

Plot

Question 1 .

Ballet Dreams

Amidst the sound of loud applause, Phoebe could see events from her past flash in front of her. She could still feel the trauma of losing her parents in a sailing accident when she was 14 years old. She had been in a trance for weeks. The shock of the sudden and untimely death of both her parents engulfed her in grief, and neither her friends nor her relatives could get her out of her state of shock. Seeing Phoebe in that miserable state, her granny, who herself was trying to come to terms with losing her only daughter, decided to take charge of the situation. Little by little, she succeeded in making Phoebe realize that her parents wouldn't have wanted her to waste her life like this. Phoebe was training to become a ballet dancer. Granny reminded her that there were ways she could show her love to her parents by studying hard, going out with friends, rejoining her dance classes, and being happy. The thought of her parents and her desire to make them happy, even though they were not with her, jolted Phoebe out of her grief-ridden state. Taking heed of her grandmother's wise words, she slowly, but steadily, managed to overcome her sorrow and resumed her ballet classes. Initially, it was hard for her, as her mother too had been a ballet dancer and had never missed a single class where she could see Phoebe train. In a few months, when Phoebe graduated to the advanced course in ballet, she was delighted, but missed her mom terribly. She decided that she would give it her all. She always trained while believing that her mother was watching her. Over time, she became the best dancer in her class.

But fate wasn't always on her side, because, once, while performing at her institute's annual day, Phoebe made a false step and hit the floor hard. The accident affected her confidence drastically, and although the physical recovery had not been a problem, Phoebe spent days and months overcoming her fear of dancing on stage again. When she had felt that she would never be able to dance again, her granny counseled her, gently and persistently. She again started practicing and learned to overcome her fear, little by little, and in the process, she learned a lot about herself. She discovered that she was a strong-willed woman. She had been through a lot and had realized that trying times only made us stronger. She decided to look her fear in the face and participated in a ballet show. Tears were rolling down Phoebe's cheek as she thought of her parents, her life, and how far she had come.

She jolted back to the present when the cameras flashed and the chief guest came forward to present her the award.

Which event or incident in this story is significant to the development of the archetype?

- ☐ A. Phoebe having an accident while dancing
- ☐ B. Phoebe realizing that she is a determined woman
- ☐ C. Granny losing her only daughter and son-in-law
- ☐ D. Granny extending strength and support to Phoebe

Question 2 .



The Voyage

by J. Robbins

Patricia Graynamore woke up before dawn and bounced out of her bed. Her father had been promising for weeks to teach her how to sail his boat, *The Tweedledee*. They were planning to leave as soon as the sun came up. Patricia dressed quickly in the dark and grabbed her copy of *Amazing Tales of the Sea* from her desk.

"Every good sailing adventure starts with a hearty breakfast," her dad whispered to her in the kitchen. Her mother was still asleep, and neither Patricia nor her father wanted to disturb her sleep. Patricia tried to force down her oatmeal, but she was too excited to eat.

"Dad, will you really let me sail the boat?" she asked for the hundredth time as they drove to the marina. As Patricia approached *The Tweedledee*, she tried to remember everything her father had taught her about safety on the dock. She could see other sailors and fishermen walking around the dock, and she didn't want to embarrass herself in front of them.

"I'd be careful out there if I were you, Mr. Graynamore," called the dockmaster as they approached their boat. "I've got a bad feeling about the way the barometer is dropping this morning." Patricia's father smiled politely at the dockmaster.

"Don't worry, Mr. Waturi," he replied. "We're just going for a quick trip."

"Hey, landlubber," called a familiar voice. Patricia rolled her eyes and groaned. She turned to see Joe Banks, a classmate who seemed determined to annoy her at every opportunity, standing in the boat next to her father's.

"I'm not a landlubber, Joe," Patricia told him as she helped her father prepare the boat for the journey. "Anyway, you just learned how to sail last year, so maybe you shouldn't be making fun of other people."

"Just don't forget to wear your lifejacket, Queen of the Sea" Joe laughed as *The Tweedledee* set sail.

It's a lot of work to sail a boat! Patricia thought as she scurried back and forth across the deck. It seemed that every few minutes her father would have a new task for her to learn. She and her father were so busy, in fact, that they didn't notice the dark clouds gathering on the horizon. Soon, though, sharp gusts of wind began to beat against the mainsail and the waves began to toss *The Tweedledee* like a cork. Patricia felt her stomach turn in knots as her father took the helm.

"I don't like the look of this," her father said. "We'd better head away from this storm in case it becomes a squall." The boat creaked and groaned as the weather grew worse, and Patricia worried that *The Tweedledee* would be torn apart. She clutched the lapels of her lifejacket and thought about Joe. *At least someone knows that we are out here, in case—well, in case something happens*, she worried silently.

"I'm going to steer us toward that small island," her dad yelled over the howling wind. "We might have to swim for it, so make sure your lifejacket is on tight." Patricia felt tears well up in her eyes. She hated the thought of abandoning the boat to the wild storm. Suddenly, a giant wave dashed over the deck, and the force of the water broke the main mast off at the deck. Patricia's father grabbed her, and they jumped together into the swirling water. As they swam to the tiny island, Patricia spared a quick glance over her shoulder. Behind her, *The Tweedledee* rolled and bucked at the mercy of the squall.

"We'll just lay here and catch our breath," Patricia's father told her when they reached the island and ran into the safety of a small cave. "Don't worry. Someone will find us soon." She grasped her father's hand and found herself envying his courage. Patricia had always loved her father, but she had learned to trust him in a new way during the storm. *I never thought I'd actually be living an Amazing Tale of the Sea!* Patricia thought.

Which element of the plot helps to resolve one of the problems faced by Patricia and her father?

- ☐ A. A boy named Joe meets Patricia on the dock.
- ☐ B. There is an island nearby which offers safety.
- ☐ C. Patricia brings *Amazing Tales of the Sea* with her.
- ☐ D. The main mast breaks off *The Tweedledee*.

Question 3 .

*adapted from **Glories** in Buttercup Gold and Other Stories
by Ellen Robena Field*

- 1 Laura, who was tired of playing with her dolls and of taking care of Baby Donald, who was a big baby whereas she was a little girl for nine years old, wanted some time for herself. So as soon as naptime came, she was glad that baby was at last quiet, Laura went out on the porch and cuddled down in the hammock, where she swung to and fro, wishing there was something nice to do, or some new kinds of dolls to play with. All at once she thought she heard a faint voice say, "What a strange child! Here she is wishing for some new plaything while she has never bothered noticing us. She must be blind, poor child! Though every morning we put on our prettiest dresses and smile at her; yet she always passes us by and never notices us."
- 2 "Yes," replied another voice, "when she came out here to lie down in the hammock, I brushed her hair softly and left a kiss on her forehead; but she shook me off as if I were a bee trying to sting her."
- 3 Laura sat up and rubbed her eyes in disbelief while she looked around in surprise to find out if she had really heard someone really speak, or had she only fallen asleep and dreamed it all?
- 4 "What pretty colors! It's a pity that I never noticed them before," went on Laura, "and wouldn't that blue one make a lovely dress?"
- 5 Just then Donald, who had woken up from his nap, came toddling out through the open door and stretched his little fat hands to the glories, crying, "Baby wants a trumpet." As she gathered a handful of the blossoms and sprinkled the porch with their brightness, Laura laughed and exclaimed, "Why, they do look like trumpets, and like parasols, too!" "Let's play with them, baby and see if we can make some dolls;" said Laura as she stood a glory on the step, and into the tiny hole stuck the yellow center of a daisy, whose petals she had pulled out. On this center, she marked eyes, nose, and mouth; and when a small glory was added for a bonnet, what a pretty flower doll she had, with an attractive pink skirt, green waist, and pretty white bonnet! Then a whole family of glories were made, and Laura gave them each a parasol to carry. Baby used his glories for tents, and they had a good time playing, which left Laura wishing that she had noticed the glories more before.
- 6 By and by, when the days passed by, and Laura sat again in the hammock, watching the sleeping glories, and said to herself: "I wonder if the glories could have been talking that morning;" and listening to her speak one little sleepy bud looked as if it understood what was asked. But Mamma put her arm about the little girl and said, "I think it was a dream, dear; but if the flowers could speak I think they would tell my darling that by using her eyes more, she will find out how much there is that is beautiful, and they all were made for us to enjoy. Every flower that blooms its sweetest, and every child who tries to be good, is a precious part of the earth's glories."

Directions: Drag the tiles to the correct boxes to complete the pairs.

Each event plays a specific role within the passage. Identify each event's role.

provides comic relief

adds a psychological dimension

reveals key details about a character

Laura hears the morning glories complain.



Laura wishes she had a new plaything.



Donald demands to play with the glories.



Question 4 .***from Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates***

On a bright December morning long ago, two thinly clad children were kneeling upon the bank of a frozen canal in Holland.

With many a vigorous puff and pull, the brother and sister, for such they were, seemed to be fastening something upon their feet—not skates, certainly, but clumsy pieces of wood narrowed and smoothed at their lower edge and pierced with holes, through which were threaded strings of rawhide.

These queer-looking affairs had been made by the boy Hans. His mother was a poor peasant woman, too poor even to think of such a thing as buying skates for her little ones. Rough as these were, they had afforded the children many a happy hour upon the ice, and now, as with cold red fingers our young Hollanders tugged at the strings—their solemn faces bending closely over their knees—no vision of impossible iron runners came to dull the satisfaction glowing within.

In a moment the boy arose and with a pompous swing of the arms and a careless "Come on, Gretel," glided easily across the canal.

"Ah, Hans," called his sister plaintively, "this foot is not well yet. The strings hurt me on last market-day, and now I cannot bear them tied in the same place."

"Tie them higher up, then," answered Hans as without looking at her he performed a wonderful cat's-cradle step on the ice.

"How can I? The string is too short."

Giving vent to a good-natured Dutch whistle, the English of which was that girls were troublesome creatures, he steered toward her.

"You are foolish to wear such shoes, Gretel, when you have a stout leather pair. Your clogs would be better than these."

"Why, Hans! Do you forget? Father threw my beautiful new shoes in the fire. Before I knew what he had done, they were all curled up in the midst of the burning peat. I can skate with these, but not with my wooden ones. Be careful now—"

Hans had taken a string from his pocket. Humming a tune as he knelt beside her, he proceeded to fasten Gretel's skate with all the force of his strong young arm.

"Oh! oh!" she cried in real pain.

With an impatient jerk Hans unwound the string. He would have cast it upon the ground in true big-brother style had he not just then spied a tear trickling down his sister's cheek.

"I'll fix it—never fear," he said, with sudden tenderness, "but we must be quick; mother will need us soon."

Then he glanced inquiringly about him, first at the ground, next at some bare willow branches above his head, and finally at the sky, now gorgeous with streaks of blue, crimson, and gold.

Finding nothing in any of these localities to meet his need, his eye suddenly brightened as, with the air of a fellow who knew what he was about, he took off his cap and removing the tattered lining, adjusted it in a smooth pad over the top of Gretel's worn-out shoe.

"Now," he cried triumphantly, at the same time arranging the strings as briskly as his benumbed fingers would allow. In another moment they were laughing together, as hand in hand they flew along the canal, never thinking whether the ice would bear or not for in Holland ice is generally an all-winter affair.

adapted from Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates by Mary Mapes Dodge

The central conflict in this scene is between

- ☐ A. Hans and the problem of repairing the skates.
- ☐ B. Hans, Gretel, and the forces of nature.
- ☐ C. Hans and the problem of the cracking ice.
- ☐ D. Hans, Gretel, and their family's poverty.

Question 5 .**Ballet Dreams**

Amidst the sound of loud applause, Phoebe could see events from her past flash in front of her. She could still feel the trauma of losing her parents in a sailing accident when she was 14 years old. She had been in a trance for weeks. The shock of the sudden and untimely death of both her parents engulfed her in grief, and neither her friends nor her relatives could get her out of her state of shock. Seeing Phoebe in that miserable state, her granny, who herself was trying to come to terms with losing her only daughter, decided to take charge of the situation. Little by little, she succeeded in making Phoebe realize that her parents wouldn't have wanted her to waste her life like this. Phoebe was training to become a ballet dancer. Granny reminded her that there were ways she could show her love to her parents by studying hard, going out with friends, rejoining her dance classes, and being happy. The thought of her parents and her desire to make them happy, even though they were not with her, jolted Phoebe out of her grief-ridden state. Taking heed of her grandmother's wise words, she slowly, but steadily, managed to overcome her sorrow and resumed her ballet classes. Initially, it was hard for her, as her mother too had been a ballet dancer and had never missed a single class where she could see Phoebe train. In a few months, when Phoebe graduated to the advanced course in ballet, she was delighted, but missed her mom terribly. She decided that she would give it her all. She always trained while believing that her mother was watching her. Over time, she became the best dancer in her class.

But fate wasn't always on her side, because, once, while performing at her institute's annual day, Phoebe made a false step and hit the floor hard. The accident affected her confidence drastically, and although the physical recovery had not been a problem, Phoebe spent days and months overcoming her fear of dancing on stage again. When she had felt that she would never be able to dance again, her granny counseled her, gently and persistently. She again started practicing and learned to overcome her fear, little by little, and in the process, she learned a lot about herself. She discovered that she was a strong-willed woman. She had been through a lot and had realized that trying times only made us stronger. She decided to look her fear in the face and participated in a ballet show. Tears were rolling down Phoebe's cheek as she thought of her parents, her life, and how far she had come.

She jolted back to the present when the cameras flashed and the chief guest came forward to present her the award.

Which of these archetypes does Phoebe's journey represent?

- ☐ A. the journey for love
- ☐ B. the journey to save the people
- ☐ C. the journey to find oneself
- ☐ D. the journey for spiritual perfection

Question 6 .

from **Jane Eyre**
by Charlotte Bronte

There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. We had been wandering, indeed, in the leafless shrubbery an hour in the morning, but since dinner (Mrs. Reed, when there was no company, dined early) the cold winter wind had brought with it clouds so sombre, and a rain so penetrating, that further outdoor exercise was now out of the question.

I was glad of it; I never liked long walks, especially on chilly afternoons: dreadful to me was the coming home in the raw twilight, with nipped fingers and toes, and a heart saddened by the chidings of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed.

They said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their mamma in the drawing-room. She lay reclined on a sofa by the fireside, and with her darlings about her (for the time neither quarrelling nor crying) looked perfectly happy. Me, she had dispensed from joining the group, saying, "She regretted to be under the necessity of keeping me at a distance, but that until she heard from Bessie, and could discover by her own observation that I was endeavoring in good earnest to acquire a more sociable and childlike disposition, a more attractive and sprightly manner—something lighter, franker, more natural, as it were—she really must exclude me from privileges intended only for contented, happy little children."

"What does Bessie say I have done?" I asked.

"Jane, I don't like cavillers or questioners; besides, there is something truly forbidding in a child taking up her elders in that manner. Be seated somewhere, and until you can speak pleasantly, remain silent."

A small breakfast-room adjoined the drawing-room; I slipped in there. It contained a bookcase; I soon possessed myself of a volume, taking care that it should be one stored with pictures. I mounted into the window-seat: gathering up my feet, I sat cross-legged.

I returned to my book—Bewick's *History of British Birds*. There were certain introductory pages that, child as I was, I could not pass quite as a blank. I formed an idea of my own: shadowy, like all the half-comprehended notions that float dim through children's brains, but strangely impressive.

Each picture told a story; mysterious often to my undeveloped understanding and imperfect feelings, yet ever profoundly interesting: as interesting as the tales Bessie sometimes narrated on winter evenings, when she chanced to be in good humour; and when, having brought her ironing-table to the nursery-hearth, she allowed us to sit about it, and while she got up Mrs. Reed's lace frills, and crimped her nightcap borders, fed our eager attention with passages of love and adventure.

With Bewick on my knee, I was then happy: happy at least in my way. I feared nothing but interruption, and that came too soon. The breakfast-room door was opened.

How does the narrator deal with being excluded?

- ☐ A. She takes a walk outside in the cold.
- ☐ B. She picks a fight with the nurse, Bessie.
- ☐ C. She decides to sit in the drawing-room.
- ☐ D. She goes off on her own to read a book.

Question 7 .

Directions: Select the correct text in the passage.

Which sentence **best** shows how Hester Prynne's silence contributes to the plot?

*from **The Scarlet Letter***

by Nathaniel Hawthorne

1 The Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale bent his head, in silent prayer, as it seemed, and then came forward.

2 "Hester Prynne," said he, leaning over the balcony and looking down steadfastly into her eyes, "thou hearest what this good man says, and seest the accountability under which I labour. If thou feelest it to be for thy soul's peace, and that thy earthly punishment will thereby be made more effectual to salvation, I charge thee to speak out the name of thy fellow-sinner and fellow-sufferer! Be not silent from any mistaken pity and tenderness for him; for, believe me, Hester, though he were to step down from a high place, and stand there beside thee, on thy pedestal of shame, yet better were it so than to hide a guilty heart through life. **What can thy silence do for him, except it tempt him—yea, compel him, as it were—to add hypocrisy to sin?** Heaven hath granted thee an open ignominy, that thereby thou mayest work out an open triumph over the evil within thee and the sorrow without. Take heed how thou deniest to him—who, perchance, hath not the courage to grasp it for himself—the bitter, but wholesome, cup that is now presented to thy lips!"

3 The young pastor's voice was tremulously sweet, rich, deep, and broken. The feeling that it so evidently manifested, rather than the direct purport of the words, caused it to vibrate within all hearts, and brought the listeners into one accord of sympathy. Even the poor baby at Hester's bosom was affected by the same influence, for it directed its hitherto vacant gaze towards Mr. Dimmesdale, and held up its little arms with a half-pleased, half-plaintive murmur. So powerful seemed the minister's appeal that the people could not believe but that Hester Prynne would speak out the guilty name, or else that the guilty one himself in whatever high or lowly place he stood, would be drawn forth by an inward and inevitable necessity, and compelled to ascend the scaffold.

4 Hester shook her head.

5 **"Woman, transgress not beyond the limits of Heaven's mercy!" cried the Reverend Mr. Wilson, more harshly than before.** "That little babe hath been gifted with a voice, to second and confirm the counsel which thou hast heard. Speak out the name! That, and thy repentance, may avail to take the scarlet letter off thy breast."

6 "Never," replied Hester Prynne, looking, not at Mr. Wilson, but into the deep and troubled eyes of the younger clergyman. "It is too deeply branded. Ye cannot take it off. And would that I might endure his agony as well as mine!"

7 **"Speak, woman!" said another voice, coldly and sternly, proceeding from the crowd about the scaffold, "Speak; and give your child a father!"**

8 "I will not speak!" answered Hester, turning pale as death, but responding to this voice, which she too surely recognised. "And my child must seek a heavenly father; she shall never know an earthly one!"

9 "She will not speak!" murmured Mr. Dimmesdale, who, leaning over the balcony, with his hand upon his heart, had awaited the result of his appeal. He now drew back with a long respiration. "Wondrous strength and generosity of a woman's heart! She will not speak!"

10 **Discerning the impracticable state of the poor culprit's mind, the elder clergyman, who had carefully prepared himself for the occasion, addressed to the multitude a discourse on sin, in all its branches, but with continual reference to the ignominious letter.** So forcibly did he dwell upon this symbol, for the hour or more during which his periods were rolling over the people's heads, that it assumed new terrors in their imagination, and seemed to derive its scarlet hue from the flames of the infernal pit. Hester Prynne, meanwhile, kept her place upon the pedestal of shame, with glazed eyes, and an air of weary indifference. She had borne that morning all that nature

could endure; and as her temperament was not of the order that escapes from too intense suffering by a swoon, her spirit could only shelter itself beneath a stony crust of insensibility, while the faculties of animal life remained entire. **In this state, the voice of the preacher thundered remorselessly, but unavailingly, upon her ears.** The infant, during the latter portion of her ordeal, pierced the air with its wailings and screams; she strove to hush it mechanically, but seemed scarcely to sympathise with its trouble. With the same hard demeanour, she was led back to prison, and vanished from the public gaze within its iron-clamped portal. It was whispered by those who peered after her that the scarlet letter threw a lurid gleam along the dark passage-way of the interior.

Question 8 .

Truman sat on the steps outside Seaville High School and tried to control his frustration. His best friend, Harlan, was late—as usual. On a normal day, Truman wouldn't have minded, but today was the last chance he would have to see his father for months.

"Hey, Truman," called Meryl from the front seat of her new car. "Do you need a ride home?"

"Uh, sure," he replied. He tried to paste a grateful smile on his face, but it was difficult to keep from groaning out loud. Meryl was a sweet girl, but she seemed to be obsessed with Truman. When he tried out for the football team, she tried out for the cheerleading squad. When he ran for student body president, she ran for vice-president. Truman tried to avoid her as much as possible, but today was an extraordinary situation.

"Thanks for the lift, Meryl," Truman said as he climbed into the car.

"No problem!" Meryl said cheerfully. "I've been wanting to talk to you, anyway." *Oh, no*, Truman thought.

"Oh, really?" he asked. "About what?"

"I just wanted to find out what you're planning to do after graduation," Meryl replied. "Um, for the yearbook, of course." Truman was trying to think of a response when he realized that they were almost at his house. Meryl looked at him expectantly as she pulled her car into the driveway.

"Well, thanks again," he said. "I'd better get inside. My dad is leaving at four o'clock this afternoon, and I want to have a chance to say goodbye." Meryl looked surprised.

"But it's four-thirty now, Truman," she said. Truman stared at the digital display on her car stereo in shock.

"Oh, no!" he groaned. "My stupid watch must have stopped. I thought I still had time. Now what will I do?"

"I can drive you to the airport," Meryl said. "If we hurry, we might just make it!" Truman sat up in the seat and smiled.

"Let's go!" he said happily. Suddenly, someone tapped on the passenger side window.

Truman looked up to see his girlfriend, Lauren.

"Lauren, I don't have time to talk," he said as he quickly rolled down the window. "We have to try to catch my dad at the airport."

"Why are you riding with Meryl?" Lauren asked, her eyes flicking suspiciously to the girl sitting next to her boyfriend. "I thought Harlan was giving you a ride home." Truman could feel the precious minutes ticking away.

"Lauren, I promise I'll explain everything later," he called out the window. "Right now, I've got to go. Step on it, Meryl!" Lauren stood on Truman's front lawn with her arms crossed as the car drove away. Truman could tell that the two of them were going to have a long argument over this incident. He turned to see Meryl smiling triumphantly to herself. *That's just great*, he thought to himself. *The most important thing is to see my dad. After that, I'll try to fix the rest of my problems.*

Which character helps Truman resolve his conflict in this story?

- ☐ A. Meryl
- ☐ B. Truman's dad
- ☐ C. Marlie
- ☐ D. Lauren

Question 9 .

*adapted from **Glories** in Buttercup Gold and Other Stories
by Ellen Robena Field*

- 1 Laura, who was tired of playing with her dolls and of taking care of Baby Donald, who was a big baby whereas she was a little girl for nine years old, wanted some time for herself. So as soon as naptime came, she was glad that baby was at last quiet, Laura went out on the porch and cuddled down in the hammock, where she swung to and fro, wishing there was something nice to do, or some new kinds of dolls to play with. All at once she thought she heard a faint voice say, "What a strange child! Here she is wishing for some new plaything while she has never bothered noticing us. She must be blind, poor child! Though every morning we put on our prettiest dresses and smile at her; yet she always passes us by and never notices us."
- 2 "Yes," replied another voice, "when she came out here to lie down in the hammock, I brushed her hair softly and left a kiss on her forehead; but she shook me off as if I were a bee trying to sting her."
- 3 Laura sat up and rubbed her eyes in disbelief while she looked around in surprise to find out if she had really heard someone really speak, or had she only fallen asleep and dreamed it all?
- 4 "What pretty colors! It's a pity that I never noticed them before," went on Laura, "and wouldn't that blue one make a lovely dress?"
- 5 Just then Donald, who had woken up from his nap, came toddling out through the open door and stretched his little fat hands to the glories, crying, "Baby wants a trumpet." As she gathered a handful of the blossoms and sprinkled the porch with their brightness, Laura laughed and exclaimed, "Why, they do look like trumpets, and like parasols, too!" "Let's play with them, baby and see if we can make some dolls;" said Laura as she stood a glory on the step, and into the tiny hole stuck the yellow center of a daisy, whose petals she had pulled out. On this center, she marked eyes, nose, and mouth; and when a small glory was added for a bonnet, what a pretty flower doll she had, with an attractive pink skirt, green waist, and pretty white bonnet! Then a whole family of glories were made, and Laura gave them each a parasol to carry. Baby used his glories for tents, and they had a good time playing, which lest Laura wishing that she had noticed the glories more before.
- 6 By and by, when the days passed by, and Laura sat again in the hammock, watching the sleeping glories, and said to herself: "I wonder if the glories could have been talking that morning;" and listening to her speak one little sleepy bud looked as if it understood what was asked. But Mamma put her arm about the little girl and said, "I think it was a dream, dear; but if the flowers could speak I think they would tell my darling that by using her eyes more, she will find out how much there is that is beautiful, and they all were made for us to enjoy. Every flower that blooms its sweetest, and every child who tries to be good, is a precious part of the earth's glories."

Directions: Select all the correct answers.

In the passage "Glories," what are **two** ways that paragraph 5 contributes to the aesthetic impact of the passage?

- ☐ It uses metaphors to describe the relationship between Laura and Donald.
- ☐ It uses pleasant descriptions to describe the bond between Laura and her mother.
- ☐ It uses sensory language to describe the bond between Laura and Donald.
- ☐ It uses hyperbolic language to express the beauty of the morning glories.
- ☐ It uses vivid imagery to tell the readers how the children enjoyed playing with the glories.

Question 10 .

from **Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates**

On a bright December morning long ago, two thinly clad children were kneeling upon the bank of a frozen canal in Holland.

With many a vigorous puff and pull, the brother and sister, for such they were, seemed to be fastening something upon their feet—not skates, certainly, but clumsy pieces of wood narrowed and smoothed at their lower edge and pierced with holes, through which were threaded strings of rawhide.

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In a moment the boy arose and with a pompous swing of the arms and a careless "Come on, Gretel," glided easily across the canal.

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Hans had taken a string from his pocket. Humming a tune as he knelt beside her, he proceeded to fasten Gretel's skate with all the force of his strong young arm.

"Oh! oh!" she cried in real pain.

With an impatient jerk Hans unwound the string. He would have cast it upon the ground in true big-brother style had he not just then spied a tear trickling down his sister's cheek.

"I'll fix it—never fear," he said, with sudden tenderness, "but we must be quick; mother will need us soon."

Then he glanced inquiringly about him, first at the ground, next at some bare willow branches above his head, and finally at the sky, now gorgeous with streaks of blue, crimson, and gold.

Finding nothing in any of these localities to meet his need, his eye suddenly brightened as, with the air of a fellow who knew what he was about, he took off his cap and removing the tattered lining, adjusted it in a smooth pad over the top of Gretel's worn-out shoe.

"Now," he cried triumphantly, at the same time arranging the strings as briskly as his benumbed fingers would allow. In another moment they were laughing together, as hand in hand they flew along the canal, never thinking whether the ice would bear or not for in Holland ice is generally an all-winter affair.

adapted from Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates by Mary Mapes Dodge

How does the family's poverty contribute to the plot in this selection?

- ☐ A. It helps the reader understand why the children would rather skate than do something that costs money.
- ☐ B. It makes it more believable that Hans must repair Gretel's skates rather than buy new ones.
- ☐ C. It is just a miscellaneous detail that tells the reader a little more about Hans and Gretel's family.
- ☐ D. It explains why the mother and the father are not skating on the frozen canal with their children.

Answers

1. D
2. B
3. --
4. A
5. C
6. D
7. --
8. A
9. --
10. B

Explanations

1. Granny is portrayed as a strong character in the story, which is evident from the fact that she does not give up on Phoebe and ensures that Phoebe fulfills her dream of becoming a ballet dancer. Thus, at every juncture in the story, Phoebe moves ahead in life and fights her circumstances only because of granny's support and patience. This develops the archetype in the story.
2. During the course of the story, Patricia and her father are forced to abandon their boat. Their problem of being stranded in the water is resolved when they find safety on a nearby island.
3. In the passage, Donald's demand to play with the glories provides comic relief in the passage because it creates a funny image for the reader. Laura's hearing of the morning glories' complaints about how she ignores them adds a psychological dimension to the passage by giving the readers an idea of Laura's vivid imagination. Laura's wish for a new plaything gives the readers more insight to Laura as a character.
4. Sometimes the central conflict can simply be a *challenge* that the protagonist must rise to meet. In this case, Hans must figure out a way to fix his sister's skates, so they don't hurt her. This central conflict guides all of the action in the scene.
5. An archetype is a universal character, setting, or element. In this story, Phoebe's struggle to accept her parents' death and move on with life represents an archetype. It represents the symbolic journey to find oneself.
6. The narrator slips off into a small breakfast-room by herself and takes a book with pictures from the bookcase. She says, "I returned to my book—Bewick's *History of British Birds*."
7. The sentence "Discerning the impracticable state of the poor culprit's mind, the elder clergyman, who had carefully prepared himself for the occasion, addressed to the multitude a discourse on sin, in all its branches, but with continual reference to the ignominious letter" best shows how Hester Prynne's silence contributes to the plot. Because Hester will not reveal the name of her fellow adulterer—despite the intense demands that she do just that by the religious authorities—the Reverend Mr. Wilson asserts his authority over everyone *but* Hester, subjecting the entire congregation to a fear-inducing sermon on sin.
8. In this story, Meryl helps Truman resolve a conflict by giving him a ride to see his father.
9. The fifth paragraph of the passage uses vivid imagery and sensory language that tells the readers about Laura and Donald's bond and how much the children enjoyed playing with the glories.
10. If the family had plenty of money, there would be little need for Hans to fix his sister's skates, so this detail is important to the developing conflict in this scene.