**Poem [1]**

***Alligator Poem***

*by Mary Oliver*

I knelt down

at the edge of the water,

and if the white birds standing

in the tops of the trees whistled any warning

I didn't understand,

I drank up to the very moment it came

crashing toward me,

its tail flailing

like a bundle of swords,

slashing the grass,

and the inside of its cradle-shaped mouth

gaping,

and rimmed with teeth—

and that's how I almost died

of foolishness

in beautiful Florida.

But I didn't.

I leaped aside, and fell,

and it streamed past me, crushing everything in its path

as it swept down to the water

and threw itself in,

and, in the end,

this isn't a poem about foolishness

but about how I rose from the ground

and saw the world as if for the second time,

the way it really is.

The water, that circle of shattered glass,

healed itself with a slow whisper

and lay back

with the back-lit light of polished steel,

and the birds, in the endless waterfalls of the trees,

shook open the snowy pleats of their wings, and drifted away

while, for a keepsake, and to steady myself,

I reached out,

I picked the wild flowers from the grass around me—

blue stars

and blood-red trumpets

on long green stems—

for hours in my trembling hands they glittered

like fire.

**Reading Passage [2]**

**Kid Fights Cheater Meters and Wins!**

*The true story of a girl with a stopwatch and a bag of nickels who uncovered a local parking scandal and helped change the laws of her state . . .*

Ellie Lammer wasn't trying to spark a revolt, she just wanted a haircut. That was in the fall of 1997. Ellie was 11 years old at the time, and she was getting her tresses trimmed in her hometown of Berkeley, California. When Ellie and her mom returned to their car, they found a parking ticket stuck to the windshield. It didn't seem possible: Less than an hour earlier, Ellie had pumped an hour's worth of coins into the meter. But now the needle was at zero, and Ellie's mom owed $20.

Feeling cheated, Ellie dropped another nickel in the meter and twisted the knob. The needle clicked over to the four-minute mark. Ellie stared at her watch while her mom watched the meter. Less than three minutes later, all of the time had expired. There it was: proof that they'd been cheated. The city tore up the ticket when Ellie's mom complained about the meter.

But the experience left Ellie wondering how many other meters were inaccurate. Six months later, she decided to find out. She'd been looking around for a good science-fair project—and that meter in Berkeley still bothered her. So armed with a bag of nickels and a stopwatch, she hit the streets.

Ellie didn't have the time or money to test every meter, so she focused on a sample of 50 meters located in different parts of the city. To avoid inconveniencing motorists, she did her research after 6 P.M. and on Sundays, when the meters were not in use. She put in eight minutes' worth of nickels in each meter, then measured how much time it really gave.

The results were not pretty. Ellie's findings suggested that more than nine out of every ten meters in the city were inaccurate—and that every fourth parking meter was running out of time too quickly. With 3,600 parking meters in the city, that meant a lot of undeserved tickets. As Ellie wrote in her science-project report, "I learned which meters cheat you and which meters cheat the City of Berkeley. But I learned that almost all meters cheat someone, so beware."

When the science fair rolled around, Ellie presented her findings with computer-generated charts and graphs. Her classmates weren't very interested in her project. "It's not like they have to drive a car or put money in a parking meter," she explains. But her project was a huge hit with parents. More than 50 of them lined up that night to share their own parking-meter horror stories with Ellie.

After that, word about Ellie's meter project spread fast. Within a few weeks, Ellie got a call from local politician Diane Woolley. At the time, Berkeley was considering replacing its meters with more accurate digital ones. Ellie shared her findings at city hall, and the politicians were impressed. "We don't get reports this thorough when we pay consultants hundreds of thousands of dollars," one remarked. Based on Ellie's study, they decided to purchase 2,000 new meters.

The California state legislature also decided to crack down on cheater meters. After Ellie presented her findings, they enacted "Lammer's Law," which requires California's 26 counties to test the accuracy of parking meters. Any meter found to be inaccurate must be fixed or dismantled.

California Governor Pete Wilson signed the law on November 1, 1998. At the time, he commented, "Ellie's ingenuity and dedication has earned her the gratitude of those Californians who've dug through their purses and pockets in search of exact change to feed the meters, only to return to find their cars bearing the dreaded green envelope of a parking ticket."

Ellie became a celebrity. She was in newspapers all over the country and featured on local television news during the summer and fall of 1998. CNN did a story about her. She was even a guest on the Late Show with David Letterman. "It was kind of a weird moment of being a celebrity," she says.

Ellie, who's now an eighth-grader at Martin Luther King Middle School, is proud of the work she's done. But she doesn't see meter monitoring as her life's work: "Right now I don't mind being known as the parking-meter girl, but I'm sure that later in life I'll want something different."

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**Reading Passage [3]**

           The Fish

*by Elizabeth Bishop*

        I caught a tremendous fish

        and held him beside the boat

        half out of water, with my hook

        fast in a corner of his mouth.

       He didn't fight.

        He hadn't fought at all.

        He hung a grunting weight,

      battered and venerable

        and homely. Here and there

      his brown skin hung in strips

        like ancient wallpaper,

        and its pattern of darker brown

        was like wallpaper:

      shapes like full-blown roses

    stained and lost through age.

        He was speckled with barnacles,

        fine rosettes of lime,

        and infested

        with tiny white sea-lice,

      and underneath two or three

        rags of green weed hung down.

      While his gills were breathing in

        the terrible oxygen

        —the frightening gills,

      fresh and crisp with blood,

        that can cut so badly—

        I thought of the coarse white flesh

      packed in like feathers,

        the big bones and the little bones,

      the dramatic reds and blacks

        of his shiny entrails,

        and the pink swim-bladder

        like a big peony.

        I looked into his eyes

    which were far larger than mine

        but shallower, and yellowed,

        the irises backed and packed

        with tarnished tinfoil

        seen through the lenses

      of old scratched isinglass.

        They shifted a little, but not

        to return my stare.

        —It was more like the tipping

       of an object toward the light.

      I admired his sullen face,

        the mechanism of his jaw,

        and then I saw

        that from his lower lip

        —if you could call it a lip—

      grim, wet, and weaponlike,

        hung five old pieces of fish-line,

        or four and a wire leader

        with the swivel still attached,

        with all their five big hooks

    grown firmly in his mouth.

        A green line, frayed at the end

      where he broke it, two heavier lines,

        and a fine black thread

        still crimped from the strain and snap

      when it broke and he got away.

        Like medals with their ribbons

      frayed and wavering,

        a five-haired beard of wisdom

      trailing from his aching jaw.

      I stared and stared

        and victory filled up

        the little rented boat,

        from the pool of bilge

      where oil had spread a rainbow

    around the rusted engine

        to the bailer rusted orange,

        the sun-cracked thwarts,

        the oarlocks on their strings,

        the gunnels—until everything

      was rainbow, rainbow, rainbow!

       And I let the fish go.

"The Fish" from *THE COMPLETE POEMS 1927-1979* by Elizabeth Bishop.

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**Reading Passage [4]**



|  |
| --- |
| *by Bill Walter* |

or such an important place, Ellis Island did not start out as much. Named after Samuel Ellis, the 27-acre knot of an island barely stuck out of the water at high tide.

Ellis Island became important to millions of immigrants in 1892, however, when the U.S. government converted it to an immigration station. Between 1892 and 1954, the island became—for more than 17 million souls—the doorway to America.

As you will see in their own words below, America offered immigrants more than just opportunity. You also will see that the "the land of the free" was not so free to everyone, after all.

**Escaping to America**

The closing years of the 19th century were an oppressive time in many eastern and southern European nations. In such countries as Russia, Poland, and Armenia, millions of families were suffering. Wars, famines, and pogroms (organized massacres of Jews and other minorities) caused millions of people to flee.

Ida Mouradjian fled to America from Armenia to escape annihilation by the Turkish government:

*They [the Turks] would displace every Armenian out of their own homes, out of their own towns and drive them into the Syrian Desert. The idea was to get every Armenian there and by the time they got there they would either die of hunger or exposure or pestilence.*

But not all were running from the horrors of violence or poverty. Some, like Theodore Lubik from the Ukraine, wanted to avoid the military draft and simply saw the U.S. as a great opportunity:

*A friend of mine, he had gone to America. He came to Europe once on a visit...He looked just like a governor—horses, wagon, dressed fine, giving his pocket change to us. He gave me ten cents or a quarter—that was big money.*

**Hard Time Traveling**

In these times of turmoil, one could not easily move to the U.S. The trials of getting to Ellis Island were often life-threatening in themselves.

Along the way, many immigrants had to contend with border guards, thieves, and crooked immigration agents. But it was the trip across the Atlantic that immigrants tended to remember most.

Crammed into poorly ventilated sleeping areas or cabins below deck, immigrants—many of whom had never seen the sea before—often suffered rough crossings. Vera Gauditsa, pregnant during her crossing from Czechoslovakia, remembered the torture of seasickness:

*I was pretty tough, but on the boat I was very sick. I thought the child wanted to be born right then.*

*I had a cabin, but in the cabin was nothing. You had to go through the whole boat to get to the showers and a toilet. So imagine when you are sick and you have to go to the bathroom and walk!*

But upon seeing their destination, most immigrants—like Sarah Asher from Russia—forgot about sickness and thought only of a bright future:

*About four or five o'clock in the morning we all got up. The sunshine started and what do we see? The Statue of Liberty!*

*Well, she was beautiful with the early-morning light. Everybody was crying. Beautiful colors, the greenish-like water*— *and so big. We could see New York already, with the big buildings and everything*. . .*There was a house where the boat stopped but only the Americans were able to go out, but we foreigners remained. Our boat moved further, and that was when we realized we were going to Ellis Island.*

**Stuck at the Door**

Having to wait while first- and second-class passengers got off the boat, many immigrants began to realize that their troubles were not over.

After docking at ManhattanIsland, immigrants in steerage were shipped by barge to Ellis Island, to go through examinations. On the island, the immigrants were guided into holding pens in the Great Hall. Irene Zambelli, from Greece, recalled the routine:

*There were little gates, the same as you go [through] to the subways*. . .*The first gate we [Irene and her cousin] passed they asked what we were to one another. Then we came to the next gate and they asked us how much was two and two, and four and four. We answered and went to the next gate.*

**Cutting Back the Flow**

The number of immigrants increased over the years, peaking at 1,285,349 in 1907. U.S. officials grew concerned. They saw the growing numbers as a threat to American workers. The officials were afraid the foreigners would take away wages and jobs. As a result, the entrance examinations were made tougher. They included a medical exam and a literacy test. An immigrant who failed one of these tests faced **deportation** (being sent back) to his or her native country.

Of all the examinations, the medical exam seemed to cause immigrants the most concern, recalled Catherine Bolinski, who came from Poland:

*They turned your eye[lid] over*— *I had to blink a couple of times that way. I'll never forget it. They looked at your throat and to see if you had any rashes on your body. They found things wrong with some people. They sent them back, after they [had] sold everything to come here, so they were crying, they felt very bad.*

The thought of being deported was terrifying. Fannie Kligerman, who escaped from Russia with her family, remembered the fear:

*One of my brothers had something wrong with him. It was a sty. It left a funny thing and they put him aside. And they told us that if there was anything wrong with him, he'd have to go back to Europe. Oh, it was frightening. My father said, "I'm not going on without the children. We will all go back."*

**Charting America's Course**

Only three percent of those who arrived at Ellis Island between 1892 and 1954 were turned away. By 1924, however, the government changed its policy. It slammed shut the "open door" that had allowed so many millions to flock to the U.S. The Immigration Act of 1924 set a quota of 164,000 immigrants per year. By 1954, Ellis Island had been shut down.

But for those who had passed through, America was truly a land of opportunity—despite often-severe hardships. Settling throughout the U.S., immigrants such as composer Irving Berlin, football coach Knute Rockne, and Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter added to America's strength.

Having escaped from Russia, Arnold Weiss voiced the determination and hope of the immigrants who passed through Ellis Island:

*From the whole story of what I went through in all my years*— *and some of it wasn't very pleasant*— *I still love this country. I love this country in spite of everything.*

From " *Ellis Island: Doorway to America*" by Bill Walter.  Published in *JUNIOR SCHOLASTIC*, April 6, 1990.  Copyright (c) 1990 Scholastic Inc. All rights reserved.  Used by permission.

**Reading Passage [5]**

**BARGAIN BASEMENT**

**$25 and under**

AIR CONDITIONER — Fedders, large works $25. 555-1076

ALL KINDS OF GOLF CLUBS — $20. after 3PM. 555-5507

ANTIQUE WARDROBE — Needs lt. work. 1st $25. 555-1326

ASSORTED SZS, WINDOWS & DOORS — $25. 555-8261

BEACH UMBRELLAS — $5/each. 555-7092

BED FRAME — Twin or Full size $15. 555-0572

BIKE RACK — $20, cot $10. call 555-7640

BIKE — Boys $25 electricians supplies $5-25. 555-7797

BIKE — Girls 16" Schwinn VG Cond. $25. 555-9724

BLACK & WHITE TV — 20" good cond. $25. 555-2924

BLACK LEATHER ROLL CAGE COVERS — $25. 555-8109

BMX — Free Style Bike nice $25. Call 555-2124

BOOKS —  PAPER BACKS — & hard covers. $.15 - $1. 555-0750

BOWLING BALL — w/leather bag $25. 555-1138

**$25 and under**

BOYS SUIT JACKETS — One brown l blue sz. 12 $10. 555-0608

BRASS TONE HEADBOARD — & bedframe $20. 555-4783

BRICK FLOWER BED EDGING — $1/ea rug braided. 555-6988

BUSHINGS — Polyurethane shock boot $1.50. 555-8109

CAKE PLATE — 50th anniv. gold trim Nu $12. 555-8011

CAN OPENER — Rival under the counter $5. 555-4707

CEILING FAN — New 52" white $20. 555-6376

CHANGING TABLE — $10. potty $3., vaporizer $3. 555-2005

COFFEE DECANTERS — Glass $2 new, have 5. 555-0688

COUCH — Early American nice $20. 555-2145

CURTAINS — Sheers 108x84 white $20. 555-6376

DESERT STORM — Series 2 and 3 $12 per box. 555-7093

DESERT STORM — Series 1 cards $12 per box. 555-7093

**$25 and under**

DICK CEPEK BLACK LIGHT BAR — $15 new. 555-8109

ELEC. MOWER — $15 good outdoor chairs $2. 555-6104

ELECTRIC FENCE ITEMS — Poles battery case etc. $25. 555-0490

FARBER ELECTRIC BROILER — $15. 555-4783

FLOOR TILE — Armstrong white 1 box $4. 555-6962

FLOOR JACK — 6 ft. hght $10. call 555-5034

FORMICA — 2' x 2' $.25/each 2' x 4' $.50 colors. 555-8597

FREE FIREWOOD — Call 555-1823

FREE ORANGE KITTEN — (1). call 555-8392

FREE RABBIT HUTCH — Free standing 2' x 7'. 555-6711

FUEL OIL TANK — Inside, 275 gallon, $25. 555-9604

GARAGE DOOR OPENER — For parts $7. 555-6911

GAS CAN — 5 gallon $10. call 555-3724

**$25 and under**

GOLF CART — Like new. $20. Call after 3PM. 555-5507

GOLF BAG — & Irons 3, 2, 9, $25. 555-7092

GOLF BALLS — 2 dz. putters, sand wedge $10. 555-3575

HAIR SALON FURNITURE — Free. 555-8109

HEPA FILTER — 12 x 12 $25. Call 555-6127

HIGH CHAIR — $25. Century windup swing $5. 555-0559

HOSE — For sump pump new 13 ft. $6. 555-5434

HOSTA — $.25 up, CORAL BELLES. Flowering Cabbage Plants, $1. 555-2445

INSULATION — 6" x 15" fiberglass $8. roll. 555-1017 after 6 p.m.

JACK NICKLAUS GOLF CLUBS — $25. after 3 PM 555-5507

JEAN JACKETS — Med. was $75 only $25. 555-0608

LADIES BETTER DRESSES — size 9-12, $2. 555-0750

LADIES BETTER DRESSES — size 9-12, $2. 555-0750

**$25 and under**

LADIES BETTER DRESSES — size 9-12, $2. 555-0750

LAMPS — Pictures Mr. Coffee Broiler $1. up. 555-3575

LAMPS — 2 $15/each 1 crib & mattress $20. 555-0567

LAWN MOWER — 22" push rotary $20. 555-1457

LEATHER ROLL CAGE COVERS — Brand new $25. 555-8109

LESTOIL SPRAY FLOOR CLEANER — $12 a case 555-4707

LIGHT FIXTURES — Bath, dining, foyer, kitchen. Total of 8. $5-$20 ea. 555-7503

LOCK — Shalage entry brush aluminum $12. 555-5434

LONDON FOG COAT — W/lining egg shell $25. 555-5434

MAPLE BOARDS — $2. a Sq.Ft. 1"2"3". Call 555-1822

MECHANIC'S CREEPER — & Jack stands $25. 555-6127

MEDICINE CABINET — $5. Call 555-0572

**$25 and under**

MINI BLINDS — Shade white 60W $15. Call 555-8640

MOTOR FURNACE — 1/4 H.P. A-1 Delco $20. 555-1138

MOWER — Push type 18 Craftsman $20. Good cond. 555-0958

NEW DOORS — Prhng. &blrd $25. Also new locks $3.50 555-0572

PAINTERS TOOLS — Work bag & clothes. $1-$5/ea. Call 555-7503

PATIO TILE — In/out 6x6 new terra-cotta 21¢. 555-1544

PING PONG TABLE — Official size V. good, $25. 555-4987

PLAYPEN — $10. Please call 555-1915

PORT. TV — BW 6" $15, record player $10/bo. 555-3575

ROLLER — 30" x 12" concrete filled, $25. 555-6040

RUG RUNNER BRAIDED — Mauve 29"W x 11'L $20. 555-4101

SALTON ELECTRIC WARMER SERVING CART — $25. 555-4283

SCHWINN STINGRAY — $20. ladies 26" $25. 555-7456

**$25 and under**

SCREWS — Black type 2"& 2 1/2" 13 lbs. $25. 555-5434

SEARS MOWERS — Mechanics special pair $25. 555-3432

SHEETMOSS — 1/2 box to line wire basket, $13. 555-0234

SHORTS — 25 pair girls, some new sz. 12, $15. 555-0627

SILVERPLATE PLATTER — $20. 8mm movie camera. 555-7456

SKATES — In line roller like new $20/bo. 555-6009

SOFA BED — Sleeps (2) good $25. After 6, 555-1159

STORM DOOR — Screen 80 x 35 3/4, $25. 555-1138

STREET HOCKEY NET — $10 new in box. 555-1660

TABLE — Wrought Iron round 38", $25. 555-8380

TALL END TABLE — lamp & shade $15. 555-0750

TENT — 9x9 umbrella exc. cond., $25. 555-2674

TIRES — P235/75R15 on GM rims $20/ea. 555-6296

**$25 and under**

TIRES — On rims Ford Ranger pair $25. 555-3432

TRAILER HITCH — $20/bo. Call 555-5038

TRX CYCLE — For child old $20. 555-5038 good.

TYPEWRITERS — Elec, manual, $10. & $5. Port. Singer sew. mach. $15. 555-0219

VACUUM — Canister style, good $25. 555-7456

VACUUM — Hoover Canister $25. all attach. 555-8428

WARN WINCH FRONT BUMPER — Black $25. 555-8109

WATER LILLIES — Variety comanche $15. 555-2569

WINDOW FAN — 18- w/slides $25. 555-2660

WINDSHIELD — 71'-75' caddy CPE, $25. 555-6296

**$26 to $100**

6 NEW CABLE REMOTES — For TKR box $35/ea. 555-3950

AIR CONDITIONER CASEMENT WINDOW — $100 firm. 555-5422

BED — 4 poster maple $50, cushion patio set, $70. 555-8876

**$26 to $100**

BEDROOM FURN. — 1940's waterfall col, wardrobe clos, dresser/ngtstnd, nds. refin, $65. 555-7503

BIKE — Ladies Schwinn 10spd., 24", $75. exc. cond. 555-9571

BIKE — 26 3 speed runs OK 1st $50. after 3PM 555-7154

CAMARO THM350 MALIBU — THM 350 $75. 555-2135 lv. msg.

CHAIR — Stratlounger excel. cond., $75. 555-5434

COLOR TV'S — 2. 15" and 17". $80 and $90. Call anytime. 555-6373

DRAFTING TABLE — Lamp & chair $60. 555-9389

EXERCISE BIKE — White, lk. new, $65. Call Michael 555-2503

FORD C-4 AUTO TRANS — $75. Call 555-0140

GAS STOVE — 30" glass door, good cond. $100. 555-0958

GOLF CLUB SET — Irons, woods, bag, $85. 555-7258

GRATEFUL DEAD TICKETS — (6) great seats $65/ea. 555-1377

**$26 to $100**

HAYWARD EARTH FILTER — 3/4 hp. asking $100. Call 555-5547

HEALTH MEMBERSHIP — Hamilton Fitness Club, $100. Call 10-8 555-7223

LAWN MOWERS — $25/up. A-1 cond. Call 555-9232

LAWNMOWER — Lawnboy, 21" self prop. $75. 555-5147

LAWNMOWER — 21" self-prop. rear bag $90. 555-8428

MEN 12 SPD BIKE — $55, brand new. Baby monitor, $20. Wood high chair, $25. 555-1561

MOVING — Computer hutch, $35. Call John in Lawrenceville. 555-8083

MOWER — Gas 21 Briggs runs good $55. 3-6PM 555-7154

**$26 to $100**

POSTAGE STAMP COLLECTION — Mostly U.S. $50. 555-9505

REDWOOD — 48" round table 3 benches, $50. 555-0233

REFRIG. — Washer, dryer-stove $90/bo good. 555-0076

REFRIGERATOR — Good. cond. $100. LIPTON MICROWAVE, $50. 555-2640

REFRIGERATOR — Large sideXside $95. 555-3592

REMOTE PLANE — & all to fly $100/bo Dennis. 555-1321

SEGA GENESIS GAMES — $30 ea. Like new. Call Steve at 555-6153 afternoons & eves.

SKIER ROWER — Good cond. $80. Call 555-9581

SMITH CORONA — electronic typewriter, new $75. 555-7384

SOFA — $100, Chair $50, kitchen table $10. 555-2152

SOFA — Chair ottoman, blue flowered, $100. 555-3220

SOFABED — Like new, beige, blues, browns $89. 555-6806

STEREO — HI-FI Cabinet type, 8-track AM/FM, $40. 555-4987

TABLE & 4 CHAIRS — Glass & oak top, $65. 555-9389

TATUNG MONITOR — $40. Call 555-5383

TENT — 2 person yellow/teal canvas, no flr, but incl. 2 infl. mattr, $30. 555-7503

TYPEWRITER — Electric, $40. Smith-Corona 555-8428

YAMAHA 500 DIRTBIKE — Not Running, $100. Call 555-9332



**Reading Passage [6]**

**THANK YOU, M'AM**

      **by Langston Hughes**

She was a large woman with a large purse that had everything in it but a hammer and nails. It had a long strap, and she carried it slung across her shoulder. It was about eleven o'clock at night, dark, and she was walking alone, when a boy ran up behind her and tried to snatch her purse. The strap broke with a sudden single tug the boy gave it from behind. But the boy's weight and the weight of the purse combined caused him to lose his balance. Instead of taking off full blast as he had hoped, the boy fell on his back on the sidewalk and his legs flew up. The large woman simply turned around and kicked him right square in his blue-jeaned sitter. Then she reached down, picked the boy up by his shirtfront, and shook him until his teeth rattled.

After that the woman said, "Pick up my pocketbook, boy, and give it here."

She still held him tightly. But she bent down enough to permit him to stoop and pick up her purse. Then she said, "Now ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

Firmly gripped by his shirtfront, the boy said, "Yes'm."

The woman said, "What did you want to do it for?"

The boy said, "I didn't aim to."

She said, "You a lie!"

By that time two or three people passed, stopped, turned to look, and some stood watching.

"If I turn you loose, will you run?" asked the woman.

"Yes'm," said the boy.

"Then I won't turn you loose," said the woman. She did not release him.

"Lady, I'm sorry," whispered the boy.

"Um-hum! Your face is dirty. I got a great mind to wash your face for you. Ain't you got nobody home to tell you to wash your face?"

"No'm," said the boy.

"Then it will get washed this evening," said the large woman, starting up the street, dragging the frightened boy behind her.

He looked as if he were fourteen or fifteen, frail and willow-wild, in tennis shoes and blue jeans.

The woman said, "You ought to be my son. I would teach you right from wrong. Least I can do right now is to wash your face. Are you hungry?"

"No'm," said the being-dragged boy. "I just want you to turn me loose."

"Was I bothering *you* when I turned that corner?" asked the woman.

"No'm."

"But you put yourself in contact with *me*," said the woman. "If you think that contact is not going to last awhile, you got another thought coming. When I get through with you, sir, you are going to remember Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones."

Sweat popped out on the boy's face and he began to struggle. Mrs. Jones stopped, jerked him around in front of her, put a half nelson about his neck, and continued to drag him up the street. When she got to her door, she dragged the boy inside, down a hall, and into a large kitchenette-furnished room at the rear of the house. She switched on the light and left the door open. The boy could hear other roomers laughing and talking in the large house. Some of their doors were open, too, so he knew he and the woman were not alone. The woman still had him by the neck in the middle of her room.

She said, "What is your name?"

"Roger," answered the boy.

"Then, Roger, you go to that sink and wash your face," said the woman, whereupon she turned him loose—at last. Roger looked at the door—looked at the woman—looked at the door— *and went to the sink*.

"Let the water run until it gets warm," she said. "Here's a clean towel."

"You gonna take me to jail?" asked the boy, bending over the sink.

"Not with that face, I would not take you nowhere," said the woman. "Here I am trying to get home to cook me a bite to eat, and you snatch my pocketbook! Maybe you ain't been to your supper either, late as it be. Have you?"

"There's nobody home at my house," said the boy.

"Then we'll eat," said the woman. "I believe you're hungry—or been hungry—to try to snatch my pocketbook!"

"I want a pair of blue suede shoes," said the boy.

"Well, you didn't have to snatch *my* pocketbook to get some suede shoes," said Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones. "You could've asked me."

"M'am?"

The water dripping from his face, the boy looked at her. There was a long pause. A very long pause. After he had dried his face and not knowing what else to do, dried it again, the boy turned around, wondering what next. The door was open. He could make a dash for it down the hall. He could run, run, run, *run*!

The woman was sitting on the daybed. After a while she said, "I were young once and I wanted things I could not get."

There was another long pause. The boy's mouth opened. Then he frowned, not knowing he frowned.

The woman said, "Um-hum! You thought I was going to say *but* didn't you? You thought I was going to say, *but I didn't snatch people's pocketbooks*. Well, I wasn't going to say that." Pause. Silence. "I have done things, too, which I would not tell you, son. Everybody's got something in common. So you set down while I fix us something to eat. You might run that comb through your hair so you will look presentable."

In another corner of the room behind a screen was a gas plate and an icebox. Mrs. Jones got up and went behind the screen. The woman did not watch the boy to see if he was going to run now, nor did she watch her purse, which she left behind her on the daybed. But the boy took care to sit on the far side of the room, away from the purse, where he thought she could easily see him out of the corner of her eye if she wanted to. He did not trust the woman not to trust him. And he did not want to be mistrusted now.

"Do you need somebody to go to the store," asked the boy, "maybe to get some milk or something?"

"Don't believe I do," said the woman, "unless you just want sweet milk yourself. I was going to make cocoa out of this canned milk I got here."

"That will be fine," said the boy.

She heated some lima beans and ham she had in the icebox, made the cocoa, and set the table. The woman did not ask the boy anything about where he lived, or his folks, or anything else that would embarrass him. Instead, as they ate, she told him about her job in a hotel beauty shop that stayed open late, what the work was like, and how all kinds of women came in and out, blondes, redheads, and Spanish. Then she cut him a half of her ten-cent cake.

"Eat some more, son," she said.

When they were finished eating, she got up and said, "Now here, take this ten dollars and buy yourself some blue suede shoes. And next time, do not make the mistake of latching onto *my* pocketbook *nor nobody else's*. I got to get my rest now. But from here on in, son, I hope you will behave yourself."

She led him down the hall to the front door and opened it. "Good night! Behave yourself, boy!" she said, looking out into the street as he went down the steps.

The boy wanted to say something other than, "Thank you, m'am," to Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones, but although his lips moved, he couldn't even say that as he turned at the foot of the barren stoop and looked up at the large woman in the door. Then she shut the door.

**"Thank You M'am" from SHORT STORIES by Langston Hughes. Copyright © 1996 by Ramona Bass and Arnold Rampersad. Reprinted by permission of Hill and Wang, a division of Farrar, Straus and Giroux, LLC.**

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**Reading Passage [7]**

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| **The Sharebots****by CARL ZIMMER****N**O MAN IS AN ISLAND, and Maja Matarić thinks no robot should be either. Matarić, a Brandeis University computer scientist, believes robots will do their best work only when they begin to work together. "How do you get a herd of robots to do something without killing each other?" she asks. According to Matarić, you have to put them in societies and let them learn from one another, just as seagulls and baboons and people do. Matarić has already made an impressive start at teaching robots social skills. She has gotten 14 robots to cooperate at once—the biggest gaggle of machines ever to socialize.   The Nerd Herd, as Matarić calls them, are shoe-box-size machines, each of which has four wheels, two tongs to grab things, and a two-way radio. The radio allows them to triangulate their position with respect to two fixed transmitters as they wander around Matarić's lab. It also allows them to broadcast their coordinates and other information to their neighbors. Infrared sensors help the robots find things and avoid obstacles; contact-sensitive strips tell them when they've crashed anyway.   Each robot is programmed with a handful of what Matarić calls behaviors—sets of instructions that enable the robot to accomplish a small goal, like following the robot in front of it. Set one robot on the floor with its wheels turned permanently to the left and program the others to follow, and they will all drive in a circle until their batteries go dead. But Matarić can get more interesting actions out of the herd by programming them to alternate among several behaviors. By telling them to home in on a target, to aggregate when they're too far from one another, to disperse when they're too crowded and to avoid collisions at all times, she's been able to get scattered robots to come together and migrate across her lab like a flock of birds.   More important, the robots can also learn on their own to carry out more complex tasks. One task Matarić set for them was to forage for little metal pucks and bring them home to their nest in a corner of the lab. To give the task a natural flavor, Matarić gave the robots clocks; at "night" they had to go home and rest, and in the "morning" they looked for pucks again. In addition to five basic behaviors they could choose from, she endowed them with a sort of prime directive: to maximize their individual point scores. Each time a robot did something right, such as locating a puck, it was automatically rewarded with points; each time it committed a blooper, such as dropping a puck, it lost points. **Matarić's Nerd Herd, with the pucks they now pursue collectively.**  After some random experimentation, the robots soon learned how to forage but not very well, because they tended to interfere with one another in their selfish pursuit of points. "Why should you ever stop and let someone else go?" asks Matarić. "It's always in your interest to go but if everybody feels that way, then nobody gets through and they jam up and fight for space." To make her creatures more efficient, though, Matarić found she didn't have to program them with a God's-eye view of what was good for all robots. She just had to teach each robot to share to let other robots know when it had found a puck, and to listen to other robots in return. "I put in the impetus to pay attention to what other robots are doing, and to try what other robots are trying, sharing the experience," Matarić explains. "If I do some thing that's good and if I say, 'That was really great,' then you may try it."   With this simple social contract, the robots needed only 15 minutes of practice to become altruistic. They would magnanimously announce their discovery of pucks, despite having no way of knowing that this was good for the herd as a whole. At times when two robots lunged for a puck, they would stop and go through an "After you!" "No, after you!" routine, but eventually they figured out the proper way to yield. With social graces, the robot herd brought home the pucks twice as fast as without.   Matarić thinks she'll be able to produce more complex robot societies. "I'm looking at getting specialization in the society so they can say, 'I'll do this, and you do that.' If one of them has a low battery, it may become the messenger that doesn't actually carry things. And I imagine one robot might emerge as a leader because it happens to be the most efficient. But if it stops being efficient, some other robot will take over." |

**Reading Passage [8]**

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| **Gary Soto****"A Fire in My Hands"****G**ary Soto decided to become a poet in college after reading a bittersweet poem by Edward Field called "Unwanted." "It's about a lonely man who feels sad that no one wants him," Soto says. "He hangs a picture of himself at the post office next to the posters of dangerous criminals, hoping that people will recognize him and love him. I was inspired by this poem because it seemed to speak about my own life."     Later, Soto came upon a book of odes by Pablo Neruda, the Chilean poet who celebrated the beauty and value of common objects, such as socks, scissors, and watermelons. When Soto began writing poems himself, he focused on ordinary things from his childhood: his baseball mitt, dogs, and fruit. Here, for example, is a poem about young love in which an ordinary orange becomes "a fire in my hands," a symbol of love and growing self-confidence.  **ORANGES****The first time I walked****With a girl, I was twelve,****Cold, and weighted down****With two oranges in my jacket.****December. Frost cracking****Beneath my steps, my breath****Before me, then gone,****As I walked toward****Her house, the one whose****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****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,****Until we were breathing****Before a drugstore. We****Entered, the tiny bell****Bringing a saleslady****Down a narrow aisle of goods.****I turned to the candies****Tiered like bleachers,****And asked what she wanted ---****Light in her eyes, a smile****Starting at the corners****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.****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,****And held them, knowing****Very well what I was all****About.****Outside,****A few cars hissing past,****Fog hanging like old****Coats between the trees.****I took my girl's hand****In mine for two blocks,****Then released it to let****Her unwrap the chocolate.****I peeled my orange****That was so bright against****The gray of December****That, from some distance,****Someone might have thought****I was making a fire in my hands.****I**n another poem, black hair symbolizes Soto's Mexican heritage, which in turn creates a bond between him and his baseball hero, Hector Moreno:  **... When Hector lined balls into deep****Center, in my mind I rounded the bases****With him, my face flared, my hair lifting****Beautifully, because we were coming home****To the arms of brown people.****(from "Black Hair")****S**oto's poems focus on places as well as objects. He explains, "I saw that our [American] poets often wrote about places where they grew up or places that impressed them deeply. James Wright wrote about Ohio and West Virginia, Philip Levine about Detroit, Gary Snyder about the Sierra Nevadas and about Japan, where for years he studied Zen Buddhism. I decided to write about the San Joaquin Valley, where my hometown, Fresno, is located. Some of my poems are stark observations of human violence — burglaries, muggings, fistfights — while others are spare images of nature — the orange groves and vineyards, the Kings River, the bogs, the Sequoias. I fell in love with the valley, both its ugliness and its beauty, and quietly wrote poems about it to share with others."    **. . . And this morning****After the wind left****With its pile of clouds****The broken fence steamed, sunlight spread****Like seed from one field****To another, out of a bare sycamore****Sparrows lifted above the ridge . . .****(from "October")****E**ach poem comes from Soto's memory of a particular event. Using all five senses, he recreates the memory and expands on it with the imagination. "Narrative poems should be credible," he explains, "though they do not necessarily have to be completely 'true'". In fact, some of Soto's best poems, like the one that follows, are inventions based on someone he's seen or met.  **FINDING A LUCKY NUMBER****When I was like you I crossed a street****To a store, and from the store****Up an alley, as I rolled chocolate****In my mouth and looked around****With my face. The day was blue****Between trees, even without wind,****And the fences were steaming****And a dog was staring into a paint bucket****And a Mexicano was raking****Spilled garbage into a box,****A raffle of eggshells and orange peels.****He nodded his head and I nodded mine****And rolled chocolate all the way****To the courthouse, where I sat****In the park, with a leaf falling****For every person who passed —****Three leaves and three daughters****With bags in their hands.****I followed them under trees,****The leaves rocking out of reach****Like those skirts I would love****From a distance. I lost them****When I bent down to tie my shoes****And begged a squirrel to eat grass.****Looking up, a dog on the run,****A grandma with a cart,****And Italians clicking dominoes****At a picnic table — men****Of the Old World, in suits big enough****For Europe. I approached****Them like a squirrel, a tree****At a time, and when I was close****Enough to tell the hour from their wrists,****One laughed with hands in his hair****And turned to ask my age.****"Twelve," I said, and he knocked****My head softly with a knuckle:****"Lucky number, Sonny." He bared****His teeth, yellow and crooked****As dominoes, and tapped the front one****With a finger. "I got twelve — see."****He opened wide until his eyes were lost****In the pouches of fat cheeks,****And I, not knowing what to do, looked in.****F**ifteen years ago, when he first started writing, Gary Soto had no idea that he would turn out so many poems. Yet poems feed into other poems, a process he compares to needle passing a stitch through cloth. He already has five books of poetry to his credit as well as four collections of essays. A collection of short stories for Chicano children, *Baseball in April*, will be published in February, and a collection of autobiographical essays, *A Summer Life*, will come out in June.     In the writing classes he teaches at the University of California at Berkeley, Soto advises his students to look to their own lives for inspiration. "What are your life stories?" he asks. "Can you remember incidents from your childhood? Some of you will say that your lives are boring, that nothing has happened, that everything interesting happens far away. Not so. Your lives are at work, too. Each poet works differently. But the task is always the same - to get the language right so that the subject of the poem will live."**- Suzi Mee**WO000986  Excerpt from "October" © 1997, in The Elements of San Joaquin, by Gary Soto. Reprinted by permission of the author. "Oranges," "Finding a Lucky Number," and excerpts from "Black Hair" from New and Selected Poems by Soto, Gary, © 1995, published by Chronicle Books, San Francisco. Website http://www.chronbooks.com. Literary Cavalcade, © 1990. Reprinted by permission. |

**Reading Passage [9]**

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| "The Flying Machine" (Description of Story)\*"The Flying Machine" is a story that considers the nature of peace and progress while subtly exploring the themes of personal and political responsibility. The story recounts the events of a single day and the difficult decision made by a fictional emperor in 5 century China.While the Emperor is enjoying the tranquility of the morning, a servant rushes in to tell him about a "miracle." After several attempts, the servant finally rouses the Emperor to look at the miracle in the sky: a man flying with wings fashioned from paper and bamboo. The emperor is stunned, then demands that the inventor be brought to him.The Emperor decrees that the man and his invention be destroyed because the progress symbolized by the flying machine threatens both the Emperor's way of life and the well-being of his people. In order to illustrate his point to the inventor, the Emperor shows an invention of his own that mirrors the natural world: a wind-up box containing small trees and miniature flying birds. The inventor tries to convince the Emperor that his flying machine, like the Emperor's invention, is a thing of beauty. The Emperor, however, chooses to protect the peace of his dominion from the possibility of future invasion, and sacrifices the momentary beauty provided by the flying machine. The story ends with the Emperor enjoying the peaceful miniature world inside his wind-up box.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \* We did not receive copyright approval to put the actual text from the student booklet on the Website. The full text can be found in Ray Bradbury, The Golden Apples of the Sun and Other Stories. New York: Avon Books, 1997 |

**Reading Passage [10]**

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| THE LOST PEOPLE OF MESA VERDE *by Elsa Marston**The Anasazi lived peacefully on the mesa for 800 years.* *Then they disappeared.*     In the dry land of southwestern Colorado a beautiful plateau rises. It has so many trees that early Spanish explorers called it Mesa Verde, which means "green table." For about eight hundred years Native Americans called the Anasazi lived on this mesa. And then they left. Ever since the cliff houses were first discovered a hundred years ago, scientists and historians have wondered why.      Anasazi is a Navajo word meaning "the ancient ones." When they first settled there, around 500 A. D., the Anasazi lived in alcoves in the walls of the high canyons. Later they moved to the level land on top, where they built houses of stone and mud mortar. As time passed, they constructed more elaborate houses, like apartment buildings, with several families living close together.      The Anasazi made beautiful pottery, turquoise jewelry, fine sashes of woven hair, and baskets woven tightly enough to hold water. They lived by hunting and by growing corn and squash. Their way of life went on peacefully for several hundred years.      Then around 1200 A.D. something strange happened, for which the reasons are not quite clear. Most of the people moved from the level plateau back down into alcoves in the cliffs. The move must have made their lives difficult because they had to climb back up to the plateau to do the farming. But it seems the Anasazi planned to stay in the canyon walls, for they soon filled the alcoves with amazing cliff dwellings. "Cliff Palace," the most famous of these, had more than two hundred rooms.      For all the hard work that went into building these new homes, the Anasazi did not live in them long. By 1300 A.D. the cliff dwellings were empty. Mesa Verde was deserted and remained a ghost country for almost six hundred years. Were the people driven out of their homes by enemies? No sign of attack or fighting, or even the presence of other tribes, has been found.      Archaeologists who have studied the place now believe there are other reasons. Mesa Verde, the beautiful green table, was no longer a good place to live. For one thing, in the second half of the thirteenth century there were long periods of cold, and very little rain fell—or else it came at the wrong time of year. Scientists know this from examining the wood used in the cliff dwellings. The growth rings in trees show good and bad growing seasons. But the people had survived drought and bad weather before, so there must have been another reason.      As the population grew, more land on the mesa top had to be farmed in order to feed the people. That meant that trees had to be cut to clear the land and also to use for houses and fuel. Without the forests, the rain began to wash away the mesa top.      How do we know about erosion problems that happened about eight hundred years ago? The Anasazi built many low dams across the smaller valleys on the mesa to slow down rain runoff. Even so, good soil washed away, and the people could no longer raise enough food. As the forests dwindled, the animals, already over–hunted, left the mesa for mountainous areas with more trees.      And as the mesa "wore out," so did the people. It appears that the Anasazi were not healthy. Scientists can learn a lot about ancient people's health by studying the bones and teeth found in burials. The mesa dwellers had arthritis, and their teeth were worn down by the grit in corn meal, a main part of their diet.      As food became scarce, people grew weaker. Not many lived beyond their twenties. Women died very young, and few babies survived. Living so close together in the cliff houses, where everyone was hungry and worried, the people must have suffered from emotional strain. They probably quarreled often.      In the end the Anasazi must have given up hope that things would get better. Families packed up and went away. Of course, the "ancient ones" did not simply disappear. They moved southeast to another area and mingled with other peoples. After a while their heritage as the people of the Mesa Verde was forgotten.      In time the trees grew back and the plateau became green once more. But, for the Anasazi it was too late. Although they respected nature and tried to farm wisely, land that was used too hard could not support them forever.      Yet in their cliff houses and crafts the "ancient ones" left us a superb monument. It is truly one of the most fascinating pictures of America's past. |

**Additional Information [11]**





*Question 1 refers to Poem [1]*

1. What does the poem mainly describe?
	1. A personal experience
	2. An unusual dream
	3. The danger of alligators
	4. Traveling in Florida

*Question 2 refers to Poem [1]*

1. What is the speaker doing at the beginning of the poem?
	1. Watching the birds
	2. Wading in a stream
	3. Drinking the water
	4. Picking wildflowers

*Question 3 refers to Poem [1]*

1. On page 3, the speaker says,"and, in the end, this isn't a poem about foolishness."

What is the purpose of these lines in relation to the rest of the poem?

* 1. To signal a turning point in the poem
	2. To emphasize the speaker's confusion
	3. To focus the reader on the first part of the poem
	4. To show the speaker was embarrassed

*Question 4 refers to Poem [1]*

1. The speaker's description of flowers at the end of the poem is mainly meant to emphasize that the speaker
	1. believes nature is unpredictable
	2. does not understand what is happening
	3. is reliving a frightening experience
	4. is seeing the world with a new intensity

*Question 5 refers to Reading Passage [2]*

1. According to the article, why did Ellie do much of her research after 6 p.m.?
	1. She did not want people to learn about her project.
	2. She did not want to inconvenience motorists.
	3. She had to focus on a sample of 50 meters.
	4. She saved money because the meters cost less after 6 p.m.

*Question 6 refers to Reading Passage [2]*

1. According to the article, what did Ellie learn from doing her meter project?
	1. Every fourth meter ran too quickly.
	2. Nine out of ten digital meters were accurate.
	3. 3,600 parking meters were inaccurate.
	4. Almost none of the 50 meters ran too slowly.

*Question 7 refers to Reading Passage [2]*

1. What happened when Ellie presented her report at the science fair?
	1. She won first prize for her computer-generated graphics.
	2. Other students were interested in her findings.
	3. Parents wanted to tell her their own parking meter stories.
	4. She decided to pursue meter monitoring as a career.

*Question 8 refers to Reading Passage [2]*

1. What was the city of Berkeley's reaction to Ellie's findings?
	1. The city hired 50 more meter monitors.
	2. The city let the state legislature handle the problem.
	3. The city gave refunds to people cheated by the meters.
	4. The city purchased 2,000 new parking meters.

*Question 9 refers to Reading Passage [2]*

1. In the article, the governor of California speaks of Ellie's "ingenuity and dedication." As used in the article, the word "ingenuity" means
	1. cleverness
	2. fame
	3. stubbornness
	4. gratitude

*Question 10 refers to Reading Passage [2]*

1. "We don't get reports this thorough when we pay consultants hundreds of thousands of dollars."

The author included this information to

* 1. show how the city saves money
	2. describe the city budget
	3. emphasize Ellie's achievement
	4. criticize the city of Berkeley

*Question 11 refers to Reading Passage [3]*

1. Which of the following best describes the person speaking in the poem?
	1. Thoughtful and observant
	2. Tired and victorious
	3. Grim and sullen
	4. Frightened and lonely

*Question 12 refers to Reading Passage [3]*

1. When the poet says "Like medals with their ribbons frayed and wavering" (lines 61–62), she is referring to
	1. victory
	2. fishhooks
	3. trophies
	4. fish scales

*Question 13 refers to Reading Passage [4]*

1. This passage is mostly about the
	1. hardships of ocean travel in the nineteenth century
	2. struggles of the early immigrants entering America
	3. many opportunities to make money in America
	4. effect of immigration on European countries

*Question 14 refers to Reading Passage [4]*

1. What most worried the immigrants about the medical examinations?
	1. They did not want to be sent to the hospital.
	2. They could not afford to pay the doctors.
	3. They did not want to be deported.
	4. They were too seasick to stand in line.

*Question 15 refers to Reading Passage [4]*

1. What did the immigrants dislike most about their trip to America?
	1. Seeing Ellis Island for the first time
	2. Leaving their native countries
	3. Living conditions aboard the boat
	4. Letting the Americans off the boat first

*Question 16 refers to Reading Passage [4]*

1. The statement that immigrants had to "contend with border guards, thieves, and crooked immigration agents" means that the immigrants
	1. were being introduced to America's legal system
	2. learned that America had many people
	3. learned to adapt to America's freedoms
	4. faced obstacles that might discourage some people

*Question 17 refers to Reading Passage [4]*

1. Ellis Island was called "the doorway to America" because it
	1. was the place most immigrants had to pass through before entering the United States
	2. had a large and famous entranceway that immigrants walked through
	3. was the only port in the United States where foreign ships could dock safely
	4. was actually a large ship that carried the immigrants to the United States

*Question 18 refers to Reading Passage [4]*

1. The United States eventually reduced the number of immigrants allowed to enter the country because
	1. the United States already had too many people
	2. the immigrants were taking jobs away from American workers
	3. the immigrants had too many hardships to face in America
	4. the country that the immigrants came from was angry about them leaving

*Question 19 refers to Reading Passage [5]*

1. Which three types of information are usually found in these classified ads?
	1. Original cost, age of item, size of item
	2. Item description, home address, phone number
	3. Phone number, item description, cost of the item
	4. Item condition, seller's name, time of day to call

*Question 20 refers to Reading Passage [5]*

1. It is possible to place a free ad in the Bargain Basement section. If you want to place a free ad, your items must be
	1. sold within five days
	2. priced at $25 or less
	3. in good condition
	4. inspected by the editor

*Question 21 refers to Reading Passage [5]*

1. Abbreviations in the ads are useful because they
	1. communicate information while saving space
	2. allow for different interpretations
	3. make each section more interesting
	4. make the items within a section appear to be similar

*Question 22 refers to Reading Passage [5]*

1. What is an acceptable way to place a $1 Bargain Basement ad in this newspaper?
	1. Phone in the ad, pay by credit card
	2. Phone in the ad, pay by money order
	3. Mail the ad, pay by cash
	4. Mail the ad, pay by check

*Question 23 refers to Reading Passage [6]*

1. Which of the following best describes the boy's feelings in the story?
	1. Frightened then trusting
	2. Angry then hungry
	3. Greedy then generous
	4. Curious then nervous

*Question 24 refers to Reading Passage [6]*

1. When they arrived at the woman's house, what did the boy do?
	1. He felt immediately at home.
	2. He tried to steal her purse again.
	3. He thought about running away.
	4. He apologized for what he had done.

*Question 25 refers to Reading Passage [6]*

1. Why did the boy sit on the far side of the room while Mrs. Jones was making their dinner?
	1. He wanted to sit close to Mrs. Jones.
	2. He wanted to show Mrs. Jones he could be trusted.
	3. He wanted to help Mrs. Jones prepare the food.
	4. He wanted to keep an eye on Mrs. Jones.

*Question 26 refers to Reading Passage [6]*

1. The author puts the phrase " *and went to the sink*" in italics mainly to
	1. emphasize the boy's decision
	2. describe the boy's location
	3. indicate the boy's motivation
	4. explain the boy's viewpoint

*Question 27 refers to Reading Passage [7]*

1. The main purpose of the article is to describe how robots can be programmed to
	1. locate metal pucks
	2. work with each other
	3. recharge their own batteries
	4. perform five basic behaviors

*Question 28 refers to Reading Passage [7]*

1. Based on how the robots in the article are equipped and the behaviors they are programmed to perform, which of the following jobs could they most likely do in someone's home?
	1. Open cans of food
	2. Open doors and cabinets
	3. Pick up shoes on the floor
	4. Move furniture around a room

*Question 29 refers to Reading Passage [7]*

1. The following sentence appears in the next-to-last paragraph of the article:

*"With this simple social contract, the robots needed only 15 minutes of practice to become altruistic."*

Based on how the word is used in the article, which of the following best describes what it means to be "altruistic"?

* 1. To engage in an experiment
	2. To provide assistance to others
	3. To work without taking frequent breaks
	4. To compete with others for the highest score

*Question 30 refers to Reading Passage [7]*

1. What change occurred when the robots were taught to share?
	1. They did their jobs more efficiently.
	2. They could accomplish small goals.
	3. They performed more specialized tasks.
	4. They began following each other in a line.

*Question 31 refers to Reading Passage [8]*

1. In the poem "Finding a Lucky Number," Gary Soto contrasts
	1. dogs and squirrels
	2. present youth and future aging
	3. Indian summer and the coming of winter
	4. eating candy and a healthy diet

*Question 32 refers to Reading Passage [9]*

1. Which group of words best helps you to understand the message of this story?
	1. Strength, joy, humor
	2. Foolishness, anger, endurance
	3. Communication, friendship, honesty
	4. Fear, frustration, bewilderment

*Question 33 refers to Reading Passage [9]*

1. The Emperor seems to view the Great Wall as a
	1. protector of his way of life
	2. popular tourist attraction
	3. symbol of the human spirit
	4. way to prevent people from escaping

*Question 34 refers to Reading Passage [9]*

1. The Emperor did not rush out to see the flying machine when his servant first told him about it because the Emperor
	1. was too frail to run
	2. had just awakened from a dream
	3. wanted time to think about what it might mean
	4. was testing the servant's loyalty to him

*Question 35 refers to Reading Passage [9]*

1. The Emperor suggests that creative talents should be used to
	1. build airplanes
	2. make elaborate toys
	3. tear down walls
	4. discipline servants

*Question 36 refers to Reading Passage [10], Additional Information [11]*

1. Which idea from the text about the Anasazi do the photographs support?
	1. They were able to create many useful objects.
	2. Farming was probably their major source of food.
	3. Wood seems to have been their primary building material.
	4. Their life became much easier when they moved into the cliff dwellings.

*Question 37 refers to Reading Passage [10], Additional Information [11]*

1. The Anasazi's life before 1200 A.D. was portrayed by the author as being
	1. dangerous and warlike
	2. busy and exciting
	3. difficult and dreary
	4. productive and peaceful

*Question 38 refers to Reading Passage [10], Additional Information [11]*

1. The title and photograph on the first page of the article are probably meant to make the disappearance of the Anasazi seem to be
	1. a personal tragedy
	2. a terrible mistake
	3. an unsolved mystery
	4. an important political event