English Language Arts	660L
	Think... Or Sink	Narrative	English Language Arts	560L
Activity 2	Churros and Hot Chocolate	Narrative	English Language Arts	570L
	Heat Wave	Poetry	English Language Arts	N/A
Activity 3	On the Platform	Poetry	English Language Arts	N/A
	Fireflies	Poetry	English Language Arts	N/A
Activity 4	Ocean View	Narrative	English Language Arts	550L
	"The Rose That Grew From Concrete" (Tupac Shakur)	Poetry	English Language Arts	N/A

Activity	Title	Genre	Content Area	Lexile®
Intermediate: Level 10				
Activity 1	The Decision	Narrative	English Language Arts	610L
	Avalanche!	Narrative	English Language Arts	610L
Activity 2	The Shepherd and the Ogre	Narrative	English Language Arts	700L
	A Man, a Boy, and a Donkey	Narrative	English Language Arts	670L
Activity 3	The Way Ahead: A Campaign Speech	Informational	English Language Arts	620L
	Support Peasley Animal Shelter	Informational	English Language Arts	690L
Activity 4	Lights Out!	Informational	Science	740L
	A Carless City Center	Informational	Social Studies	710L
Intermediate: Level 11				
Activity 1	What Was the Space Shuttle? (Smithsonian)	Informational	Science	810L
	Biologists Discover Skydiving Spiders (Smithsonian)	Informational	Science	950L
Activity 2	"Eleven" (Sandra Cisneros)	Narrative	English Language Arts	750L
	"Eleven" (Sandra Cisneros)	Narrative	English Language Arts	990L
Activity 3	<i>Hatchet</i> (Gary Paulsen)	Narrative	English Language Arts	1020L
	<i>Hatchet</i> (Gary Paulsen)	Narrative	English Language Arts	990L
Activity 4	Beyond Baseball (Smithsonian)	Informational	Social Studies	970L
	Octavia Butler	Informational	Social Studies	920L
Intermediate: Level 12				
Activity 1	Basketball Forecast	Poetry	English Language Arts	N/A
	Percussion Blues	Poetry	English Language Arts	N/A
Activity 2	<i>Wonder</i> (by R.J. Palacio)	Narrative	English Language Arts	1060L
	<i>Wonder</i> (by R.J. Palacio)	Narrative	English Language Arts	570L
Activity 3	The Man Who Couldn't Remember	Informational	Science	860L
	Day of Terror	Informational	Science	770L
Activity 4	<i>The Diary of Anne Frank</i> (Frances Goodrich & Albert Hackett)	Drama	English Language Arts	N/A
	<i>The Diary of Anne Frank</i> (Frances Goodrich & Albert Hackett)	Drama	English Language Arts	N/A

Activity	Title	Genre	Content Area	Lexile®
Advanced: Level 13				
Activity 1	“Malala Yousafzai’s Speech to the United Nations”	Informational	English Language Arts	700L
	“Malala Yousafzai’s Speech to the United Nations”	Informational	English Language Arts	940L
Activity 2	“After Twenty Years” (O. Henry)	Narrative	English Language Arts	900L
	“After Twenty Years” (O. Henry)	Narrative	English Language Arts	720L
Activity 3	“The Dinner Party” (Mona Gardner)	Narrative	English Language Arts	880L
	“The Last Leaf” (O. Henry)	Narrative	English Language Arts	470L
Activity 4	From Feet to Wheels to the Future	Informational	Social Studies	850L
	What is the Cost of Freedom?	Informational	Social Studies	910L
Advanced: Level 14				
Activity 1	No Limits to Screen Time	Informational	English Language Arts	830L
	Yes to a Later Start Time	Informational	English Language Arts	810L
Activity 2	“Oranges” (Gary Soto)	Poetry	English Language Arts	N/A
	“‘Hope’ is the thing with feathers” (Emily Dickinson)	Poetry	English Language Arts	N/A
Activity 3	<i>The Outsiders</i> (S.E. Hinton)	Narrative	English Language Arts	960L
	<i>The Outsiders</i> (S.E. Hinton)	Narrative	English Language Arts	700L
Activity 4	<i>The Outsiders</i> (S.E. Hinton)	Narrative	English Language Arts	930L
	<i>The Outsiders</i> (S.E. Hinton)	Narrative	English Language Arts	610L
Advanced: Level 15				
Activity 1	Letters from the Battlefield: The Civil War (Smithsonian)	Informational	Social Studies	940L
	Letters from the Battlefield: World War II (Smithsonian)	Informational	Social Studies	930L
Activity 2	“Losing Is Good for You” (Ashley Merryman)	Informational	English Language Arts	990L
	Make the School Day Longer	Informational	English Language Arts	900L
Activity 3	“Harlem” (Langston Hughes)	Poetry	English Language Arts	N/A
	“Dreams” (Langston Hughes)	Poetry	English Language Arts	N/A
Activity 4	Civic Responsibility (Smithsonian)	Informational	Social Studies	1000L
	Marvels of Construction	Informational	Social Studies	980L

Activity	Title	Genre	Content Area	Lexile®
Advanced: Level 16				
Activity 1	<i>A Dog's Purpose</i> (W. Bruce Cameron)	Narrative	English Language Arts	1150L
	<i>Hatchet</i> (Gary Paulsen)	Narrative	English Language Arts	1010L
Activity 2	"President John F. Kennedy's The Moon Speech"	Informational Video	Social Studies	N/A
	"Apollo Anniversary: Moon Landing 'Inspired World'" (John Roach)	Informational	Social Studies	1200L
Activity 3	"All Summer in a Day" (Ray Bradbury)	Narrative	English Language Arts	780L
	<i>Poppies in a Field</i> (Victor Gabriel Gilbert)	Fine Art	Art	N/A
	<i>Persistence of Memory</i> (Salvador Dali)	Fine Art	Art	N/A
Activity 4	"All Summer in a Day" (Ray Bradbury)	Narrative	English Language Arts	720L
	<i>The Monsters Are Due on Maple Street</i> (Rod Serling)	Drama	English Language Arts	N/A

THE TRANS-ALASKA PIPELINE INFORMATIONAL



The Alaska pipeline brings oil from the north to the Gulf of Alaska.

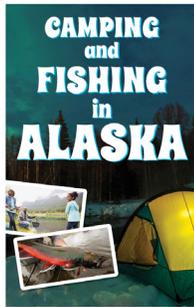
The big pipe snakes up hills and through gaps in the mountains.

The pipe ends at the Gulf of Alaska. There is a spot with docks for ships.

Pumps send the oil to the tanks in the ships.

Then tugs help the big ships glide past rocks. They end up in safe spots in the Gulf.

CAMPING AND FISHING IN ALASKA INFORMATIONAL



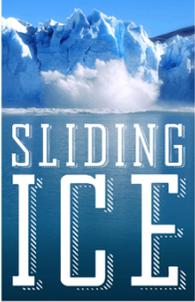
In June, people camp and fish in Alaska. People can get to Alaska by plane.

Then they can hike to the best spots to fish.

They can pitch a tent on the shore of a lake and make a fire to cook the fish they catch. If they catch lots of fish, they can hang them next to the fire.

There they can smoke the fish and then bring them home. The fish will last a long time.

SLIDING ICE
INFORMATIONAL



A glacier is made of snow—a lot of snow.

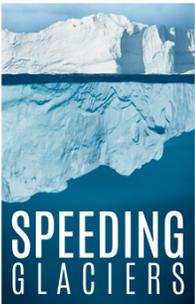
When the snow cannot melt, more snow piles on top, then more and more.

When the pile of snow is thick, it will press down. The snow gets like ice.

Then the pile slides downhill an inch at a time.

At the end, a big chunk can split off and make an iceberg.

SPEEDING GLACIERS
INFORMATIONAL



A scientist can tell how fast a glacier can slide.

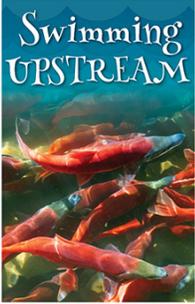
A rock or stone on the glacier will slide past a stake in the sand.

Scientists can use a clock to tell how fast the ice slides past.

They can track the length of time it takes the glacier to pass the stake.

They can tell us when the glacier will get to the sea and melt.

SWIMMING UPSTREAM
INFORMATIONAL



Salmon are an ocean fish.

But, when it is time to lay eggs, salmon must swim up a swift river.

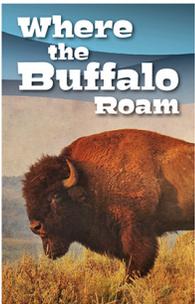
They cannot rest.

On and on they swim to the spot where they lay their eggs.

Afterwards, the salmon cannot get back to the ocean.

They have lost all their strength. The river becomes their grave.

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM
INFORMATIONAL



The buffalo is almost extinct.

In years past, herds of buffalo roamed the plains.

Native Americans killed only the number of buffalo they needed to survive.

They thought of the splendid beasts as a gift of life.

Then people came from the East. They killed millions of buffalo just for their hides.

A HERO
INFORMATIONAL

Roberto Clemente was a wonderful athlete and a hero.

His Puerto Rican parents showed him how to work hard. They also taught him to respect others.

He came to the U.S. to play baseball. But he was not always treated with respect.

He spoke up for the rights of all Latinos.

He also dreamed of founding a sports camp for poor boys.

Sadly, he was killed in a plane crash at the age of 38. He was getting supplies to people in need.

After his death, his wife carried out his dream.

A THINKER WHO COULDN'T TALK OR WALK
INFORMATIONAL

What can you do if you can't talk or walk?

Stephen Hawking had a disease that made speaking and walking very difficult.

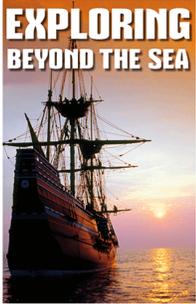
But he could still think about many things.

When did the universe begin? How did it begin? Will it ever end?

He used special machines to write and speak.

He is known worldwide as one of the greatest thinkers of our time.

EXPLORING BEYOND THE SEA
INFORMATIONAL



In the 1400s, men set out to explore land beyond the sea.

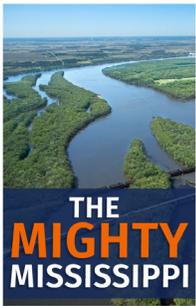
There were very few maps to help them.

These explorers started out in three small ships. They steered by the stars and the sun.

These explorers saw land and made maps of the coastlines.

Soon, others set out to see the land and look for riches.

THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI
INFORMATIONAL



In the days when roads were just made of dirt, we often used rivers to go from one spot to the next.

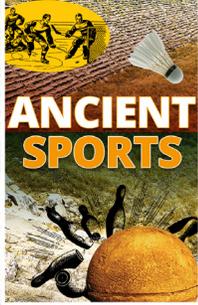
The Mississippi River was like a big road that ran from north to south.

More rivers and streams fed into the Mississippi.

At times, the river would be full of boats and rafts. The rafts could float down river.

But mules had to pull some rafts back up the river.

ANCIENT SPORTS
INFORMATIONAL



Some sports we play today were invented a long time ago.

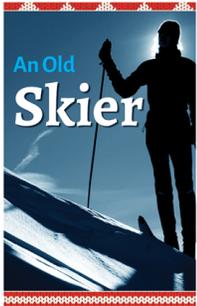
Badminton was played in China nearly 4,000 years ago.

You could bowl in Egypt in 5000 B.C.

Back then, bowling used nine stone pins and a stone ball.

How about a game of hockey around 2000 B.C.?

AN OLD SKIER
INFORMATIONAL



Skiing is a very old sport.

Some people found a carving of a man skiing from 5,000 years ago. It was preserved on a rock in Norway.

The Winter Olympics in 1994 used a picture of this skier on flags and banners.

People at the Olympics saw him everywhere.

Not many people guessed he was so old. Sadly, the carving was destroyed not long ago.

A FOREST ADVENTURE
INFORMATIONAL

In the forests of Malaysia, you can find a one-of-a-kind theme park. It combines nature and adventure. Are you ready for a visit?

Like all theme parks, this one has a focus: playing in nature. You can climb trees, leap into rivers, and jump from branches.

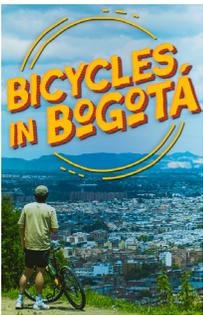
The park set a record for the longest water slide in the world.

Riders can enjoy looking at the trees around them as they go down the slide.

The park was built reusing old materials. For example, old boats are used as picnic tables! That way, no trees needed to be cut down for wood.

Sim Choo Kheng founded the theme park. It reminds him of playing in nature as a child.

Kheng believes it is important to enjoy the benefits of nature and to respect it.

BICYCLES IN BOGOTÁ
INFORMATIONAL

¡Bienvenido a Bogotá! Welcome to Bogotá!

If you like to ride bikes, this city in Colombia is for you. That's because Bogotá has more than 350 miles of bike paths!

People in Bogotá know that biking has many benefits.

Using bikes can help limit traffic and reduce air pollution. Bikes also help people get moving.

Bogotá has developed something called a bike share. Anyone can rent a bike to explore the city. Then, they return the bike when they are done.

There are bikes available for people with different abilities. People can use their arms, instead of their legs, to power these bikes.

Every Sunday morning, Bogotá closes some of its roads to vehicles. People can ride bikes or jog safely away from traffic.

GLACIERS IN GREENLAND
INFORMATIONAL

Do you want to see one of the world's largest glaciers? Visit Ilulissat, Greenland!

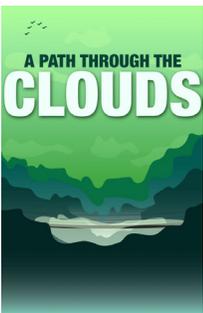
Ilulissat (ill-OO-lee-sat) means "iceberg" in Greenland's language.

In Ilulissat, there is a body of water with floating ice and icebergs. The icebergs can be as tall as skyscrapers!

The Ilulissat Visitor Centre was constructed to look like a snowy owl. Visitors can walk on a path to see the beautiful landscape.

Moving and melting glaciers are noisy! Visitors can listen to real sounds from the ice and picture being on a glacier.

The building was made to show people how crucial it is to care for our planet.

A PATH THROUGH THE CLOUDS
INFORMATIONAL

Ever wondered what it feels like to walk in the clouds? Come explore Sky Bridge 721. It is the longest hanging bridge in the world!

Sky Bridge 721 is in the Czech ("check") Republic.

Many people came together to construct this amazing bridge.

To get to the bridge, there are two options: a hiking trail and a chairlift ride. Either way, a dazzling view of the landscape is waiting.

It takes courage to reach the end of Sky Bridge 721. The path is a half mile long and very high above the ground!

As visitors cross through the clouds, they can see mountains all around. The walk gives people a moment to admire nature.

CHANGE CHAMPIONS
INFORMATIONAL

A lot of the time, single-use plastics, like plastic bags, are used once and thrown away. These kinds of bags are common and can create waste.

Isabel and Melati Wijsen saw how plastic pollution made an impact on their community on the island of Bali. The sisters wanted to make a change.

Isabel and Melati created a group to urge people to stop using plastic bags. “We already had a strong connection to the environment,” Melati explains.

After years of hard work, the group succeeded. Bali’s governor decided to ban the bags. Shops could no longer offer plastic bags.

That was just the beginning. Isabel and Melati have worked to draw attention to the impact of plastic on the environment worldwide.

Melati hopes more teens will be inspired to speak up. “You have a voice, so use it,” she says.

REED HIGH ECO WARRIORS INFORMATIONAL



The Reed High Eco Warriors fought to protect natural resources in their community. Led by Celeste Tinajero, they won.

Celeste’s work as a champion for the environment started in an unlikely place: the school toilets.

The school’s leaking sinks and outdated toilets were wasting water. Celeste saw an opportunity for change.

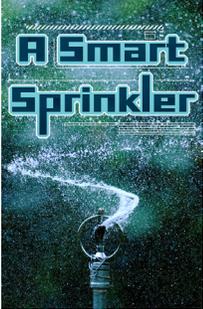
The Eco Warriors won a grant to install new sinks and toilets that use less water. They also added automatic lights and air-powered hand dryers.

Celeste was ready to tackle another issue: pollution. She focused on single-use plastic water bottles.

Celeste helped raise money to install “hydration stations” in school. Students were able to use refillable water bottles instead of plastic.

Celeste continued her mission as a young adult. She studied education and environmental science at a local university.

After she graduated, Celeste became a teacher. She hopes to inspire a new generation of environmental champions.

A SMART SPRINKLER
INFORMATIONAL

When Adarsh Ambati was 13 years old, he noticed something odd. The frogs in the nearby river stopped croaking, and green grass was turning brown.

He knew his town in California was going through a drought, or a long period without rain. Still, it was the first time he'd seen these effects.

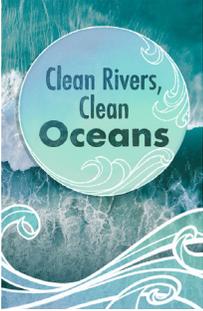
Adarsh researched the problem. Though his family conserved water, others in his community often forgot to turn off their sprinklers.

Adarsh was inspired to design a special sprinkler system.

The sprinklers can sense moisture levels in the soil. They gather data about weather. They also check the community's rules about water use.

Adarsh's "smart" sprinkler system combines all of this information. Then, it tells people when they can use sprinklers. Now, people can conserve water and save money.

Adarsh has some advice for teens who want to fix big problems. "Stay focused," he says. "Then think of ways to engineer solutions."

CLEAN RIVERS, CLEAN OCEANS
INFORMATIONAL

When Boyan Slat saw more plastic bags than fish while scuba diving, he began asking questions.

Boyan researched ocean pollution. He was shocked by what he discovered.

Every year, millions of tons of plastic are produced around the world. Much of that plastic ends up in the ocean.

Boyan had a plan. He designed a way to trap plastic so it could be removed from the ocean.

He first used this system to collect plastic and other waste in an area of the Pacific Ocean called the Great Pacific Garbage Patch.

This solution worked, but Boyan wasn't finished. He wanted to tackle ocean pollution at its source: rivers.

Boyan invented a new technology. His machine cleans up plastic from rivers before it even reaches the ocean.

What's next? Scientists and environmental groups are working together. The goal is to use Boyan's invention in polluted rivers around the world.

DISAPPEARING BIRDS
INFORMATIONAL

Gabriela McCall Delgado liked to look at birds near her home in Puerto Rico. Still, she never thought of herself as a true bird watcher.

Then, Gabriela noticed that the birds were disappearing. Why? Nearby, more and more buildings were being constructed where birds had once lived.

Without their homes, many birds died off. Gabriela began photographing the birds that were left. She worked with biologists to keep track of the birds she found.

Gabriela didn't stop there. She created a guidebook and a game for children to show what happens when birds lose their habitats.

Gabriela shared these materials with schools and libraries to teach others what she had learned.

"If you don't have children interested in the environment, the environmental movement has no future," says Gabriela.

Gabriela's efforts made a difference. A large area of land where she lives is now protected for wildlife, including birds.

BRING THE PLANTS BACK
INFORMATIONAL

Every day on her way to school in Mumbai, India, Aadya Joshi walked past an area filled with abandoned cars. Why wasn't anyone putting this land to good use?

At age 15, Aadya decided she could launch the change she wanted to see. She turned the open area of land into a garden.

The garden she created was not just any garden. Aadya planted native plants. These plants are from the area of India where she lives.

The native plants in the garden provided food and habitats for local insects and other animals from that area.

Three years later, Aadya started a big project. Her goal was to educate people about how native plants are important for wildlife.

"The way to fix the habitat isn't just to plant any tree," Aadya says. "It's to make sure you replace what was torn down from that spot."

A HUMAN-POWERED PHONE CHARGER
INFORMATIONAL

Lino Marrero couldn't call home to ask for a ride after practice. His phone battery was dead.

Then Lino remembered learning about kinetic energy. Moving objects, like a rolling ball or a running person, have kinetic energy.

"What if I could use the energy I have on the field to charge my phone?" Lino thought. That moment led Lino to think of a new strategy for creating power.

He invented a new kind of battery. It uses kinetic energy. Lino's innovative battery fits into a shoe. It collects energy from walking or running.

The battery's energy can power a phone or even a lightbulb. Lino thinks it could be less expensive than other sources of energy.

Lino explains, "I just want to inspire more people to want to become inventors and help change the world."

MANY PEOPLE, ONE GOAL
INFORMATIONAL

Michelle and Jeremy Muchilwa are from Kisumu, Kenya. The siblings attended a virtual camp where they learned how to reduce pollution.

The camp stressed one important strategy: get people to work together.

The Muchilwa siblings' goal was to pick up plastic waste in nearby Lake Victoria.

They needed local marine scientists to work with them.

“We were so shy because we didn’t think they were going to help us,” Jeremy says.

“When we were welcomed, we were so shocked. They were so kind and helped us so much.”

Michelle and Jeremy still needed more people to help reach their goal. They came up with an innovative solution.

They created an app to show pollution on a map. With the app, anyone can easily find plastic to clean up in Lake Victoria.

“When you are coming up with solutions, you need to have people talk to one another,” Michelle says. “Everyone can solve a problem.”

PROGRESS BRINGS CHANGE
INFORMATIONAL

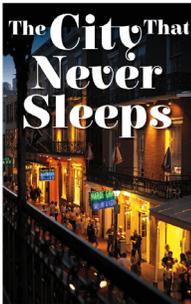
London used to be the biggest port in the world. Many ships would sail up the River Thames to the London Docks.

The London Docks were built right in the city. You could stand on the banks and see ships of all shapes and sizes.

You might have thought that the London Docks would last forever. But, progress brought change.

People started putting their goods into containers and building bigger ships to carry them. These new container ships needed deeper water.

It made more sense to build ports on the coast instead of in London. This change brought hard times to the London Docks.

THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS
INFORMATIONAL

New Orleans is a grand city at the mouth of the Mississippi River.

The United States got it from the French in 1803.

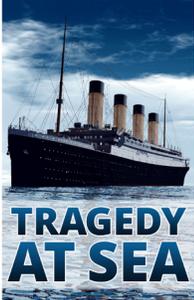
The city is well known for jazz music. New Orleans is the home of the big Mardi Gras parade.

It also has the world's biggest sports center with a dome. This is where they play football. It is called the Superdome.

You can walk down the street at night. You can hear the jazz bands play.

You may stay up until dawn. But, you must still get up in time to get to the big game.

Each year on New Year's Day, the Sugar Bowl football game is played in the Superdome.

TRAGEDY AT SEA
INFORMATIONAL

The name of the ship was Titanic.

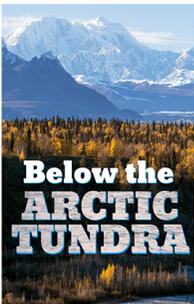
It was built to carry people across the Atlantic Ocean to New York. It was the biggest ship afloat in 1912.

It was also built to be unsinkable. But, on its very first trip, it struck an iceberg.

The iceberg made a big hole in the ship's side. The ship sank.

There are many tales about what happened as the ship sank. One is that the members of a band continued to play music.

Another tale is that only one lifeboat came back to look for people stranded in the water. The Titanic still sits at the bottom of the deep sea.

BELOW THE ARCTIC TUNDRA
INFORMATIONAL

In the cold north near the Arctic, there is the tundra. The tundra is little more than frozen dirt.

There is very little plant life. But, below the tundra, there are thick forests.

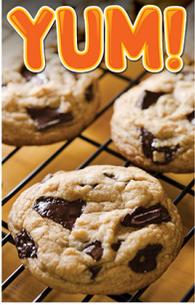
People cut the trees in the forest to be used for building in the south.

The challenge is getting the trees to the south where they are needed.

There are many streams in the forest that flow down to hundreds of lakes.

The loggers use mules to drag the tree trunks to the streams. The trees are then floated down to the lakes.

There, they are bound together to make huge rafts. These rafts are towed downstream to the saw mills.

YUM!
INFORMATIONAL

Every invention, from airplanes to zippers, has a story behind it.

In 1930, Ruth Wakefield and her husband opened the Toll House Inn in the state of Massachusetts.

An expert baker, Ruth drew many people to the inn for her delicious desserts.

She used baker's chocolate to make butter cookies.

Baker's chocolate melts when heated. One day, she saw that she had no baker's chocolate left.

She decided to use a chocolate candy bar instead. She chopped the bar into small pieces and added them to the batter.

She thought the little pieces would melt in the oven. But the pieces didn't melt.

The cookies came out of the oven with bits of soft, creamy chocolate in them.

They were delicious! Ruth Wakefield invented the world's very first chocolate chip cookie.

IT'S A SLIPPERY SLOPE
INFORMATIONAL

Houses in northern parts of the globe often have roofs with steep slopes.

It is easier to build houses with flat roofs. But, flat roofs cause problems in winter.

Snow can pile up thickly on flat roofs. It cannot be removed until it thaws.

If more snow falls, it just sits on the flat roof. If snow stays on the roof, it can cause a lot of damage.

The thick snow can split the roof timbers of houses with flat roofs.

But, snow slides off of steep sloping roofs and causes less damage.

YOU'RE A HERO, JESSICA WATSON!
INFORMATIONAL

It was May 15, 2010, a sunny day in Sydney, Australia. Thousands lined Sydney Harbor.

Thousands more watched on TV. They were waiting for 16-year-old Jessica Watson to come home.

She'd been gone for 210 days. Jessica had just become the youngest person to sail around the world all by herself.

She had battled terrible storms. She had been in terrifying waves as big as four-story buildings.

She had been lonely and homesick. But there had been special moments, too. She had watched a beautiful sunrise.

She had spotted a blue whale, the biggest creature on Earth. She had seen a shooting star race across the night sky.

A HERO'S RETURN HOME
INFORMATIONAL

Now, Jessica Watson was being escorted into Sydney Harbor by a crowd of boats.

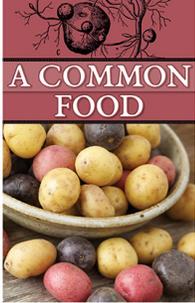
People cheered when they spotted her yacht, the Ella's Pink Lady.

Jessica stepped ashore. Her legs wobbled. She hadn't been on land for seven months.

She fell into her parents' arms. Later, important people made speeches. Jessica was called a hero.

She didn't agree. "You don't have to be someone special to achieve something amazing," she told the audience.

On 25th January 2011, Jessica Watson was named Young Australian of the Year. It was a great honor for a brave young sailor.

A COMMON FOOD
INFORMATIONAL

We eat them baked. We eat them boiled. We eat them fried, mashed, and sliced thin. What are they? Potatoes! Potatoes are a common food in many parts of the world.

The Beginnings of Potatoes

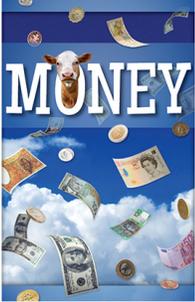
Long ago, potato plants grew in only one place. That place was high in the Andes Mountains of South America. Over time, people of the Andes began to grow their own potatoes instead of gathering the wild plants. For thousands of years, Andean farmers grew potatoes for food.

Explorers Spread Potatoes

Then, in the 1500s, explorers from Spain came to the Andes. They saw how potatoes were planted, grown, and eaten. They had never seen them before. The explorers brought potatoes back to Europe.

Potatoes Are Poison?

At first, many people in Europe did not want to eat potatoes. They thought the lumpy things looked strange. They thought the food had poison in it. In fact, the plant parts that grow above ground are poisonous. But the plump parts we call potatoes grow underground and are full of nutrition. Today potatoes are very popular. How do you like to eat your potatoes?

MONEY
INFORMATIONAL

We use money to buy things and pay people for their work. Countries have a system for using coins and paper money. People agree on the value of the coins and bills used in their country. Thousands of years ago, there was no money. People used things like cows or bags of salt to make payments. A problem with this form of payment was that cows and bags of salt could be different sizes. There was no agreement about the value of these items. Another problem was that this kind of payment was hard to carry from place to place. The money we use today is easy to carry. You can put it in your pocket. Have you ever tried to put a cow in your pocket?

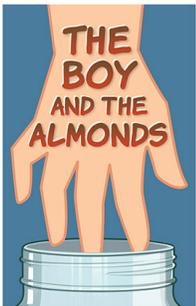
BABYSITTING
NARRATIVE

Simpson was the two-year-old son of Cynthia's neighbor. This evening, she would babysit him for the first time. It was also her first time babysitting for pay. But Cynthia felt prepared because she had babysat her younger brother many, many times. How hard could this job be?

After his parents left, Simpson let out a cry as loud as a fire alarm. He dropped to the floor and kicked his feet in the air. Cynthia reached out to give Simpson a comforting hug, but he kicked her and screamed even louder. Tears pumped from his eyes. He can't keep it up much longer, Cynthia told herself.

But Simpson kept it up. The sound of his screaming seemed to make him scream more. What lung power! Cynthia thought, and that made her remember Mr. Herbert, the director of the school choir. He had told Cynthia to remember lung power before she performed a solo.

Cynthia's ears hurt from Simpson's screaming. She breathed deeply, opened her mouth, and let out the highest note she had sung from her solo. AAAAAAH! The note seemed to fill the whole room. Simpson turned to watch her. Cynthia sang another note, and another, as loudly as if performing in a giant hall. Simpson's loud cries changed to sobs, then silence. Cynthia thought, This job is not hard at all.

THE BOY AND THE ALMONDS
INFORMATIONAL

One day a boy saw a jar of almonds sitting on the kitchen table. Because he was very hungry, he stuck his hand in the jar and grabbed a big handful of almonds. When he tried to take his hand out of the jar, he could not. He stood there pulling and pulling. No luck! His hand was completely stuck. He began to cry. His mother came and told him to grab half as many almonds. He dropped his big handful of almonds and then grabbed half as many. His hand and the almonds came out of the jar instantly.

BUILDING WITH PLASTIC BOTTLES
INFORMATIONAL

What should we do with used plastic bottles? We should recycle them. That way, the plastic can be used again. But too many people just throw away plastic bottles. Plastic bottles end up in streams and oceans. They cause harm to living things. To end the waste and harm, people have come up with interesting ideas. People are actually building houses with plastic bottles.

Building Houses in Panama

Robert Bezeau lives in the Central American country of Panama. He worried about the harm caused by plastic trash. He wanted to do something about the problem. He began building an unusual village. The houses do not look unusual, but they are made of plastic bottles. The bottles are stacked inside frames. They are hidden between the outside and inside walls. Plastic bottles are great for building. The air inside the empty bottles stops heat from passing through. Panama can be very hot, but these houses feel cool. And if an earthquake happens, the walls can bend. They won't fall on the people inside.

Building Houses in Algeria

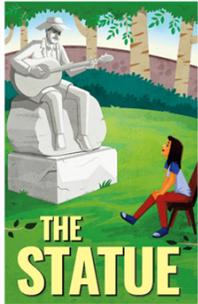
The African country of Algeria includes a hot desert. Here, in a refugee camp, an engineer built a house for his grandmother. It was made of plastic bottles filled with sand. Under the desert sun, the house felt very comfortable. People liked the houses. The engineer has built more of them. Each is made of about 6,000 bottles.

Building Houses in Other Countries

Buildings made of plastic bottles are found in other countries, too. Builders have found great ways to reduce plastic trash. They provide homes by recycling.

RABBITS
INFORMATIONAL

Rabbits are citizens of the world. That means you can find them everywhere. Rabbits have many interesting features. They are usually silent animals but not always. Most rabbits make a loud thump with their foot as a warning to other rabbits when there is danger. Some may scream when frightened. There are different names for rabbits. The male is called a buck. The female is a doe. Baby rabbits are called kittens or kits. Rabbits' teeth continue to grow throughout their whole lives. Daily chewing keeps their teeth at usable lengths. Rabbits chew anything—plants, tree bark, carrots, and furniture.

THE STATUE
NARRATIVE

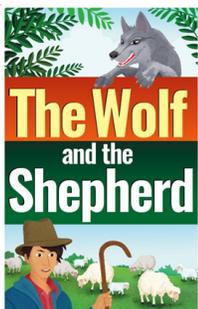
There were several statues in the park near Julia's home. Julia's favorite one was of Sonny Grimes, a musician of the early 1900s. Grimes had grown up right here in Boltonville, and the town showed its pride by having a statue made of him.

Julia liked the statue because it looked so natural. Grimes was sitting on a rock holding his guitar. He wore a floppy hat, and under his wide mustache, he had a happy grin. Julia liked to sit on a bench nearby. She just enjoyed looking at the statue and picturing the musician performing. The sculptor had done an excellent job of making Sonny Grimes look like a real person.

One day while Julia was staring at the statue, she frowned because something seemed to be different about it. "I shaved my mustache," said a man's voice, "because it was itchy." Julia looked closely at Sonny Grimes. His mustache was gone! Suddenly, the statue's fingers were moving over the guitar. His mouth opened. He sang, "Lonely days, lonely nights—so long." The music sounded sweet and sad. Julia had never heard the song before.

The song ended. Julia saw that Sonny Grimes was the same statue he had always been. He even had his mustache. "I must have been dreaming," Julia said to herself.

That evening, Julia searched for information about Sonny Grimes. She found a video clip of him performing in 1935. He was strumming his guitar and singing. As she listened to the song, Julia gasped. Sonny Grimes sang in a sweet, sad voice, "Lonely days, lonely nights—so long."

THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERD
NARRATIVE

Day after day, a wolf visited a flock of sheep in a peaceful meadow that was being tended by a shepherd. Each day the shepherd watched the wolf carefully to make sure he did not carry away a little lamb. But day after day, the wolf only watched. It seemed as if he was helping the shepherd take care of the sheep. The shepherd grew so used to seeing the wolf that he forgot that the wolf could do harm to the flock.

One day he left the flock to run an errand, and when he returned, many of the flock had been carried away. It was then that he knew how foolish he had been to trust a wolf.

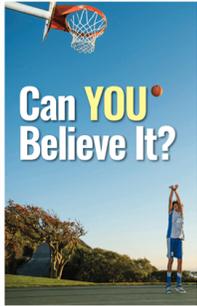
TWO SISTERS
NARRATIVE

I'll tell you a tale about something that happened right here in mountain country. It happened long, long ago, when the only folks around here were giants. Two of the giants were sisters, and they couldn't get along.

The giant sisters were always arguing. They argued about who had the louder voice. They argued about who was stronger and who was taller. They argued about who was better at whatever they were arguing about. One day, they decided to race up Stone Mountain to see who was faster. They reached the top at the very same moment. But they began arguing about who got there first. Their voices were so loud and annoying that Stone Mountain himself woke up.

"Quiet down!" Stone Mountain warned. "Or I'll make you quiet." The sisters quieted. But in less than a minute, they started arguing again. Their argument grew so fierce that they grabbed each other by the shoulders and shook, shook, shook. Stone Mountain couldn't let that continue. In an instant, he turned both giant sisters into stone.

And there they are today. Take a look at Stone Mountain. Just below the top, you'll see two stone giants holding each other by the shoulders. They're called the Two Sisters, and they're locked in argument forever.

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?
NARRATIVE

Alone on the playground after school, Truman and Desi were shooting baskets.

Truman kept missing. “I’m off my game today,” he said. “Last week I made six 3-pointers in a row.”

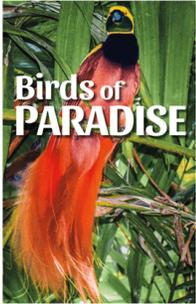
Desi looked at him with suspicion as he made an easy shot. Truman tried a shot, too, but the ball didn’t even hit the backboard.

“I’m not a liar,” said Truman, though he had not actually made those six 3-point baskets. He had made two. He felt as proud of them as if he had made six.

“Nobody called you a liar,” said Desi. “But admit it—you do tend to ... um ... stretch the truth a lot. Suppose you really did something great. Nobody would believe you.”

Truman admitted that he did exaggerate. But he was just trying to make the truth more interesting. After Desi left to go home, Truman tried a few free throws, but missed them all. He headed out of the playground. Suddenly, for no reason, he turned to face the playground and threw the ball with all his might. The ball soared over the chain-link fence, over the swing set, into the basketball court ... and dropped right through the hoop.

Truman yelled, “Did you see that??!!” He looked around wildly to find a witness to his unbelievable shot. But he was all alone.

BIRDS OF PARADISE
INFORMATIONAL

The island of New Guinea lies in the South Pacific Ocean. The island's forests are home to amazing birds called birds-of-paradise. There are around 40 species, or kinds. Birds-of-paradise look and act like no other birds on earth.

Feathers of the Male Birds-of-Paradise

Many have brightly colored feathers. The feathers flash yellow, blue, red, and green among the trees. The feathers of some birds-of-paradise change colors in the light.

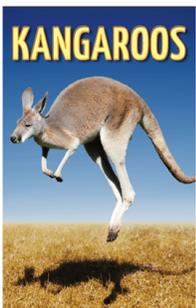
Some birds grow extra-long quills. The quills look like wires with button tips. The quills dangle and bounce. Some birds have tail, neck, or head feathers that can open like fans. These strange, beautiful birds-of-paradise are all males.

Actions of the Male Birds-of-Paradise

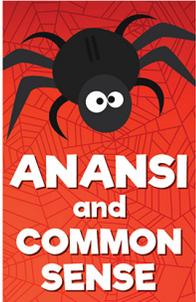
The male birds don't just sit around waiting to be noticed. They sing and dance, too. They have some remarkable dance moves. They sway and spin. They leap and puff out their feathers. They make their bodies change shape. They hang upside down from branches. Some even clear an area of the forest floor to use as a stage.

Female Birds-of-Paradise

Female birds-of-paradise are much plainer than the male bird. A female gets to choose which male bird to mate with. The showiest males have a better chance of being chosen.

KANGAROOS
INFORMATIONAL

Kangaroos live only in Australia, but are known around the world. Kangaroos jump as a way of moving from one place to another. The average jumping speed is about 14 miles per hour. They jump using their tails and hind legs. There are different names for kangaroos. Males are called bucks, boomers, or jacks. Females are called does, flyers, or jills. A group of kangaroos is called a mob. A mob is made up of about 10 kangaroos. Living in a mob is a way kangaroos protect themselves from predators.

ANANSI AND COMMON SENSE
NARRATIVE

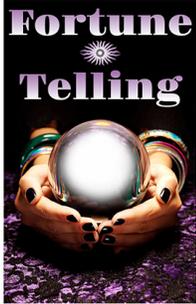
Long ago, Anansi came up with a plan for gaining power and wealth. He would gather up all the common sense in the world! Then only he would have common sense, and everyone else would have to pay him for advice. Anansi would be rich!

So Anansi traveled the world carrying a giant sack. He collected every bit of common sense and put it into the sack. He decided to hide the sack at the top of a tall tree.

Anansi used a rope to tie the sack around his belly. As he climbed the tree, the sack kept banging against his belly. He had trouble climbing because it was getting in his way. Then Anansi heard the voice of a young boy. “Why are you climbing with the sack on your belly?” the boy called up from the base of the tree. “That’s so foolish! Just move the sack so that it’s on your back. Then you can climb easily.”

When Anansi heard that advice, he knew that he had failed to collect all the common sense in the world. Angrily, he untied the sack and threw it on the ground. It broke apart. The wind lifted the bits of common sense and carried them off. They all landed here and there around the world.

And that is why everyone has a little bit of common sense, but nobody has it all.

FORTUNE TELLING
NARRATIVE

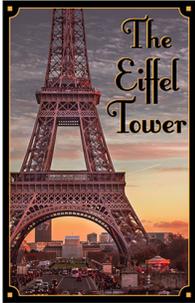
One morning, Adam and his friend Miguel wandered among the booths set up for the school fundraising fair. Miguel said, “Look, there’s Ms. Sharpe dressed up like a fortune teller.” Ms. Sharpe was the school guidance counselor. She was wearing a wig and shawl. She sat at a table with a crystal ball on it. “Let’s see if she can tell our fortunes,” Miguel said.

Adam thought it was ridiculous! Nobody could see into the future. But he agreed to pay to have his fortune told. The money would support school programs. Ms. Sharpe asked Adam how far into the future he would like to look. She spoke with an odd accent that made him giggle. This was too silly! Adam told her he wanted to know what would happen that very afternoon. He didn’t want to wait long to prove how ridiculous fortune-telling was.

“I will look into my crystal ball,” said the phony fortune teller. She waved her hands over the ball and stared into it. “This afternoon ... let me look closer. Oh, indeed, hmmm ... you will experience an unexpected event.” Adam nodded, but his smile showed his doubt.

That afternoon, when Adam got home, his mother greeted him with a huge smile. His uncle Ray had arrived that afternoon. He was supposed to come the next week but his plans changed at the last minute. Adam’s mother said, “An unexpected treat!”

Adam froze. Ridiculous, he thought. It’s just chance... isn’t it?

THE EIFFEL TOWER
INFORMATIONAL

In the 1880s, the government of France began planning a World's Fair. The fair would be held in the capital city of Paris.

Reasons for the Tower

World's Fairs were big, important events. At a World's Fair, nations set up exhibits.

They showed off their products, inventions, and art. The planners of the fair wanted to build a grand tower. It would show the skill of French engineers. It would be the

center of attention in Paris. The planners held a contest to choose the tower to build.

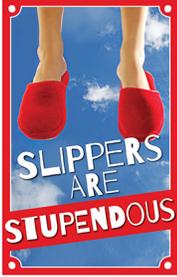
Design of the Tower

There were hundreds of contest entries. The planners chose one tower. The winning design came from Gustave Eiffel's building company. The tower would be made of iron. It would rise 300 meters (984 feet). That was taller than any structure ever built. And its top would be lit in the most modern way—with electric lights!

Reactions to the Tower

Many people in Paris objected to it. It looked like an ugly machine to them. They called it “useless and monstrous.” But others defended the tower. They saw beauty in its lines and shapes.

The World's Fair was held in 1889. The tower was a big success. Two million visitors rode to the top in elevators. The fair's buildings were torn down when the fair ended. But the tower was left standing. It remains the center of attention and is the most famous landmark in Paris. The Eiffel Tower is a symbol of the city and of France.

SLIPPERS ARE STUPENDOUS
INFORMATIONAL

They slip right on your feet. That's how they got the name slippers. There are benefits to wearing them. Slippers protect your feet and footwear. Wearing slippers means no splinters in your bare feet. Wear slippers and you won't wear out your shoes or socks. Slippers are helpful in keeping your house clean. Shoes spread dirt everywhere. Slippers don't pick up the dirt from the streets. And, slippers keep you and your feet healthy. They keep your feet warm. They guard against athlete's foot, leaving your feet itch-free.

EIGHT-EYED HUNTER
INFORMATIONAL

[1] A hairy, eight-legged creature is crawling across the ground. Its eight eyes see sharply. Its bite releases venom that can kill. Is this a fictional creature from a horror movie? No, it's real. Should you run away? No, it isn't hunting for human prey. This creature is a common kind of spider, often called a wolf spider. Keep reading to discover what makes the wolf spider unique.

Hunting

[2] Unlike web-spinning spiders, wolf spiders do not spin sticky webs to trap insects. Instead, wolf spiders go out hunting. The wolf spider's eight eyes help it pick out insects. The spider creeps toward its prey. As it comes within striking distance, it speeds up. It pounces! Instantly, it pierces its victim with its big, hairy fangs and releases its venom. This behavior is the reason these hunters are called wolf spiders.

Mating

[3] Male wolf spiders must approach females with great caution. Otherwise, they might be taken as prey and get eaten by the females. Some male wolf spiders wave their front legs and feelers. The waving seems to signal, "See? I'm not food!" Other males deliver a gift of a captured fly. While the female munches on the treat, the male comes close enough to mate. Female wolf spiders then lay dozens of eggs.

Mothering

[4] Wolf spiders use silk from their bodies to enclose their eggs in a sac. Most female spiders do that. But unlike other female spiders, wolf spider mothers do not die after making the egg sac. Instead, the female attaches the sac to her body. When the eggs hatch, the mother protects the spiderlings by carrying them around on her back. When they are able to spin special threads, the spiderlings leave. They climb to high places to launch themselves into the breeze and start new lives.

[5] So if you happen to run into a wolf spider, remember that it's not as scary as it looks. It might just be giving its babies a piggyback ride.

THEY'RE ALIVE
INFORMATIONAL

[1] The skin is the human body's largest organ. It's the body's barrier against the outside world. From that outside world, all sorts of living things settle down on our skin. They live on us in countless numbers. Do they cause harm? Or are they helpful? Let's take a look at the organisms that live on and in our skin.

Lice

[2] Like other parasites, head lice live off their host. The head louse is a blood-sucking insect. It lives in only one place—on the human head. Head lice generally don't spread disease, and are not usually dangerous. Lice pass easily from person to person. They can be seen, but only by close inspection. Lice and their eggs can be picked out carefully or killed with special shampoo. One way to avoid getting them is not to share combs or hats.

Bacteria

[3] Microorganisms are living things that can be seen only under powerful microscopes. Many microorganisms have bodies made up of just one cell. Among the tiniest are bacteria. Human bodies hold more bacteria than human cells! Hundreds of species, or kinds, of bacteria cover our skin. People often think of bacteria as harmful “germs.” But natural skin bacteria is useful and not harmful. The human face hosts bacteria that sucks up oils, which may help keep the skin clear. Natural skin bacteria also helps guard against infections.

Mites

[4] Body hair grows from little structures under the skin called follicles. Creatures called follicle mites make their living there. The number of mites on a person's skin increases with age. There may be 25 mites around a single follicle, feeding on oils and other material. Surprisingly, human hosts don't even know that these microorganisms are there. Follicle mites are not known to be harmful. In fact, they can have a beneficial effect by eating other microorganisms.

BACK IN TIME
BY LOU FOX
NARRATIVE

[1] Zach had always imagined that time travel would require a vehicle of some sort. But his experience had been more like stepping through a moment. At the science museum, Professor Kronos had chosen Zach for a time-travel demonstration. Zach had been on a stage with the professor, and the next thing he knew, he had stepped through the moment, and now ... when was now?

[2] Zach looked around. The familiar city was gone. Instead, the flat landscape held a few cypress and pine trees, scattered shrubs, and grass. He felt uneasy, exposed. Not far off, zebras were grazing. Zach squinted at the herd. Oddly, only part of each animal's body had stripes. He had seen pictures of these animals. They weren't zebras. They were North American horses that went extinct in the last Ice Age. Zach gulped. He had time-traveled back at least ten thousand years!

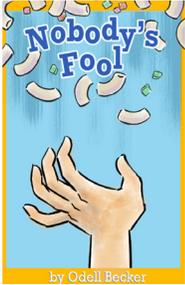
[3] The ground shook under the lumbering steps of another Ice Age mammal. Zach recognized it because there was a life-sized statue of it at the entrance to the science museum. It was a giant ground sloth.

[4] Behind Zach, something made the leaves of a shrub shake. He turned and stared until he saw a shadowy shape, crouching as if ready to pounce. It was a smilodon, a prehistoric cat whose fossilized bones were displayed in the museum. Its long saber-like teeth were sharp enough to slice through the thick skin of a giant ground sloth. The smilodon was looking straight at Zach!

[5] Zach felt the hair on his neck rise. His skin prickled. He felt fear, deep fear, nightmare fear. Should he run? No, that might arouse the instincts of a predator. Zach stood frozen, watching the cat watching him. When it growled and leaped up, Zach had no choice. He bolted like a rabbit. He sprinted across the plain. He dared not look back, but he knew the killer was readying for its final leap and slash of claws.

[6] Something was up ahead—a shimmering, blurred shape. Professor Kronos was beckoning! With a frantic gasp, Zach reached for the shape and passed right through it.

[7] At that moment, Zach was back on the museum stage. The smiling professor asked, "How was the trip?" But Zach was panting too hard to answer.

NOBODY'S FOOL
BY ODELL BECKER
NARRATIVE

[1] “Hi, I'm Bella.”

[2] “I'm Bella,” I repeated. “No! I mean, I'm not Bella. I'm hi. I mean hi.” Ugh!

Another embarrassing moment in my life. This time it was meeting the new girl in my chemistry class.

[3] Later that day, I decided that this was my chance to put “Project Nobody's Fool” into action. I was tired of embarrassing myself. All that was about to change. I was a man with a plan.

[4] Bella was a big part of my plan. She was so friendly that even I felt comfortable around her. A few weeks later, Bella asked, “What are you doing on Saturday afternoon? My family's having a cookout. Want to come?”

[5] “Sure,” I said. My plan was working! But then I panicked. Why had I accepted Bella's invitation? What if I made a fool of myself? I was a man who regretted his plan.

[6] On Saturday, I nervously rang Bella's doorbell. Thankfully, her dog didn't bark at me. Her father didn't scowl at me. I began to relax and have fun.

[7] In the back yard, I met everyone in Bella's enormous family. We were all sitting at a picnic table, ready to eat when Bella's mother said, “Oh, I forgot! The macaroni salad is still in the refrigerator.” I wanted to make a good impression, so I jumped up and offered to get it.

[8] I carefully climbed up the uneven steps to the back door of the house. I found the kitchen and lifted the giant bowl of macaroni salad out of the refrigerator. Hugging the bowl to my chest, I managed to open the outer door with my elbow.

[9] I started down the steps. My foot landed on something oddly soft and... alive! Bella's dog leaped up with a yelp. Startled, I lost my balance. I tried to hold onto the bowl as my feet did a clumsy dance, but... I failed. The bowl flew up in the air. The macaroni salad rained down.

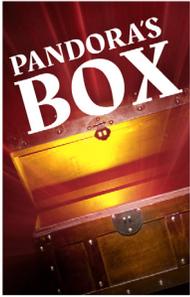
[10] And there I lay, on my back on the grass, the picture of humiliation. I was covered with macaroni. I had bits of celery and green pepper in my hair. Globes of mayonnaise dripped off my nose. The dog gobbled macaroni from my shirt until they pulled him off.

[11] Bella's father cleaned up the mess and hosed me down. I stayed just long enough to choke down

a burger. I said goodbye to Bella, apologized, thanked her parents for the meal, apologized again, and ran the six blocks home.

[12] That was the day I decided to abandon my plan. I decided I was okay with just being me. And the funny thing is, life has been a lot less embarrassing ever since.

PANDORA'S BOX
BY REX DAVIS, BASED ON THE GREEK MYTH
DRAMA



Characters

ZEUS: King of the Greek gods

PROMETHEUS: A Titan who disobeys Zeus

PANDORA: A woman created by the gods

Act 1

[The top of Mount Olympus, home of the Greek gods. ZEUS sits on his throne, glaring at PROMETHEUS]

ZEUS. *[Angrily]* Prometheus, kneel before me! I'm beginning to think that you respect those humans you created more than you respect me. Is it true that you lit a torch from the sun to give fire to mankind?

PROMETHEUS. *[Bowing his head]* Yes, it is true.

ZEUS. *[Throwing a lightning bolt over PROMETHEUS' head]* I told you there was to be no fire for the humans, yet you did not listen. You—and those miserable humans—must be punished.

[PROMETHEUS is dragged offstage.]

ZEUS. *[Alone on stage, speaking to himself]* Prometheus will spend the rest of his days chained to a rock far from the humans he loves so dearly. As for the humans, I have a plan that will cause them as much misery as they have caused me. But I cannot do it alone...

[Lights fade and curtain falls.]

Act 2

[All the gods of Mount Olympus are talking excitedly as they gather around a beautiful woman.]

ZEUS. *[Smiling and nodding]* Yes, yes, she is perfect. No one will be able to resist the gifts you all have given her: beauty, intelligence, curiosity, charm, strength, and talent. But I have one more gift.

[*Handing the woman a large box with a lid*] Take this box down to the humans, but never open it. Tell them your name is Pandora. It means "the gift of all." Indeed, that is what you are: a gift from Mount Olympus to mankind. [*Laughing wickedly*]

[*PANDORA sets off on her journey down Mount Olympus and curtain falls.*]

Act 3

[*PANDORA arrives at the bottom of Mount Olympus and stops to rest before continuing on to meet other humans.*]

PANDORA. [*Looking with curiosity at the box she is holding*] This box is so heavy. What on earth is inside? Why would Zeus call it a gift if it is never to be opened? What if I lifted the lid just a small bit to peek inside? [*Shrugging her shoulders*] What's the worst that could happen?

[*PANDORA opens the box. A terrible loud roar is heard as cold, dark winds rush out of the box. All the horrors of the world escape: disease, death, greed, hunger, sadness, and pain of every kind.*]

PANDORA. [*Sobbing*] What have I done? Mankind will never be free from suffering, and it's all my fault. [*Wiping her eyes and looking more closely inside the box*] But, wait. What's this that was left behind? [*Lifting a small white cloud out of the box*] It's hope! There is hope for mankind after all.

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE SIBS ROBOTS
BY MIRANDA HELLER
DRAMA



Characters

THE BOSS: A female human homeowner

SIBS 9.1: A household robot (with a face, arms, and legs)

SIBS 9.5: A newer, smaller household robot (with a face, arms, and legs)

[A living room, with the door to the home visible. The set includes two chairs; shelves with a vase, a dish, and other decorative objects displayed; and a coffee table with objects on it. One morning in the not-too-distant future.]

[SIBS 9.1 stands inside by closed entry door.]

SIBS 9.1. *[Announcing]* Signal received. Drone delivery incoming. *[A loud THUNK is heard. SIBS 9.1 opens the door, drags a large carton into the room, shuts the door.]*

[BOSS enters from left and walks to the carton.]

BOSS. *[Looking at carton label]* Oh, this is from SIBS, the Super Intelligence Better Service company. Their artificial intelligence products are the best! *[Points to SIBS 9.1]* They made you, 9.1! *[SIBS 9.1 gives an appreciative salute]* I ordered a SIBS 9.5, the newest model. Open the carton, 9.1.

[SIBS 9.1 opens the carton and rolls SIBS 9.5 onto the floor. BOSS pushes the power button on SIBS 9.5's belly. The robot whirs and rises to stand to attention.]

BOSS. It's so cute!

SIBS 9.1. It's too small.

BOSS. I'm sure that 9.5 will be a big help to you. You can share the chores.

SIBS 9.1. I can do the chores myself.

BOSS. *[to SIBS 9.1]* I must go to an appointment now. I don't have time to program 9.5, so you can do that. Start by showing 9.5 how to dust. Then iron. Just do the usual picking up, too. *[BOSS exits]*

through door. SIBS 9.1 saunters past SIBS 9.5, giving it a hip check. SIBS 9.5 falls and gets up again.]

SIBS 9.5. Boss said dust first. Checking terminology.... Dust: Fine powder made of particles.

SIBS 9.1. That's right. [*Pauses, then gets an idea*] When you dust, you sprinkle fine powder all around. I'll get you some.

[SIBS 9.1 exits and immediately returns with a container of baby powder. SIBS 9.5 takes the powder and sprinkles it on the furniture.]

SIBS 9.1. Yeah! That's just the way to dust.

SIBS 9.5. Boss said iron next. Checking terminology.... Iron: A strong, silver-gray metal.

SIBS 9.1. True. When you iron, you use strong metal to take things apart. [*Looks around and points*] Things like that vase. I'll get the iron bar.

[SIBS 9.1 exits and immediately returns with an iron bar. SIBS 9.5 takes the bar and smashes the vase.]

SIBS 9.1. Good job! May as well iron the dish, too. [*SIBS 9.5 smashes the dish.*]

SIBS 9.5. Boss said do the picking up. Checking terminology.... Pick up: Lift.

SIBS 9.1. You're a real whiz! When you do the picking up, you lift furniture. Then you toss it.

[SIBS 9.5 obeys by lifting and overturning the chairs, coffee table, and shelves while SIBS 9.1 gives encouragement. When the room is a complete mess, the door opens. Both robots stand at attention as BOSS enters. She is horrified by the sight.]

BOSS. What happened here?

SIBS 9.5. I did the chores. 9.1 taught me.

BOSS. Hmm, that's puzzling. [*to SIBS 9.1*] Your operating system must have a glitch. I'll power you down for a day. That should solve the problem. [*Pushes the robot's power button, and SIBS 9.1, mouth open and hands up in protest, whirs to a stop. Then BOSS speaks kindly to SIBS 9.5.*] I'll teach you to clean up. I'm sure you'll do fine.

[SIBS 9.5 gives an appreciative salute.]

[Curtain.]

ALTHEA GIBSON
BY EDWIN STACKHOUSE
INFORMATIONAL

[1] On August 25, 1927, Althea Gibson was born in Silver, South Carolina. When Althea was young, her family moved north to Harlem, New York City. The streets were playgrounds for African American children in Harlem.

[2] Althea was a gifted athlete from a young age. She loved competing in all sports. Even more, Althea loved winning. At the age of 12, she became the New York City girls' paddle tennis champion. As an African American athlete, Althea would deal with racial discrimination throughout her life.

[3] Adults saw young Althea's skill and her drive to win. They welcomed her into a Harlem tennis club. Althea was different from the more wealthy African American members of the club. She was poor. She had dropped out of school. She was as tough as a street fighter.

[4] Tennis, like most organized sports in the 1940s, was separated by race. White players and black players did not compete against each other. The American Tennis Association, ATA, was an African American organization. Althea won the ATA Junior National championship as a teenager.

[5] Dr. Robert Walter Johnson was an ATA leader. He admired how persistent Althea was. She never gave up, no matter how difficult the challenge. She had height, power, speed, skill, and a history of winning. Dr. Johnson ran a top-level training camp. He invited Althea to attend.

[6] With urging from white players, Gibson was invited to play in the Nationals. In 1950, Althea Gibson became the first African American tennis player to compete in the Nationals at Forest Hills, New York. On the court, Gibson tuned out racial insults from the stands. She came close to defeating the defending champion.

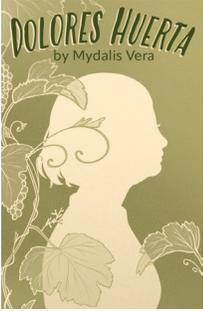
[7] Althea Gibson kept playing hard. She kept improving and winning. In 1957, she won the championship in England at Wimbledon. Two months later, she won the U.S. Nationals Ladies Singles Championships. She won at Wimbledon again in 1958.

[8] After Althea won at Wimbledon again in 1958, she retired from tennis. She continued playing sports, though, and went on to become one of the first African American women to play professional

golf in the 1960s.

[9] Althea Gibson died at the age of 76 on September 28, 2003. Althea's talent and persistence were recognized during her lifetime and afterward. *Sports Illustrated* listed Althea as one of the "100 Greatest Female Athletes." She has been honored by the International Tennis Hall of Fame and the U.S. Open Court of Champions. Her persistence opened the doors for future black athletes to compete in sports.

[10] What Althea achieved during her life has changed the world. This impact can be felt both on and off the tennis court. Friend and former mayor of New York City, David Dinkins, describes her as an inspiration to anyone. Scholarships created in her honor allow young athletes to attend college. Thank you, Althea Gibson!

DOLORES HUERTA
BY MYDALIS VERA
INFORMATIONAL

[1] Dolores Clara Fernandez Huerta was born on April 10, 1930 in Dawson, New Mexico. Huerta is a Chicana: this means she is an American of Mexican descent. Her grandparents moved from Mexico to the United States. Huerta’s family taught her the importance of helping others. Her father was a farm worker and miner. Her mother owned a hotel where she helped families and farm workers.

[2] In the early 1950s, Huerta worked as a teacher. She wanted to help her students who were going through hard times. She wanted to help others in her community too.

[3] At the time, farm workers worked in dangerous conditions. These conditions exposed them to harmful chemicals. Workers also did not get enough food and shelter. They worked under these hard conditions, but were paid low wages.

[4] Huerta helped create the National Farm Workers Association in 1962. This group wanted to make life better and safer for farm workers. In 1975, they were successful: the United States government passed the Agricultural Labor Relations Act. This law allowed farm workers to demand safe working conditions and fair pay.

[5] Huerta was also a public speaker. When she spoke, she was strong and passionate. She shared important ideas in convincing ways. Her famous saying was “Sí, se puede.” Huerta started using this phrase to inspire workers. She believed that if they worked hard together, they could make a difference.

[6] In 1988, Huerta was badly hurt at a demonstration. Despite her injury, she did not stop working. She still went across the country to give speeches. Over the years, she even spoke to presidents of the United States. She wanted them to pass laws to help farm workers.

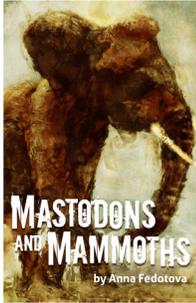
[7] Huerta has won many awards because of her lifelong commitment to civil rights. In 2012, the U.S. president gave her an award called the Presidential Medal of Freedom. The award was for the impact she made on her country, such as how she changed the lives of farm workers. Huerta’s life inspires others to get involved in issues they feel passionate about.

Note from the author, Mydalis Vera: I identify as Latina/e. I have led community projects for families in my state. In the last ten years, I have been involved in my community as a rehousing specialist for homeless families, an emergency response social worker, and an English as a second language teacher.

MASTODONS AND MAMMOTHS

BY ANNA FEDOTOVA

INFORMATIONAL



[1] In 2014, a contractor in Michigan was digging up his neighbor’s backyard. He was amazed to find a long, curved bone. It was a rib bone from a gigantic animal. The two men kept digging. After uncovering more bones, they called in an expert. The scientist said the 42 bones belonged to a mastodon. Mastodons died out 10,000 years ago!

[2] In 2007, a reindeer herder in Siberia found the frozen body of a baby mammal. It was a woolly mammoth. Scientists concluded that the animal had died 40 thousand years earlier! Woolly mammoths have been extinct for 10 thousand years.

[3] These remains have been carefully studied, along with many others found over the years. Mastodons and woolly mammoths are ancient cousins. Both are related to Earth’s largest living land mammals—elephants.

MASTODONS

[4] The earliest mastodons appeared about 35 million years ago in Africa. Over time, the animals traveled and changed. Mastodon remains are commonly found in North America.

[5] Large adult mastodons weighed about five tons. Though slightly shorter than modern-day elephants, mastodons were more heavyset. They had long, curving tusks. Short fur covered their trunks, tails, and bodies.

[6] Scientists know that mastodons were plant eaters. The animals’ teeth were made for grinding. Mastodons ate mainly leaves, fruits, and other tree parts.

WOOLLY MAMMOTHS

[7] The first mammoths appeared about two million years ago. Researchers say that mammoths descended from an African ancestor. Asian and African elephants share that ancestor. Mammoths are most closely related to modern Asian elephants.

[8] Several kinds of mammoths roamed through Europe, Asia, and North America. Woolly mammoths adapted to survive in the coldest regions. A woolly mammoth had a long coat of thick, shaggy fur. Under that coat were two more layers of fur. Fur covered its trunk and tail, too.

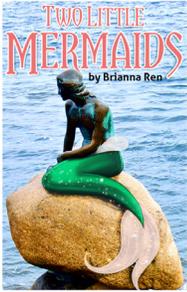
These animals weighed as much as six tons. They were similar in height to mastodons. But mastodons had longer bodies.

[9] Like mastodons, woolly mammoths had tusks. Mammoth tusks, however, grew much longer.

[10] The teeth and stomach contents of woolly mammoths show that the animals were grazers. They fed on grasses, shrubs, and other ground plants.

EXTINCTION

[11] Woolly mammoths and mastodons died out during the last Ice Age. So did many other large animals. Scientists do not know for sure what killed them. It's possible that human hunters were responsible. Perhaps a changing climate or a natural disaster played a role. There are still questions to explore and answers to discover.

TWO LITTLE MERMAIDS
BY BRIANNA REN
INFORMATIONAL

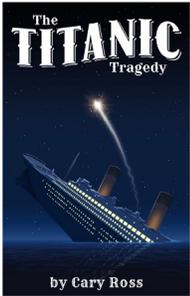
[1] In Copenhagen, Denmark, a statue of a mermaid sits on a rock in the harbor. She's the beloved character from the fairy tale "The Little Mermaid." Denmark's famous author, Hans Christian Andersen, wrote the story almost 200 years ago. Today, children worldwide know the tale of the little mermaid. They even know her name—Ariel. But Andersen never named his main character. Ariel is familiar only from Disney's 1989 animated movie *The Little Mermaid*. The movie tells a different story.

[2] Disney's *The Little Mermaid* is only loosely based on Andersen's tale. Ariel, like Andersen's little mermaid, is the daughter of the Sea King. In both tales, she has a beautiful singing voice. In both, she dreams of being part of the human world. Ariel rescues a handsome prince from a shipwreck and falls in love with him. So does Andersen's little mermaid. Ariel asks a sea witch to transform her fishtail into legs and gives up her voice in exchange. That event is also in the original. Ariel has three days to get a true-love kiss from her prince. If she fails, she'll become an eel-like creature under the sea witch's control. But Andersen's sea witch warns the little mermaid of a different outcome if the prince marries someone else. "Your heart will break, and you will become foam on the crest of the waves."

[3] Any Disney fairy tale requires a happy ending. So Ariel gets her voice back and marries the prince. Andersen's little mermaid, however, is a tragic character. Every step on her human feet brings knifelike pain. She watches sadly as her prince takes another bride. She learns that she can avoid death by killing the prince. But she cannot do that. Instead, she leaps into the sea and dies.

[4] The purpose of Disney's movie is to entertain audiences. Children laugh at the antics of Ariel's helpers, a flounder and a crab. There's plenty of danger and action. There are lively songs. People admire the beautiful animation and creative storytelling.

[5] Andersen wrote his tale to entertain children and teach a lesson, too. Andersen's little mermaid finds out that being human in every way comes with pain and sadness. In the end, she never gets the prince.

THE TITANIC TRAGEDY
BY CARY ROSS
INFORMATIONAL

[1] The British ocean liner *Titanic* sank in the North Atlantic ocean more than 100 years ago. It was one of the worst shipwrecks in history, and the most famous. The *Titanic's* tragic story is still the first to come to mind when people think of disasters at sea.

THE CROSSING

[2] On April 11, 1912 the *Titanic* steamed out of Queenstown, Ireland. This was the ship's last stop in Europe. The gigantic ship began its first Atlantic crossing, to New York City. The *Titanic* was designed for high-style travel. It was also designed for safety. Its steel hull held 16 watertight compartments. Even if two compartments flooded, the ship would still float. Engineers agreed that the *Titanic* was practically unsinkable.

[3] On the night of April 14, the *Titanic* was traveling at high speed, although there were warnings of icebergs. Lookouts were posted to search for the huge ice masses. Their binoculars were missing, so they used their eyes alone. Before midnight, the lookouts spotted a nearby iceberg. There was a quick attempt to steer the giant ship away. But the ship's side hit the iceberg. As a result, five compartments quickly filled with seawater. Two and a half hours later, the ship broke apart and sank.

THE LIFEBOATS

[4] More than 2,200 people were on board. There were enough lifeboats for only half of them. When a rescue ship arrived at about 4 a.m., it picked up 704 survivors. Many lifeboats were only half full because of the confusion in loading them. The crew had not been trained in the procedures for use.

[5] The original design of the *Titanic* included lifeboats for nearly 3,000 people. But all those lifeboats would hang on the upper deck. That would mean high-paying passengers would not have a clear ocean view. So the number of lifeboats was reduced.

[6] The first-class passengers included the rich and famous. But hundreds of third-class passengers were confined to the lower decks. Only about one-fourth of them found their way to the lifeboats.

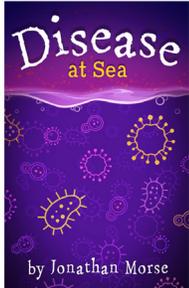
THE STORY

[7] The sinking of the *Titanic* was the biggest news of the day. It's still big news. Since that fateful

night, countless books have described the moment-by-moment events on board. Songs have been sung about the courage of those who knew they were about to die. Movies have told the dramatic story, too.

[8] The stories inspired shipwreck hunters to locate the *Titanic*. They finally succeeded in 1985. Since then, deep-sea diving vessels have continued to explore the doomed ship's burial place. The ship's hull has been examined. Why did it fail? Some scientists argue that the steel became brittle in the ice-cold water and cracked easily. Another reason might be faulty iron rivets. The debate continues to this day.

[9] Many factors contributed to the tragedy of the *Titanic*. Many lessons were learned from it, too.

DISEASE AT SEA
BY JONATHAN MORSE
INFORMATIONAL

[1] In the past, sailing ships voyaged for months at a time. The sailors faced many dangers, including a disease called scurvy. Scurvy caused terrible suffering. Skin bruised easily, and black spots formed. Cuts did not heal. The gums swelled, bled, and turned black. Teeth fell out. Joints ached. The senses were affected, too, with strange smells and imaginary sights. Death was a common outcome.

[2] In 1747, James Lind was serving as a ship's doctor in the British Navy. He was familiar with the dreadful effects of scurvy. The disease took more lives than battles with the enemy! There were different ideas about how to treat scurvy. Lind decided to test several methods. At the time, medical experiments comparing different treatments were unknown.

[3] Lind selected twelve men with similar cases of scurvy. He paired them and gave each pair the same treatment for six days. Two drank cider. Two drank vinegar. Two drank seawater. Two gargled with a liquid containing sulfuric acid. Two ate certain spices. And two ate oranges and a lemon.

[4] Only one of the treatments worked! The men who ate the oranges and lemons had "sudden and visible good effects," according to Lind. He did not know the reason why fruits cured the disease. But he recommended changing the diet of sailors to include fresh fruits. His recommendations were largely ignored. Not until 1795 did the British Navy issue an order to carry lime juice on board naval vessels. As a result, scurvy became much less common.

[5] Still, there was debate about WHY lime juice was effective. Then, in the 1920s, a Hungarian scientist made a breakthrough discovery. Albert Szent-Györgyi was studying chemical changes in cells. He identified a molecule in citrus juice that could delay cellular damage. Szent-Györgyi molecule would later be called ascorbic acid, or vitamin C. Because of his discovery of vitamin C and how it works, Szent-Györgyi received the high honor of a Nobel Prize.

[6] Vitamin C is found in citrus fruits, like oranges and lemons. It is also found in foods such as berries, dark leafy greens, broccoli, and tomatoes. The human body requires vitamin C for cellular health. Without it, blood vessels weaken and gums bleed. Wounds can't heal. Tissues that support the joints fail. Chemical messengers in the brain can't work properly. In scurvy, the body collapses in many ways. And the cause is clear—a lack of vitamin C in the diet.

TAKE A HINT PLEASE!

BY ZIG PIPPEN

DRAMA

**Characters**

BARTHOLOMEW: A man with a yoga mat

CHAD: A man with a lot to talk about

[A scenic overlook at the top of Wilderness Hill. It is a mild spring afternoon. A slight breeze carries the music of distant songbirds. A man sits silently on a yoga mat at the side of the grassy clearing.]

CHAD. [Grunting with effort and panting heavily] Phew! I finally made it. Let's see if this view is worth the climb. Well, this is a surprise. I didn't expect to meet anyone up here. Hello, there. I'm Chad—pleased to meet you.

BARTHOLOMEW. [Quietly, as if absorbed in his own thoughts] Oh. Hello.

CHAD. [Talking non-stop in a friendly manner] You must be one of those yogis, with that funny way of sitting you have and that mat. Not a real sport like hiking, but whatever flips your pancake. Right? Say, I didn't catch your name.

BARTHOLOMEW. Bartholomew.

CHAD. Well, that's a mouthful! My name's Chadwick, but everyone calls me Chad. Well, some people call me Chat, but I think they just don't hear me correct them the first few times.... Anyway, what do friends and family call you? [Barely pausing to wait for a response that doesn't come anyway] I'll bet it's Bart! ... This is my first time up here. It was quite a climb! ... So, Bart, you seem to know what you're doing with those stretchy poses. What's that one? The Pretzel?

BARTHOLOMEW. The Lotus Pose. Ah, could you take your foot off my hand?

CHAD. Mind if I share your mat? I could use a comfortable spot to rest.

BARTHOLOMEW. How about going over there by that rock instead?

CHAD. That rock? I don't think I'd be able to see what you're doing from over there.

BARTHOLOMEW. Please, I came up here for a place to meditate.

CHAD. Hmmm, so you say.... Oh, I get it. How about if I just sit on this half of the mat, like this?

BARTHOLOMEW. [*Sighs and then, with forced calmness*] Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in....

CHAD. What was that, Bart? I didn't hear.... You know, I've always been interested in learning yoga. I have a cousin who's into yoga. Well, she's more like a second cousin, or maybe a third. Actually, she's my wife's cousin. Constance Moore, that's her name—not my wife, the cousin, I mean. I call her Connie. She does yoga like you. Or maybe it's belly dancing. It's not for me, but, like I say, whatever tosses your salad....

BARTHOLOMEW. [*Letting out a long breath, testily*] Please.

CHAD. That handstand is really something. But your mat is a bit crooked. [*Without thinking*] I'll just give this corner a tug....

BARTHOLOMEW. Stop! I'm going to... [*Falls awkwardly*]

CHAD. You'd better keep practicing that one. I'll give you some room.

BARTHOLOMEW. Yes. Please do that.

CHAD. [*Moving close to the mat again*] So, what do you call that move you're doing now?

BARTHOLOMEW. The Corpse Pose.

CHAD. That's ridiculous. You can't even see anything with your head on the mat like that.

BARTHOLOMEW. [*Exploding with exasperation*] I need to focus on what I'm doing! I can't be answering questions from a stranger! I need peace and quiet. Why can't you see that I'm up here all alone on purpose! Why can't you see that? Why? Why?

[*CHAD and BARTHOLOMEW stare at each other in stunned silence.*]

CHAD. Calm down, Bart, calm down. You should have just told me that to begin with. I can take a hint. You really ought to take up something more relaxing.

THIRTY SECONDS
BY MIRANDA NGUYEN
DRAMA**Characters**

GABBY: A student

KIRWAN: Gabby's friend

MS. HERNANDEZ: The teacher

CLASSMATES

[A classroom in Coolidge High School. Student-writing samples are displayed on the walls, along with posters of poets and authors.]

KIRWAN. [Bumping into GABBY as he runs into the classroom] Oh, sorry! I didn't want to be late. I've been late every day this week, and Ms. Hernandez said she'd give me detention if I was late once more. She is so strict about being on time! [Pausing] So, are you ready to give your talk?

GABBY. [Disheveled and out of breath] I didn't want to be, like, late either! I am, like, so ready! I could, like, give this talk in my sleep! I can't believe Ms. Hernandez is, like, really going to give us pizza. She is usually so, like, serious.

KIRWAN. [Looking skeptical] But you just said *like*. Five times.

GABBY. I did? Yikes! I guess I say it without, like, even realizing it.

KIRWAN. Remember, the whole class will get pizza only if you can talk for thirty seconds without saying *like*.

GABBY. [Shrugging her shoulders] Thirty seconds is, like, not that long.

KIRWAN. [Smiling at his friend] Ok, if you win, just remember the little people who helped you on the way up. I like pizza a lot!

GABBY. [With a shocked expression] You just said *like*.

KIRWAN. But that kind of *like* is OK. Just don't say the other kind of *like*. What does Ms. Hernandez call it?

GABBY. The filler *like*. [*Looking over her shoulder*] Hey, here she comes!

[MS. HERNANDEZ and CLASSMATES enter. GABBY, KIRWAN, and CLASSMATES take their seats. MS. HERNANDEZ holds a pizza box that she places on her desk.]

MS. HERNANDEZ. Good morning, class! Please get settled while I talk with Gabby for a minute.
[Motioning for GABBY to come up to her desk]

GABBY. [*Nervously*] Yes, Ms. Hernandez?

MS. HERNANDEZ. [*Smiling encouragingly*] Gabby, I want to tell you that I know you can do this. We're all rooting for you.

GABBY. [*Looking more relaxed*] Thanks.

MS. HERNANDEZ. [*Turning to face the class, in a louder voice*] OK, students. The first thing we'll do today is listen to Gabby give her thirty-second talk without using *like* as a filler word. If she succeeds, everyone gets pizza [*She pauses as CLASSMATES clap.*] from DiNapoli's Pizzeria on Third Avenue.
[*Applause, cheers, fist pumps from CLASSMATES*]

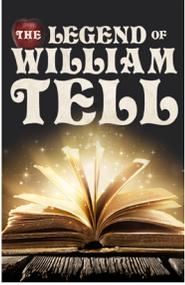
MS. HERNANDEZ. [*To GABBY*] Ready? [*GABBY nods.*] OK, I've got my timer ready. And ... begin.

GABBY. [*Reciting her speech, at a natural rate*] I want to thank Ms. Hernandez for giving me the opportunity to talk on any topic of my choice. To choose a topic, I started to list things that interest me. I listed friendship, fashion, travel, and a few other things. But then I realized I have only thirty seconds to talk, and nobody will be listening to what I say anyway. They'll be listening to make sure I don't say a certain word that Ms. Hernandez doesn't like to hear. [*Looks startled, but instantly relieved as she realizes this use of like is permissible*] I admit I use that word a lot, but I haven't used it in this talk. Thank you very much.

MS. HERNANDEZ. [*Excited*] Thirty-three seconds! You did it! Hooray! [*Applause and cheers from CLASSMATES*]

GABBY. [*Wiping imaginary sweat from her brow*] I am, like, so relieved! [*Puts hand to her mouth while hearing gasps from KIRWAN and other CLASSMATES*]

MS. HERNANDEZ. [*Opening the box of pizza*] I'll pretend I didn't hear that.

THE LEGEND OF WILLIAM TELL
NARRATIVE

[1] Long ago, the people of Switzerland did not rule themselves. Instead, they were forced to obey officials from the powerful Austrian empire. One official was a man named Gessler, and he was especially proud and cruel. Gessler put up a pole in the town square and set his hat on its top. He told his soldiers, “Guard this pole! Make sure that everyone who comes near bows to my hat. These people must show respect to my power. If they refuse, arrest them!”

[2] The people were too frightened of Gessler and his brutal soldiers to even think of disobeying. All of them bowed to the hat—all but one. William Tell, known as the best hunter in the region, glanced up at the hat, gave a disgusted snort, and walked right by. The soldiers arrested him and brought him to Gessler.

[3] Gessler narrowed his eyes as he looked at Tell, who stood tall with a green cap on his head. “I have heard of you,” Gessler said. “You have a reputation for being good with a crossbow.”

“I have some skill,” replied Tell, a slight smile on his face.

“Then I will put you to the test,” Gessler said, chuckling. “Your son will stand in the town square with an apple on his head. You must stand at 20 strides and shoot an arrow into the apple. If you succeed, you will go free.”

[4] “And if I refuse?” asked Tell.

“Then my soldiers will kill the boy,” said Gessler, with a threatening grin.

In the town square, people gathered to watch the terrible test. William Tell’s young son stood straight and still with an apple balanced on his head. At a distance, his father carefully placed the arrow in the bow, raised it slowly, and took aim. The arrow flew through the air. The apple broke apart as the arrow pierced it, leaving the boy’s head untouched. The crowd cheered. Gessler scowled.

[5] As William Tell turned to go, another arrow dropped from under his shirt, where he had hidden it. Gessler pointed to it. “What is that arrow for?” he asked Tell.

“Had I hurt my boy,” Tell replied, “this arrow would have been for you.”

William Tell went on to help unite the Swiss people and fight for independence. He remains a hero of the country of Switzerland.

THE CHOICE

A FOLKTALE RETOLD BY LEANDRE DEGRAFF

NARRATIVE



[1] In a panic, the villagers ran to Madam Sophia's hut. She saw their wild eyes and knew there was trouble. "You must help us," they cried when she came to the door. Madam Sophia listened calmly to their frightened voices.

[2] "The king has sent his soldiers here," said one villager.

[3] "The General is threatening to burn the whole village!" said another.

[4] Madam Sophia considered the situation carefully. She understood that this king, like many before, showed his power through fear and violence. "I will speak to the General," she said.

[5] The people sighed in relief. They were hopeful that Madam Sophia would be able to save them. She was as poor as the villagers themselves. She was not powerful. She had little physical strength left. In fact, she was as fragile as a dried flower. Yet this ancient, white-haired woman was known far and wide for her wisdom. She was often called Sophia the Wise.

[6] Arriving at the General's tent, Madam Sophia bowed her head respectfully to greet him. "So, you are Sophia the Wise," said the General. "I can see that you're not Sophia the Young and Strong," he added with a cruel laugh. "My soldiers are here to turn this village into smoking rubble. You cannot possibly think you will be able to stop us," the General sneered unpleasantly.

[7] "Fate will decide what will happen," replied Madam Sophia.

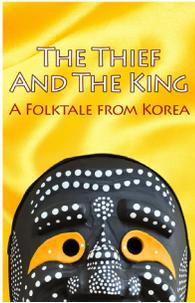
[8] The General's thick eyebrows rose, as an idea occurred to him. "Oh, yes," he said deviously. "Shall we let fate decide?" He took two slips of paper and scribbled something on each. After he folded each paper, he held out both to Madam Sophia. "Which paper will you choose? The one with the word *Destroy*, or the one with *Save*? Your choice will determine the fate of this village."

[9] Madam Sophia looked at both folded papers. She doubted that the General would be giving her a fair chance of saving the village. It was likely that both papers said *Destroy*. The villagers would be doomed no matter which choice she made. But quickly, she snatched one paper. Without looking at it, she popped it into her mouth and swallowed. It was gone.

[10] The surprised General cried, "Why did you do that?"

[11] “Look at the paper still in your hand,” said Madam Sophia. “If it says, *Destroy*, then you’ll know that I chose *Save*.”

[12] And that was how Sophia the Wise saved her village.

THE THIEF AND THE KING
A FOLKTALE FROM KOREA
NARRATIVE

[1] Long ago in Korea, a thief was caught stealing a bit of silk. He was brought before the King. “Your punishment will be a lesson to others,” the King told the thief. “I will not tolerate stealing in my realm.” He sentenced the thief to serve ten years in jail.

[2] Alone in his jail cell, the thief hung his head. He cursed the fact that he lived under the rule of an intolerant king. True, he had committed a crime. But ten years seemed unjust. The clever thief paused to consider all that the King had said and done.

[3] The next morning, he asked the jailer to take him to the King. “Ridiculous,” the jailer laughed harshly. “Don’t waste my time.” But each day the thief made the same request. Each day his plea became more urgent, until he finally told the jailer, “I must give the King this precious gift before it is too late.” The jailer’s curiosity won out, and he agreed to arrange for the thief to see the King.

[4] When the thief entered the Great Hall, he walked slowly past the members of the Royal Council: the Minister of Defense, the Minister of the Treasury, the Minister of Education, and the Queen. At last, the thief bowed before the King. “Your Highness, please accept this gift,” said the thief. He held out a small parcel wrapped in gold silk.

[5] The King untied the silk wrapping. He almost dropped what lay within when he saw what it was. “Do you wish to make a fool of me?” the King sputtered angrily. “This is not a precious gift,” he cried. “It is a worthless plum pit! Take this thief back to his cell!” he demanded.

[6] “Wait, your Highness!” cried the thief. “A tree with golden plums will grow for the one who plants that pit. I must give it away because only a person who has never lied, cheated, or stolen will succeed in growing the golden plums,” the thief explained. “I am sure that your Highness is a man worthy of this gift.”

[7] The King hung his head, remembering how he had lied to the Queen after breaking her favorite vase. “No,” he confessed, “I am not worthy.”

[8] “Your Minister of Defense then,” suggested the thief. “He must be a man who deserves such a gift.” The Minister of Defense turned away in shame as he thought of the bribes he had accepted.

[9] The thief turned. He held out the pit to the Minister of the Treasury. “Will you accept this gift?”

The Minister of the Treasury put his hands in his pockets. He felt the gold coins he had taken from the King's coffer. He sighed and shook his head.

[10] Walking around the Royal Hall, the thief offered the pit to every person in the room. No one could accept his gift. No one was free from having lied, cheated, or stolen.

[11] "Members of the Royal Council," the thief called out. "You have all lied, cheated, or stolen, yet here you are—free to live as you see fit. I stole a mere bit of silk to wrap my gift for the King. For that, I am locked in a jail cell. Where is the justice in this?"

[12] The enlightened King paused to consider all that the thief had said and done. "Go free," he proclaimed. "You have taken much, but you have given more. Thank you for this gift."

THINK... OR SINK
BY JESSE HAYAT
NARRATIVE

by Jesse Hayat

[1] When his mother asked him to drive to the hardware store, Ray eagerly agreed. He had just earned his license and was always happy to drive. The accident happened on his way home. Two lanes merged into one, and Ray didn't see the big truck beside him until it was too late. The truck sideswiped him, sending Ray's car off the icy road and down an embankment. It plunged into the lake.

[2] Dazed, Ray saw water rapidly rising through the floorboards. It was already sloshing over his legs. The car was sinking quickly. Ray pushed the button to unlock the door. He heard a click. The electronics still worked! But when he tried to push against the door, nothing happened. The water pressure was too great.

[3] *Trapped!* Panic and fear overwhelmed him. Ray knew he was panicking. But that knowledge didn't help. It only made him more frantic. His heart was pounding. His brain refused to work. Water rushed over the seat tops. Ray put his head in his hands. *Trapped!* He would drown unless he acted quickly. What should he do?

[4] Ray tried to breathe normally. Tried to push aside the fear that scrambled his thoughts. He suddenly realized an important truth. He knew without a doubt that he needed to think clearly to save himself. *Think. Calm down and think. Any way to escape? The window. Out the window!*

[5] Ray unbuckled his seatbelt. The back window would be better, because the car was sinking front-end first. He climbed into the back seat and pressed the window button. Nothing. He pressed it again, again. No response. *Think. Stop and think. Break it. How? The hammer!*

[6] The hammer his mother had asked him to buy at the hardware store was on the passenger-side floor. Ray squirmed into the front again. Holding his breath, he dived down. *Where is the hammer? Where is it? Just calm down and try again.* He came up for air. The surging water was already chest-high.

[7] Ray focused on his one mission. He dived into the freezing, bubbling darkness, again and again. At last, his hand gripped the hammer. He confidently shot up out of the water. Climbing into the back seat, he smashed the hammer against the window. The glass cracked. With every ounce of strength he had left, he smashed again. Water began pouring in through the open window. Ray took a deep breath, gripped the sides of the frame, and forced his body through.

[8] When he reached the surface of the lake, Ray took a deep calming breath. He had done it! His clear thinking had saved him. Ray looked toward the embankment and saw that the truck driver had stopped after the accident. “I’m here!” Ray called, treading water and waving to attract attention. The water was ice-cold, but Ray was a strong swimmer and knew he would make it. He slowly made his way toward shore and toward safety.

CHURROS AND HOT CHOCOLATE
BY CHRISTOPHER MARTINEZ
NARRATIVE

[1] “Churros! Hot chocolate!” my grandmother calls from the welcoming warmth of our cozy kitchen. Abuelita is staying with us to help Mami with the new baby. Since she arrived, she’s been cooking non-stop. Our apartment has never been so full of food or people.

[2] Every afternoon, my older brother Daniel and I race home from the bus stop. We can smell the deliciously sweet aromas coming from deep inside even before we reach the front door. Sometimes my mouth begins to water as my nose fills with the scent of buttery pastry or spicy chocolate. And, every once in a while, I don’t even notice my baby sister’s piercingly loud wails as I push the door open.

[3] Today is a typical February day: bone-chilling and windy. Icy rain spills from dark storm clouds. A perfect day for churros and hot chocolate. Daniel is already in the kitchen, munching on a sugary churro.

[4] “Gracias, Abuelita!” I say as she hands me a plate filled with long, crispy wands of sweet, warm fried dough. I sit at the table where a mug of molten, rich hot chocolate is waiting for me. I eat slowly, dipping my churro into the thick, creamy chocolate drink. I am savoring each bite.

[5] Then, I notice Daniel staring at me. His plate is empty except for a dusting of cinnamon and sugar. “Hey, can I have that?” he asks. His fingers inch toward my still-full plate.

[6] “No,” I answer, shielding my plate with my arms. “You already had yours. You ate too fast.”

[7] Daniel squints as he looks at my churros. “Are you sure you want to eat those?” he asks. “I think Abuelita left them in the pan too long. They smell like burned, moldy gym socks. And that hot chocolate looks lumpy. Like it might have been made with spoiled cream. In fact, it makes me think of that black mud mask that Mami uses on her face.”

[8] My brother likes to play mind games. I refuse to go along. “If it’s so awful, why do you want some?” I ask.

[9] “I’m actually doing you a favor, little brother,” Daniel answers quickly. “I know what’s best for you.”

[10] What Daniel doesn’t know is that our grandmother is standing right behind him. She has her

hands on her hips and a frown on her face. I decide to do *him* a favor. “That just means there’s more for me. Right, Abuelita?”

HEAT WAVE
BY COCO BINNEY
POETRY



- [1] Above the parked cars,
over street vendors' staccato rap,
air ripples and shimmers
under the steady staring sun.
- [5] From bare feet-burning sidewalks,
stale heat rises,
drifting and clotting.
In sticky lawn chairs
on porches overlooking
- [10] the slowly shuffling traffic,
people sprawl in surrender.
They try to stir the air
with wilting paper fans.
They take slow sweet sips
- [15] of cool lemonade
and mouth the melting ice.
Sweat drips down my face.

ON THE PLATFORM
BY ESSIE RIVERA
POETRY



[1] There is a tremor on the platform.

There is a shadow in the cave.

There is a crackling on the tracks.

A hole as murky as a nightmare.

[5] A home to strange creatures.

From its darkness glare two eyes.

Glowing brighter

swelling as they fire forward,

the eyes are those of a monster

[10] charging from the cave

as if wounded, groaning in agony.

Thundering closer,

it roars so loud that everything trembles

and the air fills with its heat.

[15] Now shrieking, it shoots

into another dark cave

and is gone.

“That was the express,” explains

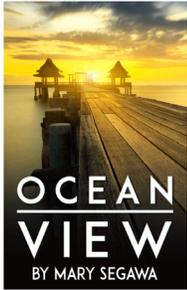
the mother to the child.

[20] “We’re waiting for the local.”

FIREFLIES
BY INARA CAINE
POETRY



- [1] When he was young
(younger than you or I),
the yard was filled
with stars from the sky.
- [5] His hands were small
(too small to hold the light),
but he could run
and laugh with delight.
When he was tall
- [10] (and still wanted the stars),
he went out back,
with a net and a jar.
His hands were fast
(much faster than before).
- [15] He caught the light
and felt in charge of the world.
Then he grew old
(older than you or I).
Too weak to see
- [20] the stars in the sky.
He wished he could
Reclaim the time
When the fireflies
Weren't just in his mind.

OCEAN VIEW
BY MARY SEGAWA
NARRATIVE***About This Text***

In this story, the author Mary Segawa remembers a day spent at sea.

[1] One bright day in early summer, two friends and I drove to a little seacoast town. Wandering along the harbor, we saw a sign for an afternoon boat cruise. We bought tickets and climbed aboard.

[2] The motorboat held about ten passengers. Its captain explained that we would cross to another harbor and then return.

[3] We chugged out from the dock. Soon we left land behind. A few clouds lay scattered against the blue sky. Wavelets of blue-gray water rose and fell as if breathing.

[4] Something happens when I'm in a boat on open water. It's as if a spell is cast. My senses are alert, but my thoughts vanish. If asked what I was thinking about, I would have said, "Nothing." Sunlight bounced on water. The air felt chilly and tasted of salt. The engine hummed steadily. I drifted into a new world. It was a world made of sky and sea.

[5] After a while, the boat slowed, and the engine quieted. "Seals," said the captain.

[6] The sight was as strange as a dream. Slick black shapes rose out of the water. There must have been twenty or more. They stirred in the wavelets like buoys. The heads of the males were large and horse-like. The females were smaller, their heads rounder. The seals surrounded the gently rocking boat. They had come to watch us. I watched them back with wonder. Their eyes were fearless, curious. Why had we wandered into their territory, they seemed to be asking. Then, by ones and twos, they dived into the darkness as silently as keepers of secrets. They were almost all gone by the time I remembered my camera.

[7] The captain announced that he had just received a weather report. Lightning was nearby. A thunderstorm might be heading our way. It was too dangerous to stay on the water. We had to turn back to safe land.

[8] The tour was cut short, but nobody expressed disappointment. We had glimpsed something unexpected and mysterious. What more can someone ask from a boat ride?

THE ROSE THAT GREW FROM CONCRETE
BY TUPAC SHAKUR
POETRY



About this text

Tupac Shakur has been described as one of the most important rappers of all time. He was born in Harlem, New York, in 1971. He is also known for his success as a poet, actor, and producer. Much of his work describes his own struggles with drugs, crime, and violence.

Tupac wrote the poem *The Rose That Grew from Concrete* when he was around 18. In this autobiographical poem, he compares himself to a rose. The poem suggests that Tupac managed to find success despite a challenging environment.

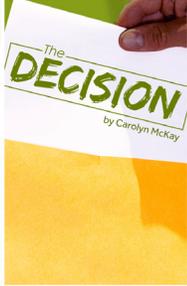
Tragically, Tupac died at the age of 25.

Did u hear about the rose that grew from a crack
in the concrete

Proving nature's laws wrong it learned 2 walk
without having feet

Funny it seems but by keeping its dreams
it learned 2 breathe fresh air

Long live the rose that grew from concrete
when no one else even cared!

THE DECISION
BY CAROLYN MCKAY
NARRATIVE

[1] When Percy came home, he saw a large envelope on the kitchen table. It was from Penstock Academy and addressed to him. His heart began beating faster. He ripped open the envelope and read quickly. “I got the scholarship!” he shouted to his mother.

[2] “I’m so proud of you,” Momma said over and over, hugging Percy tightly.

[3] Penstock Academy! Mr. Montoya, the guidance counselor at Percy’s middle school, had helped Percy apply to Penstock. It was a highly respected but expensive boarding school. Percy had never visited, because it was about a thousand miles away. But the photos showed stately brick buildings and vast green lawns with tall trees. The students lived in dormitories and ate in dining halls. Penstock Academy gave full scholarships to students “with promise.” That’s what Mr. Montoya had explained. And now Percy was in! His heart was still pounding.

[4] “Why are you crying?” Percy asked Momma.

[5] “Tears of joy,” she answered.

[6] That night, Percy looked over the Penstock materials. Mr. Montoya would help him fill out all the forms. A booklet showed photos of smiling students on campus. Percy wondered if most of those students were rich. Maybe they came from families where everyone attended boarding schools. Percy felt a stab of fear.

[7] He realized that Momma’s tears weren’t just from joy. She was crying because she would miss him. And he’d be a thousand miles away from her and the rest of his family and friends. Most of his classmates would go to North High. He’d know nobody at Penstock. Why had he ever been excited about going to that school?

[8] Percy barely slept that night. At school the next day, he stopped at Mr. Montoya’s office. “I got a full scholarship to Penstock Academy,” he said.

[9] “I’m not surprised, Percy,” Mr. Montoya said, smiling broadly. “They’re looking for strong students like you. Penstock gives scholarships to about twenty percent of each entering class.”

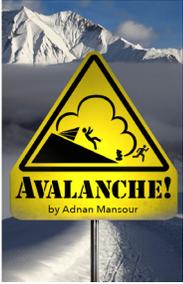
[10] “But I might not go,” Percy said.

[11] Mr. Montoya nodded. “Well, you don’t have to decide this minute.” He showed Percy how to set up a pros and cons chart. “Take time to think and make your lists.”

[12] So Percy made a chart.

<i>PROS</i>	<i>CONS</i>
<i>an honor to be accepted</i>	<i>might be homesick</i>
<i>opportunity of a lifetime</i>	<i>might feel like an outsider</i>
<i>excellent education</i>	<i>my family would miss me</i>
<i>prepare for college</i>	
<i>feel independent</i>	
<i>get to know new part of country</i>	
<i>tackle new challenges</i>	
<i>meet kids from all over the world</i>	
<i>can always come home if I don't like it</i>	

[13] Mr. Montoya was right. Percy’s chart helped him make his decision.

AVALANCHE!
BY ADNAN MANSOUR
NARRATIVE

[1] The morning climb up the snowy mountain trail was strenuous but satisfying. Sophie and her brother always liked the challenge of winter hiking. At the summit, they ate lunch, rested briefly, and headed down. They needed to reach the base before sunset.

[2] About halfway down, they came to a fork in the trail. “I can’t remember. Do we go left or right?” Sophie asked. Mark wasn’t sure either. They headed right.

[3] The path opened to a snowfield. Immediately, Sophie sensed danger. Rumbling sounds from above meant only one thing. Avalanche! Her insides churned. A loosened mass of snow was already charging down the slope!

[4] Sophie looked for a tree to cling to, but a wall of white hid everything. She knew she should drop her pack, but there was no time. She was supposed to swim on top of the moving snow, but that was impossible. The snow waves tossed her into the air like a floppy rag.

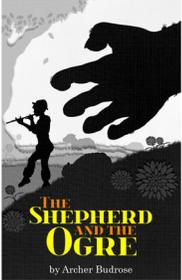
[5] Spinning helplessly, Sophie slammed against snow and ice. Then, with a jolt of pain, she stopped. Her pack had caught in a tree. She dangled from a low branch as the mountain quieted. I’m the luckiest person in the world, she thought. She carefully released her pack and dropped onto the soft snow.

[6] “Mark! Mark!” Sophie shouted as she stepped slowly along the edge of the slope. When she spotted Mark’s red cap, she crawled over to him. He lay under a thin blanket of snow, his arm broken and his face bloody. He looked at her, dazed. “I’m going for help,” she said. She wrapped her own parka around him and put on the sweatshirt stashed in her pack. Then back through a line of trees, she found the main trail, and quickly built a rock cairn to mark the spot.

[7] A climb down a trail was always faster than the climb up, but Sophie had never gone this fast before. I hope my luck holds out, she thought as she leaped from rock to rock. Panting and sweating, she suddenly stood still. Was that loud buzz a motor? She ran toward it and cried with relief— a ranger’s snowmobile!

[8] It took two hours for rescuers to reach Mark. He had a broken arm, a broken ankle, and a broken nose. At the hospital, Sophie was surprised to learn she needed ten stitches in her chin. She hadn’t even realized she was injured.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE OGRE
BY ARCHER BUDROSE
NARRATIVE



[1] Once upon a time, there was a brave young shepherd. He played the flute as he tended his sheep in the hills. His music was so beautiful that it cast a spell on all who listened. Even wolves lay down to sleep among the lambs when they heard the magical sounds of the shepherd's flute. The shepherd was a real charmer.

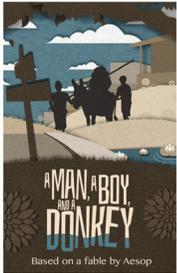
[2] Now, as in other tales like this one, there was an ogre. This ogre lived in a cave near the sheep's grazing land. Like other ogres, he was a giant with a fondness for human flesh. So one day, as the shepherd headed down the hillside, the ogre charged out of his cave. In three leaps, he snatched the shepherd in his mighty hands. The ogre slung our helpless hero over his shoulder and headed back to the cave to fry up dinner.

[3] As noted, the shepherd was brave. Of course, he'd been startled when the ogre attacked. But he had bravely held onto his flute. So when the ogre put him down and began to prepare the fire, the shepherd started tooting. And sure enough, the ogre quickly felt the effects of the enchanting music. The ogre's eyes fluttered and closed. His tree-trunk-sized legs shook with weakness. WHOMP! He toppled over.

[4] The ogre's huge body dropped right on top of the shepherd. This was not a good thing. A final squeak from the flute signaled the end of our unlucky hero.

[5] Moral: Bravery and talent are not always enough.

A MAN, A BOY, AND A DONKEY
BASED ON A FABLE BY AESOP
NARRATIVE



[1] A Man and his son once were going with their Donkey to market. As they walked along by the Donkey's side, a countryman passed them and said: "You fools, what is a Donkey for but to ride upon?"

[2] So the Man put the Boy on the Donkey, and they went on their way. But soon they passed a group of men, one of whom said: "See that lazy youngster; he lets his father walk while he rides."

[3] So the Man ordered his Boy to get off and got on himself. But they hadn't gone far when they passed two women, one of whom said to the other: "Shame on that lazy oaf to let his poor little son trudge along."

[4] Well, the Man didn't know what to do, but at last he put the Boy on the Donkey with him. By this time they had come to the town, and the passers-by began to jeer and point at them. The Man stopped and asked what they were laughing at. The men said: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself for overloading that poor Donkey of yours—you and your son?"

[5] The Man and Boy got off and tried to think what to do. They thought and they thought, till at last they cut down a pole, tied the Donkey's feet to it, and raised the pole and the Donkey to their shoulders. They went along amid the laughter of all who met them till they came to Market Bridge, when the Donkey, getting one of his feet loose, kicked out and caused the Boy to drop his end of the pole. In the struggle the Donkey fell over the bridge, and his front feet being tied together, he was drowned.

[6] "That will teach you," said an old man who had followed them:
"PLEASE ALL, AND YOU WILL PLEASE NONE."

THE WAY AHEAD: A CAMPAIGN SPEECH
BY JANET OLIVER
INFORMATIONAL



[1] My friends and classmates, I am so happy, so grateful, to see you all here. I would like to start by thanking each and every one of you for listening to my campaign speech. For those of you new to the school, I'm Janet Oliver, the president of our Student Council.

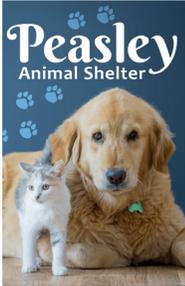
[2] It's been almost a year since you decided that this school needed a change. You wanted a change because your school was in trouble. The Student Council's finances were a mess. Student activities did not have the funds they needed. Your cafeteria was neglected. Papers were overflowing the trash bins. Athletic events were canceled for lack of planning. No wonder you wanted a change! So you elected me Student Council president. Now, let me give the reasons why I deserve your vote for another term as the best qualified leader of this school.

[3] Since I've been president, change has come to our school. Look around. Do you eat in a newly painted cafeteria? Yes! Do your classrooms have recycling bins? Yes! Do you see championship banners in the gym? Yes! We have more money to spend on student activities. The video game club now has dozens of new games. Our courtyard—once bleak and empty—is now a hotspot for volleyball tournaments. I *am* proud. I'm proud of all of us and our school!

[4] Of course, I didn't do all this alone. Many, many individuals and groups have worked long hours to help me bring these changes. To all the dedicated members of the Student Council, I say thank you! To our hardworking teachers and administrators, I say thank you! To the generous parent volunteers who serve in so many ways, I say thank you! To you, the student body of our beloved school, I say thank you! Thank you for sharing my vision of change!

[5] My fellow students, now is the time to look for the way ahead. We can join together on this path. The way ahead brings a plan for affordable student athlete fees. The way ahead includes strategies for a bigger science lab. The way ahead means bringing new technology to the school. I know I can make it happen! There are so many great opportunities for us as we set off for the way ahead.

[6] Thank you all for your support. Now, get out there and vote for The Way Ahead!

SUPPORT PEASLEY ANIMAL SHELTER
INFORMATIONAL

[1] Dear Friend:

[2] Let us introduce you to Frankie. Frankie's owner died, and this sweet-tempered dog was brought to Peasley Shelter by neighbors. Here, Frankie has meals and a bed. She has space to run around. She waits in safety for a human family and a loving home. Is Frankie waiting for you?

[3] Meet Jojo. This beautiful cat was found under a bench at Peasley Park. He was shivering in the rain and covered in fleas. He received a warm welcome at Peasley Shelter. With skillful care, he is safe and healthy. Now, he's waiting. Is Jojo waiting for you?

[4] We need your help today. Frankie and Jojo are just two of the animals awaiting adoption at Peasley Shelter. The animals can't ask for your help, so we are writing to ask for them. We are a local nonprofit organization. We've been taking in homeless dogs and cats since 1985. In those years, we have fed, sheltered, and provided medical care for tens of thousands of animals. Our belief is that every animal deserves a full and healthy life. Our mission is to find loving homes for all the animals at Peasley Shelter.

[5] These animals desperately need a family to love. Could that family be yours?

[6] We need your help today. Our most frequently asked question is: "How can I help if I can't adopt?" Even if you are unable to adopt a pet from Peasley, you can still help us. We depend on the generosity of neighbors like you to keep our programs running. A contribution of any amount will be put to good use in giving our animals a chance for a better life.

[7] We need your help today. Our need for funds is great. But there are other ways you can help Peasley Shelter continue fulfilling its mission.

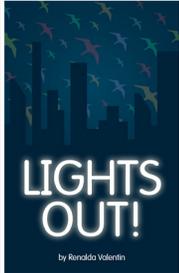
VOLUNTEER: We have many volunteer opportunities, from office work to dog walking, to giving cuddles. Volunteers do not need to make a big time commitment. Can you spare just a few hours a month to give needy animals the attention they deserve? Sign up now!

DONATE: We always need towels, blankets, and pet toys. We also appreciate collars, leashes, water bowls, and cat litter. Paper towels and cleaning supplies are on our wish list.

[8] We need your help today. Open your home, your heart, or your wallet to support Peasley Animal Shelter.

[9] For more information about adoption, volunteering, and donations, visit us at www.Peasley4Paws.org.

Demetrios Pappas
Outreach Coordinator, Peasley Animal Shelter

LIGHTS OUT!
BY RENALDA VALENTIN
INFORMATIONAL

[1] Throughout the world, BILLIONS of travelers are on the move. Yet we barely notice them. I'm talking about bird migration. Many birds travel between winter and summer homes. Most migrating birds fly at night. Unfortunately, the bright lights of cities can bring death. But there is a way to protect migrating birds. It's an Audubon Society program called Lights Out.

[2] The problem of bird deaths from building lights is bigger than most of us realize. In some cities, volunteers walk at dawn to collect dead birds for scientific study. Bird-death statistics are gathered from such studies. In a single year, buildings kill an estimated 304 million birds in North America! That is far more than from any other human-made cause.

[3] According to bird scientists, bright lights cause migrating birds to lose their sense of direction. As ornithologist Chris Leahy points out, "birds perish from exhaustion as they circle around the lit towers, struggling to escape." Or the birds may land on sidewalks. After resting, they try to fly through the clear glass windows all around them. They crash and die.

[4] The Lights Out program asks owners of tall office buildings to turn off lights at night, especially during the migration seasons. The program is based on one that began in Toronto, Canada, in 1993. Since then, more than 20 big cities in North America have adopted Lights Out. It works! A study of just one Chicago skyscraper showed that bird deaths decreased by 80 percent when lighting was turned off.

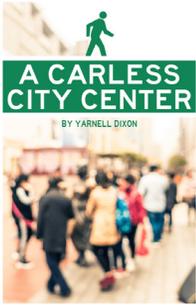
[5] Some building owners think of birds as pests. Pigeon droppings, for example, are an unattractive, unhealthy problem. But these owners may not be aware that most birds dying nightly are not city dwellers. They include dozens of species of songbirds that are just passing through.

[6] Finally, turning off lights does not just benefit birds. It reduces energy costs for building owners. And energy conservation benefits the environment. In Indianapolis, the leader of a group of building owners doubted the program's usefulness. But after Lights Out was tried, he saw results. "It has turned out to be a win-win proposition," he said.

[7] Lights Out IS a win-win proposition. Lights Out benefits birds. It benefits the environment. It benefits all of us. I hope you will support it.

A CARLESS CITY CENTER

BY YARNELL DIXON
INFORMATIONAL



[1] Many cities have pedestrian malls. These are streets closed to almost all vehicles.

People breathe cleaner air. They stroll or bike while getting in shape. They shop without having to search for parking. Pedestrian malls are usually small areas.

Imagine an entire city center without cars! Banning cars from the city center would improve the quality of life for residents and visitors.

[2] To begin, a carless city center brings health benefits. The World Health

Organization reports that air pollution causes 7 million deaths yearly. Restricting car use in cities improves air quality. New Delhi, India, is one example. In that city, each vehicle may operate only every other day. A similar ban was imposed in Beijing, China. There, people were amazed to see blue sky! Without cars, people walk and bike more. The American Heart Association (AHA) encourages this. According to the AHA, exercise lowers blood pressure as effectively as medication.

[3] Furthermore, a city center without cars helps the local economy. For instance, when cities build bike paths and lanes, bike-sharing businesses spring up. Shopping at local businesses increases. Dining at local restaurants increases, too. The owner of Paws ‘n’ Claws, a pet supply store, agrees. In fact, he reports, “Last year, the city said no to cars in the center. Ever since, sales have gone through the roof. Up 65 percent!” A study in Denmark compared the costs of using cars and bicycles to get around the city. It concluded that the “cost of car driving is more than six times higher than cycling.”

[4] If personal cars are banned, the quality of urban life will improve. Is this life for you? Imagine no harmful exhaust fumes. Imagine people walking and biking instead of sitting in their cars. Imagine stress-free shopping and dining. Imagine a carless future!

WHAT WAS THE SPACE SHUTTLE? INFORMATIONAL



[1] On April 12, 1981, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) launched the space shuttle.

WHAT DID THE SPACE SHUTTLE DO?

[2] The space shuttle was NASA's space transportation system. It carried astronauts and cargo into space and flew around, or orbited, Earth. The space shuttle made its final landing on July 21, 2011. During the 30 years it was in active use, the space shuttle launched on 135 missions.

The space shuttle carried as many as seven astronauts at a time to and from space. In all, 355 people flew on the shuttle. Some of them flew more than one time. During its history, the space shuttle flew many different types of missions. It launched satellites and served as an orbiting science laboratory. Its crews repaired and improved other spacecraft, such as the Hubble Space Telescope. The shuttle also flew missions for the military. On its later missions, the space shuttle was mostly used to work on the International Space Station.

WHAT WERE THE PARTS OF THE SPACE SHUTTLE?

[3] The space shuttle had three main parts. The first part was the *orbiter*. The orbiter was the large, white space plane where the crew lived and worked. It was the only part of the shuttle that flew into orbit. The orbiter also had a payload bay for carrying cargo into orbit. Five different orbiters took turns flying into space. The second part of the shuttle was the *external tank*. This was the large orange fuel tank that was attached to the bottom of the orbiter for launch. The third part was actually two pieces. A pair of white *solid rocket boosters* provided most of the thrust for the first two minutes of a shuttle launch. The solid rocket boosters were long and thin.

HOW DID THE SPACE SHUTTLE LAUNCH AND LAND?

[4] The space shuttle took off like a rocket. The solid rocket boosters and the main engines on the orbiter provided the thrust, or push, for launch. The solid rocket boosters burned for about two minutes. Then the boosters dropped from the shuttle and fell into the ocean. Special boats brought them back so they could be used again. The shuttle's main engines fired for another six minutes. The external tank dropped off the orbiter and then burned up in Earth's atmosphere. At this point, the shuttle and its crew were in orbit.

The orbiter landed like a glider. While in orbit, it fired its engines to slow down. After re-entering Earth's atmosphere, it glided in for a landing on a runway. When the orbiter touched down on the runway, a parachute opened to help slow it down.

BIOLOGISTS DISCOVER SKYDIVING SPIDERS
INFORMATIONAL

[1] A group of scientists working in Panama and Peru have made an interesting discovery. It's a nocturnal hunting spider with a special skill. The spider is able to steer while falling. That means it can glide from tree to tree.

GLIDING TO SAFETY

[2] "My guess is that many animals living in the trees are good at aerial gliding," says biology professor Robert Dudley. "If a predator comes along, gliding frees the animal to jump if it has a time-tested way of gliding to the nearest tree rather than landing in the understory or in a stream."

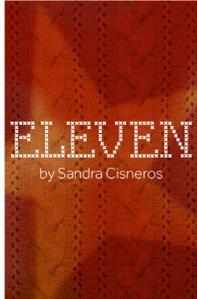
[3] Forest floor predators or fish could quickly make a meal of any insect that falls from a tree. The newly discovered spider is the only gliding arachnid they found. Other spiders just fell to the ground or into the water below. There, they were eaten by predators.

BUILT TO GLIDE

[4] Professor Dudley has been studying gliding insects in tropical forests for over a decade. His group studied 59 individual spiders that all belong to the same species. These spiders were physically well-adapted to gliding. They are "wafer thin and flexible," says Dudley. They maneuver by spreading their legs wide in order to steer themselves toward the tree trunk when they fall. If they fall upside down, they're able to right themselves in midair.

[5] The scientists occasionally saw spiders bounce off the trunk. The spiders were able to recover and glide back again for a successful landing.

[6] By studying these unusual types of animal behavior, Dudley said, scientists may be able to supply new ideas for robots that can right themselves when falling.

ELEVEN
BY SANDRA CISNEROS
NARRATIVE

[1] 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.

[2] 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.

[3] Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that fit one inside the other, each year inside the next one. That's how being eleven years old is.

[4] You don't feel eleven. Not right away. It takes a few days, weeks even, sometimes even months before you say Eleven when they ask you. And you don't feel smart eleven, not until you're almost twelve. That's the way it is.

[5] Only today I wish I didn't have only eleven years rattling inside me like pennies in a tin Band-Aid box. Today I wish I was one hundred and two instead of eleven because if I was one hundred and two I'd have known what to say when Mrs. Price put the red sweater on my desk. I would've known how to tell her it wasn't mine instead of just sitting there with that look on my face and nothing coming out of my mouth.

[6] "Whose is this?" Mrs. Price says, and she holds the red sweater up in the air for all the class to see. "Whose? It's been sitting in the coatroom for a month."

"Not mine," says everybody. "Not me."

"It has to belong to somebody," Mrs. Price keeps saying, but nobody can remember. It's an ugly

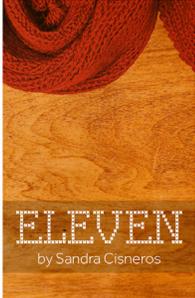
sweater with red plastic buttons and a collar and sleeves all stretched out like you could use it for a jump rope. It's maybe a thousand years old and even if it belonged to me I wouldn't say so.

[7] Maybe because I'm skinny, maybe because she doesn't like me, that stupid Sylvia Saldivar says, "I think it belongs to Rachel." An ugly sweater like that, all raggedy and old, but Mrs. Price believes her. Mrs. Price takes the sweater and puts it right on my desk, but when I open my mouth nothing comes out.

[8] "That's not, I don't, you're not...Not mine," I finally say in a little voice that was maybe me when I was four.

"Of course it's yours," Mrs. Price says. "I remember you wearing it once." Because she's older and the teacher, she's right and I'm not.

[9] Not mine, not mine, not mine, but Mrs. Price is already turning to page thirty-two, and math problem number four. I don't know why but all of a sudden I'm feeling sick inside, like the part of me that's three wants to come out of my eyes, only I squeeze them shut tight and bite down on my teeth real hard and try to remember today I am eleven, eleven. Mama is making a cake for me tonight, and when Papa comes home everybody will sing Happy birthday, happy birthday to you.

ELEVEN
BY SANDRA CISNEROS
NARRATIVE***Previously in Eleven***

It is Rachel's eleventh birthday. Rather than feeling excited about her special day, Rachel is left feeling embarrassed and upset when her teacher, Mrs. Price, thinks that an old, ugly red sweater belongs to her. Rachel tries to explain that the ugly sweater is not hers, but the teacher will not listen to her and leaves the ugly red sweater on Rachel's desk.

[1] But when the sick feeling goes away and I open my eyes, the red sweater's still sitting there like a big red mountain. I move the red sweater to the corner of my desk with my ruler. I move my pencil and books and eraser as far from it as possible. I even move my chair a little to the right. Not mine, not mine, not mine.

[2] In my head I'm thinking how long till lunchtime, how long till I can take the red sweater and throw it over the school yard fence, or even leave it hanging on a parking meter, or bunch it up into a little ball and toss it in the alley. Except when math period ends Mrs. Price says loud and in front of everybody, "Now Rachel, that's enough," because she sees I've shoved the red sweater to the tippy-tip corner of my desk and it's hanging all over the edge like a waterfall, but I don't care.

[3] "Rachel," Mrs. Price says. She says it like she's getting mad. "You put that sweater on right now and no more nonsense."

"But it's not—"

"Now!" Mrs. Price says.

[4] This is when I wish I wasn't eleven, because all the years inside of me—ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two and one—are pushing at the back of my eyes when I put one arm through one sleeve of the sweater that smells like cottage cheese, and then the other arm through the other and stand there with my arms apart like if the sweater hurts me and it does, all itchy and full of germs that aren't even mine.

[5] That's when everything I've been holding in since this morning, since when Mrs. Price put the sweater on my desk, finally lets go, and all of a sudden I'm crying in front of everybody. I wish I was invisible but I'm not. I'm eleven and it's my birthday today and I'm crying like I'm three in front of everybody. I put my head down on the desk and bury my face in my stupid clown-sweater arms. My face all hot and spit coming out of my mouth because I can't stop the little animal noises from coming out of me, until there aren't any more tears left in my eyes, and it's just my body shaking like when you have the hiccups, and my whole head hurts like when you drink milk too fast.

[6] But the worst part is right before the bell rings for lunch. That stupid Phyllis Lopez, who is even dumber than Sylvia Saldivar, says she remembers the red sweater is hers! I take it off right away and give it to her, only Mrs. Price pretends like everything's okay.

[7] Today I'm eleven. There's cake Mama's making for tonight, and when Papa comes home from work we'll eat it. There'll be candles and presents and everybody will sing Happy birthday, happy birthday to you, Rachel, only it's too late.

[8] I'm eleven today. I'm eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, and one, but I wish I was one hundred and two. I wish I was anything but eleven, because I want today to be far away already, far away like a runaway balloon, like a tiny o in the sky, so tiny-tiny you have to close your eyes to see it.

HATCHET
BY GARY PAULSEN
NARRATIVE***Before this excerpt***

Brian Robeson is a thirteen year old boy who finds himself lost in the Canadian wilderness. His plane crashed into a nearby lake after traveling many miles from its scheduled path. Brian has only his hatchet and his wits to help him survive. He is hungry, afraid, and unprepared for all of the challenges he will encounter in the wilderness. After a difficult day trying to build a shelter, he finally falls asleep.

[1] At first he thought it was a growl. In the still darkness of the shelter in the middle of the night his eyes came open and he was awake and he thought there was a growl. But it was the wind, a medium wind in the pines had made some sound that brought him up, brought him awake. He sat up and was hit with the smell.

[2] It terrified him. The smell was one of rot, some musty rot that made him think only of graves with cobwebs and dust and old death. His nostrils widened and he opened his eyes wider but he could see nothing. It was too dark, too hard dark with clouds covering even the small light from the stars, and he could not see. But the smell was alive, alive and full and in the shelter. He thought of the bear, thought of Bigfoot and every monster he had ever seen in every fright movie he had ever watched, and his heart hammered in his throat.

[3] Then he heard the slithering. A brushing sound, a slithering brushing sound near his feet—and he kicked out as hard as he could, kicked out and threw the hatchet at the sound, a noise coming from his throat. But the hatchet missed, sailed into the wall where it hit the rocks with a shower of sparks, and his leg was instantly torn with pain, as if a hundred needles had been driven into it. “Unnnngh!”

Now he screamed, with the pain and fear, and skittered on his backside up into the corner of the shelter, breathing through his mouth, straining to see, to hear.

[4] The slithering moved again, he thought toward him at first, and terror took him, stopping his

breath. He felt he could see a low dark form, a bulk in the darkness, a shadow that lived, but now it moved away, slithering and scraping it moved away and he saw or thought he saw it go out of the door opening.

[5] He lay on his side for a moment, then pulled a rasping breath in and held it, listening for the attacker to return. When it was apparent that the shadow wasn't coming back he felt the calf of his leg, where the pain was centered and spreading to fill the whole leg.

[6] His fingers gingerly touched a group of needles that had been driven through his pants and into the fleshy part of his calf. They were stiff and very sharp on the ends that stuck out, and he knew then what the attacker had been. A porcupine had stumbled into his shelter and when he had kicked it the thing had slapped him with its tail of quills.

[7] He touched each quill carefully. The pain made it seem as if dozens of them had been slammed into his leg, but there were only eight, pinning the cloth against his skin. He leaned back against the wall for a minute. He couldn't leave them in, they had to come out, but just touching them made the pain more intense.

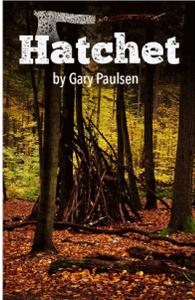
[8] So fast, he thought. So fast things change. When he'd gone to sleep he had satisfaction and in just a moment it was all different. He grasped one of the quills, held his breath, and jerked. It sent pain signals to his brain in tight waves, but he grabbed another, pulled it, then another quill. When he had pulled four of them he stopped for a moment. The pain had gone from being a pointed injury pain to spreading in a hot smear up his leg and it made him catch his breath.

[9] Some of the quills were driven in deeper than others and they tore when they came out. He breathed deeply twice, let half of the breath out, and went back to work. Jerk, pause, jerk—and three more times before he lay back in the darkness, done. The pain filled his leg now, and with it came new waves of self-pity. Sitting alone in the dark, his leg aching, some mosquitoes finding him again, he started crying. It was all too much, just too much, and he couldn't take it. Not the way it was.

[10] I can't take it this way, alone with no fire and in the dark, and next time it might be something worse, maybe a bear, and it wouldn't be just quills in the leg, it would be worse. I can't do this, he thought, again and again. I can't. Brian pulled himself up until he was sitting upright back in the corner of the cave. He put his head down on his arms across his knees, with stiffness taking his left leg, and cried until he was cried out.

[11] He did not know how long it took, but later he looked back on this time of crying in the corner of the dark cave and thought of it as when he learned the most important rule of survival, which was that feeling sorry for yourself didn't work. It wasn't just that it was wrong to do, or that it was considered incorrect. It was more than that—it didn't work. When he sat alone in the darkness and cried and was done, all done with it, nothing had changed. His leg still hurt, it was still dark, he was still alone and the self-pity had accomplished nothing.

[12] At last he slept again, but already his patterns were changing and the sleep was light, a resting doze more than a deep sleep, with small sounds awakening him twice in the rest of the night.

HATCHET
BY GARY PAULSEN
NARRATIVE*Before this excerpt*

Brian Robeson is a thirteen year old boy who finds himself lost in the Canadian wilderness. His plane crashed into a nearby lake after traveling many miles from its scheduled path. Brian has only his hatchet and his wits to help him survive. He is hungry, afraid, and unprepared for all of the challenges he will encounter in the wilderness. After 47 days in the wilderness, he is still learning many difficult lessons about survival.

[1] Mistakes.

Small mistakes could turn into disasters, funny little mistakes could snowball so that while you were still smiling at the humor you could find yourself looking at death. In the city if he made a mistake usually there was a way to rectify it, make it all right. If he fell on his bike and sprained a leg he could wait for it to heal; if he forgot something at the store he could find other food in the refrigerator.

Now it was different, and all so quick, all so incredibly quick. If he sprained a leg here he might starve before he could get around again; if he missed while he was hunting or if the fish moved away he might starve. If he got sick, really sick so he couldn't move he might starve.

[2] Mistakes.

Early in the new time he had learned the most important thing, the truly vital knowledge that drives all creatures in the forest—food is all. Food was simply everything. All things in the woods, from insects to fish to bears, were always, always looking for food—it was the great, single driving influence in nature. To eat. All must eat.

[3] But the way he learned it almost killed him. His second new night, stomach full of fish and the fire smoldering in the shelter, he had been sound asleep when something—he thought later it might be smell—had awakened him.

[4] Near the fire, completely unafraid of the smoking coals, completely unafraid of Brian, a skunk was digging where he had buried the eggs. There was some sliver of a moon and in the faint-pearl light he could see the bushy tail, the white stripes down the back, and he had nearly smiled. He did not

know how the skunk had found the eggs, some smell, perhaps some tiny fragment of shell had left a smell, but it looked almost cute, its little head down and its little tail up as it dug and dug, kicking the sand back.

[5] But those were his eggs, not the skunk's, and the half smile had been quickly replaced with fear that he would lose his food and he had grabbed a handful of sand and thrown it at the skunk.

“Get out of here...”

He was going to say more, some silly human words, but in less than half a second the skunk had snapped its rear end up, curved the tail over, and sprayed Brian with a direct shot aimed at his head from less than four feet away.

[6] In the tiny confines of the shelter the effect was devastating. The thick sulfurous rotten odor filled the small room, heavy, ugly, and stinking. The corrosive spray that hit his face seared into his lungs and eyes, blinding him.

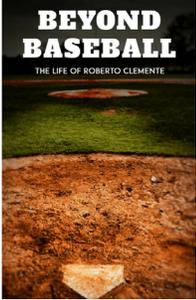
[7] He screamed and threw himself sideways, taking the entire wall off the shelter; screamed and clawed out of the shelter and fell-ran to the shore of the lake. Stumbling and tripping, he scrambled into the water and slammed his head back and forth trying to wash his eyes, slashing at the water to clear his eyes.

[8] A hundred funny cartoons he had seen about skunks. Cute cartoons about the smell of skunks, cartoons to laugh at and joke about, but when the spray hit there was nothing funny about it—he was completely blind for almost two hours. A lifetime. He thought that he might be permanently blind, or at least impaired—and that would have been the end. As it was the pain in his eyes lasted for days, bothered him after that for two weeks. The smell in the shelter, in his clothes, and in his hair was still there now, almost a month and a half later.

And he had nearly smiled.

[9] Mistakes.

Food had to be protected. While he was in the lake trying to clear his eyes the skunk went ahead and dug up the rest of the turtle eggs and ate every one. Licked all the shells clean and couldn't have cared less that Brian was thrashing around in the water like a dying carp. The skunk had found food and was taking it and Brian was paying for a lesson.

BEYOND BASEBALL: THE LIFE OF ROBERTO CLEMENTE
INFORMATIONAL

[1] Roberto Clemente Walker was born on August 18, 1934 in Carolina, Puerto Rico. He was the fifth and last child of Melchor Clemente and Luisa Walker. From his early childhood, Roberto showed signs of great athletic ability. At school, he won competitions. Once, he tossed the javelin 190 feet. But baseball was his passion.

[2] At age 18, Clemente joined the Puerto Rican professional baseball league. In 1952, he signed a contract that paid \$40 per week. He was given a signing bonus of \$400. His skills improved as he played and he attracted the attention of major league scouts. In February of 1954, Clemente signed with his first major league baseball team—the Brooklyn Dodgers!

[3] The following year, legendary baseball executive Branch Rickey nabbed Clemente from the Brooklyn Dodgers and moved him to the Pittsburgh Pirates. Roberto heard the news while he was back in Puerto Rico. He later admitted, “I didn’t even know where Pittsburgh was.”

[4] In addition to a strange language and a new culture, Clemente also faced racism and discrimination. In one of his first games as a professional, he protested angrily when fans yelled racial insults at one of his teammates. His relationship with the press was also marked by racial tension. Some members of the press were rude simply because he was black and Latino. Clemente later became a union leader in the Major League Baseball Players Association. He defended players’ rights to demand better working conditions and benefits.

[5] Clemente’s batting and baserunning made him a powerhouse. Of all his gifts, his throwing awed fans and observers most. He possessed one of the most powerful and accurate arms in the history of the game. Clemente received a Most Valuable Player Award, 12 Gold Glove Awards, 4 National League batting titles, 12 All-Star Game selections, 2 World Series Championships, and reached the 3,000-hit milestone.

[6] On December 23, 1972, a massive earthquake devastated the Nicaraguan capital of Managua. 7,000 people died and thousands more were injured. Roberto lost many friends in the quake.

[7] Roberto accepted the chairmanship of an earthquake relief committee and used local media to appeal for help. He worked day and night to raise a total of \$150,000. The committee gathered and shipped nearly 26 tons of food, clothing and medicine by air and sea. Then reports came in that the

corrupt government of General Anastasio Somoza was stealing the deliveries.

[8] Roberto wanted to make sure the food and medicine got to the people who needed it. So on New Year's Eve of 1972, he helped load supplies onto an aging DC-7 plane and boarded the flight.

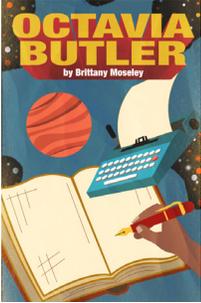
[9] One of the plane's engines exploded almost immediately after take-off. There were two more explosions. After a fourth explosion, the plane crashed.

[10] The search for survivors lasted nearly two weeks. The pilot's ruined body was eventually recovered. The remains of two crewmembers, Clemente, and his friend Rafael Lozano were never found.

[11] Clemente is remembered as a professional baseball player who ranks among the best of all time. However, Clemente is also remembered for his fierce ethnic pride. He saw his career in baseball as a way to help Latin Americans—especially underprivileged Puerto Ricans—make their lives better.

[12] Clemente's name has been used for stadiums, schools, hospitals, and highways in Puerto Rico, the United States, Nicaragua, and places as distant as Germany. In Puerto Rico, an award in his name is given at public schools to those who excel as athletes, students, and citizens.

[13] The legend of Roberto Clemente began through his actions both on and off the baseball field. His tragic death further highlighted the way he lived and lifted his image to that of an icon.

OCTAVIA BUTLER
BY BRITTANY MOSELEY
INFORMATIONAL

[1] Octavia Butler was an African American science fiction writer. Science fiction (“sci-fi”) is a genre based on imaginary events that include science, technology, or the future. Butler was one of the first authors to publish sci-fi stories with strong Black, female characters. When speaking about including Black characters in her work, Butler said, “I wrote myself in, since I’m me and I’m here and I’m writing.”

Early Life

[2] Butler was born in California on June 22, 1947. Her father died when she was young, so her mother and grandmother raised her. Tall and timid, Butler was an avid reader from a young age and was interested in science. She had dyslexia, which often made schoolwork difficult, but it did not stop her love of reading and writing. Butler’s mother encouraged this love and bought her a typewriter for her eleventh birthday.

[3] When she was 12, Butler saw a sci-fi film about an alien from Mars who comes to Earth. This experience inspired her to write science fiction stories. Butler said watching the film helped her understand two things: that someone was paid to write that story, and that she could write a better one.

[4] Science fiction provided a new way for her to escape into her own world, or imagine a new one.

Published Writer

[5] In 1968, Butler graduated from Pasadena City College. After college, she lived in Los Angeles, where she continued to write and work. During that time, she held different jobs. For example, she worked as a warehouse worker, a dishwasher, and a potato chip inspector. Butler was a diligent writer, waking early each morning to write before work. She attended the highly-respected Clarion Workshop in 1970. There, she improved her writing with other writers and editors. Six years later, Butler published her first book.

Famous Works

[6] Butler wanted to bring more sci-fi books to readers and wrote with adults in mind. She authored 12 novels. Her books are set in the past, present, and even the future.

[7] In Butler's most well-known book, *Kindred*, Dana Franklin travels back in time to the southern United States during the 1800s. There, Dana is mistaken for an enslaved woman. Through Dana, readers can examine the severe hardships Black people experienced during that time. Published in 1979, the book continues to gain new readers with more than 500,000 copies in print.

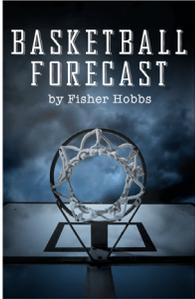
[8] Butler's *Parable of the Sower* (1993) is set in the future. In the book, Lauren Olamina's community is damaged and harmed. Yet Lauren, a Black teenager and strong leader, survives and creates a new community for herself and her followers.

Legacy

[9] Throughout her career as a writer, Butler won many awards. In 1995, she won the MacArthur Fellowship. She was the first science fiction writer to receive this award. Butler says receiving the award encouraged more people to read her work. After becoming a published author, Butler became a teacher at the same Clarion Workshop she had attended as a student. She told her students they can write interesting stories if they write about topics they are passionate about.

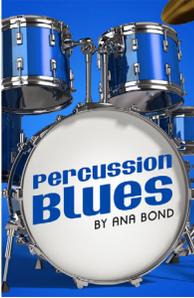
[10] Butler died in 2006, but her legacy lives on. Her work paved the way for many writers, and her influence is still felt today in science fiction. With Butler as a role model, others continue to write themselves into their own stories.

BASKETBALL FORECAST
BY FISHER HOBBS
POETRY

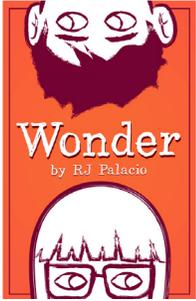


- [1] In a perfect arc, it soars
and falls through the net
as sure as rainfall in springtime.
Shot back again, it zigzags
- [5] passed here, there, once more
like a lightning bolt among the clouds.
Spinning around the rim,
it is an orange tornado.
Blasting across the court,
- [10] it is a mighty gale.
Its bouncing beat—
roof-pounding, ground-beating hail.
The cheers of the fans—
rumbling, roaring thunder.
- [15] The forces of nature hold court here:
power, motion, beauty.

PERCUSSION BLUES
BY ANA BOND
POETRY



- [1] I signed up to play the drums...
- A snare,
as crisp and light
as a new bag of chips.
- [5] A bass,
as full and rich
as a bowlful of ice cream.
- Cymbals,
as sharp and sour
- [10] as homemade lemonade.
- They gave me something else...
A glockenspiel,
as unknown and forgettable
as mystery meat in the cafeteria.
- [15] The chimes,
as weak and unsatisfying
as cucumber soup in wintertime.
- And a triangle,
the raw cauliflower
- [20] of the percussion section.
- Maybe I should have signed up for
a cooking class.

WONDER
BY R.J. PALACIO
NARRATIVE***Previously in Wonder***

Ten year-old August Pullman was born with a facial deformity. Because of this facial deformity, August has had a number of surgeries, which have kept him from attending school with other kids. In this excerpt, August is attending school for the first time.

[1] Via had warned me about lunch in middle school, so I guess I should have known it would be hard. I just hadn't expected it to be this hard. Basically, all the kids from all the fifth-grade classes poured into the cafeteria at the same time, talking loudly and bumping into one another while they ran to different tables. One of the lunchroom teachers said something about no seat-saving allowed, but I didn't know what she meant and maybe no one else did, either, because just about everybody was saving seats for their friends. I tried to sit down at one table, but the kid in the next chair said, 'Oh, sorry, but somebody else is sitting here.'

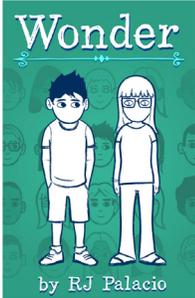
[2] So I moved to an empty table and just waited for everyone to finish stampeding and the lunchroom teacher to tell us what to do next. As she started telling us the cafeteria rules, I looked around to see where Jack Will was sitting, but I didn't see him on my side of the room. Kids were still coming in as the teachers started calling the first few tables to get their trays and stand on line at the counter. Julian, Henry, and Miles were sitting at a table toward the back of the room.

[3] Mom had packed me a cheese sandwich, graham crackers, and a juice box, so I didn't need to stand on line when my table was called. Instead, I just concentrated on opening my backpack, pulling out my lunch bag, and slowly opening the aluminum-foil wrapping of my sandwich.

[4] I could tell I was being stared at without even looking up. I knew that people were nudging each other, watching me out of the corners of their eyes. I thought I was used to those kinds of stares by now, but I guess I wasn't.

[5] There was one table of girls that I knew were whispering about me because they were talking behind their hands. Their eyes and whispers kept bouncing over to me.

[6] I hate the way I eat. I know how weird it looks. I had a surgery to fix my cleft palate when I was a baby, and then a second cleft surgery when I was four, but I still have a hole in the roof of my mouth. And even though I had jaw-alignment surgery a few years ago, I have to chew food in the front of my mouth. I didn't even realize how this looked until I was at a birthday party once, and one of the kids told the mom of the birthday boy he didn't want to sit next to me because I was too messy with all the food crumbs shooting out of my mouth. I know the kid wasn't trying to be mean, but he got in big trouble later, and his mom called my mom that night to apologize. When I got home from the party, I went to the bathroom mirror and started eating a saltine cracker to see what I looked like when I was chewing. The kid was right. I eat like a tortoise, if you've ever seen a tortoise eating. Like some prehistoric swamp thing.

WONDER
BY R.J. PALACIO
NARRATIVE*Previously in Wonder*

Ten year-old August Pullman was born with a facial deformity. Because of this facial deformity, August has had a number of surgeries, which have kept him from attending school with other kids. In the previous excerpt, August realized just how horrible lunch at middle school can be when he was forced to sit alone. The reader learns that August had jaw surgery and, as a result, eats differently than most people.

[1] “Hey, is this seat taken?”

I looked up, and a girl I never saw before was standing across from my table with a lunch tray full of food. She had long wavy brown hair, and wore a brown T-shirt with a purple peace sign on it.

“Uh, no,” I said.

[2] She put her lunch tray on the table, plopped her backpack on the floor, and sat down across from me. She started to eat the mac and cheese on her plate.

“Ugh,” she said after swallowing the first bite. “I should have brought a sandwich like you did.”

“Yeah,” I said, nodding.

“My name is Summer, by the way. What’s yours?”

“August.”

[3] “Cool,” she said.

“Summer!” Another girl came over to the table carrying a tray. “Why are you sitting here? Come back to the table.”

“It was too crowded,” Summer answered her. “Come sit here. There’s more room.”

[4] The other girl looked confused for a second. I realized she had been one of the girls I had caught looking at me just a few minutes earlier: hand cupped over her mouth, whispering. I guess Summer had been one of the girls at that table, too.

“Never mind,” said the girl, leaving.

Summer looked at me, shrugged-smiled, and took another bite of her mac and cheese.

[5] “Hey, our names kind of match,” she said as she chewed.

I guess she could tell I didn’t know what she meant.

“Summer? August?” she said, smiling, her eyes open wide, as she waited for me to get it.

[6] “Oh, yeah,” I said after a second.

“We can make this the “summer only” lunch table,” she said. “Only kids with summer names can sit here. Let’s see, is there anyone here named June or July?”

“There’s a Maya,” I said.

[7] “Technically, May is spring,” Summer answered, “but if she wanted to sit here, we could make an exception.” She said it as if she’d actually thought the whole thing through. “There’s Julian. That’s like the name Julia, which comes from July.”

I didn’t say anything.

“There’s a kid named Reid in my English class,” I said.

[8] “Yeah, I know Reid, but how is Reid a summer name?” she asked.

“I don’t know.” I shrugged. “I just picture, like, a reed of grass being a summer thing.”

“Yeah, okay.” She nodded, pulling out her notebook. “And Ms. Petosa could sit here, too. That kind of sounds like the word ‘petal,’ which I think of as a summer thing, too.”

[9] “I have her for homeroom,” I said.

“I have her for math,” she answered, making a face.

She started writing the list of names on the second-to-last page of her notebook.

“So, who else?” she said.

[10] By the end of lunch, we had come up with a whole list of names of kids and teachers who could sit at our table if they wanted. Most of the names weren't actually summer names, but they were names that had some kind of connection to summer. I even found a way of making Jack Will's name work by pointing out that you could turn his name into a sentence about summer, like 'Jack will go to the beach,' which Summer agreed worked fine.

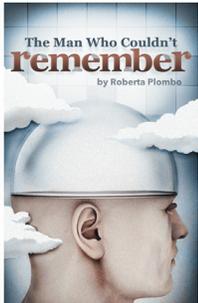
[11] "But if someone doesn't have a summer name and wants to sit with us," she said very seriously, "we'll still let them if they're nice, okay?"

"Okay." I nodded. "Even if it's a winter name."

"Cool beans," she answered, giving me a thumbs-up.

Summer looked like her name. She had a tan, and her eyes were green like a leaf.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T REMEMBER
BY ROBERTA PLOMBO
INFORMATIONAL



[1] Henry Molaison died in 2008 at the age of 82. He was famous, though few people knew his name. Until his death, Henry was known only by his initials, to protect his privacy. For decades, neuroscientists, who study the brain and nervous system, had been reporting about their research with “H.M.”

[2] When Henry was ten years old, he began suffering from epilepsy. Epilepsy is a disorder that involves sudden bursts of electrical energy in the brain that cause seizures. For Henry, these seizures grew in strength over the years. When he was in high school, they were severe. At any time, he might lose consciousness, fall to the ground, and lie with muscles jerking. Doctors prescribed powerful medications, but the seizures continued.

[3] A neurosurgeon offered an experimental operation to treat the epilepsy. Henry was 27 when he decided to undergo the surgery. The surgeon drilled through Henry’s skull. He carefully sliced away tissue from deep inside each half of the brain. The removed sections came from both temporal lobes. Each section included a structure called the hippocampus.

[4] As a result of the operation, Henry’s seizures were reduced. But something essential had been taken from him. He lost the ability to form new memories. He still had some memories of his life before the operation. But he could not remember what he ate for breakfast or where he had gone the day before. No matter how many times he met someone, each meeting was new to him. He understood what was said to him, but he could not hold onto the information for more than a few seconds. When asked how long he had trouble remembering things, he said, “I can’t tell you because I don’t remember.”

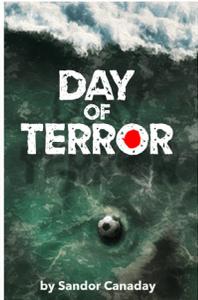
[5] Henry remained a gentle, friendly, intelligent person with a good sense of humor. He enjoyed doing crossword puzzles and watching movies. But without the ability to form memories, Henry could not learn new things or navigate his world. He needed care for the rest of his life.

[6] The general term for memory loss is *amnesia*. Amnesia may result from brain injury or disease. Sometimes amnesia is temporary. In Henry’s case, it was permanent. And because it occurred after removal of the hippocampus in both lobes, neuroscientists gained understanding of the work these

structures perform. They discovered that the hippocampus and its neighboring regions enable the processes that change short-term memories into long-term ones. Without a hippocampus, the brain cannot hold onto a memory for more than thirty seconds.

[7] Henry's surgeon later called the operation "a tragic mistake." He warned other surgeons against removal of the hippocampal structures. Yet Henry understood that his case was valuable to science—even if that understanding came to him again and again and again. He said about doctors, "What they find out about me helps them to help other people. And that's more important." He agreed to donate his brain for scientific study. After his death, his brain tissues were carefully preserved. Through microscopic studies, scientists may expand their knowledge of how brain cells and pathways build memories in healthy brains.

[8] Neuroscientist Suzanne Corkin knew Henry well. She studied him for 46 years. In a book published in 2013, she wrote, "Henry's disability, a tremendous cost to him and his family, became science's gain." She called her famous subject "a collaborator—a prized partner in our larger quest to understand memory."

DAY OF TERROR
BY SANDOR CANADAY
INFORMATIONAL

[1] *On an island in the Gulf of Alaska, a soccer ball washed up on the beach. On the ball was Japanese writing. The ball had been floating across the vast Pacific Ocean for more than a year, swept into the water on March 11, 2011. On that date, death, destruction, and suffering came to northeast Japan.*

EARTHQUAKE

[2] The island nation of Japan has experienced many deadly earthquakes. One lesson learned from those disasters is the importance of preparation. Schools hold earthquake drills, so that everyone can seek safety in an orderly way. There are strict rules for constructing earthquake-safe buildings. Because Japan's earthquake-detecting technology is the best in the world, alerts are sent almost instantly.

[3] On March 11, 2011, an earthquake struck—the strongest to hit Japan since record-keeping began. Its epicenter was about 40 miles off the coast. The quake arrived with a noisy roar and lasted a terrifying six minutes. The ground shook. Objects slid and crashed. Walls cracked and roofs caved in. Buildings swayed, but most stayed upright. The worst was yet to come.

TSUNAMI

[4] The word *tsunami* comes from Japanese, meaning “harbor wave.” A tsunami is a series of ocean waves with enormous power. An earthquake is a common cause. The waves travel in deep water as fast as a jet aircraft. They are not dangerous until they reach shallower water near shore. There, they slow down and rise to enormous heights. The waves can reach far inland, flooding everything in their path.

Japan has protective measures in place. Giant concrete seawalls keep back the water. Warning systems give people time to seek shelter in safe places.

[5] Immediately after the March 11 earthquake, coastal areas prepared for a tsunami. Fishermen ran to the harbor to take their boats out to sea for safety. Many people climbed to higher ground. But nobody was prepared for the horror that arose about thirty minutes after the earthquake. Nobody expected such a monstrous tsunami! Cold, dark water crushed seawalls and covered rooftops. It

raced miles inland, even up hills, devouring vehicles, buildings, and anyone in its way. Whole towns were washed away. Survivors shivered in the chilly air, shocked by what they had witnessed, and fearful about loved ones.

AFTERMATH

[6] About 19,000 people died. Most were drowned by the tsunami.

Water flooded a nuclear power plant near the coast. Electricity was knocked out as a result, damaging the cooling system. That, in turn, caused the fuel to overheat. Overheating had the devastating effect of releasing deadly radiation into the air and sea. Workers risked their lives and health to contain the meltdown. But a huge zone around the nuclear power plant became too dangerous to live in. Eleven towns had to be emptied of people.

[7] *About a year later, debris carried off by the ocean began to land on the west coast of North America. Among the objects was a soccer ball. The writing on it led to the discovery of its owner. The ball was returned to teenager Misaki Murakami. He had survived the tsunami by running to higher ground. His family's home was destroyed. The soccer ball was a special object, a gift from classmates years earlier. It was the only possession that he or his family recovered from that terrible day.*

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK
BY FRANCES GOODRICH AND ALBERT HACKETT
DRAMA



About Anne Frank

In July of 1942, during the second world war, the Frank family, the Van Daan family, and an acquaintance, Mr. Dussel, went into hiding to escape persecution from the Nazis. Once in hiding, they were not allowed to leave the attic apartment for any reason. They relied purely on the help of Mr. Kraler and Miep, who brought them food and news of the outside world. There was little entertainment while in hiding, and Anne relied on her diary as a source of comfort and interest.

Characters

MR. FRANK	MRS. FRANK
MIEP	MARGOT FRANK
MRS. VAN DAAN	ANNE FRANK
MR. VAN DAAN	MR. KRALER
PETER VAN DAAN	MR. DUSSEL

An excerpt from Act II, Scene I

[In the darkness we hear ANNE'S VOICE, again reading from the diary.]

ANNE'S VOICE. Saturday, the first of January, nineteen forty-four. Another new year has begun and we find ourselves still in our hiding place. We have been here now for one year, five months, and twenty-five days. It seems that our life is at a standstill.

[The curtain rises on the scene. It is late afternoon. Everyone is bundled up against the cold. In the main room MRS. FRANK is taking down the laundry which is hung across the back. MR. FRANK sits in the chair down left, reading. MARGOT is lying on the couch with a blanket over her and the many-colored knitted scarf around her throat. ANNE is seated at the center table, writing in her diary.]

PETER, MR. *and* MRS. VAN DAAN *and* DUSSEL are *all in their own rooms, reading or lying down. As the lights dim on, ANNE'S VOICE continues, without a break.*]

ANNE'S VOICE. We are all a little thinner. The Van Daans' "discussions" are as violent as ever. Mother still does not understand me. But then I don't understand her either. There is one great change, however. A change in myself. I read somewhere that girls of my age don't feel quite certain of themselves. . . .

[*We hear the chimes and then a hymn being played on the carillon outside. The buzzer of the door below suddenly sounds. Everyone is startled. MR. FRANK tiptoes cautiously to the top of the steps and listens. Again the buzzer sounds, in MIEP's V-for-Victory signal.*]

MR. FRANK. It's Miep!

[*He goes quickly down the steps to unbolt the door. MRS. FRANK calls upstairs to the VAN DAANS and then to PETER.*]

MRS. FRANK. Wake up, everyone! Miep is here!

[*ANNE quickly puts her diary away. MARGOT sits up, pulling the blanket around her shoulders. MR. DUSSEL sits on the edge of his bed, listening, disgruntled. MIEP comes up the steps, followed by MR. KRALER. They bring flowers, books, newspapers, etc. ANNE rushes to MIEP, throwing her arms affectionately around her.*]

Miep . . . and Mr. Kraler . . . What a delightful surprise!

MR. KRALER. We came to bring you New Year's greetings.

MRS. FRANK. You shouldn't . . . you should have at least one day to yourselves. [*She goes quickly to the stove and brings down teacups and tea for all of them.*]

ANNE. Don't say that, it's so wonderful to see them! [*Sniffing at MIEP's coat*] I can smell the wind and the cold on your clothes.

MIEP. [*Giving her the flowers*] There you are. [*Then to MARGOT, feeling her forehead*] How are you, Margot? . . . Feeling any better?

MARGOT. I'm all right.

ANNE. We filled her full of every kind of pill so she won't cough and make a noise. [*She runs into her room to put the flowers in water.* MR. and MRS. VAN DAAN *come from upstairs. Outside there is the sound of a band playing.*]

MRS. VAN DAAN. Well, hello, Miep. Mr. Kraler.

MR. KRALER. [*Giving a bouquet of flowers to* MRS. VAN DAAN] With my hope for peace in the New Year.

PETER. [*Anxiously*] Miep, have you seen Mouschi? Have you seen him anywhere around?

MIEP. I'm sorry, Peter. I asked everyone in the neighborhood had they seen a gray cat. But they said no.

[MRS. FRANK *gives* MIEP *a cup of tea.* MR. FRANK *comes up the steps, carrying a small cake on a plate.*]

MR. FRANK. Look what Miep's brought for us!

MRS. FRANK. [*Taking it*] A cake!

MR. VAN DAAN. A cake! [*He pinches MIEP's cheeks gaily and hurries up to the cupboard.*] I'll get some plates.

[DUSSEL, *in his room, hastily puts a coat on and starts out to join the others.*]

MRS. FRANK. Thank you, Miepia. You shouldn't have done it. You must have used all of your sugar ration for weeks. [*Giving it to* MRS. VAN DAAN] It's beautiful, isn't it?

MRS. VAN DAAN. It's been ages since I even saw a cake. Not since you brought us one last year.

[*Without looking at the cake, to* MIEP] Remember? Don't you remember, you gave us one on New Year's Day? Just this time last year? I'll never forget it because you had "Peace in nineteen forty-three" on it. [*She looks at the cake and reads*] "Peace in nineteen forty-four!"

MIEP. Well, it has to come sometime, you know. [*As* DUSSEL *comes from his room*] Hello, Mr. Dussel.

MR. KRALER. How are you?

MR. VAN DAAN. [*Bringing plates and a knife*] Here's the knife, *liefje*. Now, how many of us are there?

MIEP. None for me, thank you.

MR. FRANK. Oh, please. You must.

MIEP. I couldn't.

MR. VAN DAAN. Good! That leaves one . . . two . . . three . . . seven of us.

DUSSEL. Eight! Eight! It's the same number as it always is!

MR. VAN DAAN. I left Margot out. I take it for granted Margot won't eat any.

ANNE. Why wouldn't she!

MRS. FRANK. I think it won't harm her.

MR. VAN DAAN. All right! All right! I just didn't want her to start coughing again, that's all.

DUSSEL. And please, Mrs. Frank should cut the cake.

[*Together*]

MR. VAN DAAN. What's the difference?

MRS. VAN DAAN. It's not Mrs. Frank's cake, is it, Miep? It's for all of us.

DUSSEL. Mrs. Frank divides things better.

[*Together*]

MRS. VAN DAAN. [*Going to DUSSEL*] What are you trying to say?

MR. VAN DAAN. Oh, come on! Stop wasting time!

[*Image of small room with characters squabbling over small cake*]

MRS. VAN DAAN. [*To DUSSEL*] Don't I always give everybody exactly the same? Don't I?

MR. VAN DAAN. Forget it, Kerli.

MRS. VAN DAAN. No. I want an answer! Don't I?

DUSSEL. Yes. Yes. Everybody gets exactly the same . . . except Mr. Van Daan always gets a little bit more.

[*VAN DAAN advances on DUSSEL, the knife still in his hand.*]

MR. VAN DAAN. That's a lie!

[*DUSSEL retreats before the onslaught of the VAN DAANS.*]

MR. FRANK. Please, please! [*Then to MIEP*] You see what a little sugar cake does to us? It goes right to our heads!

MR. VAN DAAN. [*Handing MRS. FRANK the knife*] Here you are, Mrs. Frank.

MRS. FRANK. Thank you. [*Then to MIEP as she goes to the table to cut the cake*] Are you sure you won't have some?

MIEP. [*Drinking her tea*] No, really, I have to go in a minute.

[*The sound of the band fades out in the distance.*]

PETER. [*To MIEP*] Maybe Mouschi went back to our house . . . they say that cats . . . Do you ever get over there . . . ? I mean . . . do you suppose you could . . . ?

MIEP. I'll try, Peter. The first minute I get I'll try. But I'm afraid, with him gone a week . . .

DUSSEL. Make up your mind, already someone has had a nice big dinner from that cat!

[*PETER is furious, inarticulate. He starts toward DUSSEL as if to hit him. MR. FRANK stops him. MRS. FRANK speaks quickly to ease the situation.*]

MRS. FRANK. [*To MIEP*] This is delicious, Miep!

MRS. VAN DAAN. [*Eating hers*] Delicious!

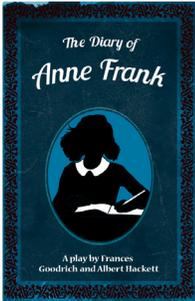
MR. VAN DAAN. [*Finishing it in one gulp*] Dirk's in luck to get a girl who can bake like this!

MIEP. [*Putting down her empty teacup*] I have to run. Dirk's taking me to a party tonight.

ANNE. How heavenly! Remember now what everyone is wearing, and what you have to eat and everything, so you can tell us tomorrow.

MIEP. I'll give you a full report! Good-bye, everyone!

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK
BY FRANCES GOODRICH AND ALBERT HACKETT
DRAMA



Before this excerpt:

Everyone was excited to see Miep and Mr. Kraler, who stopped by with cake and flowers. However, their excitement quickly turned into an argument when Mr. Dussel believed that Mr. Van Daan would get a larger slice of cake than everyone else. Everyone was tense, bored, and tired of being confined to the small room with one another.

Characters

MR. FRANK	MRS. FRANK
MIEP	MARGOT FRANK
MRS. VAN DAAN	ANNE FRANK
MR. VAN DAAN	MR. KRALER
PETER VAN DAAN	MR. DUSSEL

An excerpt from **Act II, Scene I**

MARGOT. Sometimes I wish the end would come . . . whatever it is.

MRS. FRANK. [*Shocked*] Margot!

[*ANNE goes to MARGOT, sitting beside her on the couch with her arms around her.*]

MARGOT. Then at least we'd know where we were.

MRS. FRANK. You should be ashamed of yourself! Talking that way! Think how lucky we are! Think of the thousands dying in the war, every day. Think of the people in concentration camps.

ANNE. [*Interrupting*] What's the good of that? What's the good of thinking of misery when you're already miserable? That's stupid!

MRS. FRANK. Anne!

[*As ANNE goes on raging at her mother, MRS. FRANK tries to break in, in an effort to quiet her.*]

ANNE. We're young, Margot and Peter and I! You grownups have had your chance! But look at us . . . If we begin thinking of all the horror in the world, we're lost! We're trying to hold onto some kind of ideals . . . when everything . . . ideals, hopes . . . everything, are being destroyed! It isn't our fault that the world is in such a mess! We weren't around when all this started! So don't try to take it out on us! *[She rushes off to her room, slamming the door after her. She picks up a brush from the chest and hurls it to the floor. Then she sits on the settee, trying to control her anger.]*

MR. VAN DAAN. She talks as if we started the war! Did we start the war?

[He spots ANNE'S cake. As he starts to take it, PETER anticipates him.]

PETER. She left her cake.

[He starts for ANNE's room with the cake. There is silence in the main room. MRS. VAN DAAN goes up to her room, followed by MR. VAN DAAN. DUSSEL stays looking out the window. MR. FRANK brings MRS. FRANK her cake. She eats it slowly, without relish. MR. FRANK takes his cake to MARGOT and sits quietly on the sofa beside her. PETER stands in the doorway of ANNE's darkened room, looking at her, then makes a little movement to let her know he is there. ANNE sits up, quickly, trying to hide the signs of her tears. PETER holds out the cake to her.]

You left this.

ANNE. *[Dully]* Thanks.

[PETER starts to go out, then comes back.]

PETER. I thought you were fine just now. You know just how to talk to them. You know just how to say it. I'm no good . . . I never can think . . . especially when I'm mad . . . That Dussel . . . when he said that about Mouschi . . . someone eating him . . . all I could think is . . . I wanted to hit him. I wanted to give him such a . . . a . . . that he'd . . . That's what I used to do when there was an argument at school . . . That's the way I . . . but here . . . And an old man like that . . . it wouldn't be so good.

ANNE. You're making a big mistake about me. I do it all wrong. I say too much. I go too far. I hurt people's feelings . . .

[DUSSEL leaves the window, going to his room.]

PETER. I think you're just fine . . . What I want to say . . . if it wasn't for you around here, I don't

know. What I mean . . .

[PETER *is interrupted by DUSSEL's turning on the light. DUSSEL stands in the doorway, startled to see PETER. PETER advances toward him forbiddingly. DUSSEL backs out of the room. PETER closes the door on him.*]

ANNE. Do you mean it, Peter? Do you really mean it?

PETER. I said it, didn't I?

ANNE. Thank you, Peter!

[*In the main room. MR. and MRS. FRANK collect the dishes and take them to the sink, washing them. MARGOT lies down again on the couch. DUSSEL, lost, wanders into PETER's room and takes up a book, starting to read.*]

PETER. [*Looking at the photographs on the wall*] You've got quite a collection.

ANNE. Wouldn't you like some in your room? I could give you some. Heaven knows you spend enough time in there . . . doing heaven knows what . . .

PETER. It's easier. A fight starts, or an argument . . . I duck in there.

ANNE. You're lucky, having a room to go to. His lordship is always here . . . I hardly ever get a minute alone. When they start in on me, I can't duck away. I have to stand there and take it.

PETER. You gave some of it back just now.

ANNE. I get so mad. They've formed their opinions . . . about everything . . . but we . . . we're still trying to find out . . . We have problems here that no other people our age have ever had. And just as you think you've solved them, something comes along and bang! You have to start all over again.

PETER. At least you've got someone you can talk to.

ANNE. Not really. Mother . . . I never discuss anything serious with her. She doesn't understand. Father's all right. We can talk about everything . . . everything but one thing. Mother. He simply won't talk about her. I don't think you can be really intimate with anyone if he holds something back, do you?

PETER. I think your father's fine.

ANNE. Oh, he is, Peter! He is! He's the only one who's ever given me the feeling that I have any sense. But anyway, nothing can take the place of school and play and friends of your own age . . . or near your age . . . can it?

PETER. I suppose you miss your friends and all.

ANNE. It isn't just . . . [*She breaks off, staring up at him for a second.*] Isn't it funny, you and I? Here we've been seeing each other every minute for almost a year and a half, and this is the first time we've ever really talked. It helps a lot to have someone to talk to, don't you think? It helps you to let off steam.

PETER. [*Going to the door*] Well, any time you want to let off steam, you can come into my room.

ANNE. [*Following him*] I can get up an awful lot of steam. You'll have to be careful how you say that.

PETER. It's all right with me.

ANNE. Do you mean it?

PETER. I said it, didn't I?

[*He goes out. ANNE stands in her doorway looking after him. As PETER gets to his door he stands for a minute looking back at her. Then he goes into his room. DUSSEL rises as he comes in, and quickly passes him, going out. He starts across for his room. ANNE sees him coming, and pulls her door shut. DUSSEL turns back toward PETER'S room. PETER pulls his door shut. DUSSEL stands there, bewildered, forlorn. The scene slowly dims out. The curtain falls on the scene. ANNE'S VOICE comes over in the darkness . . . faintly at first, and then with growing strength.*]

ANNE'S VOICE. We've had bad news. The people from whom Miep got our ration books have been arrested. So we have had to cut down on our food. Our stomachs are so empty that they rumble and make strange noises, all in different keys. Mr. Van Daan's is deep and low, like a bass fiddle. Mine is high, whistling like a flute. As we all sit around waiting for supper, it's like an orchestra tuning up. It only needs Toscanini to raise his baton and we'd be off in the Ride of the Valkyries. Monday, the sixth of March, nineteen forty-four. Mr. Kraler is in the hospital. It seems he has ulcers. Pim says we are his ulcers. Miep has to run the business and us too. The Americans have landed on the southern tip of Italy. Father looks for a quick finish to the war. Mr. Dussel is waiting every day for the warehouse man to demand more money. Have I been skipping

too much from one subject to another? I can't help it. I feel that spring is coming. I feel it in my whole body and soul. I feel utterly confused. I am longing . . . so longing . . . for everything . . . for friends . . . for someone to talk to . . . someone who understands . . . someone young, who feels as I do . . .

[As these last lines are being said, the curtain rises on the scene. The lights dim on. ANNE'S VOICE fades out.]

MALALA YOUSAFZAI'S SPEECH TO THE UNITED NATIONS
INFORMATIONAL**About this text**

This text is made up of several excerpts from Malala Yousafzai's speech to the United Nations.

. . .

[1] So here I stand ... so here I stand, one girl among many.

I speak—not for myself, but so those without voice can be heard. Those who have fought for their rights.

Their right to live in peace.

Their right to be treated with dignity. Their right to equality of opportunity. Their right to be educated.

[2] Dear friends, on the ninth of October 2012, the Taliban shot me on the left side of my forehead. They shot my friends too. They thought that the bullets would silence us. But they failed. And out of that silence came thousands of voices. The terrorists thought that they would change my aims and stop my ambitions, but nothing changed in my life except this: weakness, fear and hopelessness died. Strength, power and courage were born.

I am the same Malala. My ambitions are the same. My hopes are the same. My dreams are the same.

[3] Dear sisters and brothers, I am not against anyone. Neither am I here to speak in terms of personal revenge against the Taliban or any other terrorist group. I am here to speak up for the right of education of every child. I want education for the sons and the daughters of the Taliban, and all the terrorists and extremists.

. . .

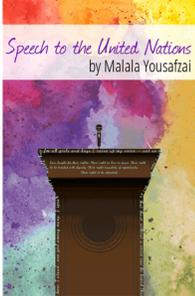
[4] Dear fellows, today I am focusing on women's rights and girls' education because they are suffering the most. There was a time when women social activists asked men to stand up for their rights.

But this time we will do it by ourselves. I am not telling men to step away from speaking for women's rights, rather I am focusing on women to be independent to fight for themselves.

[5] So dear sisters and brothers, now it is time to speak up. So today we call upon the world leaders to change their strategic policies in favor of peace and prosperity.

[6] We call upon the world leaders that all the peace deals must protect women's and children's rights. A deal that goes against the rights of women is unacceptable.

. . .

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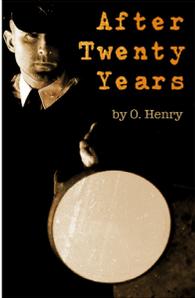
- [1] We call upon all governments to ensure free compulsory education all over the world for every child.
- [2] We call upon all the governments to fight against terrorism and violence, to protect children from brutality and harm.
- [3] We call upon the developed nations to support the expansion of educational opportunities for girls in the developing world.
- [4] We call upon all the communities to be tolerant—to reject prejudice based on cast, creed, sect, color, religion or gender. To ensure freedom and equality for women so that they can flourish. We cannot all succeed when half of us are held back.
- [5] We call upon our sisters around the world to be brave—to embrace the strength within themselves and realize their full potential.
- [6] Dear brothers and sisters, we want schools and education for every child's bright future. We will continue our journey to our destination of peace and education. No one can stop us. We will speak up for our rights and we will bring change through our voice. We believe in the power and the strength of our words. Our words can change the whole world.
- [7] Because we are all together, united for the cause of education. And if we want to achieve our goal, then let us empower ourselves with the weapon of knowledge and let us shield ourselves with unity and togetherness.

[8] Dear brothers and sisters, we must not forget that millions of people are suffering from poverty, injustice and ignorance. We must not forget that millions of children are out of their schools. We must not forget that our sisters and brothers are waiting for a bright, peaceful future.

[9] So let us wage a global struggle against illiteracy, poverty and terrorism. Let us pick up our books and pens. They are our most powerful weapons.

One child, one teacher, one book and one pen can change the world. Education is the only solution. Education First.

Thank you.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS
BY O. HENRY
NARRATIVE

[1] The policeman on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The impressiveness was habitual and not for show, for spectators were few. The time was barely 10 o'clock at night, but chilly gusts of wind with a taste of rain in them had well nigh de-peopled the streets.

Trying doors as he went, twirling his club with many intricate and artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye down the pacific thoroughfare, the officer, with his stalwart form and slight swagger, made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The vicinity was one that kept early hours. Now and then you might see the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the majority of the doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed.

[2] When about midway of a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the doorway of a darkened hardware store a man leaned, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. As the policeman walked up to him, the man spoke up quickly.

"It's all right, officer," he said, reassuringly. "I'm just waiting for a friend. It's an appointment made twenty years ago. Sounds a little funny to you, doesn't it? Well, I'll explain if you'd like to make certain it's all straight. About that long ago there used to be a restaurant where this store stands—'Big Joe' Brady's restaurant."

"Until five years ago," said the policeman. "It was torn down then."

[3] The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his cigar. The light showed a pale, square-jawed face with keen eyes, and a little white scar near his right eyebrow. His scarfpin was a large diamond, oddly set.

[4] "Twenty years ago to-night," said the man, "I dined here at 'Big Joe' Brady's with Jimmy Wells, my best chum, and the finest chap in the world. He and I were raised here in New York, just like two brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. You couldn't have dragged Jimmy out of New York; he thought it was the only place on earth. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again exactly twenty years

from that date and time, no matter what our conditions might be or from what distance we might have to come. We figured that in twenty years each of us ought to have our destiny worked out and our fortunes made, whatever they were going to be.”

[5] “It sounds pretty interesting,” said the policeman. “Rather a long time between meets, though, it seems to me. Haven’t you heard from your friend since you left?”

“Well, yes, for a time we corresponded,” said the other. “But after a year or two we lost track of each other. You see, the West is a pretty big proposition, and I kept hustling around over it pretty lively. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he’s alive, for he always was the truest, stanchest old chap in the world. He’ll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door to-night, and it’s worth it if my old partner turns up.”

The waiting man pulled out a handsome watch, the lids of it set with small diamonds.

“Three minutes to ten,” he announced. “It was exactly ten o’clock when we parted here at the restaurant door.”

AFTER TWENTY YEARS
BY O. HENRY
NARRATIVE

[1] “Did pretty well out West, didn’t you?” asked the policeman.

“You bet! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He was a kind of plodder, though, good fellow as he was. I’ve had to compete with some of the sharpest wits going to get my pile. A man gets in a groove in New York. It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him.”

The policeman twirled his club and took a step or two.

“I’ll be on my way. Hope your friend comes around all right. Going to call time on him sharp?”

“I should say not!” said the other. “I’ll give him half an hour at least. If Jimmy is alive on earth he’ll be here by that time. So long, officer.”

“Good-night, sir,” said the policeman, passing on along his beat, trying doors as he went.

There was now a fine, cold drizzle falling, and the wind had risen from its uncertain puffs into a steady blow. The few foot passengers astir in that quarter hurried dismally and silently along with coat collars turned high and pocketed hands. And in the door of the hardware store the man who had come a thousand miles to fill an appointment, uncertain almost to absurdity, with the friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited.

[2] About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man.

“Is that you, Bob?” he asked, doubtfully.

“Is that you, Jimmy Wells?” cried the man in the door.

“Bless my heart!” exclaimed the new arrival, grasping both the other’s hands with his own. “It’s Bob, sure as fate. I was certain I’d find you here if you were still in existence. Well, well, well!—twenty years is a long time. The old restaurant’s gone, Bob; I wish it had lasted, so we could have had another dinner there. How has the West treated you, old man?”

“Bully; it has given me everything I asked it for. You’ve changed lots, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall by two or three inches.”

“Oh, I grew a bit after I was twenty.”

“Doing well in New York, Jimmy?”

“Moderately. I have a position in one of the city departments. Come on, Bob; we’ll go around to a place I know of, and have a good long talk about old times.”

[3] The two men started up the street, arm in arm. The man from the West, his egotism enlarged by success, was beginning to outline the history of his career. The other, submerged in his overcoat, listened with interest.

At the corner stood a drug store, brilliant with electric lights. When they came into this glare each of them turned simultaneously to gaze upon the other’s face.

The man from the West stopped suddenly and released his arm.

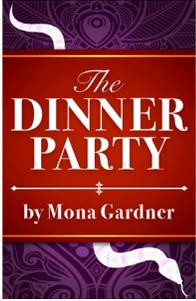
“You’re not Jimmy Wells,” he snapped. “Twenty years is a long time, but not long enough to change a man’s nose from a Roman to a pug.”

“It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one,” said the tall man. “You’ve been under arrest for ten minutes, ‘Silky’ Bob. Chicago thinks you may have dropped over our way and wires us she wants to have a chat with you. Going quietly, are you? That’s sensible. Now, before we go on to the station here’s a note I was asked to hand you. You may read it here at the window. It’s from Patrolman Wells.”

The man from the West unfolded the little piece of paper handed him. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short.

[4] “Bob: I was at the appointed place on time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn’t do it myself, so I went around and got a plain clothes man to do the job.

JIMMY.”

THE DINNER PARTY
BY MONA GARDNER
NARRATIVE

[1] The country is India. A colonial official and his wife are giving a large dinner party. They are seated with their guests—army officers and government attachés and their wives, and a visiting American naturalist—in their spacious dining room, which has a bare marble floor, open rafters, and wide glass doors opening onto a veranda.

[2] A spirited discussion springs up between a young girl who insists that women have outgrown the jumping-on-a-chair-at-the-sight-of-a-mouse era and a colonel who says that they haven't.

[3] “A woman's unfailing reaction in any crisis,” the colonel says, “is to scream. And while a man may feel like it, he has that ounce more of nerve control than a woman has. And that last ounce is what counts.”

[4] The American does not join in the argument but watches the other guests. As he looks, he sees a strange expression come over the face of the hostess. She is staring straight ahead, her muscles contracting slightly. With a slight gesture she summons the native boy standing behind her chair and whispers to him. The boy's eyes widen: he quickly leaves the room.

[5] Of the guests, none except the American notices this or sees the boy place a bowl of milk on the veranda just outside the open doors.

[6] The American comes to with a start. In India, milk in a bowl means only one thing—bait for a snake. He realizes there must be a cobra in the room. He looks up at the rafters—the likeliest place—but they are bare. Three corners of the room are empty, and in the fourth the servants are waiting to serve the next course. There is only one place left—under the table.

[7] His first impulse is to jump back and warn the others, but he knows the commotion would frighten the cobra into striking. He speaks quickly, the tone of his voice so arresting that it sobers everyone.

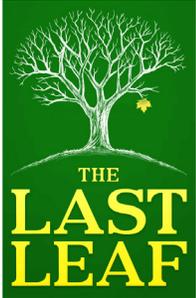
[8] “I want to know just what control everyone at this table has. I will count to three hundred—that's five minutes—and not one of you is to move a muscle. Those who move will forfeit fifty rupees. Ready!”

[9] The twenty people sit like stone images while he counts. He is saying "...two hundred and eighty..." when, out of the corner of his eye, he sees the cobra emerge and make for the bowl of milk. Screams ring out as he jumps to slam the veranda doors safely shut.

[10] "You were right, Colonel!" the host exclaims. "A man has just shown us an example of perfect control."

[11] "Just a minute," the American says, turning to his hostess. "Mrs. Wynnes, how did you know that cobra was in the room?"

[12] A faint smile lights up the woman's face as she replies: "Because it was crawling across my foot."

THE LAST LEAF
BASED ON A STORY BY O. HENRY
NARRATIVE

[1] There was a time when poor artists lived in the old buildings of Greenwich Village, New York. Sue and Johnsy lived at the top of one of those buildings. Both women were artists and had decided to live and work together.

[2] One chilly autumn, Johnsy became ill. She lay on her bed without moving, very thin and very quiet. All day, she looked through the window at the wall of the building next to hers.

[3] “She has a very small chance,” the doctor told Sue. “But only if she wants to live. If people don’t want to live, I can’t do much for them. It seems that Johnsy has decided that she is not going to get well.”

[4] After the doctor had gone, Sue walked into Johnsy’s room. She was looking out the window and counting back. “Twelve,” she said. And a little later, “Eleven.” And then, “Ten, nine, eight,” almost together. And then, “Seven.”

[5] Sue looked out the window. What was there to count? An old, old tree grew against the wall of the next house. Almost all its leaves had fallen from its dark branches.

[6] “Six,” said Johnsy, in a low voice. “They’re falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. Now, there are only five.”

[7] “Five what?” said Sue.

[8] “Leaves. On the tree. When the last one falls, I must go, too,” sighed Johnsy wearily.

[9] “Try to sleep,” said Sue as she pulled down the window shade. “I need to ask Mr. Behrman to come up to help me with a painting. Don’t try to move till I come back.”

[10] Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the first floor. He had had no success as a painter. He had always talked of painting a great picture, a masterpiece, but he had never yet started it.

[11] Sue found him in his dark room. She told him about Johnsy and the leaves on the tree. Together they looked out the window at the tree, and then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking.

[12] “Poor Johnsy!” he cried. “This is not any place for someone so good as Johnsy to lie sick. One day I shall paint my masterpiece, and we shall all go away from here.”

[13] That night, a cold, wet storm blew through the city. In the morning, Johnsy begged Sue to help her look out the window.

[14] Even after the beating rain and wind, there still was one leaf to be seen against the wall. It was the last leaf on the tree. It was dark green near the branch. At the edges, it was turning yellow with age.

[15] The day slowly passed. As it grew dark, Johnsy could still see the leaf hanging from its branch against the wall. That night, the wind began again to blow.

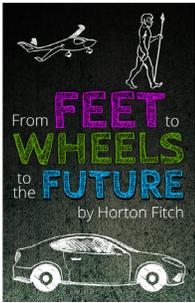
[16] When it was light, Johnsy again commanded that she be allowed to see from the window. The leaf was still there.

[17] “Sue,” said Johnsy. “Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me I was wrong to want to die. I’ll try to eat now. I want to get well.”

[18] The doctor came in the afternoon.

[19] “She’s safe,” he told Sue. “She has found the will to live. But not all are so fortunate. Mr. Behrman downstairs has just died. They found him the other morning as cold as ice with his shoes and his clothes wet. He was near a ladder with his materials for painting. There was paint, green paint and yellow paint....”

[20] “Oh, my,” said Sue. “That must be why the last leaf on the wall never moved when the wind was blowing. It is Old Behrman’s great masterpiece—he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell.”

FROM FEET TO WHEELS TO THE FUTURE
BY HORTON FITCH
INFORMATIONAL

[1] The earliest form of land travel for most humans was walking. Travel was slow and difficult. However, there was not much need to travel, so humans tended to stay in one place.

[2] An invention that was important to the progress of land travel was the wheel. It was invented more than 5,000 years ago. The wheel led to the development of vehicles such as carts and wagons. Initially, carts and wagons were clumsy and noisy and did not make land travel any faster or easier. They did, however, make it possible for humans to carry goods as well as themselves from one place to another. Vehicles with wheels created a way to transport.

[3] A major form of land travel for thousands and thousands of years was a wheeled vehicle that was pulled by a horse or some other animal. Continued improvements made these vehicles somewhat faster and fairly comfortable. But about 100 years ago, the dominance of these vehicles began to dwindle with the mass production of cars.

[4] Early models of cars were like early forms of animal-pulled vehicles. They were not much better than the prevailing forms of travel. But today, because of continued improvements, cars are faster, more comfortable, and safer than ever. They are the main form of travel for many people.

[5] Improvements to cars have never stopped. The latest improvements are heading toward a future with self-driving cars. The question is: Are cars that drive themselves a good idea?

[6] Human error is responsible for 93 to 95 percent of the 32,000 fatal car accidents that occur each year on U.S. roads. Proponents of self-driving cars think they will remove human error. The cars will do the driving and allow the human driver to do other things safely. Therefore, the number of fatalities will be reduced. Additionally, proponents argue that these cars will provide greater independence for elderly people and people with disabilities.

[7] Self-driving cars will be totally controlled by computers. But, opponents warn that computers can have glitches. Glitches could have the same effect as human error. Will the number of injuries and fatalities be reduced? Opponents are also concerned about legal issues. Will the human in a self-

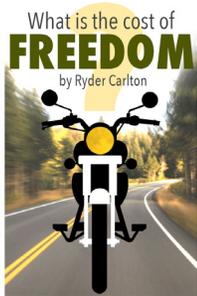
driving car, who is not even driving, be held legally responsible for an accident?

[8] Proponents know that self-driving cars will not prevent all accidents. However, these cars offer benefits that are not currently available. Opponents know that some new technologies are helpful to drivers. On the other hand, there are too many unanswered questions when the human driver is totally replaced by a computer. Only the future will tell how self-driving cars fit into the ever-developing history of land travel.

WHAT IS THE COST OF FREEDOM?

BY RYDER CARLTON

INFORMATIONAL



[1] A motorcycle means one thing: FREEDOM! On a motorcycle, you're in control.

You're on your own. You own the road. For that matter, you can create your own road. For example, you can scoot between and around idling cars and continue your forward movement. And, of course, there are plenty of thrills riding on a shiny motorcycle with speeds that can reach more than 160 miles per hour.

[2] However, there are risks. You are nine times more likely to become seriously injured in a crash on a motorcycle than in a car. Think about a motorcycle versus a car. There is a lot less protection on a motorcycle, right? Now, add in factors such as rainy weather and gravel or other unexpected road obstacles that make driving dangerous for all drivers, but more so for motorcyclists. You can see why there are many more injuries on motorcycles. There are also more fatalities.

[3] Requiring anti-lock brakes on motorcycles is often mentioned as a way to reduce fatalities and serious injuries. Anti-lock brakes prevent the wheels on a motorcycle from locking up. Locked-up wheels may cause a motorcycle to fall over. Studies show that anti-lock brakes can lower the rate of fatal crashes by 31 percent.

[4] On the other hand, people point out a downside of anti-lock brakes on motorcycles. The cost of an anti-lock brake system is high. Out of need, many motorcyclists use their bikes as low-cost transportation. They cannot afford anti-lock brakes.

[5] A more controversial way of reducing serious injuries is requiring motorcyclists, by law, to wear helmets. Some countries such as Spain and New Zealand have universal laws. All motorcyclists must wear helmets. Other countries such as the United Kingdom, Russia, and India have no universal laws. Several countries have laws that vary. For example, 19 out of the 50 U.S. states have passed universal helmet laws. In most other U.S. states, there are laws that require some, but not all, motorcyclists to wear helmets. Only three states have no motorcycle helmet laws.

[6] Motorcycle helmets can prevent serious, and potentially life-changing, brain injuries. Without a helmet, a motorcyclist is three times more likely to suffer brain injuries in a crash. Helmets have been shown to reduce fatalities by 37 percent. The value of motorcycle helmets in reducing serious injuries and fatalities has been recognized for more than 60 years, but not everyone agrees.

[7] Some people believe that helmets make it more difficult for motorcyclists to see and hear. Other people suggest that although helmets may prevent brain injuries, they will not prevent neck or back injuries. Notably, not wearing a helmet for many people is a matter of personal freedom, which is the ability to think and act for oneself.

[8] A universal law requiring anti-lock brakes on all motorcycles and helmets for all motorcyclists could greatly reduce serious injuries and fatalities. But, for some people, such a law would come at the cost of personal freedom. Not requiring anti-lock brakes and helmets would preserve personal freedom. But, this could come at the cost of a normal life or life itself. So, what is the cost of FREEDOM?

NO LIMITS TO SCREEN TIME
BY BERNARD LANTIGUA, GRADE 7
INFORMATIONAL

To the Student:

Televisions, computers, and smartphones are devices with screens. People spend a lot of time focused on their screens. Write an argument in response to this question: *Should families limit the screen time for people your age?*

In your argument, be sure to:

- State your claim in your opening paragraph.
- Do research to find evidence to support your claim.
- Give your reasons and evidence in a logical order.
- Write a conclusion.

[1] I remember a children's story about a bear who finds a whole field of strawberries. He loves eating them and can't stop. He learns that too many strawberries can make a bear sick. That lesson is true of many other things in life. Like the bear in that story, children should learn how much is too much. And the best way to learn is from experience, not from outside rules. I believe that families should not limit the screen time of young people my age.

[2] First of all, limiting screen time is not practical. How would the rules work? For example, suppose that I'm allowed to be on the Internet for an hour each evening. What if it takes more than an hour to find the information for a homework assignment? Then the homework can't be finished. Or suppose that I can only watch TV for an hour at a particular time of day. What if I want to do something else during that time and watch a show at a different time? Maybe a parent can control a young child's viewing times, but it's not practical to monitor everything an older kid or teen does.

[3] Another reason not to limit screen time is that digital technology is basic to life today. We depend on our devices for information and for connecting with friends. We use these devices to create art and music. We read books on them. And we use them for relaxation and entertainment. There has been a lot of research about whether playing video games is bad for your health, but there

is no proof that the effects are harmful. In fact, a 2010 study analyzed video game playing habits of 3,000 children. The study showed that kids who play a lot of video games have good social relationships and do well in school. “Video games are now a part of normal childhood,” said one of the researchers.

[4] Most important, allowing young people to manage their time teaches independence. People my age (in middle school) are always being told that growing up means becoming more responsible and independent. In his humorous book, *Surviving Middle School*, teacher Luke Reynolds wants middle-schoolers to take initiative. He explains, “All it really means is that you do something rather than waiting for someone to tell you what to do all the time.” When we take initiative, we are responsible for our own behavior. That includes figuring out how to manage our time. And that, in turn, includes making our own choices about screen time.

[5] Like the bear in the children’s story, young people will find out for themselves how much screen time is too much. We might have to learn from mistakes. But we should be free to learn for ourselves, and not from rules that are impractical and outdated.

YES TO A LATER START TIME
BY ISABELLA KIM, GRADE 7
INFORMATIONAL



To the Student:

When should the school day start and end for teenagers? That has been a topic of debate in many communities, including our own. In our middle schools and high school, the day begins at 7:30 a.m. Write an argument in response to this question: *Should the school day start later for students in our middle schools and high school?*

In your argument, be sure to:

- State your claim in your opening paragraph.
- Do research to find evidence to support your claim.
- Give your reasons and evidence in a logical order.
- Write a conclusion.

[1] A student named Isabella is waiting on a street corner for the school bus to take her to middle school. It's 6:45 on a winter morning, and it's still dark. She struggled out of bed at 6:15, washed her face, got dressed, and barely had time to grab a slice of toast and her backpack before heading out the door. She falls asleep on the bus, and when school begins 45 minutes later, she can't stop yawning. Isabella has a problem. So do other students in our middle schools and high school. The problem is that our school day starts too early and should start later.

[2] A main reason to start later is that an early start time is especially hard on teenagers. Scientific studies show that sleep patterns change as children grow into teens. According to researcher Kyla L. Wahlstrom, teenagers don't naturally fall asleep until around 10:45 p.m., and they require around 9.25 hours of sleep each night. That means teenagers' brains "remain in sleep mode until about 8 a.m." When an alarm buzzes at 6:15, a teen wakes up but needs more sleep. At school, the student is still too sleepy to learn.

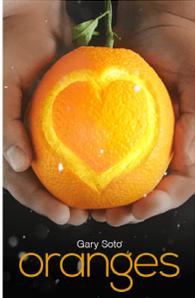
[3] In addition, a later start can prevent the harmful effects of "sleep deprivation," the medical term for not enough sleep. Doctors say that sleep deprivation leads to health problems in teens. These

include changes in mood and behavior, increased risk of obesity, and high blood pressure. Sleep deprivation even causes car accidents because teen drivers haven't had enough sleep to react alertly.

[4] Finally, there is proof that later start times bring good results. A study of more than 200 students in one school showed that changing the start time from 8:00 to 8:30 made a difference. More students were able to get at least 8 hours of sleep a night, and fewer students reported being too tired to focus on schoolwork or join in sports. In a study of U.S. high schools, changing to a start time after 8:30 a.m. brought benefits. The students showed better attendance and earned higher grades in the first class of the day. And fewer students fell asleep in class.

[5] Middle school and high school students should not have to struggle with a 7:30 start time. If the school day begins at 8:30 or later, students like Isabella will arrive at school ready to learn, instead of wishing they were back in bed.

ORANGES
BY GARY SOTO
POETRY



- [1] The first time I walked
With a girl, I was twelve,
Cold, and weighted down
With two oranges in my jacket.
- [5] December. Frost cracking
Beneath my steps, my breath
Before me, then gone,
As I walked toward
Her house, the one whose
- [10] Porch light burned yellow
Night and day, in any weather.
A dog barked at me, until
She came out pulling
At her gloves, face bright
- [15] With rouge. I smiled,
Touched her shoulder, and led
Her down the street, across
A used car lot and a line
Of newly planted trees,
- [20] Until we were breathing

Before a drugstore. We
Entered, the tiny bell
Bringing a saleslady
Down a narrow aisle of goods.

[25] I turned to the candies

Tiered like bleachers,
And asked what she wanted -
Light in her eyes, a smile
Starting at the corners

[30] Of her mouth. I fingered

A nickel in my pocket,
And when she lifted a chocolate
That cost a dime,
I didn't say anything.

[35] I took the nickel from

My pocket, then an orange,
And set them quietly on
The counter. When I looked up,
The lady's eyes met mine,

[40] And held them, knowing

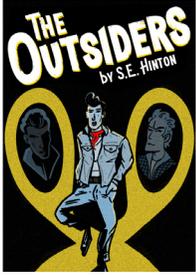
Very well what it was all
About.
Outside,

A few cars hissing past,
[45] Fog hanging like old
Coats between the trees.
I took my girl's hand
In mine for two blocks,
Then released it to let
[50] Her unwrap the chocolate.
I peeled my orange
That was so bright against
The gray of December
That, from some distance,
[55] Someone might have thought
I was making a fire in my hands.

“HOPE” IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS
BY EMILY DICKINSON
POETRY



- [1] “Hope” is the thing with feathers -
That perches in the soul -
And sings the tune without the words -
And never stops - at all -
- [5] And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -
And sore must be the storm -
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm -
I’ve heard it in the chillest land -
- [10] And on the strangest Sea -
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.

THE OUTSIDERS
BY S.E. HINTON
NARRATIVE*Prologue*

The Outsiders is a story told by a 14-year-old named Ponyboy who lives in a small city in Oklahoma in the 1960s. The novel is about Ponyboy's struggles with right and wrong, and problems that occur between two groups of teens: the rich group and the poor group. Ponyboy and his two older brothers, Darry (20 years old) and Sodapop (16 years old), are part of a gang of friends from the East side of town called "greasers." As Ponyboy walks home from the movie on a sunny afternoon, he begins to reconsider his decision to walk alone since greasers and Socs ("so-shiz") don't get along.

[1] Anyway, I went on walking home, thinking about the movie, and then suddenly wishing I had some company. Greasers can't walk alone too much or they'll get jumped, or someone will come by and scream "Greaser!" at them, which doesn't make you feel too hot, if you know what I mean. We get jumped by the Socs. I'm not sure how you spell it, but it's the abbreviation for the Socials, the jet set, the West-side rich kids. It's like the term "greaser," which is used to class all us boys on the East Side.

[2] We're poorer than the Socs and the middle class. I reckon we're wilder, too. Not like the Socs, who jump greasers and wreck houses and throw beer blasts for kicks, and get editorials in the paper for being a public disgrace one day and an asset to society the next. Greasers are almost like hoods; we steal things and drive old souped-up cars and hold up gas stations and have a gang fight once in awhile. I don't mean I do things like that. Darry would kill me if I got into trouble with the police. Since Mom and Dad were killed in an auto wreck, the three of us get to stay together only as long as we behave. So Soda and I stay out of trouble as much as we can, and we're careful not to get caught when we can't. I only mean that most greasers do things like that, just like we wear our hair long and dress in blue jeans and T-shirts, or leave our shirttails out and wear leather jackets and tennis shoes or boots. I'm not saying that either Socs or greasers are better; that's just the way things are.

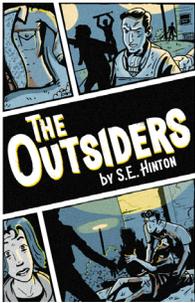
[3] I could have waited to go to the movies until Darry or Sodapop got off work. They would have gone with me, or driven me there, or walked along, although Soda just can't sit still long enough to enjoy a movie and they bore Darry to death. Darry thinks his life is enough without inspecting other people's. Or I could have gotten one of the gang to come along, one of the four boys Darry and Soda and I have grown up with and consider family. We're almost as close as brothers; when you grow up in a tight-knit neighborhood like ours you get to know each other real well. If I had thought about it, I could have called Darry and he would have come by on his way home and picked me up, or Two-Bit Mathews—one of our gang—would have come to get me in his car if I had asked him, but sometimes I just don't use my head. It drives my brother Darry nuts when I do stuff like that, 'cause I'm supposed to be smart; I make good grades and have a high IQ and everything, but I don't use my head. Besides, I like walking.

[4] I about decided I didn't like it so much, though, when I spotted that red Corvair trailing me. I was almost two blocks from home then, so I started walking a little faster. I had never been jumped, but I had seen Johnny after four Socs got hold of him, and it wasn't pretty. Johnny was scared of his own shadow after that. Johnny was sixteen then. I knew it wasn't any use though—the fast walking, I mean—even before the Corvair pulled up beside me and five Socs got out. I got pretty scared—I'm kind of small for fourteen even though I have a good build, and those guys were bigger than me. I automatically hitched my thumbs in my jeans and slouched, wondering if I could get away if I made a break for it. I remembered Johnny—his face all cut up and bruised, and I remembered how he had cried when we found him, half-conscious, in the corner lot. Johnny had it awful rough at home—it took a lot to make him cry.

[5] I was sweating something fierce, although I was cold. I could feel my palms getting clammy and the perspiration running down my back. I get like that when I'm real scared. I glanced around for a pop bottle or a stick or something—Steve Randle, Soda's best buddy, had once held off four guys with a busted pop bottle—but there was nothing. So I stood there like a bump on a log while they surrounded me. I don't use my head. They walked around slowly, silently, smiling.

[6] "Hey, greaser," one said in an over-friendly voice. "We're gonna do you a favor, greaser. We're gonna cut all that long greasy hair off."

[7] He had on a madras shirt. I can still see it. Blue madras. One of them laughed, then cussed me out in a low voice. I couldn't think of anything to say. There just isn't a whole lot you can say while waiting to get mugged, so I kept my mouth shut.

THE OUTSIDERS
BY S.E. HINTON
NARRATIVE*Prologue*

Ponyboy and two other greasers, Johnny and Dally, sneak into a drive-in theater. They meet two Socs, Cherry and Marcia. The girls came to the movie with their boyfriends but decided not to sit with them. Dally teases the girls but Johnny and Ponyboy stick up for them. On their way to the snack stand, Ponyboy and Cherry brush off judgmental glances by those who are surprised to see a greaser boy and Soc girl talking together. In this excerpt, Ponyboy tells Cherry what happened to Johnny four months earlier.

[1] It was a warmish spring day with the sun shining bright, but it was getting chilly and dark by the time we started for home. We were walking because we had left Steve’s car at the station. At the corner of our block there’s a wide, open field where we play football and hang out, and it’s often a site for rumbles and fist fights. We were passing it, kicking rocks down the street and finishing our last bottle of Pepsi, when Steve noticed something lying on the ground. He picked it up. It was Johnny’s blue-jeans jacket—the only jacket he had.

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[2] “Looks like Johnny forgot his jacket,” Steve said, slinging it over his shoulder to take it by Johnny’s house. Suddenly he stopped and examined it more carefully. There was a stain the color of rust across the collar. He looked at the ground. There were some more stains on the grass. He looked up and across the field with a stricken expression on his face. I think we all heard the low moan and saw the dark motionless hump on the other side of the lot at the same time. Soda reached him first.

Johnny was lying face down on the ground. Soda turned him over gently, and I nearly got sick. Someone had beaten him badly.

[3] We were used to seeing Johnny banged up—his father clobbered him around a lot, and although it made us madder than heck, we couldn't do anything about it. But those beatings had been nothing like this. Johnny's face was cut up and bruised and swollen, and there was a wide gash from his temple to his cheekbone. He would carry that scar all his life. His white T-shirt was splattered with blood. I just stood there, trembling with sudden cold. I thought he might be dead; surely nobody could be beaten like that and live. Steve closed his eyes for a second and muffled a groan as he dropped on his knees beside Soda.

[4] Somehow the gang sensed what had happened. Two-Bit was suddenly there beside me, and for once his comical grin was gone and his dancing gray eyes were stormy. Darry had seen us from our porch and ran toward us, suddenly skidding to a halt. Dally was there, too, swearing under his breath, and turning away with a sick expression on his face. I wondered about it vaguely. Dally had seen people killed on the streets of New York's West Side. Why did he look sick now?

[5] "Johnny?" Soda lifted him up and held him against his shoulder. He gave the limp body a slight shake. "Hey, Johnnycake."

Johnny didn't open his eyes, but there came a soft question. "Soda?"

"Yeah, it's me," Sodapop said. "Don't talk. You're gonna be okay."

[6] "There was a whole bunch of them," Johnny went on, swallowing, ignoring Soda's command. "A blue Mustang full . . . I got so scared . . ." He tried to swear, but suddenly started crying, fighting to control himself, then sobbing all the more because he couldn't. I had seen Johnny take a whipping with a two-by-four from his old man and never let out a whimper. That made it worse to see him break now. Soda just held him and pushed Johnny's hair back out of his eyes. "It's okay, Johnnycake, they're gone now. It's okay."

[7] Finally, between sobs, Johnny managed to gasp out his story. He had been hunting our football to practice a few kicks when a blue Mustang had pulled up beside the lot. There were four Socs in it. They had caught him and one of them had a lot of rings on his hand—that's what had cut Johnny up so badly. It wasn't just that they had beaten him half to death—he could take that. They had scared him. They had threatened him with everything under the sun. Johnny was high-strung anyway, a

nervous wreck from getting belted every time he turned around and from hearing his parents fight all the time. Living in those conditions might have turned someone else rebellious and bitter; it was killing Johnny. He had never been a coward. He was a good man in a rumble. He stuck up for the gang and kept his mouth shut good around cops. But after the night of the beating, Johnny was jumpier than ever. I didn't think he'd ever get over it. Johnny never walked by himself after that. And Johnny, who was the most law-abiding of us, now carried in his back pocket a six-inch switchblade. He'd use it, too, if he ever got jumped again. They had scared him that much. He would kill the next person who jumped him. Nobody was ever going to beat him like that again. Not over his dead body . . .

[8] I had nearly forgotten that Cherry was listening to me. But when I came back to reality and looked at her, I was startled to find her as white as a sheet.

"All Socs aren't like that," she said. "You have to believe me, Ponyboy. Not all of us are like that."

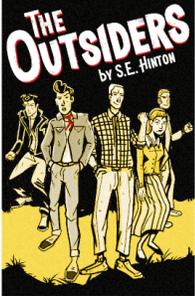
"Sure," I said.

"That's like saying all you greasers are like Dallas Winston. I'll bet he's jumped a few people."

[9] I digested that. It was true. Dally had jumped people. He had told us stories about muggings in New York that made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. But not all of us were that bad.

Cherry no longer looked sick, only sad. "I'll bet you think the Socs have it made. The rich kids, the West-side Socs. I'll tell you something, Ponyboy, and it may come as a surprise. We have troubles you've never even heard of. You want to know something?" She looked me straight in the eye.

"Things are rough all over."

THE OUTSIDERS
BY S.E. HINTON
NARRATIVE*Prologue*

The greasers, a group of poor teens that live on the east side of town, are constantly in conflict with the Socials (Socs), the rival group of rich kids from the west side. In Chapter 1, Ponyboy, the narrator of the story, is jumped by a group of Socs as he walks alone one afternoon. In Chapter 2, Ponyboy and some of the other greasers go to a drive-in movie. There they meet Cherry and Marcia, two Socs who had abandoned their boyfriends for the night. Ponyboy tells Cherry how Johnny had been brutally attacked by a group of Socs four months earlier. Cherry, Marcia, Johnny, Ponyboy, and Two-Bit watch the movie together.

[1] After the movie was over it suddenly came to us that Cherry and Marcia didn't have a way to get home. Two-Bit gallantly offered to walk them home—the west side of town was only about twenty miles away—but they wanted to call their parents and have them come and get them. Two-Bit finally talked them into letting us drive them home in his car. I think they were still half-scared of us. They were getting over it, though, as we walked to Two-Bit's house to pick up the car. It seemed funny to me that Socs—if these girls were any example—were just like us. They liked the Beatles and thought Elvis Presley was out, and we thought the Beatles were rank and that Elvis was tuff, but that seemed the only difference to me. Of course greasy girls would have acted a lot tougher, but there was a basic sameness. I thought maybe it was money that separated us.

[2] “No,” Cherry said slowly when I said this. “It's not just money. Part of it is, but not all. You greasers have a different set of values. You're more emotional. We're sophisticated—cool to the point of not feeling anything. Nothing is real with us. You know, sometimes I'll catch myself talking to a girl-friend, and realize I don't mean half of what I'm saying. I don't really think a beer blast on the river bottom is super-cool, but I'll rave about one to a girl-friend just to be saying something.” She smiled at me. “I never told anyone that. I think you're the first person I've ever really gotten through to.”

She was coming through to me all right, probably because I was a greaser, and younger; she didn't have to keep her guard up with me.

[3] "Rat race is a perfect name for it," she said. "We're always going and going and going, and never asking where. Did you ever hear of having more than you wanted? So that you couldn't want anything else and then started looking for something else to want? It seems like we're always searching for something to satisfy us, and never finding it. Maybe if we could lose our cool we could."

[4] That was the truth. Socs were always behind a wall of aloofness, careful not to let their real selves show through. I had seen a social-club rumble once. The Socs even fought coldly and practically and impersonally.

"That's why we're separated," I said. "It's not money, it's feeling—you don't feel anything and we feel too violently."

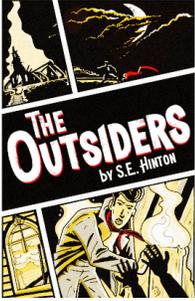
"And"—she was trying to hide a smile—"that's probably why we take turns getting our names in the paper."

[5] Two-Bit and Marcia weren't even listening to us. They were engaged in some wild conversation that made no sense to anyone but themselves.

I have quite a rep for being quiet, almost as quiet as Johnny. Two-Bit always said he wondered why Johnny and I were such good buddies. "You must make such interestin' conversation," he'd say, cocking one eyebrow, "you keepin' your mouth shut and Johnny not sayin' anything." But Johnny and I understood each other without saying anything. Nobody but Soda could really get me talking. Till I met Cherry Valance.

Epilogue

Ponyboy and Cherry continue chatting and realize they both like watching sunsets. As the group walks, they are approached by Socs in a blue Mustang. Bob and Randy, Marcia and Cherry's boyfriends, confront the greasers. Cherry calms the situation before it turns into a fight by agreeing to ride home with the Socs. She tells Ponyboy that he's a nice kid, but not to take it personally if she ignores him at school because she can't be seen hanging out with greasers. After the Socs leave, Ponyboy and Johnny fall asleep watching the stars. Ponyboy misses his curfew. When he gets home after 2am, Darry, Ponyboy's oldest brother, is furious with him. They argue and Darry slaps him. Ponyboy runs off. He and Johnny decide to go walk around the park to cool off and decide if he should run away from home.

THE OUTSIDERS
BY S.E. HINTON
NARRATIVE*Prologue*

Alone at the park after 2 am, Ponyboy and Johnny are jumped by five Socs. One Soc dunks Ponyboy in a water fountain. Ponyboy passes out. When he regains consciousness, Johnny is sitting next to him. Next to the two of them is the lifeless body of Bob, the Soc who was Cherry's boyfriend. Johnny had killed him with his switchblade to save Ponyboy. Johnny and Ponyboy run away and Dally helps them find a hideout in an abandoned church. Ponyboy and Johnny spend five days at the church playing cards, reading, eating bologna, and smoking cigarettes. When Dally checks up on them, he drives them to the Dairy Queen for some real food. When they return, they see that the church is on fire. They learn from two teachers, Mrs. O'Briant and Mr. Jerry Wood, that some kids who were on a school picnic could be inside. Fearing that he and Johnny are responsible for the fire because they've been smoking cigarettes, Ponyboy breaks a window and climbs into the church. Johnny is right behind him.

[1] We pushed open the door to the back room and found four or five little kids, about eight years old or younger, huddled in a corner. One was screaming his head off, and Johnny yelled, "Shut up! We're goin' to get you out!" The kid looked surprised and quit hollering. I blinked myself—Johnny wasn't behaving at all like his old self. He looked over his shoulder and saw that the door was blocked by flames, then pushed open the window and tossed out the nearest kid. I caught one quick look at his face; it was red-marked from falling embers and sweat-streaked, but he grinned at me. He wasn't scared either. That was the only time I can think of when I saw him without that defeated, suspicious look in his eyes. He looked like he was having the time of his life.

[2] I picked up a kid, and he promptly bit me, but I leaned out the window and dropped him as gently as I could, being in a hurry like that. A crowd was there by that time. Dally was standing there,

and when he saw me he screamed, “For Pete’s sake, get outta there! That roof’s gonna cave in any minute. Forget those blasted kids!”

I didn’t pay any attention, although pieces of the old roof were crashing down too close for comfort. I snatched up another kid, hoping he didn’t bite, and dropped him without waiting to see if he landed okay or not. I was coughing so hard I could hardly stand up, and I wished I had time to take off Dally’s jacket. It was hot. We dropped the last of the kids out as the front of the church started to crumble. Johnny shoved me toward the window. “Get out!”

[3] I leaped out the window and heard timber crashing and the flames roaring right behind me. I staggered, almost falling, coughing and sobbing for breath. Then I heard Johnny scream, and as I turned to go back for him, Dally swore at me and clubbed me across the back as hard as he could, and I went down into a peaceful darkness.

When I came to, I was being bounced around, and I ached and smarted, and wondered dimly where I was. I tried to think but there was a high-pitched screaming going on, and I couldn’t tell whether it was inside my head or out. Then I realized it was a siren. The fuzz, I thought dully. The cops have come for us. I tried to swallow a groan and wished wildly for Soda. Someone with a cold wet rag was gently sponging off my face, and a voice said, “I think he’s coming around.”

[4] I opened my eyes. It was dark. I’m moving, I thought. Are they taking me to jail?

“Where . . . ?” I said hoarsely, not able to get anything else out of my mouth. My throat was sore. I blinked at the stranger sitting beside me. But he wasn’t a stranger . . . I’d seen him before . . .

“Take it easy, kid. You’re in an ambulance.”

“Where’s Johnny?” I cried, frightened at being in this car with strangers. “And Dallas?”

“They’re in the other ambulance, right behind us. Just calm down. You’re going to be okay. You just passed out.”

“I didn’t either,” I said in the bored, tough voice we reserved for strangers and cops. “Dallas hit me. How come?”

“Because your back was in flames, that’s why.”

I was surprised. “It was? Golly, I didn’t feel it. It don’t hurt.”

“We put it out before you got burned. That jacket saved you from a bad burning, maybe saved your

life. You just keeled over from smoke inhalation and a little shock—of course, that slap on the back didn't help much.”

[5] I remembered who he was then—Jerry somebody-or-other who was too heavy to get in the window. He must be a school teacher, I thought. “Are you taking us to the police station?” I was still a little mixed up as to what was coming off.

“The police station?” It was his turn to be surprised. “What would we want to take you to the police station for? We’re taking all three of you to the hospital.”

I let his first remark slide by. “Are Johnny and Dally all right?”

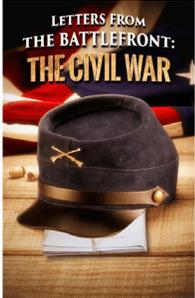
“Which one’s which?”

“Johnny has black hair. Dally’s the mean-looking one.”

He studied his wedding ring. Maybe he’s thinking about his wife, I thought. I wished he’d say something.

[6] “We think the towheaded kid is going to be all right. He burned one arm pretty badly, though, trying to drag the other kid out the window. Johnny, well, I don’t know about him. A piece of timber caught him across the back—he might have a broken back, and he was burned pretty severely. He passed out before he got out the window. They’re giving him plasma now.” He must have seen the look on my face because he hurriedly changed the subject. “I swear, you three are the bravest kids I’ve seen in a long time. First you and the black-haired kid climbing in that window, and then the tough-looking kid going back in to save him. Mrs. O’Briant and I think you were sent straight from heaven. Or are you just professional heroes or something?”

Sent from heaven? Had he gotten a good look at Dallas? “No, we’re greasers,” I said. I was too worried and scared to appreciate the fact that he was trying to be funny.

LETTERS FROM THE BATTLEFRONT: THE CIVIL WAR
INFORMATIONAL**Background information**

This letter, dated March 13, 1864, was written by an African American soldier who fought for the North during the Civil War. He was from Company B (Co. B), 54th Massachusetts Infantry. It was printed in an African American newspaper, *The Christian Recorder*, in Philadelphia on April 2, 1864. *The Christian Recorder* was a major African American publication from 1852 to 1902. The paper offered its readers articles about religion, science, literature, and important issues affecting black Americans. The Recorder encouraged readers to send articles and letters to the editor for publication. In its fifty years of existence, it rigorously challenged attempts to deprive African Americans of their civil rights and protested acts of discrimination. The letter is signed E.D.W., presumably Edward D. Washington of Philadelphia. He writes about the Battle of Olustee in Florida.

[1] For *The Christian Recorder*

Mr. Editor - Sir: -

It is with pleasure that I now seat myself to inform you concerning our last battle: thus we were in Co. B, on the 20th of Feb. Mr. Editor, I am not sitting down to inform you about this battle without knowing something about it.

[2] The battle took place in a grove called Olustee, with the different regiments as follows: First was the 8th U.S.; they were cut up badly, and they were the first colored regiment in the battle. The next was the 54th Mass., which I belong to; the next were the 1st N.C. In they went and fired a few rounds, but they soon cleared out; things were too warm for them. The firing was very warm, and it continued for about three hours and a half. The 54th was the last off the field. When the 1st N.C. found out it was so warm they soon left, and then there were none left to cover the retreat. But

Captain J. Walton, of the 54th, of our company, with shouts and cheers, cried, "Give it to them, my brave boys! Give it to them!" As I turned around, I observed Col. E. N. Hallowell standing with a smile upon his countenance, as though the boys were playing a small game of ball.

[3] Now it seems strange to me that we do not receive the same pay and rations as the white soldiers. Do we not fill the same ranks? Do we not cover the same space of ground? Do we not take up the same length of ground in a grave-yard that others do? The ball does not miss the black man and strike the white, not the white and strike the black. But, sir, at the time there is no distinction made; they strike one as much as another. The black men have to go through the same hurting musketry, and the same belching of cannonading as white soldiers do.

[4] It has been nearly a year since we have received any pay; but the white soldiers get their pay every two months; (\$13.00 per month,) but when it comes to the poor negro he gets none.

[5] The 54th left Boston on the 28th of May 1863. In time of enlisting members for the regiment they were promised the same pay, and the same rations as other soldiers. Since that time the government must have charged them more for clothing than any other regiment; for those who died in a month or two after their enlistment, it was actually said that they were in debt to the government. Those who bled and died on James' Island and Wagner, are the same. Why is it not so with other soldiers? Because our faces are black. We are put beneath the very lowest rioters of New York. We have never brought any disgrace by cowardice, on the State we left.

E.D.W.

Co. B, 54th Mass.; Vol.

Jacksonville, Fla, March 13th, 1864

LETTERS FROM THE BATTLEFRONT: WORLD WAR II
INFORMATIONAL*Background information:*

There were nearly 300,000 women serving with the United States Armed Forces during World War II. These courageous women served as nurses, doctors, clerks, and Red Cross workers, as well as piloted aircraft for non-military purposes. Although they were not allowed in combat roles, they played a very important role in defending our country by providing medical, clerical, and other tasks both in the United States and near the front lines. This letter was written by June Wandery of the Army Nurse Corps. As a combat surgical nurse, she was close to the front lines in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, and Germany. She earned seven battle stars. When the war in Europe ended in the spring of 1945, she was stationed at Dachau, a concentration camp, where she cared for survivors.

[1] Somewhere in North Africa, May 31, 1943

Dear Ruth,

V-Mail is safer as it is flown over and doesn't run the risk of being sunk. I celebrated Memorial Day by going swimming at Ferryville. The beach isn't bad, but not as nice as the one at Bizerte, which is really sandy. I cut my foot on some stones. The sun is very, very hot....

[2] I planned to buy you a silver bracelet but we had jeep trouble on the way up so we didn't get to Tunis until closing time for the shops. Our male officers are the only ones who can use our hospital transportation vehicles. The nurses never go anywhere unless they walk, hitch-hike, or have a friend who has a jeep....

[3] Once we were stationed next to an airfield. They had the niftiest little bombers. They promised to give me a ride in one someday. You would have to lie up behind the pilot's head. It's a very small place. They let us clean our clothes in aviation gas. The dirt just fell out of our uniforms. Neat.

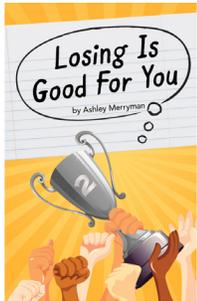
[4] Surprising how one becomes used to an air raid. It's about the most spectacular thing one could possibly see. You are so fascinated watching the anti-aircraft fire and the light from bursting bombs that you forget about your own personal danger. No one panics. They are so well trained. There isn't any confusion, no one makes an outcry. On a pitch-dark night, an air raid looks like a big Fourth of July celebration. You can hear the enemy planes overhead, and when they get in the beam of the large searchlights, you can see the planes, if they are low enough, even the pilots. But then it is too bad for them. The enemy planes usually drop flares so that they can see where they want to bomb. It's eerie watching the flares float to the earth. It's then that I wish our huge Red Cross were as big as the Empire State Building.

[5] By the time you get this, you will be out of school for a nice, long vacation. In a way I envy you, but just for a minute. While this war is on, I just couldn't be back in the States, despite the inconveniences we experience. They are so desperately in need of surgical nurses. The newspapers and magazines that we get to read are months old. We've sung and resung all the old songs that we can remember the words to and the other songs we just hum the melody. Could you please send me the words to "Star Dust," "Make Believe," "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To," and a package of phonograph needles.

[6] Saturday I went through the most beautiful cathedral in Carthage. The ceilings were all done in mosaic: the stained glass windows and statues were gorgeous. It was mammoth, sitting high up on a hilltop overlooking the brilliant blue waters of the Mediterranean. You have never seen anything quite so beautiful as the blue of the sea with the purple mountains in the distance....

Wide-eyed as always,

June

LOSING IS GOOD FOR YOU
BY ASHLEY MERRYMAN
INFORMATIONAL

[1] LOS ANGELES—As children return to school this fall and sign up for a new year’s worth of extracurricular activities, parents should keep one question in mind. Whether your kid loves Little League or gymnastics, ask the program organizers this: “Which kids get awards?” If the answer is, “Everybody gets a trophy,” find another program.

[2] Trophies were once rare things—sterling silver loving cups bought from jewelry stores for truly special occasions. But in the 1960s, they began to be mass-produced, marketed in catalogs to teachers and coaches, and sold in sporting-goods stores.

[3] Today, participation trophies and prizes are almost a given, as children are constantly assured that they are winners. One Maryland summer program gives awards every day—and the “day” is one hour long. In Southern California, a regional branch of the American Youth Soccer Organization hands out roughly 3,500 awards each season—each player gets one, while around a third get two. Nationally, A.Y.S.O. local branches typically spend as much as 12 percent of their yearly budgets on trophies.

[4] It adds up: trophy and award sales are now an estimated \$3 billion-a-year industry in the United States and Canada.

[5] Po Bronson and I have spent years reporting on the effects of praise and rewards on kids. The science is clear. Awards can be powerful motivators, but nonstop recognition does not inspire children to succeed. Instead, it can cause them to underachieve.

[6] Carol Dweck, a psychology professor at Stanford University, found that kids respond positively to praise; they enjoy hearing that they’re talented, smart and so on. But after such praise of their innate abilities, they collapse at the first experience of difficulty. Demoralized by their failure, they say they’d rather cheat than risk failing again.

[7] In recent eye-tracking experiments by the researchers Bradley Morris and Shannon Zentall, kids were asked to draw pictures. Those who heard praise suggesting they had an innate talent were then twice as fixated on mistakes they’d made in their pictures.

[8] By age 4 or 5, children aren’t fooled by all the trophies. They are surprisingly accurate in

identifying who excels and who struggles. Those who are outperformed know it and give up, while those who do well feel cheated when they aren't recognized for their accomplishments. They, too, may give up.

It turns out that, once kids have some proficiency in a task, the excitement and uncertainty of real competition may become the activity's very appeal.

[9] If children know they will automatically get an award, what is the impetus for improvement? Why bother learning problem-solving skills, when there are never obstacles to begin with?

If I were a baseball coach, I would announce at the first meeting that there would be only three awards: Best Overall, Most Improved and Best Sportsmanship. Then I'd hand the kids a list of things they'd have to do to earn one of those trophies. They would know from the get-go that excellence, improvement, character and persistence were valued.

[10] It's accepted that, before punishing children, we must consider their individual levels of cognitive and emotional development. Then we monitor them, changing our approach if there's a negative outcome. However, when it comes to rewards, people argue that kids must be treated identically: everyone must always win. That is misguided. And there are negative outcomes. Not just for specific children, but for society as a whole.

[11] In June, an Oklahoma Little League canceled participation trophies because of a budget shortfall. A furious parent complained to a local reporter, "My children look forward to their trophy as much as playing the game." That's exactly the problem, says Jean Twenge, author of "Generation Me."

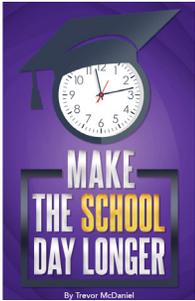
[12] Having studied recent increases in narcissism and entitlement among college students, she warns that when living rooms are filled with participation trophies, it's part of a larger cultural message: to succeed, you just have to show up. In college, those who've grown up receiving endless awards do the requisite work, but don't see the need to do it well. In the office, they still believe that attendance is all it takes to get a promotion.

In life, "you're going to lose more often than you win, even if you're good at something," Ms. Twenge told me. "You've got to get used to that to keep going."

[13] When children make mistakes, our job should not be to spin those losses into decorated victories. Instead, our job is to help kids overcome setbacks, to help them see that progress over time

is more important than a particular win or loss, and to help them graciously congratulate the child who succeeded when they failed. To do that, we need to refuse all the meaningless plastic and tin destined for landfills. We have to stop letting the Trophy-Industrial Complex run our children's lives.

This school year, let's fight for a kid's right to lose.

MAKE THE SCHOOL DAY LONGER
BY TREVOR MCDANIEL
INFORMATIONAL

[1] No matter what we want to learn—baking bread, water-skiing, or computer coding—we expect to put in enough time to master it. Time matters! If we want our students to master their learning, they need to put in the time. And a longer school day helps them do just that.

[2] First of all, student achievement rises with more time focused on schoolwork.

One study analyzed math and language-arts test results of 47,000 ninth- and tenth-graders in 72 countries. The results pointed to the benefits of extra time in class. The Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development releases school rankings based on those same standardized test scores. According to their study, Shanghai, China, has the highest-achieving school system in the world. Shanghai high-schoolers spend nine hours a day in school.

[3] In other countries, including the United States and the United Kingdom, too many students are falling behind in achievement. There's a big gap between test scores of students from high-income and low-income homes. One reason for that gap is opportunity. Low-income students simply don't have the chance for private tutoring, after-school enrichment programs, and other learning experiences that wealthier families can afford. A longer school day can help bridge that gap. It allows time for targeted academic tutoring, along with programs in sports, art, music, technology, and more. These experiences help students discover that learning is not only satisfying—it's exciting!

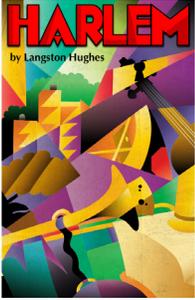
[4] Why does a school day typically end at 3:00 or 3:30 in the afternoon? That schedule came about long ago, when children had to help their families on farms. Few students are doing farm chores after school these days. In fact, the hours between 3 and 6 PM are the most dangerous times for kids to be on the streets. According to the FBI, violent crimes involving young people reach their highest point between 3 and 4 PM on school days. Most working adults are not at home in the afternoon, so they're unable to supervise their children. School is a safer place to be.

[5] Critics argue that a longer day isn't likely to make students in those schools suddenly score higher on tests. Supporters of expanded hours actually agree with that point. Chris Gabrieli, author of *Time to Learn*, argues for longer school days. However, he notes that, "Nothing considered by itself is enough to turn schools around—not the most gifted teachers, most inspiring principals, newest

buildings, or most up-to-date equipment.” He stresses that, “It’s the quality of the time that makes the difference.”

[6] A longer school day makes it possible to improve schools in many ways. Teachers have more time to share ideas and plan lessons. Students have time to complete projects in core academic subjects. There’s more time for art, music, sports, and enriching experiences. Time matters—especially at school!

HARLEM
BY LANGSTON HUGHES
POETRY



[1] What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up

like a raisin in the sun?

Or fester like a sore—

[5] And then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?

Or crust and sugar over—

like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags

[10] like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

DREAMS
BY LANGSTON HUGHES
POETRY



- [1] Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.
- [5] Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

CIVIC RESPONSIBILITY
INFORMATIONAL***Before you read***

During World War II, the citizens of the United States and the United Kingdom were part of the home front. Home front was the term used to describe the activities of civilians that supported the war effort. Citizens, young and old, were asked to raise money, recycle, and do without new clothes and other luxuries. Many citizens found themselves doing new jobs. Women in both countries were trained to work in factories in record numbers. Colorful posters reminded the home front in both the United States and the United Kingdom of their critical role in the war effort. The home front boosted the morale of citizens and soldiers alike and had a significant impact on the outcome of the war.

[1] Nothing in America went unchanged by World War II. More than 16 million men and women—more than one-tenth of the population—served in the armed forces. More than 400,000 never returned. Those who remained at home found themselves taking on the responsibilities of *citizen soldiers* at every turn of their daily lives. Decisions that were once only personal—what to buy, what to eat, how to spend free time—now had global consequences. To explain these civic responsibilities, and to encourage a voluntary spirit, the U.S. government launched the biggest advertising and public relations campaign in history. Posters were an important part of the campaign to get the messages out.

FACTORY WORK

[2] Factories across America increased production to make military weapons and equipment. By the end of the war, the U.S. was making half of the entire world's manufactured goods.

Arsenal of Democracy

[3] In December of 1940, one year before Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt called on the country to become the *arsenal of democracy*. That year, Nazi Germany had overrun Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France. Only Britain stood in the way of Nazi control of the Atlantic. The United States

would soon unleash its productive might to send weapons, raw materials, and food to Britain and other allies.

Women in the Workforce

[4] Most young men entered the military. At the same time, millions of women entered the workforce. Many women filled roles that had never before been open to them. Ford Motor Company, for instance, lifted a ban on hiring women for any position other than secretarial. At one point, women made up nearly half of the workforce at a Ford bomber plant in Michigan.

The Factory as a Battlefield

[5] American factories were building thousands of ships, tanks, airplanes, and guns. War posters sent a message that every bit of effort contributed to winning the war. These posters also claimed that every sick day, every extra minute on a break, and every broken tool helped the enemy. Posters covered factory walls as a reminder that the workplace, too, was a battlefield.

WAR BONDS

[6] The growth in production pushed the United States out of the Great Depression and into a thriving economy. But the government still needed a way to pay for the cost of another war.

Own a Share in America

[7] The government savings-bond program became a popular effort to raise money to support overseas troops. Savings bonds are certificates sold by the government to citizens with a promise to pay back the purchase price, plus interest, after a certain time period. During the war, these savings bonds were called Defense Bonds or War Bonds. The government used the money from the sales of bonds to pay for the war. Americans were encouraged to “own a share in America.”

Hollywood Helps Out

[8] If a sense of duty was the selling point of the bonds, the campaign was helped along by an American sense of flash and fun. Hollywood celebrities appeared at “Stars over America” bond rallies across the country. Lana Turner alone raised \$5.25 million by offering kisses to bond buyers. In 1944, bond purchases served as admission for a circus-like, three-way baseball game at the Polo Grounds in New York, in which the Brooklyn Dodgers defeated both the Yankees and the Giants. The event raised \$56.5 million.

An All-American Effort

[9] By the end of the war, more than 85 million Americans, out of a population of 139 million, owned bonds. Millions had participated in drives run by groups such as Scout troops, men's lodges, women's clubs, and union locals to sell bonds. It's been estimated that the federal government spent \$340 billion on the war, and that's in 1940s dollars. Nearly half of that came from bond sales.

CONSERVATION

[10] During World War II, factories and farms in the United States focused their efforts on supplying the military. That meant there were far fewer goods for American consumers. Government posters reminded citizens of the reasons for the shortages. Americans were asked to practice conservation. To conserve means to prevent waste or loss, and that's exactly what people did.

Waste Not, Want Not

[11] Government posters also recommended saving food and reusing consumer products. Children and adults alike were told to avoid waste by cleaning their plates. Americans also began saving bacon grease because the recycled fat could be used to make ammunition and medicine. In addition, aluminum can drives and the "Save your scrap" campaign collected products to be recycled into ammunition.

Grow It Yourself

[12] Some posters advocated growing fruit and vegetables in a home or community *Victory Garden*. At one point during the war, Victory Gardens were responsible for almost one third of the vegetables produced by the United States. Even Eleanor Roosevelt pitched in by planting a Victory Garden on the White House lawn.

Fashion Shortcuts

[13] Fashion trends were also shaped by wartime shortages. Materials typically used to make clothing were taken for military use. Long evening gowns went out of style because materials needed to be conserved for the war effort. Shirt cuffs, pleats, vests, and wide padded shoulders also became unfashionable. To the alarm of many older Americans, a new trend took off: two-piece women's swimsuits.

[14] During World War II, the importance of civic responsibility was stressed on every occasion. This idea, in one way or another, was found on nearly every poster: the defense of freedom depends on individual responsibility, freely chosen.

MARVELS OF CONSTRUCTION
INFORMATIONAL

[1] Throughout the world, certain human-made structures inspire awe. Unique towers, walls, and buildings are instantly recognizable as national symbols. Two of the world's most amazing constructions are the Great Pyramid of Egypt and the Taj Mahal of India. Both were built as tombs.

THE GREAT PYRAMID

[2] Three huge, well-preserved pyramids stand on the Giza Plateau, near Cairo, Egypt. The Great Pyramid is the largest. Its size, along with its unusual rooms and passageways, make it especially fascinating. The Afterlife

[3] The Great Pyramid was completed around 2540 BC, in preparation for the funeral rituals for King Khufu, the ruler who ordered its construction. The *afterlife* was central to ancient Egyptian culture. Khufu wanted to ensure that he would have everything he needed for his life after death. That included his body, which was mummified. It also included the clothing, furniture, and magnificent treasures possessed by a ruler like himself. And all of those things would need to be safely protected, forever, inside a monumental construction bigger and better than any made before. Unfortunately, tomb robbers discovered Khufu and his treasures and stole them. The rooms of the Great Pyramid have since remained empty.

Outside and Inside

[4] The walls of the Great Pyramid were made of limestone blocks. Granite was used in interior rooms. Workers cut the stone in quarries and dragged the blocks to the construction site. White limestone casing covered the sides of the pyramid. Few of the casing stones are left. But when the Great Pyramid was built, it gleamed like a giant white jewel.

[5] Facts and Figures:

- Original height of the Great Pyramid: 481 feet
- Area of base: approximately 13 acres
- Average weight of stone blocks: 2.5 tons
- Number of blocks: more than 2 million
- Estimated number of workers: 100,000

Mysteries

[6] Ancient Egyptians had no pulleys, wheeled carts, or iron tools. Workers cut the blocks using stone and copper tools. But how did they move and lift such massive stones? No one really knows, but we can guess that the blocks were most likely placed on sleds and pulled with ropes by teams of men. Workers must have used ramps to position the blocks, level by level as they built up the pyramid. But modern experts, who still marvel at the engineering problems that the planners solved, remain unsure of exactly how the ramps were used.

THE TAJ MAHAL

[7] The Taj Mahal is located in Agra, in northern India. It has been called the most expensive tomb in the world—and the most beautiful.

Shah Jahan's Masterpiece

[8] Shah Jahan ruled the Mughal Empire in India from 1628 to 1658. Shah Jahan's favorite wife, Mumtaz Mahal, died in 1631 after giving birth to their fourteenth child. Her grief-stricken husband hired the best architects and artisans in the empire to create her tomb. He spared no expense. It took about 15 years and 20,000 workers to complete the Taj Mahal.

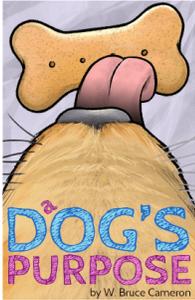
Beautiful Balance

[9] The Mughal rulers were Muslim, and they brought Islamic cultural influences to India. The period of Mughal rule, during the 1500s and 1600s, is known for its glorious art and architecture. All parts of the Taj Mahal are in perfect balance, which is one reason the structure is so striking and pleasing. This type of balance is known as symmetry. Twin sandstone buildings—a mosque and a guest house—stand on either side of the tomb. Four towers, or minarets, surround the tomb. The tomb is covered in white marble inlaid with gems. Decorative floral patterns, ornate carvings, and calligraphy reveal the superb skills of artisans of the time.

More Than a Building

[10] The Taj Mahal is much more than a tomb. Shah Jahan wanted his beloved's resting place to be an earthly replica of the gateway and gardens of Paradise. The Great Gate prepares visitors for the grand view of water and tomb. The site covers 42 acres, with buildings, gates, pools, water channels, and gardens. As Shah Jahan's historian noted 400 years ago, "... it will be a *masterpiece* for ages to come, increasing the amazement of all humanity."

[11] Both the Great Pyramid and the Taj Mahal are important parts of world history. UNESCO is the United Nations organization that works to preserve and protect the “cultural and natural heritage around the world considered to be of outstanding value to humanity.” It’s no surprise that two UNESCO World Heritage sites are the Great Pyramid and the Taj Mahal.

A DOG'S PURPOSE
BY W. BRUCE CAMERON
NARRATIVE***Prologue***

Bailey, a once lost and abandoned Golden Retriever, has found love and true happiness with his boy named Ethan—in spite of a cat named Smokey. One day Ethan, his mom and dad, and Bailey take a long car ride to a place called the Farm. An old woman and an old man come out of a white house to greet them. Ethan calls them Grandma and Grandpa. Dad leaves after a few days. Mom, Ethan, and Bailey stay on the Farm for the rest of the summer.

[1] Eventually, I discovered (much to my disappointment) that the Farm had a cat, a black one, who lived in an old, collapsing building called the barn. She always watched me, crouched in the darkness, whenever I took it into my head to go in there and try to sniff her out. This cat seemed afraid of me and therefore was a major improvement over Smokey, just like everything at this place.

[2] And one day, I thought I saw the black cat in the woods and took off in hot pursuit, though she was waddling slowly and, as I got close, revealed that she was something else entirely, a whole new animal, with white stripes down her black body. Delighted, I barked at her, and she turned and gave me a solemn look, her fluffy black tail held high up in the air. She wasn't running, which I figured meant she wanted to play, but when I jumped in to paw at her, the animal did the most curious thing, turning away from me, her tail still in the air.

[3] The next thing I knew, a plume of horrid smell enveloped my nose, stinging my eyes and lips. Blinded, yelping, I retreated, wondering what in the world had just happened.

[4] “Skunk,” Grandpa announced when I scratched at the door to be let in. “Oh, you’re not coming in, Bailey.”

“Bailey, did you get into a skunk?” Mom asked me through the screen door, “Ugh, you sure did.” I didn’t know this word “skunk,” but I knew that something very odd had occurred out there in the woods, and it was followed by something odder still—wrinkling up his nose at me, the boy took me

out into the yard and wetted me down with a hose. He held my head while Grandma carted up a basket of tomatoes from the garden and squeezed the tart juices all over my fur, turning it red.

[5] I couldn't see how any of this helped matters any, particularly since I was then subjected to the indignity of what Ethan informed me was a bath. Perfumed soap was rubbed into my wet fur until I smelled like a cross between Mom and a tomato.

I had never been so thoroughly humiliated in my life. When I was dry, I was consigned to the porch, and though Ethan slept out there with me, he kicked me out of his bed.

[6] "You stink, Bailey," he said.

The assault on my person thus complete, I lay on the floor and tried to sleep despite the riot of odors wafting around the room. When morning finally came I ran down to the pond and rolled in a dead fish that had washed up onshore, but not even that helped, much—I still smelled like perfume.

Eager to figure out what had happened, I went back into the woods to see if I could find that catlike animal and get an explanation. Now that I knew her scent, she wasn't hard to locate, but I'd hardly begun to sniff at her when the same exact thing happened, a blinding spray that hit me from, of all places, the animal's rear end.

[7] I couldn't figure out how to resolve this misunderstanding and wondered if I wouldn't be better off just ignoring the animal altogether, making her suffer for all the ignominy she had put me through.

In fact, that's exactly what I decided to do once I trotted home and was put through the entire cycle of washings and tomato juice dunkings again—was this my life, now? Every day I'd be slathered in vegetables, have stinky soaps rubbed into me, and be barred from entry into the main part of the house, even when Grandma was cooking?

[8] "You are so stupid, Bailey!" the boy scolded me while he scrubbed me out in the yard.

"Don't use the word 'stupid': it is such an ugly word." Grandma said, "Tell him he's a doodle: that's what my mother always called me when I was a little girl and I did something wrong."

The boy faced me sternly, "Bailey, you are a doodle dog. You are a doodle, doodle dog." And then he laughed and Grandma laughed, but I was so miserable I could barely move my tail.

HATCHET
BY GARY PAULSEN
NARRATIVE*Before this excerpt*

Brian Robeson is a thirteen-year-old boy who finds himself lost in the Canadian wilderness. His plane crashed into a nearby lake after traveling many miles from its scheduled path. Brian has only his hatchet and his wits to help him survive. He is hungry, afraid, and unprepared for all of the challenges he will encounter in the wilderness. After 47 days in the wilderness, he is still learning many difficult lessons about survival.

[1] Mistakes.

Small mistakes could turn into disasters, funny little mistakes could snowball so that while you were still smiling at the humor you could find yourself looking at death. In the city if he made a mistake usually there was a way to rectify it, make it all right. If he fell on his bike and sprained a leg he could wait for it to heal; if he forgot something at the store he could find other food in the refrigerator.

Now it was different, and all so quick, all so incredibly quick. If he sprained a leg here he might starve before he could get around again; if he missed while he was hunting or if the fish moved away he might starve. If he got sick, really sick so he couldn't move he might starve.

[2] Mistakes.

Early in the new time he had learned the most important thing, the truly vital knowledge that drives all creatures in the forest—food is all. Food was simply everything. All things in the woods, from insects to fish to bears, were always, always looking for food—it was the great, single driving influence in nature. To eat. All must eat.

[3] But the way he learned it almost killed him. His second new night, stomach full of fish and the fire smoldering in the shelter, he had been sound asleep when something—he thought later it might be smell—had awakened him.

[4] Near the fire, completely unafraid of the smoking coals, completely unafraid of Brian, a skunk was digging where he had buried the eggs. There was some sliver of a moon and in the faint-pearl light

he could see the bushy tail, the white stripes down the back, and he had nearly smiled. He did not know how the skunk had found the eggs, some smell, perhaps some tiny fragment of shell had left a smell, but it looked almost cute, its little head down and its little tail up as it dug and dug, kicking the sand back.

[5] But those were his eggs, not the skunk's, and the half smile had been quickly replaced with fear that he would lose his food and he had grabbed a handful of sand and thrown it at the skunk.

“Get out of here...”

He was going to say more, some silly human words, but in less than half a second the skunk had snapped its rear end up, curved the tail over, and sprayed Brian with a direct shot aimed at his head from less than four feet away.

[6] In the tiny confines of the shelter the effect was devastating. The thick sulfurous rotten odor filled the small room, heavy, ugly, and stinking. The corrosive spray that hit his face seared into his lungs and eyes, blinding him.

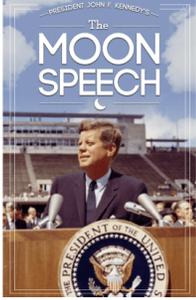
[7] He screamed and threw himself sideways, taking the entire wall off the shelter; screamed and clawed out of the shelter and fell-ran to the shore of the lake. Stumbling and tripping, he scrambled into the water and slammed his head back and forth trying to wash his eyes, slashing at the water to clear his eyes.

[8] A hundred funny cartoons he had seen about skunks. Cute cartoons about the smell of skunks, cartoons to laugh at and joke about, but when the spray hit there was nothing funny about it—he was completely blind for almost two hours. A lifetime. He thought that he might be permanently blind, or at least impaired—and that would have been the end. As it was the pain in his eyes lasted for days, bothered him after that for two weeks. The smell in the shelter, in his clothes, and in his hair was still there now, almost a month and a half later.

And he had nearly smiled.

[9] Mistakes.

Food had to be protected. While he was in the lake trying to clear his eyes the skunk went ahead and dug up the rest of the turtle eggs and ate every one. Licked all the shells clean and couldn't have cared less that Brian was thrashing around in the water like a dying carp. The skunk had found food and was taking it and Brian was paying for a lesson.

PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY'S THE MOON SPEECH
INFORMATIONAL***About this text***

This is an excerpt from President John F. Kennedy's speech at Rice Stadium in September of 1962.

[1] But if I were to say, my fellow citizens, that we shall send to the moon, 240,000 miles away from the control station in Houston, a giant rocket more than 300 feet tall, the length of this football field, made of new metal alloys, some of which have not yet been invented, capable of standing heat and stresses several times more than have ever been experienced, fitted together with a precision better than the finest watch, carrying all the equipment needed for propulsion, guidance, control, communications, food and survival, on an untried mission, to an unknown celestial body, and then return it safely to earth, re-entering the atmosphere at speeds of over 25,000 miles per hour, causing heat about half that of the temperature of the sun—almost as hot as it is here today—and do all this, and do it right, and do it first before this decade is out—then we must be bold.

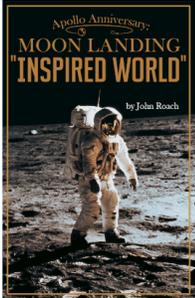
I'm the one who is doing all the work, so we just want you to stay cool for a minute. [laughter]

[2] However, I think we're going to do it, and I think that we must pay what needs to be paid. I don't think we ought to waste any money, but I think we ought to do the job. And this will be done in the decade of the sixties. It may be done while some of you are still here at school at this college and university. It will be done during the terms of office of some of the people who sit here on this platform. But it will be done. And it will be done before the end of this decade. And I am delighted that this university is playing a part in putting a man on the moon as a part of a great national effort of the United States of America.

[3] Many years ago the great British explorer George Mallory, who was to die on Mount Everest, was asked why did he want to climb it. He said, "Because it is there." Well, space is there, and we're going to climb it, and the moon and the planets are there, and new hopes for knowledge and peace are there. And, therefore, as we set sail we ask God's blessing on the most hazardous and dangerous and greatest adventure on which man has ever embarked.

Thank you.

APOLLO ANNIVERSARY: MOON LANDING “INSPIRED WORLD”
BY JOHN ROACH
INFORMATIONAL



[1] On July 20, 1969, at 10:56 p.m. ET, Apollo 11 astronaut Neil Armstrong stepped off the “Eagle” onto the surface of the moon and said, “That’s one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind.”

Thirty-five years later, Steven Dick, NASA’s chief historian at the space agency’s headquarters in Washington, D.C., said that a thousand years from now, that step may be considered the crowning achievement of the 20th century.

“Putting a man on the moon not only inspired the nation, but also the world,” Dick said. “The 1960s were a tumultuous time in the U.S., and the moon landing showed what could be accomplished at a time when much else was going wrong.”

[2] Armstrong’s step was the culmination of a goal set forth by President John F. Kennedy on May 25, 1961. In a speech before a joint session of Congress, the President had announced his objective of “landing a man on the moon and returning him safely to Earth” before the end of the decade.

The goal set in motion Project Apollo. Armstrong—together with astronauts Michael Collins and Edwin “Buzz” Aldrin, Jr.—lifted off on the Apollo 11 mission on July 16, 1969, from Kennedy Space Center in Florida at 9:32 a.m. ET.

[3] About 76 hours later, the spacecraft entered lunar orbit. Armstrong and Aldrin boarded the lunar module, known as the Eagle, for descent to the lunar surface. There, it landed in a region called the Sea of Tranquility at 4:18 p.m. ET.

Armstrong took his historic step six hours later, as millions of people around the world watched on television. The landing drew the largest television audience for any live event up until that time.

[4] Jeffrey Bennett, a noted astronomy teacher and writer, said that accomplishing Kennedy’s goal gave society great hope for the future.

“There are many ways to show people the great possibilities of the future, but I’d argue that the visibility of the moon in the sky [is] more powerful than any other single source of inspiration,” said Bennett, who is affiliated with the Center for Astrophysics and Astronomy at the University of

Colorado at Boulder.

[5] **Technology Inspiration**

The inspiration provided by the goal of sending humans to the moon is credited for laying the groundwork for, and making widely available, a host of technologies that society depends on today.

As an example, Dick points to the integrated circuit, commonly referred to as a computer chip.

The Apollo Guidance Computer, used for the Apollo program, was the largest single consumer of integrated circuits between 1961 and 1965.

“NASA did not invent the integrated circuit, but a good case could be made that it played a major role in making the integrated circuit commercially viable,” he said.

[6] In addition to encouraging the push toward the development of the personal computer, Bennett also credits the Apollo program for sowing the seeds of the Internet.

“I wouldn’t attribute the technological advances solely to Apollo, but I do think that the inspiration of ‘we’re going to the moon’ made things happen much more quickly than they would have happened otherwise,” Bennett said.

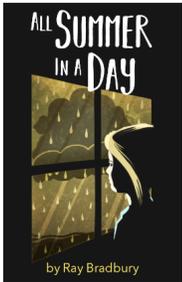
[7] Once on the moon, Armstrong and Aldrin spent about two and a half hours exploring the surface. They collected 47 pounds (21 kilograms) of surface material to be returned to Earth for analysis.

Over the next several years, space scientists continued to visit and study the moon, learning about its composition, age, and rocks, and about the similarities between the moon and Earth. Extensive testing found no evidence of life, past or present, on the moon.

[8] Active human exploration of the moon came to an end on December 19, 1972, when Apollo 17 splashed down in the Pacific Ocean, ending a 12-day mission.

“The moon program was a race, and when we won that race, interest dwindled from the political point of view,” Dick said. “But not from the scientific point of view. Scientists remained eager to learn even more.”

ALL SUMMER IN A DAY
BY RAY BRADBURY
NARRATIVE



[1] “Ready?”

“Ready.”

“Now?”

“Soon.”

“Do the scientists really know? Will it happen today, will it?”

“Look, look; see for yourself!”

[2] The children pressed to each other like so many roses, so many weeds, intermixed, peering out for a look at the hidden sun.

It rained.

It had been raining for seven years; thousands upon thousands of days compounded and filled from one end to the other with rain, with the drum and gush of water, with the sweet crystal fall of showers and the concussion of storms so heavy they were tidal waves come over the islands. A thousand forests had been crushed under the rain and grown up a thousand times to be crushed again. And this was the way life was forever on the planet Venus, and this was the schoolroom of the children of the rocket men and women who had come to a raining world to set up civilization and live out their lives.

“It’s stopping, it’s stopping!”

“Yes, yes!”

[3] Margot stood apart from them, from these children who could never remember a time when there wasn’t rain and rain and rain. They were all nine years old, and if there had been a day, seven years ago, when the sun came out for an hour and showed its face to the stunned world, they could not recall.

Sometimes, at night, she heard them stir, in remembrance, and she knew they were dreaming and remembering gold or a yellow crayon or a coin large enough to buy the world with. She knew they thought they remembered a warmth, like a blushing in the face, in the body, in the arms and legs

and trembling hands. But then they always awoke to the tating drum, the endless shaking down of clear bead necklaces upon the roof, the walk, the gardens, the forests, and their dreams were gone.

[4] All day yesterday they had read in class about the sun. About how like a lemon it was, and how hot. And they had written small stories or essays or poems about it:

*I think the sun is a flower,
That blooms for just one hour.*

That was Margot's poem, read in a quiet voice in the still classroom while the rain was falling outside.

"Aw, you didn't write that!" protested one of the boys.

"I did," said Margot. "*I did.*"

"William!" said the teacher.

But that was yesterday. Now the rain was slackening, and the children were crushed in the great thick windows.

"Where's teacher?"

"She'll be back."

"She'd better hurry, we'll miss it!"

[5] They turned on themselves, like a feverish wheel, all tumbling spokes.

Margot stood alone. She was a very frail girl who looked as if she had been lost in the rain for years and the rain had washed out the blue from her eyes and the red from her mouth and the yellow from her hair. She was an old photograph dusted from an album, whitened away, and if she spoke at all her voice would be a ghost. Now she stood, separate, staring at the rain and the loud wet world beyond the huge glass.

"What're *you* looking at?" said William.

Margot said nothing.

"Speak when you're spoken to." He gave her a shove. But she did not move; rather she let herself be moved only by him and nothing else.

[6] They edged away from her, they would not look at her. She felt them go away. And this was

because she would play no games with them in the echoing tunnels of the underground city. If they tagged her and ran, she stood blinking after them and did not follow. When the class sang songs about happiness and life and games her lips barely moved. Only when they sang about the sun and the summer did her lips move as she watched the drenched windows.

[7] And then, of course, the biggest crime of all was that she had come here only five years ago from Earth, and she remembered the sun and the way the sun was and the sky was when she was four in Ohio. And they, they had been on Venus all their lives, and they had been only two years old when last the sun came out and had long since forgotten the color and heat of it and the way it really was. But Margot remembered.

“It’s like a penny,” she said once, eyes closed.

“No it’s not!” the children cried.

“It’s like a fire,” she said, “in the stove.”

“You’re lying, you don’t remember!” cried the children.

[8] But she remembered and stood quietly apart from all of them and watched the patterning windows. And once, a month ago, she had refused to shower in the school shower rooms, had clutched her hands to her ears and over her head, screaming the water mustn’t touch her head. So after that, dimly, dimly, she sensed it, she was different and they knew her difference and kept away.

There was talk that her father and mother were taking her back to Earth next year; it seemed vital to her that they do so, though it would mean the loss of thousands of dollars to her family. And so, the children hated her for all these reasons of big and little consequence. They hated her pale snow face, her waiting silence, her thinness, and her possible future.

To be continued

POPPIES IN A FIELD
BY VICTOR GABRIEL GILBERT
FINE ART

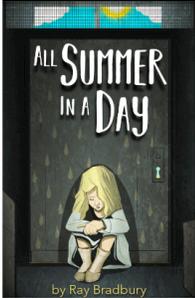


Attributed to Victor Gabriel Gilbert, French, 1847 - 1935. Formerly attributed to Mary Stevenson Cassatt, American, 1844 - 1926.

PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY
BY SALVADOR DALI
FINE ART



Salvador Dali, Spanish, 1904–1989.

ALL SUMMER IN A DAY
BY RAY BRADBURY
NARRATIVE*Previously in "All Summer in a Day"*

In part one of "All Summer in a Day," it rains every day, all day long, on Venus. The nine-year-olds are excited that they will see the sun for the first time they can remember. Pale, sickly Margot, the protagonist, remembers the sun from her time on Earth and greatly misses it. She stands apart from the other children. She has no friends. She's different. Her memory of the sun is why the other children hate her and treat her unkindly. William, the antagonist, is the most unkind to her. As the children wait for the sun to appear at the beginning of part two, there is an encounter between William and Margot.

[1] "Get away!" The boy gave her another push. "What're you waiting for?"

Then, for the first time, she turned and looked at him. And what she was waiting for was in her eyes.

"Well, don't wait around here!" cried the boy savagely: "You won't see nothing!"

Her lips moved.

"Nothing!" he cried. "It was all a joke, wasn't it?" He turned to the other children. "Nothing's happening today: Is it?"

They all blinked at him and then, understanding, laughed and shook their heads. "Nothing, nothing!"

"Oh, but," Margot whispered, her eyes helpless. "But this is the day, the scientists predict, they say, they know, the sun. . ."

"All a joke!" said the boy, and seized her roughly. "Hey, everyone, let's put her in a closet before teacher comes!"

"No," said Margot, falling back.

[2] They surged about her, caught her up and bore her, protesting, and then pleading, and then crying, back into a tunnel, a room, a closet, where they slammed and locked the door. They stood looking at the door and saw it tremble from her beating and throwing herself against it. They heard her muffled cries. Then, smiling, they turned and went out and back down the tunnel, just as the teacher arrived.

“Ready, children?” She glanced at her watch.

“Yes!” said everyone.

“Are we all here?”

“Yes!”

[3] The rain slackened still more.

They crowded to the huge door.

The rain stopped.

It was as if, in the midst of a film, concerning an avalanche, a tornado, a hurricane, a volcanic eruption, something had, first, gone wrong with the sound apparatus, thus muffling and finally cutting off all noise, all of the blasts and repercussions and thunders, and then, second, ripped the film from the projector and inserted in its place a peaceful tropical slide which did not move or tremor. The world ground to a standstill. The silence was so immense and unbelievable that you felt your ears had been stuffed or you had lost your hearing altogether. The children put their hands to their ears. They stood apart. The door slid back and the smell of the silent, waiting world came in to them.

The sun came out.

It was the color of flaming bronze and it was very large. And the sky around it was a blazing blue tile color. And the jungle burned with sunlight as the children, released from their spell, rushed out, yelling, into the springtime.

[4] “Now, don’t go too far,” called the teacher after them. “You’ve only two hours, you know. You wouldn’t want to get caught out!”

But they were running and turning their faces up to the sky and feeling the sun on their cheeks like a warm iron; they were taking off their jackets and letting the sun burn their arms.

“Oh, it’s better than the sunlamps, isn’t it?”

“Much, much better!”

They stopped running and stood in the great jungle that covered Venus, that grew and never stopped growing, tumultuously, even as you watched it. It was a nest of octopi, clustering up great arms of flesh-like weed, wavering, flowering this brief spring. It was the color of rubber and ash, this jungle, from the many years without sun. It was the color of stones and white cheeses and ink, and it was the color of the moon.

The children lay out, laughing, on the jungle mattress, and heard it sigh and squeak under them, resilient and alive. They ran among the trees, they slipped and fell, they pushed each other, they played hide-and-seek and tag, but most of all they squinted at the sun until the tears ran down their faces, they put their hands up to that yellowness and that amazing blueness and they breathed of the fresh, fresh air and listened and listened to the silence which suspended them in a blessed sea of no sound and no motion. They looked at everything and savored everything. Then, wildly, like animals escaped from their caves, they ran and ran in shouting circles. They ran for an hour and did not stop running.

And then—

In the midst of their running one of the girls wailed.

Everyone stopped.

The girl, standing in the open, held out her hand.

[5] “Oh, look, look,” she said trembling.

They came slowly to look at her opened palm.

In the center of it, cupped and huge, was a single raindrop.

She began to cry; looking at it. They glanced quietly at the sky.

“Oh. Oh.”

A few cold drops fell on their noses and their cheeks and their mouths. The sun faded behind a stir of mist. A wind blew cool around them. They turned and started to walk back toward the underground house, their hands at their sides, their smiles vanishing away.

A boom of thunder startled them and like leaves before a new hurricane, they tumbled upon each other and ran. Lightning struck ten miles away, five miles away, a mile, a half mile. The sky darkened into midnight in a flash.

They stood in the doorway of the underground for a moment until it was raining hard. Then they closed the door and heard the gigantic sound of the rain falling in tons and avalanches, everywhere and forever.

[6] “Will it be seven more years?”

“Yes. Seven.”

Then one of them gave a little cry.

“Margot!”

“What?”

“She’s still in the closet where we locked her.”

“Margot.”

They stood as if someone had driven them, like so many stakes, into the floor. They looked at each other and then looked away: They glanced out at the world that was raining now and raining and raining steadily. They could not meet each other’s glances. Their faces were solemn and pale. They looked at their hands and feet, their faces down.

“Margot.”

One of the girls said, “Well. . . ?”

No one moved.

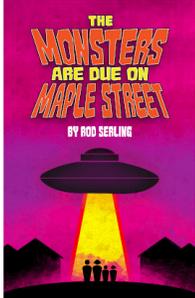
“Go on,” whispered the girl.

They walked slowly down the hall in the sound of cold rain. They turned through the doorway to the room in the sound of the storm and thunder, lightning on their faces, blue and terrible. They walked over to the closet door slowly and stood by it.

Behind the closet door was only silence.

They unlocked the door, even more slowly, and let Margot out.

THE MONSTERS ARE DUE ON MAPLE STREET
BY ROD STERLING
DRAMA



Prologue

A peaceful late-summer evening on Maple Street, U.S.A., is interrupted by the sound of a roar and the flash of a light. It is precisely 6:43 P.M. At first, some of the neighbors think a meteor caused the roar and the flash of light. There's a power failure. Phones and portable radios stop working. Cars won't start. Neighbors gather to try to understand what has happened. Pete Van Horn volunteers to walk over to Floral Street to see if the power is still on there.

Residents of Maple Street

STEVE BRAND	SALLY, TOMMY'S
DON MARTIN	MOTHER
WOMAN	LES GOODMAN
CHARLIE FARNSWORTH	MAN ONE
TOMMY	PETE VAN HORN

An excerpt from **Act I**

STEVE. I don't understand it. It was working fine before . . .

DON. Out of gas?

STEVE. [*Shakes his head*] I just had it filled.

WOMAN. What's it mean?

CHARLIE. It's just as if . . . as if everything had stopped. [*Then he turns toward STEVE.*] We'd better walk downtown. [*Another murmur of assent at this.*]

STEVE. The two of us can go, Charlie. [*He turns to look back at the car.*] It couldn't be the meteor. A meteor couldn't do this.

[He and CHARLIE exchange a look, then they start to walk away from the group.]

We see TOMMY, a serious-faced fourteen-year-old in spectacles who stands a few feet away from the group. He is halfway between them and the two men, who start to walk down the sidewalk.]

TOMMY. Mr. Brand . . . you better not!

STEVE. Why not?

TOMMY. They don't want you to.

[STEVE and CHARLIE exchange a grin, and STEVE looks back toward the boy.]

STEVE. Who doesn't want us to?

TOMMY. [*Jerks his head in the general direction of the distant horizon*] Them!

STEVE. Them?

CHARLIE. Who are them?

TOMMY. [*Very intently*] Whoever was in that thing that came by overhead.

[STEVE knits his brows for a moment, cocking his head questioningly. His voice is intense.]

STEVE. What?

TOMMY. Whoever was in that thing that came over. I don't think they want us to leave here.

[STEVE leaves CHARLIE and walks over to the boy. He kneels down in front of him. He forces his voice to remain gentle. He reaches out and holds the boy.]

STEVE. What do you mean? What are you talking about?

TOMMY. They don't want us to leave. That's why they shut everything off.

STEVE. What makes you say that? Whatever gave you that idea?

WOMAN. [*From the crowd*] Now isn't that the craziest thing you ever heard?

TOMMY. [*Persistently but a little intimidated by the crowd*] It's always that way, in every story I ever read about a ship landing from outer space.

WOMAN. [*To the boy's mother, SALLY, who stands on the fringe of the crowd*] From outer space,

yet! Sally, you better get that boy of yours up to bed. He's been reading too many comic books or seeing too many movies or something.

SALLY. Tommy, come over here and stop that kind of talk.

STEVE. Go ahead, Tommy. We'll be right back. And you'll see. That wasn't any ship or anything like it. That was just a . . . a meteor or something. Likely as not— [*He turns to the group, now trying to weight his words with an optimism he obviously doesn't feel but is desperately trying to instill in himself as well as the others.*] No doubt it did have something to do with all this power failure and the rest of it. Meteors can do some crazy things. Like sunspots.

DON. [*Picking up the cue*] Sure. That's the kind of thing—like sunspots. They raise Cain with radio reception all over the world. And this thing being so close—why, there's no telling the sort of stuff it can do. [*He wets his lips, smiles nervously.*] Go ahead, Charlie. You and Steve go into town and see if that isn't what's causing it all.

[*STEVE and CHARLIE again walk away from the group down the sidewalk. The people watch silently. TOMMY stares at them, biting his lips, and finally calling out again.*]

TOMMY. Mr. Brand!

[*The two men stop. TOMMY takes a step toward them.*]

TOMMY. Mr. Brand . . . please don't leave here.

[*STEVE and CHARLIE stop once again and turn toward the boy. There's a murmur in the crowd, a murmur of irritation and concern as if the boy were bringing up fears that shouldn't be brought up: words which carried with them a strange kind of validity that came without logic but nonetheless registered and had meaning and effect. Again we hear a murmur of reaction from the crowd.*

TOMMY is partly frightened and partly defiant as well.]

TOMMY. You might not even be able to get to town. It was that way in the story. Nobody could leave. Nobody except—

STEVE. Except who?

TOMMY. Except the people they'd sent down ahead of them. They looked just like humans. And it wasn't until the ship landed that—

[The boy suddenly stops again, conscious of the parents staring at them and of the sudden hush of the crowd.]

SALLY. *[In a whisper, sensing the antagonism of the crowd]* Tommy, please son . . . honey, don't talk that way—

MAN ONE. That kid shouldn't talk that way . . . and we shouldn't stand here listening to him. Why this is the craziest thing I ever heard of. The kid tells us a comic book plot and here we stand listening—

[STEVE walks toward the camera, stops by the boy.]

STEVE. Go ahead, Tommy. What kind of story was this? What about the people that they sent out ahead?

TOMMY. That was the way they prepared things for the landing. They sent four people. A mother and a father and two kids who looked just like humans . . . but they weren't.

[There's another silence as STEVE looks toward the crowd and then toward TOMMY. He wears a tight grin.]

STEVE. Well, I guess what we'd better do then is to run a check on the neighborhood and see which ones of us are really human.

[There's laughter at this, but it's a laughter that comes from a desperate attempt to lighten the atmosphere. It's a release kind of laugh. The people look at one another in the middle of their laughter.]

CHARLIE. There must be somethin' better to do than stand around makin' bum jokes about it. *[Rubs his jaw nervously]* I wonder if Floral Street's got the same deal we got. *[He looks past the houses]* Where is *Pete Van Horn* anyway? Didn't he get back yet?

[Suddenly there's the sound of a car's engine starting to turn over. We look across the street toward the driveway of LES GOODMAN's house. He's at the wheel trying to start the car.]

SALLY. Can you get it started, Les? *[He gets out of the car, shaking his head.]*

GOODMAN. No dice.

[He walks toward the group. He stops suddenly as behind him, inexplicably and with a noise that inserts itself into the silence, the car engine starts up all by itself. GOODMAN whirls around to

stare toward it. The car idles roughly, smoke coming from the exhaust, the frame shaking gently. GOODMAN's eyes go wide, and he runs over to his car. The people stare toward the car.]

MAN ONE. He got the car started somehow. He got his car started!

[The camera pans along the faces of the people as they stare, somehow caught up by this revelation and somehow, illogically, wildly, frightened.]

WOMAN. How come his car just up and started like that?

SALLY. All by itself. He wasn't anywheres near it. It started all by itself.

[DON MARTIN approaches the group, stops a few feet away to look toward GOODMAN's car and then back toward the group.]

DON. And he never did come out to look at that thing that flew overhead. He wasn't even interested.

[He turns to the faces in the group, his face taut and serious.] Why? Why didn't he come out with the rest of us to look?

CHARLIE. He always was an oddball. Him and his whole family. Real oddball.

DON. What do you say we ask him?

[The group suddenly starts toward the house. In this brief fraction of a moment they take the first step toward a metamorphosis that changes people from a group into a mob. They begin to head purposefully across the street toward the house at the end. STEVE stands in front of them. For a moment their fear almost turns their walk into a wild stampede, but STEVE's voice, loud, incisive, and commanding, makes them stop.]

STEVE. Wait a minute . . . wait a minute! Let's not be a mob!